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Vol. II







THE SUMMER BACHELOR.

As the train that bears his wife and child to temporary exile rolls out of the station, the husband draws a long breath. His arguments have prevailed. His solitude for the health of the little one, his tender anxiety lest his wife be unable to endure the hot air of the town, and his desire that she should be free from domestic cares have brought

about a separation. The stern necessities of business chain him to his desk. Nervousness at breakfast lest they should miss the train; a struggle in the baggage room; a short and tender farewell, and he is again a bachelor. The air is rarified. The sun is brighter. The horizon is less contracted. His walk is akin to a dance. He is tempted to condescend his joy to the impassive gatekeeper. His radiant face irritates the passer-by. He exults because he is free. He can go and come unquestioned; he is not obliged to study the value of punctuality; he has no commissions; no errands that turn him into a beast of burden; he can dine at the club or at a favorite restaurant; his evenings are his own.

That very evening he is congratulated at the club, where he dines, partaking heartily of dishes that are forbidden by the prudent and loving wife. He talks till a late hour with permanent and temporary bachelors, and goes homeward without fear of reproach. The house is his; he can arrange windows and blinds to his satisfaction; he can read in bed. And at the breakfast table there is no one to interrupt him in the hasty acquisition of the news of the morning. He looks forward throughout the day to the dinner at the club, but, singular to relate, his enjoyment does not equal the anticipation. The very selection of the dinner is a nuisance; there is no element of the surprise that aids digestion, and old Mr. Augur, whom he detests, sits opposite and drones out his opinions on the tariff. He seeks relief in a treacherous use of freedom; he calls on an old friend whose blue eyes once thrilled him. She never married, and he, forgetting the numerical distribution of the sexes, has at times reproached himself secretly. Somehow she seems faded; her eyes are dull, he notices deep lines and a crumbling chin. She thinks he has grown stout; she asks many questions about his wife and wonders when his daughter is coming out.

The next day opens stormily. He cannot find certain articles of toilet. A variegated vest has disappeared. The maid-servant is indifferent to his complaint. He dines at a restaurant, and the different dishes taste alike. He goes to a theatre and tries to laugh, but the laugh is strangely like a yawn. When he returns home he finds that the bedroom is like an oven, for the blinds were not closed during the afternoon. And now from day to day his spirits droop lower and lower. He tries pleasure trips; in the railway car he is crowded and stewed; on the boat he falls in with a party of boisterous sports; driving with a friend he escapes narrowly an electric car. He cannot endure the solitude of his house; the heartless babble of public dining rooms intensifies his loneliness. He has heard all the stories of club companions, and he is acquainted fully with their political views. His linen is not starched to his taste. There is dust on the bureau. He misses the eager look of the little girl, and her prompt appreciation when he speaks. At the end of two weeks the summer bachelor has symptoms of dyspepsia.

The wife in a quiet, cool resort receives a letter urging her return. If she were cruel, she would delay an answer; but she replies promptly that on account of the child she wishes to finish the stay of a month. The summer bachelor makes a heroic struggle for enjoyment. At the end of another week he sends a telegram. The telegram announces his immediate arrival.

Talk of the Day.

The substitution of the National Guard of Pennsylvania for Pinkerton's private army is a welcome relief. If law and order can be maintained only by bloodshed, let it be the affair of the State, which owes protection to its citizens when they are in the exercise of their lawful rights.

Asparagus, which Southey insisted should be spelt "sparagrass," has been so plentiful in Brunswick that nobody would pay a cent for a pound of it, and it was fed to cows and sheep. The lovers of the table who groan at his waste should remember that in certain Western towns, as Kansas City, sweetbreads are not regarded as a delicacy, and are thrown away by all self-respecting butchers.

The death of Captain Meyer in a duel may yet benefit France. A bill is to be introduced providing a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of \$400 for engaging in a duel; if the duelist kills his opponent, the maximum imprisonment will be three years and the fine \$2500. This is not the first attempt to introduce such a bill, and the question was considered seriously as long ago as 1851. But inasmuch as nearly all the leading public men of France have either called out or have been called out, the problem was ticklish. The death of Meyer, however, has provoked much feeling and blunted the point of Mark Twain's joke about the catarrhal dangers of a French duel at an early hour in the morning.

There will be a dozen volumes of the memoirs of Kossuth, but a rash statement made by the aged patriot to an English correspondent may well shake public confidence in the integrity of the facts narrated therein. "I never read books printed about me nor notices in the newspapers." Now the man who "never reads newspapers" and has his "attention called to an article" is apt to rise nervously betimes that he may anticipate the arrival of the carrier.

During the investigation of insurance affairs in New York city, it was discovered that one of the most enviable and lucrative of human callings is that of janitorship. So in the aftermath that follows the first crop of Maverick Bank news, it is found out that the indorsement of an elevator man carries with it the credit of the Bank of England.

Etna awakes from her sleep and reminds the world of her former reputation. It is hard for us to realize the terror and the ruin that run in the streams of lava. Shipwrecks, fires, floods, balloon and railway accidents, earthquakes, and the work of the pestilence, are not foreign to us; but in these days a volcanic eruption seems an anachronism.

Many will remember the sensation excited thirty years ago by the publication of Hugo's description of Jean Valjean's escape through the sewers of Paris. And yet in all those famous chapters there is no item of horror as intense as the "slimy, filthy box" through which nine men last Friday wriggled their way to the light and possible freedom.

The letter of Mr. Tyndall on the English elections is another instance of the bigotry of the professional fair and free thinker. The man that calls attention to his tolerance is often most illiberal, and Mr. Tyndall in his attack on Gladstone shows a malignity unsurpassed by any of the people, who "are steeped to the lips in sacerdotalism." The most pathetic feature of the case is that, in spite of his fear of meeting the fate of Bruno if the Liberals succeed, the eminent professor has actually "postponed a visit to the Alps" that he may vote.

The Headmasters' Association in England is considering a pension scheme for schoolmasters. The members all admit that there is a special necessity for some provision against old age or disablement; and English teachers who have passed middle age find it difficult, it is said, to find engagements. No feasible plan has as yet been suggested. The London Times is in favor of a university scholastic agency assuming the position of an unpaid agent for carefully selected insurance companies; there would be a substantial reduction in the premium which would benefit the policy holder; and the Headmasters' Association would recognize insurance as a qualification for preferment.

The English sparrow is surely a monster of evil, for each year he is convicted of a new crime, nor are the depths of his depravity completely sounded. It appears that he shows a vicious fondness for yellow, purple and white crocuses, which he greedily devours even in the sheath. He also attacks primroses. The fact that he thus obtains food at a time of year when larvae, etc., are scarce is a weak defence; for his right to be hungry is not beyond the challenge of his enemies.

An astrologer, whose worldly name is Chaney, foretells Democratic success in November, moved by the fact that in the horoscope of Mr. Cleveland's nomination "Mercury rules Gemini, and is therefore ruler of the scene." However ballots may be influenced by this astrological event, it is easy to see the fitness of the planet to the occasion; especially when the noisy clamor for spoils is taken into consideration. According to the ingenious Dr. Lempiere, Mercury not only presided over orators and declaimers, "he was also the god of thieves, pickpockets and all dishonest persons."

The Western girl utilizes her knowledge of science and the nomenclature thereof. When she writes a letter to her lover she does not close with a conventional phrase, as "Yours always," or "Your own," heavily underscored. She puts the words "Psittacula Swindermaniana" before her name. At least, so we are informed by a St. Louis editor, who reveals his omniscience in one of those delightful "Question and Answer" columns. He kindly explains the phrase as follows: "The scientific Latin name of Swindern's love bird, a species of parrots remarkable for their attachment to each other." The Western girl—bless her—is nothing if not practical.

AT HOME OR ABROAD?

The number of young men and young women who go to European cities to study singing, or the use of a musical instrument, or composition, increases with each succeeding year. Many of these students return to us disappointed, discouraged and often physically incapacitated for future work. In view of these failures, it is not surprising, then, that earnest patriots cry out against musical study in foreign towns, and allege that it is unnecessary and disloyal to neglect the opportunities given in our own country. It is true that there has been a remarkable advance in the condition of music in the United States. The schools of music are more thorough in the instruction, and their teachers are more competent. Why should the young student go to the expense of an ocean voyage? Why should he lose valuable time in the acquisition of a language so that he can understand the meaning of his teacher? Or why should a young girl subject herself to insufficient diet and to the unpleasant experiences that fall to the lot of unprotected women in a foreign city?

But it is not merely a question of comparative national advantages. The charlatan exists in every town. Poverty demands low living in America as well as in Germany. Nervous depression is not bounded by geographical lines. The lazy, the vacillating show the same characteristics even if they change the sky. The boy or the girl of musical genius is recognized in Boston or in Berlin. The great question, however, is the question of personal fitness. Formerly it was thought that the musician, like the poet, was born; to-day the arts are trades open to all. To be able to please parents and friends by singing or playing is an accomplishment that may be acquired easily; it is a very different thing to fit oneself for appearance in public, or to assume the responsible position of a teacher. Unfortunately, music is too often regarded as the resource of the faint hearted who shrink from rough work, of girls who are obliged unexpectedly to support themselves, of all those that seek "genteel" employment. The superficial accomplishment becomes the means of earning bread and butter. There is no question of previous apprenticeship; friends use their influence in securing pupils; and the blind lead the blind. No hasty journey to Europe and back will be of benefit.

The born musician, in the face of discouragement and poverty, comes to the front, and, as a rule, gains an opportunity and a hearing. He finds his way to the right teacher, for there is such a thing as instinct. He finds better instruction and a more congenial atmosphere in Paris, Berlin, Brussels or Vienna than in the cities of this country. There is no need of labored argument concerning the relative national advantages. The time will come, undoubtedly, when it will not be necessary to cross the Atlantic to learn and to hear. At present, by the nearly unanimous verdict of all serious musicians, the patient pursuit of knowledge in such a town as Paris or Berlin is indispensable to the full growth of the young musician of genuine worth. Not that he should follow blindly the examples given him there, and be a clever imitator, but he may then be a master of the great art of elimination, and his own individuality will be purified and sane.

The news of the serious illness of Mr. George William Curtis will be heard with sincere regret by personal friends and by all those who have for years profited by the wit and the wisdom couched in the polished sentences of the gentle philosopher in "The Easy Chair." Our country is not to-day so rich in things spiritual that we can afford to lose the essayist who follows in direct line the Steele of "The Tatler" and the Thackeray of "The Roundabout Papers," the orator whose generous and lofty thought is equaled by the serene purity of his style.

The pertinent curiosity of the American news paper is each day more aggressive, uncontradicted. The Jenkins, once so blithely rebuffed by Thackeray and Curtis, is now heard with eagerness as he retails his gossip. A prominent journal gave an elaborate account this month of the underwear of the wife of a man in public life, and called her by name. Perhaps, after all, it is not the fault of the newspaper, when there is no protest from the reader, or even the wearer. Privacy seems a lost art; the washing of dirty linen is an affair of public interest.

The destruction of individuality is not confined to the camp and to the prison. It is the tendency of modern autocrats of fashion to reduce the domestics of a household to carefully oiled and polished machines. Take, for example, the rules for the coachman, drawn up by Count Wrangel in his "Book on the Horse."

"The coachman shall sit in a straight but not stiff position, with the arms touching his body, the legs stretched forward heel to heel, on the right side of the box. He must never salute anybody of his acquaintance whom he might possibly meet. His feet should not be covered even in winter, as it might possibly lead people to think that his footgear is not in order."

Draco himself would have approved; and the coachman must envy the limited freedom of the driven horses.

The too independent American is apt to question and even deny the value of the words "not transferable" which are often printed on season tickets. The value in England was tested lately in court. A woman gave two of her servants the use of season tickets to the Crystal Palace. They were suspected at the door and arrested; as a result of mistaken benevolence the girls were fined \$15 apiece by the magistrate. Here, a season ticket sometimes knows many owners.

The singular variety of mental disease known as acute Wagnerism, is again revealed in the recent discovery by certain disciples of the "The Master," that the profile of rock, "The Old Man of the Mountains," is a remarkable likeness of Wagner. And in the translation of "The Meistersingers," by Mr. John P. Jackson, this "natural portrait of Wagner" is given as an illustration, with a title to the effect that it was "formerly known as 'The Old Man of the Mountains.'" Such arrogance of cult is unknown even in the shadow of the Baireuth Temple.

History repeats itself. When Iago was maddened by the reproaches of Brabantio, he summed up all his scorn in the reply, "You are a Senator." Mr. Comerford in his late difficulty with Mr. Lee, President of the Board of Aldermen, followed in like vein with "You are an Alderman;" then unfortunately for his reputation as a master of epigram, he diluted the force by weak explanation.

The English, not content with abusing our spelling and complaining of "Americanisms," are now assaulting our air. They attribute the nervous depression of Paderewski and the throat trouble of Jean de Reszke to our climate. "It is doubtful even whether the golden harvest reaped by successful artists in America is not too dearly bought." But there is no law in this country compelling pianists to tax their strength beyond endurance for the sake of gain, and Mr. de Reszke finds that our climate will allow him to accept engagements that will result in making his stay here permanent.

Our theatre goers will mourn the death of pretty Lottie Collins, although their pleasure was only in anticipation. It is the old story of overwork from the desire to be suddenly rich. The saddest feature of the tragedy is that the silly burden of the lullaby song "Ta-Ra-Ta-Boom De Ay," first made famous by the personal charm and the dash of the singer, outlives the woman who gave it to the public.

Whatever may be the result of the investigation of the causes of the death of Josiah W. Newell, there is a grimness in the detail of the attending circumstances that mocks the imagination of romance. The bitter words between the men of 80 and 65, the special application by the deposed clergyman of chapters of Holy Writ that speak of the visitation of divine wrath, the hoing of the peaceful earth before the disappearance that was followed by the finding of the dead—here are incidents that arranged in fiction might be regarded as wretched, and out of keeping with New England country life.

Mr. Edward Walford for fifty years' service to literature was granted a few days ago a pension of £100 a year by the English Government. The *Pail Mail Gazette* contrasts the amount with the annual pension of £200 which will soon be given to a doorkeeper in the House of Lords—who is paid £200 a year—and adds irreverently, "Better be a doorkeeper in the House of Lords," etc.

MODERN TASTE IN FICTION.

Modern nervousness is pleased with the short story. Not that the story of a few pages is a thing of recent invention, for the old Italians delighted in it; it was known to the readers of Blackwood when "Magna" was a power in the land; it served the genius of Hawthorne and Poe. But it is within a few years that the realistic narrator of a strange or a thrilling episode or the keen etcher of character has won fame suddenly in a tale of scanty dimensions. The conventional three-volume novel of the English circulating library is to the short story as the five-act opera of the French or the music drama of Wagner is to the one-act melodrama of Mascagni and his rivals. The reader of to-day craves suggestion rather than elaboration. In former years the hero of a novel was born; his education, his opinions, his struggles, his ultimate success or failure, together with social, political and scenic digressions, swelled the list of chapters—and the reading of the orthodox novel was a task to be leisurely performed; interruption was admitted.

yes, welcomed; the volumes were often merely mild narcotics. To-day the short story is swallowed hastily as a stimulant, a literary cocktail. It provokes a laugh, or a momentary feeling of sadness; it gives a sudden twist to a nerve, or it is the text for a sermon that may be preached to himself by the reader. A cruel episode reminds one of the vanity of life. A grotesque character sketch induces doubt of human sanity.

The art that is displayed in the short story is often and undeniably great. Here the French lead easily. Their sense of suggestion is keenly developed; they know the value of artful simplicity. With them it is not so much that which a character actually says—it is what he might or should say. Above all the Gallic mind has the supreme gift of artistic proportion. Nor is it rash to say that the Americans are next in order, for the rare genius of Thomas Hardy, as seen in "Wessex Tales," is not enough to establish prior English claims, and the Russians are not generally as powerful in the sketch as in the work of long breath, which rivals the mightiness of the steppes bounded by far-off horizons. It would be a pleasant yet unnecessary duty to recount the catalogue of distinguished American story tellers. The names are familiar; the stories are known to all.

In this sacrifice to modern intensity lurk dangers to the highest art. The attention of the reader must be won immediately. The strokes must be direct. The impression must be lasting. Exaggeration and caricature are apt to enter hand in hand with force that is brutal and with inference that is false. No man in real life would be willing to be judged by certain episodes in his career, and yet these episodes would furnish the richest material for "copy." Nor should the final summing up of character rest on such fleeting episodes. In the haste to draw sharply, the lines are often too heavy, or too much is left to the imagination. In the desire to be strong, the style often suffers, and in the hands of uncontrolled realists the speech is akin to that of the jester at the table of Can Grande della Scala of Verona, so epigrammatically described by Rossetti. Or, from the longing to be intense, obscurity rules. Or, from an imperfect sense of values, the subject is intrinsically trivial, unworthy of the labor of the polisher of sentences. The man is lost sight of in the thought of the artist. It is in this again that the French excel. For even in the coarsest or most repulsive story of Maupassant there is the feeling of humanity, the appreciation of the common, every day joys and sorrows of men and women.

It seems that the Pennsylvania citizen soldiers did not provide themselves with beef or bread, but they filled their knapsacks with bottles of beer, which they wrapped thoughtfully in undershirts. According to Artemus Ward, it was a "gory member" of the home guard who wrote to his friends during the early days of the Civil War that "what we brave boys need is fruit cake and waffles; never mind the blankets."

It is said that the report of the death of Mr. Astor was a "hoax." Such cruel practical jokes were regarded as a variety of agreeable wit in the days of Theodore Hook; but it was thought that they passed out of existence with the death of "Dundreary" Sothorn. No explanation is given of the false dispatch concerning Lottie Collins, and there is still an excuse for the life of her song.

Men and women live in fancied security at the foot of an Alpine glacier. Visitors come from foreign parts and examine curiously the sluggish monster; they crawl over its body; they prod it with iron-pointed sticks; they photograph the pleasing features. Or invalids seek strength by inhaling its icy breath. Suddenly, at night, the glacier is impatient. It is awakened to a sense of outraged dignity. It destroys humanity, as a man carelessly rids himself of tormenting insects.

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field denies emphatically that his brother Cyrus was insane, and this is not merely an instance of loyal brotherly affection. That the mind of a dying man returns to the early scenes or the striking episodes of his life is not unnatural. The wounded soldier in a foreign land thought of sweet Argos; Napoleon at St. Helena fought at Marengo; even the tavern-haunting Falstaff, just before the end, babbled of green fields.

Sir Herbert Maxwell is the name of the latest dispeller of illusions. He claims that "there is more good wine made at the present time than in any former period of the world's history;" but he admits that "relatively to those who can afford it there is many times less." Madeira that has been twice round the Cape is an "acid liquid," and "20 port, my boy, suggests a compound of Harvey sauce and treacle." If this be true, California may yet be synonymous with Xeres, and New Jersey more famous to the true oenophilist than Rheims.

Professor Vogt divides women into "poly-metric and monometric." To him the Queen of England is a rare example of a monometric, who always chooses one man whom "she constitutes her ideal of all other men of the same office, social class or profession. For the Queen of England there existed only one perfect husband; only one consummate flower of statesmanship, Beaconsfield; and only one ideally complete natural scientist, August Wilhelm Hoffman." But all women are surely monometric in the matter of husbands, that is, when they make their selection; and in this they will not yield to Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India.

According to the report of the committee of the Royal Society on "Color Vision," there is "cramming" for the necessary examinations to which engine drivers and seamen are submitted. Colors are shown to the pupil and he is taught to discriminate. There are singular facts connected with this peculiar blindness. A temporary infirmity may be brought on by excessive smoking. A hundred girls can be tested in the same time as forty boys; for color blindness is rare among women. One examiner found a percentage of a little more than 3 in the 32,165 men that were tested.

Prof. Alcee Fortier is compiling a work on Louisiana folk-lore, which will without doubt be a valuable contribution to the literature of the American Folk-lore Society. The material will come necessarily from the traditions and legends in prose and verse of the negro, the Creole, the Spaniard and the French, and possibly the Indian. These legends find their mates in the countries of Northern Europe as well as in the aged lands of Asia; they often may be traced back to the myths common to all early inhabitants of the globe, the attempts to explain natural phenomena.

July 14-92

The Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, who is at Northfield during the annual conference, was unanimously called in June to succeed the Rev. Newman Hall of Christ Church. This church has a peculiar constitution. It is not limited to any one denomination. "It is not connected with the Church of England, the Free Church, the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, the Congregationalists or any other; but it is in fraternal union with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Members of any Evangelical Church may join it without renouncing their denominational preferences, and pastors may be appointed, irrespective of their views on baptism or church government." Nevertheless, baptism is administered publicly, as occasion requires, after one of the services. Mr. Meyer was formerly a member of Mr. Hall's congregation, and afterward the pastor of a Baptist Church.

The inconsistency of the law as voiced by juries is shown again in the acquittal of Mrs. Raymond, who was tried this week at Paris for murder. The circumstances of the case were parallel to those of the Deacon affair, with this difference: a woman was killed by an insulted wife. At the sight of a young and pretty brunette, hysterical and "fashionably dressed," appealed irresistibly to the sympathy of the jury.

The collectors and lovers of rare or forgotten books will be delighted to learn that the book store of the late T. O. H. P. Burnham will not be given up on account of the death of the proprietor. The apparent disorder in the arrangement, the groping in the dusty by-ways, the dim light by which a treasure was discovered—all these attending circumstances of the search sharpened the zest of the explorer.

DE MORTUIS.

It is said commonly that Mr. William W. Astor will now have the pleasure of reading the obituary notices inspired by the false report of his death. Will the reading be a pleasure? It is better to make the instance general; and the question then is this: Would nine out of ten be satisfied fully if they were permitted to know the post mortem summing up of the character of their daily walk and conversation and the results of the work of life?

It is true that the traditional respect for the dead warps the judgment. To analyze, to apply tests to character and ability before the funeral rites is still regarded as sacrilege.

It would be idle to investigate the cause or to discuss the habit. In all countries death puts an end for a season to adverse criticism, words of warning and just rebuke. The merits of the departed are swollen to abnormal proportions. The ordinary virtues of decent life become spiritual phenomena. The failings and the vices are buried before the body is lowered to its resting place. If one shows a lack of conventional taste and holds the balances he is likened by an indignant public unto the hyena. And so there is noisy praise or grateful oblivion until the advent of the realistic biographer and the discloser of private correspondence.

The superficial observer might insist, and with apparent reason, that the ante-mortem reading of post-mortem eulogy should afford the reader particularly interested unalloyed happiness. It should strengthen the good opinion previously entertained; it should arm him with fresh weapons for the fight of the remaining years. For his associates in business know at last the value of his services; his wife and children are now convinced that he is a man of ability, a tender husband and a sage father; the State is secure as long as she nurtures such citizens; his deeds of charity are acknowledged openly.

Alas, there enters in the petty vanity of man. Trifling inaccuracies disturb mightily. The date of his birth is erroneous as given. The fact that he was at the head of his class in college is unrecorded. The history of his connection with the militia is confined to a few scant lines. Or there is no mention of the leading case in which he won renown. The title of his own favorite article for a magazine is misquoted. No mention is made of his declining an offer of nomination to a petty office, although he was solicited earnestly by leading citizens. Nor is he content with the terms of eulogy. "Genial" is to him a cold adjective, and "a man of force and integrity" seems an expression of faint praise. He is grieved when he finds that the death of a neighbor ate more space in the obituary column than was allowed to the record of his own performances. He awakes in the night and wonders why the editor does not oversee his work with greater diligence, and he attributes finally this particular negligence to a long-hidden feeling of hostility. He suspects his family and his friends of self-contained and ironical commentary on the fact that, after all, he was of so little importance. The thought that he is in duty bound to live up to his fictitious reputation never occurs to him.

July 15-92

There is a club of women in Chicago that deserves respect and imitation. It was not organized for the purpose of climbing genealogical trees, originating and developing fads, or depriving men of their rights. It is a boarding club for working girls on the co-operative plan. New members are elected, the stewardess is appointed, bills are contracted and paid by the members themselves on the co-operative basis. The rooms are cheerful and decorated with taste, and the expenses are managed so prudently that in June each member paid only \$2.61 per week for her room and her board.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean, while it allows that "it would have been a noble compliment to Whittier to invite him to write the Columbian ode," disproves the proverb concerning the prophet and surpasses the faith of the grain of mustard seed by declaring that neither Whittier "nor any other American poet is able to satisfy the supreme demands of the rare occasion than the now unknown, but to be celebrated Chicago poetess, Miss Harriet S. Monroe."

The Schoolmaster, a London journal, defends the teachers of that city from the charge of negligence in the matter of street manners by stating that the civilizing influence of the school is of no avail on account of the barbarism of the home. It admits, however, that the rowdiness of the children in public places is a disgrace to the town.

The treacherous treatment of the flannel shirt by Mr. C. A. Dana, philosopher and journalist, can only be accounted for by an application of the doctrine of human perverseness, which fascinated by its workings the mind of Poe. It was not long ago that the Sun was the poet laureate of the flannel shirt; essays were written concerning its merits, with digressions in the style of Montaigne. When the garment was at the height of its glory, there was a sudden revulsion in the office of the Sun; and now its fame shrinks even as the material itself.

The German clergyman that refused at Meningen to marry a couple of his parishioners unless the bride removed her orange-blossoms, called the traditional ornament "heathen tomfoolery." But in his work of destroying the vestiges of paganism he should begin at the beginning, and change the names of the days and the months.

It seemed as though the journey of the Arion Society of New York to the chief German cities would be an instance of carrying coals to Newcastle, or owls to Athens; but the concerts in Berlin have been crowded, and the singing under the direction of Mr. Van der Stucken has won the highest praise. Nor were the songs so cheered only in celebration of Germany and German customs and traditions, "Dixie's Land" and "The Star Spangled Banner" showed that the Arionites are loyal to the land of their adoption.

OLD LOVE LETTERS.

The romantic Queen of Roumania, known to readers of books as "Carmen Sylva," encouraged her nephew, the Crown Prince Ferdinand, in his wooing of Miss Vacaresco, a girl without title and without money; for she was fond of her. The Government, however, looked askew at the lovers; there were pleadings and threats; the attention of the young man was called to the charms and the advantages of Princess Marie, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Crown Prince was persuaded. He regarded not the wisdom of the old maxim, and before he was off with the old love he was on with the new. There was a final wrench, and Miss Vacaresco was left with tender memories and a thick package of letters of a highly inflammable nature, which were signed with the name of Ferdinand.

The Crown Prince was unacquainted with the sage remark of Martin Van Buren to the effect that it was better to walk ten miles to see a man than to transact important business by correspondence. Pen and ink and paper were the accessory mediums of the expression of his feelings. He catalogued her charms; he confessed his own unworthiness; he spoke of happiness as dependent on the existence of one woman; he swore lasting fidelity in two worlds. Miss Vacaresco was not crushed by the desertion. She sought revenge; she meditated its accomplishment. To kill her former lover would be a commonplace action. The murder of the body was naught in comparison with the stabbing of the mind. To disfigure him by an unexpected application of vitriol would be to lower herself to the level of the jealous Parisian shopkeeper. Or, if her revenge led to a tragedy, sympathy would frown on her and she would be forced to submit to the unpleasant formalities of trial and execution. At last she devised a torture that would wring the heart of her rival and make the faithless one ridiculous. She sent daily to the Princess Marie a love letter written by Ferdinand to her before he knew of his English sweetheart. The same mail brought to Marie rival letters. She was thus enabled to compare the protestations of affection, notice or miss improvement in literary style, and give her individual answer to the question whether a woman may not prefer esteem that is expressed in phrases refined and purified by the process of experience to the crude outpouring of natural, unreflecting and impetuous passion.

The poisonous malignity of the beautiful Vacaresco is probably without parallel in the long chapter of feminine revenge. To have sent the letters in a package to Marie would

have given the preferred one a sudden shock, but by such an action Miss Vacaresco would have run the risk of being conquered by the generosity of the Princess, who might have

returned them to Ferdinand unopened; for there have been such instances recorded in plays and in novels. But what woman could resist the temptation of dosing daily her curiosity, even though she knew in advance the effect of cumulative poisoning? One day in June a letter came from Ferdinand in which he quoted flattering verses; but the year before he sent the same verses to "the Vacaresco woman," and underscored them heavily. He had exhausted the epistolary language of passion before he wrote his first love letter to the Princess. The first glorious crop was gathered by a woman of the people; to the granddaughter of Victoria falls the scanty and bitter aftermath.

July 16-92

The barbarous Chinaman will gamble even when, transplanted, he is surrounded by the advantages of civilization. He follows the example of white men of antiquity, of the middle ages and of our own enlightened day. Yee Sinn and Goon Dong and Goon Doy play fan-tan and "rottery" in Harrison avenue just as American fellow townsmen indulge in poker in the club rooms of more fashionable streets.

Gen. Harding, equerry to Queen Victoria, was one of the six hundred who rode into the valley of death at Balaklava. By an irony of life, the man who was spared by sword and bullet, shot and shell, died yesterday from the results of a carriage accident.

The omniscient reporter has discovered a man at Homestead who would blow up gladly the entire Carnegie plant, for he could thus prove to the world the superiority of the explosive mixture of his own invention. He has the customary qualifications and traditional characteristics of his kind. He is a chemist, reserved in his manners, and he has only been in America a few years. "He can hardly speak a word of English," and it will be noticed again that English is not the native tongue of Anarchists, dynamiters or other chemical promoters of the redistribution of property and the inauguration of the millennium.

Lovers of the drama will be interested in the news from Bay Head. Mr. Casey, who will be stage manager at New Orleans at the production of the melodrama in which John L. Sullivan is expected to take the leading part, was not content with the physical condition of the playactor. He found that sea baths, long walks, violent exercise with balls and bags brought tardy results. But he kept Mr. Sullivan from his bed engaged in the study of a new play, "Capt. Harcourt, or the man from Boston," and the loss in flesh was so gratifying that Sullivan "will spend some portion of his remaining evenings in study."

The Woonsocket Reporter is curious concerning the disappearance from the world of "American girls with phenomenal voices who have achieved big reputations in the European conservatories, who have made successful debuts at musical entertainments of prominence, but strangely enough they are never or seldom heard of in their own native land." These reputations are often fictitious. Foreign correspondents in many cases act merely as advance agents, for they are besieged by the mothers, or influenced by patriotic feelings; or they lose judgment in admiration of the girl. It is an easy matter to gain a hearing at "musical entertainments of prominence," and it is still easier to obtain fulsome and printed praise. The singer of genuine worth does not disappear from view, unless she prefers marriage to a career and takes to herself a prudent husband.

July 18-92

A NEEDED CODE.

The pleasure of a summer visit might be genuine if the confidential relations that should exist between host and guest were defined and understood. It is not given to every one to play the entertainer. The ideal host is neither an innkeeper nor the governor of a penal institution; yet there should be unwritten rules and regulations which would meet the approval of the guest. In certain English country houses it is the habit to take from the visitor his purse as soon as he has crossed the threshold. This practice cannot be commended. It is an ostentatious manner of assuring the guest that he will be in want of nothing during his stay. But there is a similar custom in jails, and such an indecent

liberty on the part of a host might be accompanied by the entrance of a barber and a photographer. Such paternity in household government wounds the self-respect of the stranger, who surely needs no blunt reminder that he is dependent for a time on charity.

With the exception of the hour of dinner there should be no clock of amusements; nor should the amusements be compulsory. There are upright and amiable people that during a vacation do not feel the need of active exercise. An invitation to go a-fishing at an early hour in the day does not appeal to them. Such an invitation may be suggested; it should never be issued as a command in the saddle. Others do not delight in the solemnity of a processional drive. One man craves the privilege of rummaging at will in a library; but he is obliged to read a novel-with-a-purpose, so that he may be contradicted thereafter in criticism by the hostess, who insisted. If that abomination of desolation, a casino, is in the neighborhood, why should a man, wearied by the past season, be required to attend a how and look the jaded reveler? Is not the cool piazza more to be desired than a tramp of inspection of the farm? Is not the lounging in careless attire in the privacy of one's chamber to be preferred to whist in the company of three enthusiasts? Truly, these questions may be reversed. The individuality of the guest should be recognized; he should feel at liberty to consult his own tastes and inclinations.

It is well to have the length of the visit fixed. The stay should not hang on the caprice of the guest, so that his departure becomes a movable feast. There is nothing churlish in an invitation with time restrictions. Rotation in hospitality preserves friendship. Few have the winning ways of the Chevalier Strong, who, when he was invited for a week, made the house his permanent abode without the wonder of his host. As soon as a guest has told his stories, ventilated his theories, shown the various movements of his hobby-horse, why should he not make room for another? Many tunes may be played in the course of a week or ten days, and they may please; but when the other members of the company know them so intimately that they can whistle them, the man with a new repertoire is welcome.

The depression that rules in many country houses would be removed if it were understood that no fees should be given to servants. In a European hotel the head porter or the waiter pays for the privilege of serving that he may receive the customary fees and reap the rich harvest sown by ignorant and extravagant Americans. Why should the system of tipping prevail in a private house? If the host cannot pay just wages he should not employ servants, nor should he entertain guests. Where fees are expected, the civility of service is turned to expectancy, and trained attention is the sharpest avarice. At table, where all cares should be forgotten, the silent waiter is then more terrible than the sword of Damocles.

Warden Lovering admits that his prisoners are allowed to have tools in their cells, but he claims that they are only little ones, such as "small planers, knives, chisels, etc.," which of course are worthless in the invention of escape. A wily convict, who knows the possible uses of such implements when they serve men of patience and skill, would smileardonically at this childlike admission of the Warden.

The conflict at law between H. H. Bancroft, the historian, and N. J. Stone, the superintendent of the publishing of the bulky volumes of Californian history, is full of curious incident. Mr. Stone in his answer discloses that the profit on the histories in cloth that are sold for \$175 is \$87 75. He claims that Mr. Bancroft left the preparation of the books to others, "some of whom did better and abler work than said plaintiff was capable of, and a great many others did infinitely worse work than the plaintiff would have or could have done." He also states that the publication of the biographies of men of note, called originally "Chronicle of Kings," was not far removed from a blackmailing scheme. They that know Mr. Bancroft, or even the readers of his interesting autobiography will be slow in believing the injurious statements.

Charity grows each year more domestic and more practical. The distribution of ice to the sleek poor of New York showed most favorable results in the trying weather of last week. In Franklin square, Philadelphia, cool milk is given free to all who ask for it. The milk is contributed by Chester county farmers, and it is served in a tent from 11 to 2 or 3 o'clock.

The Adirondack and St. Lawrence Railway is open to passengers, and the whistle and the bell are heard in tracts of forest where for years the cry of the loon and the cracking of trees alone broke the stillness. The old frequenter of these woods will not be consoled for the loss of the pleasing sense of privacy that was akin to loneliness by the information that the buffet and palace cars "excel in elegance of finish anything ever before placed in the service of the public;" but to the invalid the comfort of the approach will be welcome.

Our country and our people are to the nations of Europe a rare-show. The foreign critic stands at the peep-hole and comments audibly for the benefit of the surrounding crowd. It is just now the turn of Mr. Schaffmeyer, who finds fault with our women because they neglect sewing and dislike the darning of stockings. The conclusion is, then, that they are frivolous, if not absolutely immoral. The saddest result of Mr. Schaffmeyer's explorations is the discovery that the German woman, the model housekeeper, becomes corrupted in these respects as soon as she settles here.

The Canadian Niagara Power Company was organized Saturday and officers were chosen. The purpose of the company is to develop the power of the Horse Shoe Falls and thus utilize a great wonder of nature. The idea is repugnant to the sentimentalist; it is as though Samson were bound again with fetters to grind in the prison house of the Philistines.

Death was merciful to President Grevy in taking him away from the scenes of the disgraceful actions of his son-in-law. The scandal concerning the sale of decorations was an outrage to sensitive French honor, and it broke the heart of Grevy. This is now paralleled, according to French ideas, by the proof that Wilson secured office by corrupt means, and the punishment was swift and sure. The primitive ideas of the French people concerning the importance of money in elections may well excite wonder in the more experienced countries of Great Britain and the United States.

Lady Jeune has turned her attention from the deplorable condition of the fashionable Englishwomen to the low wages of domestic servants in England, and she compares the wages there with those paid in this country. Servants are treated in much more barbarous fashion in Germany, as any one who has studied the social life of the Germans will testify. The sum of \$3 a month is considered fair wages. The girls are poorly fed, they are confined to the house and are under strict police supervision; they either sleep in a dark cubby-hole reached by a ladder or on the kitchen floor, for only in the new houses, built on a sumptuous plan, are there separate rooms for servants, and the prevailing discipline is scolding, varied occasionally by boxing of the ears.

The people of Peterboro', N. H., may well be congratulated on the erection of the library building, which is the gift of former residents of the town. The rooms will have modern conveniences for 40,000 volumes, and will be fire proof in every way. This Peterboro' Library has always been free, and therefore of general advantage to the townsfolk. Such preservation and generous distribution of books cannot be too warmly encouraged. It is not necessary to agree with Bronson Alcott in the belief that if every dweller in this country were provided with the complete works of Plato, the millennium would not long be deferred; but the knowledge of the noble thoughts of the acknowledged great is surely one of the mightiest factors in the making for righteousness.

In the bleyele run of yesterday, from Boston to Portsmouth, the heavy men wore at a disadvantage. Mr. Philbrick, for example, who is considered "one of the best long distance runners in New England," was almost winded by the difficulties of the rough roads. He weighed 180 pounds. His companion, "a much lighter man," took the dispatches from him and made the ride to Ipswich with ease. Just as in boat races or in military operations, where the light, sinewy, well-trained poney-man best bears fatigue and is master of his wind.

The aristocracy of Great Britain is enriched to-day by the entrance of Conule Gilchrist, the variety actress, into its ranks. The Earl of Orkney is not the first nobleman who has thus subjected himself to the supercilious comments of his associates. The line of such "mismatchers" is a long one, and it goes

back to the first performances of John Gay's "Beggars' Opera." It is the woman who is generally the greater sufferer in these instances, and it is she who finds out that the marriage is unequal, and that her husband is below her station.

AN ERROR OF RHETORIC.

A singular case was decided lately in a London court room. It was in the days of the raging of the grip that Mrs. Carill read in a newspaper the advertisement of the Carbolic Smoke Ball Company. The company promised to give £100 to any one who should have the influenza after buying and using one of the balls, according to the printed directions. Mrs. Carill inhaled the preparation of carbolic acid regularly—that is, three times a day for two weeks. In spite of her forty-two seasons of inhalation, her self-disinfection was in vain, and she caught the influenza. When she demanded the forfeit, the company objected. One of the grounds of the refusal was that the plaintiff did not take the carbolic acid into her system at the office of the company, but this condition was not in the advertisement. An action was brought. Mr. Justice Hawkins tried the case without a jury, and directed a verdict to be entered for the plaintiff for the stated sum with costs.

There were four questions of fact and law. First, there was a contract. A promise was made publicly and in print to give each person who followed the directions of the company and then caught the influenza the sum of £100, and there was a statement that the company had placed a large amount of money in a bank that was specified to meet possible claims. Nor did the advertisement to be binding require a stamp. Again, the offer was not a wager, and the agreement was enforceable by action. Here the Judge framed a definition that will be of interest to all members of the sporting fraternity. "If either of the parties may win but cannot lose, or may lose but cannot win, it is not a wagering contract." The Smoke Ball Company could not win, for the buyer never promised to pay money or do anything if the nostrum protected her from the disease. There was, therefore, no wager. And finally, the contract was not an insurance.

This story of a lawsuit may be used in the pointing of various morals. The Judge said that sensible people might be sure that the company was not in earnest when it made the proposition; on the other hand, "such advertisements do not appeal so much to the wise and thoughtful as to the credulous and weak portions of the community." This statement, however, cannot go unchallenged; for there is little wisdom in the day of panic, and the sick man who finds no certain remedy or sure relief is often ready to consult the astrologer or the Indian medicine man; to submit to electricity or the laying on of hands. Certainly in this particular case the "weak and credulous" Mrs. Carill was wiser in her generation than the children of light. But the great lessons of this decision apply to advertisers. The Carbolic Smoke Ball Company was possibly too confident in its belief in the efficacy of the compound; when it backed the belief by a promise, it should have been ready to fulfill the promise after a purchaser was thus doubly afflicted by the disease and the supposed preventive. Or the promise was only exuberant rhetoric, like unto the advance notices of the traveling circus. In other words, it was a bluff, and the surprise was great when the purchaser did not at once throw down her hand. Advertisers of medicine may thus learn the value of calm and chaste diction. It is a good thing to arrest the attention or to lure the reader by an apparently incongruous anecdote; there is room for humor or classical allusion, but a promise of pecuniary reward in case of failure may steel the body of a buyer against the potency of pill or potion.

Housekeepers would not fear fatal accidents resulting from the presence of poisonous fly-paper if the turtle of the smaller variety were substituted and allowed the freedom of the kitchen and the dining room. The sphere of its usefulness is not limited to the destruction of insects. It would serve as a household pet and afford the children rare amusement. Its habits are simple; and a fresh lettuce leaf, undressed, would fill its heart with gratitude.

Sir Edward Walker is a sanguine man. If he really believes that a ship canal across Ireland and a tunnel connecting Ireland and Scotland would solve the problem of Home Rule, and bring immediate peace and harmony. The digging of the canal might give "employment to thousands;" but the idea of self-government is mightier than the noise of pick and shovel or dredging machine, nor is it to be dislodged by the thought that Ireland might be on the shortest sea route to the West."

Although Edison does not share the traditional lot of the prophet in his own country, his fame in foreign lands is of extravagant proportions. Myths circle about his head; he has the fabled powers of the Djinn; and the Solomon of the Arabian nights is to him a weakling. The story of the "French professor" who was alarmed by the rumor of a gigantic infernal machine devised by Edison for the pleasure of the German Emperor and the blotting out of Paris is only one of the many instances of his extraordinary reputation.

It is rumored that Mr. Henry Labouchere will be the Commissioner of Works and Buildings under the approaching Liberal reign. Here would be a novel experience for the editor of Truth, whose public life has been devoted notoriously to undermining, tearing down, upsetting and general destruction.

The story of the cool reception of Gen. Walker's speech by the dons of Trinity College, Dublin, is a singular commentary on the state of affairs in Ireland, where the high in authority seem loath to acknowledge the bravery of men of their own land displayed in a righteous cause. But perhaps to the Dublin professors, as to certain other European observers, our Civil War was nothing but the conflict of "two armed mobs moving aimlessly, and incited without reason." Or possibly the coolness was due to the narrow vision of "the lustral eye," which so often moved Thackeray to indignation.

July 21

A DEPARTURE OF GLORY.

The report that there is discord at Bayreuth even before the first trumpet call of the first day of the Festival will not surprise the observer of the Wagnerian cult. When Wagner first conceived the idea of a music temple, where his music dramas could be performed according to his peculiar theories, he was influenced strongly by artistic motives, although arrogance and cunning were in his plans and proclamations. Encouraged by his patron, the mad King of Bavaria, he chose a small town, out of the beaten track pursued by travelers, wanting in attractions that might divert attention. The temple was set upon a hill. A certain number of performances were to be given there at stated intervals by men singers and women singers devoted to him. The journey to Bayreuth should be a pilgrimage; the performance itself a solemn ceremony, intelligible to the initiated alone. And so the German prepared himself that he might be in fit spiritual condition. He studied pamphlets which endeavored to explain the symbolism of the text and the hidden significance of the music so that he might, with Mr. Choate, dilate with the proper emotion. After the first year of the experiment the number of the worshipers increased steadily. There were societies formed in different countries for the purpose of preaching the gospel and converting the heathen. Tracts appeared with extraordinary statements written in still more extraordinary language. The desire to be present at the celebration of the Bavarian rite was not confined to Germany. The traveler, when he made out his list of things to be seen, put Bayreuth by the side of the North Cape, and "Parsital" was grouped with a Spanish bull fight and an Italian carnival. Wagner himself began to deny his artistic theories by his managerial actions. He died, and his wife Cosima ruled in his stead.

Under her administration the temple became an opera house. The fanatics foresaw the desecration and muttered complaints. Last year there were loud and angry protestations. For tickets were sold to the first applicants; English gapers and American gushers sat in the seats of the faithful; the management was parsimonious; cheap and inexperienced declaimers of music were on the stage; the scenic equipment was inadequate; and, according to the testimony of many, the music-dramas of Wagner were given in a more satisfactory manner and in stricter accordance with the original wishes of the composer in other opera houses of Germany than in the very temple built by him for him.

It is not surprising, then, that to-day there are dissensions, and real and premature complaints concerning the management. The tourist has shoved aside the pilgrim. The money-changers have invaded the temple. That which was particular and apart is now common. Nor should the same admirer of the genius of Wagner be distressed by the departure of the glory from Bayreuth. A great musical work is not peculiar to one place or one generation. Musical genius laughs at boundary lines. It is better for the permanent fame of Wagner that it is not now necessary to go to Bayreuth to hear him in perfection. The man was hidden by the clouds of rank and flattering incense; the frenetic antics of the worshipers inspired suspicion and repulsion. His operas must be judged by the standards that are in use in conventional opera houses. Mozart and Gluck, Weber and Rossini, Bizet and Verdi submitted to the simple tests. When an unbridled admirer of Wagner demands balances of unusual construction for the weighing of the worth of his hero, he must not be surprised if the worth is at once questioned and the demand regarded as a symptom of acute mania.

The consumption of beer in Germany shows a great increase within the last five years. In 1886 there were 990,000,000 gallons to 1,144,000,000 gallons in 1891. This is an increase of about 17 per cent., while the population has increased by only 4 per cent.

Now that there is an attempt at the rehabilitation of the character of Miss Hélène Vecaresco before her death, she may be held more fortunate than Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, or Lucrezia Borgia. The knight errant, or wielder of the white-wash brush, is the Roman correspondent of a leading Parisian paper, who knows "personally and positively" that the deserted one never made an "unfair use of the letters from the Crown Prince;" never sent, never intended to send them, one at a time, or in bulk, to her English rival. Meanwhile, the English newspapers affirm the receipt by Marie of letters that were not for her.

The feminine folly of rigid obedience to a prevailing fashion, without regard to personal qualification, is apparent daily to even the careless observer. The low-necked gown, indoor and out, is now the thing. Its coolness is an additional argument for its adoption. But the result is disastrous when the wearer, like unto the three sisters of Sir Peter Chillingly, is marked by a fine development of bone. The sensitive man, the man of artistic feeling, then sighs for the revival of sumptuary laws, and quotes approvingly the lines of Holmes:

"Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare—
The frail of Eden ripening in the air—
With that lean head stark, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!"

It is now claimed, and in defiance of the authority of Moses, that the days of our years should be five-score years; and if we lived according to nature, the strength of the years on the other side of the summit would not necessarily be labor and sorrow. But great length of age is not in itself desirable: "In short measures life may perfect be;" and the man that envies the fortune of the carp or the chough should read each New Year's Day Dean Swift's account of the Struldbrugs, who live in the Kingdom of Luggnagg, and rejoice that a limit has been fixed by kindly Nature to the possibilities of mental and physical decay.

The churlish conduct of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in Montreal shows that his ill-breeding is chronic and not sporadic. The American is to this novelist as the red parrot to the owl, and whenever Mr. Kipling descends among us he is expected to prance and paw the air and toss his head. His shabby treatment of courteous subjects of his Queen is a proof that his bad manners surround him as an individual atmosphere which knows no boundary lines.

The unrestrained disciples of Wagner have talked noisily of the overwhelming triumph of the music-dramas of "The Master" in London, and have proclaimed the immediate introduction of an English version in answer to popular clamor. But the facts are not with them. It is announced that Augustus Harris will give no more performances of "Das Rheingold" or "Tristan" this season, and the extra "Cyklus" is abandoned. Nor will he bring out the works of Wagner in English unless £3000 be guaranteed "to secure the season from pecuniary loss" during one month. An official circular shows that, apart from the Wagner society and the publishers, only 200 guineas out of the £5000 wanted has yet been subscribed by the public, and that £3200 is still needed.

We must look this year to Nova Scotia, Maine and California for apples. In the great apple belt of western New York, the prospect of the crop is discouraging, and it is said that the situation is still worse in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Ohio and Michigan.

The vacation of the summer pilgrim is the busy season of the housebreaker. Flats are opened easily with false keys, and suburban houses are entered without exciting the suspicion of the neighbors. Valuables, such as silverware and jewelry, should be left in a safe place, and not be guarded simply by doors of thin panels and flimsy locks.

American critics and readers who have spoken flippantly of the "insanity" of certain descriptions in the novels of Dostoevsky, or cried out against their absurdity, are invited respectfully to read the details of the Saratoff riots, which were incited by the report that the existence of cholera in the city was invented by the doctors.

The report of a boat race on the Hudson in which members of the Ward family took part seems like a chapter of ancient history. Yet it was not so many years ago that the names of "Josh" and "Hank" and "Gill" were household words, and in international races the sturdy men defended well our reputation. Boating blood runs in the family, as is proved by the consanguineous rivalry of yesterday.

July 22-92

SUMMER CATALOGUES.

Exchange editors and inventors of paragraphs now find food for mirth in the society chronicle that was published lately in the leading newspaper of a town in North Carolina. It appears that there was gaiety in Wilson; there was a constant arrival of guests; the season was at its height. Parties and picnics, balls and other amusements were drawn in detail in the Mirror, and the editor went so far that he indulged himself in thumb-nail descriptions of the visitors. These descriptions are mere sketches, but they are full of suggestion, and they are not devoid of verbal color. There is no prelude, no vorspiel, as an invocation or a preparation. The editor plunged at once into his subject. "In addition to the lovely maidens we mentioned last week as adding to the brilliancy of Wilson's magnificent coronet of attractiveness there has been a glorious augmentation this week in the radiant presence of such sparkling jewels as resplendently beautiful and bewitchingly fascinating Miss Nannie Speight of Tarboro';" and then follows a catalogue of noble dames. One is "transcendently lovely and very graceful;" another is a "splendid type of splendid beauty." "That perfect mold of sweetest witchery, the gloriously enchanting Miss Lollie Lewis of Goldsboro'" is only equaled by "that glorious crown of glorious womanhood, the quintessence of sweetest loveliness and the embodiment of the rarest charms and the noblest virtues, the pure souled Miss Lena Taylor of Whitaker's." It is not surprising that the editor was moved. "The presence of such glorious maidens sprinkles golden sunshine in many a dark and gloomy heart, and brings up that sweet and beautiful spring of feeling where flowers bloom in such glorious beauty. May Heaven's own dew of cheer and comfort fall upon their lives and sweeten and purify them, even as their angelic presence has sweetened and purified ours."

This chronicle of society in a village of North Carolina may excite the laughter of the unthinking, who heed the swollen language and overlook the sincerity and enthusiasm of the writer, and so the bombastic sentences are quoted in other newspapers and there are ironical comments. The keen student of sociology finds "society" paragraphs in these same newspapers, and he remarks that the chronicle of summer life in a Southern village and that of vacation days passed in Northern watering places vary only in degree. If he is a Bostonian he is enabled to follow the movements of the men and women of his city as though he were in daily communication with them. He dines with Mr. Charlesgate and he assists Mrs. Vernon and her lovely daughters in their sea bath. He knows the prevailing fashion of bathing suit and tennis dress, and by the courtesy of the reporter he may note individual variations. He is supplied with mental photographs of women whom he knows only by name, and he occasionally has the pleasure of seeing at his breakfast table striking cuts of leaders of society. Or he discovers that his judgments were false. The girl with a crooked nose is described as "a dashing beauty," and an ill-favored cousin is changed into "an exquisite blonde with wonderful eyelashes." There is a curious equality in the newspaper column of fashionable notes, as there is in the grave. The grocer rubs elbows with the customer; the dressmaker disapproves of the figure of her patron.

The student, then, regards these lists of names as summer catalogues designed for winter reference, which are superior in detail to the blue book or the family directory. The

July 23.

THE NOVELS OF GRADGRIND.

The writer of an article in a late number of the British Medical Journal rails at novelists for the errors that swarm in the medical incidents and opinions that are found in works of fiction. Thus, the old revolutionist Noirtier, with his winking eyelids, is an impossible paralytic, however impressive he may be to the reader of "Monte Cristo." In another story Dumas introduces a guillotined head that speaks and weeps. Dickens believed, apparently, in the possibility of death from spontaneous combustion. Baldassare, in "Romola," did not suffer from amnesia or agaphia: "It was a form of cerebral disease known only to the eminent novelist." Bulwer Lytton confounded astrology and thaumaturgic dreams with the precepts and the discoveries of medical science. Wilkie Collins stumbled constantly, although he prided himself on his special knowledge. The list of such literary sinners is a long one.

In a Southern murder trial of a peculiarly morbid nature, it was stated yesterday that when the accused rode bareback, "it was sideways like a lady," and there was no proof that she rode man-fashion and thus gave symptoms of insanity. But there are many Northern girls on lonely farms and Southern girls on broad plantations who never use a woman's saddle and whose mental soundness has never been questioned.

The great Napoleon objected to the many holidays of the Roman Catholic church, and there are Americans who view with alarm the increase in this country of appointed opportunities for recreation. Surely no patriot will object to the public commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, although the modern biographers, who have discovered to their own satisfaction that the great example of sublime faith was a false and cowardly pirate, may stand apart and beat their breasts.

The suspension from duty of Captain Redford, of the City of Chicago, is not too severe a punishment. In a thick fog, when the weather was uncertain, near a dangerous coast, he drove his engines at full speed and neglected to take the necessary precaution of frequent sounding. A great steamship may possibly run the chance in a fog of cutting a sailing vessel in two without injury to itself; but the rocks of the Irish coast laugh at the machinery and the strength and the speed of man.

The conduct of the Emperor of Austria is worthy of the imitation of all true lovers of music. The musical season is over and he would fain rest; therefore he declines to hear the proffered serenade of the New York Arion Society. The members of the Imperial family of Austria have for many years been patrons of music, and this refusal is not due to dull ears. But the Emperor recognizes the value of absolute rest; he knows that music is a luxury which loses when it becomes familiar and common; it is not a daily, imperative want, to be gratified as though it were a stomachic demand.

The Parisian students who howled down Miss Jeanne Chauvin, although her "eyes were sparkling with intelligence" when she attempted to read her thesis for the doctor's degree at the School of Laws, are not the first to thus show disapprobation of the female clothing herself in the attributes of man. Readers of Charles Reade's "A Woman Hater" will remember the indictment drawn by the author against the cowardice and meanness of students of Great Britain, as shown in their public demonstrations against their female associate. But perhaps the Parisians thought that Miss Chauvin was greedy. She is already a licentiate of literature, a laureate of the Faculty of Medicine and a licentiate of law. She has also obtained prizes in civil and Roman law.

For the removal of warts there are mystic and prosaic remedies without number. Theft is often the first ingredient of the old woman's cure; the stolen piece of meat is applied to the hands and then buried at the cross roads, as though it were the body of a suicide or an Hungarian vampire; or the hands are washed in a silver basin in the beams of the full moon. But Dr. Lewis Lewis proposes a simpler cure, which is, to smear the warts in the blood of the porpoise. This will be rather for the benefit of coast dwellers than for the good of dwellers in inland towns, where the apothecary seldom carries a porpoise in his stock.

The Charleston News and Courier learns that our town folk are eating large and luscious fresh figs from California, and it asks respectfully how "sure-enough" fresh figs, with the dew of the morning on them and the light of sunshine and flavor of flowers in their hearts, were ever transported from California to Boston and delivered in eating condition. It claims that if such transportation is possible, South Carolina can supply figs for the United States, "the finest figs, the largest figs and the most of them." But it fears that we have blundered and mistaken a sweet potato or Japanese persimmon or pawpaw, or something of that kind for the an original fig.

Realism has invaded napery. The æsthetic housewife now chooses napkins that are embroidered in vegetable designs. Asparagus, carrots, mushrooms, wheat, radishes, parsley are the models. Silks of the natural colors are used when possible. Thus the plenty of the house is apparently doubled, but it is doubtful whether the pleasure of the guests is thus increased. The distribution of napkins will prove a lottery in which the blank will dull the appetite of the man with whom the vegetable does not agree, and the prize will whet abnormally the winner. For a hostess, however, to present the counterfoit of radishes when they are not in season is to acknowledge kinship with the Barmecides.

There was an increase of 753 miles in the mileage of Canadian railways in 1891. The total mileage is now 14,209. The earnings in 1891 were \$48,192,099; and the net earnings were \$13,231,649. The amount of Government bonuses paid was \$147,165,432.

French scientists propose to erect an observatory on the top of Mont Blanc, and the work will be begun in a few weeks. As they can find no rock foundation, the wooden building will rest on six heavy screw pillars, which it is thought will secure a firm hold in the solid ice. This experiment has been tried; a hut was so fixed last fall, and this spring it was found that the ice had not moved and the hut had not suffered damage. But the solid ice is treacherous, and it may turn out to be no surer foundation than the sand chosen by the foolish man. The building will have two stories; the lower rooms for the accommodation of guides and visitors, the upper, with a cupola, for the use of the observers.

Costo Rica is making extensive preparations for an exhibit at the World's Fair. A collection of more than 3000 birds will be placed in the galleries adjoining the gardens. The idea of the Commissioner is to place the plants of his country in these gardens, and also the living fishes and animals, and to build two kiosks for the practical exhibition of coffee and cocoa.

When the cowardly Sultan of Morocco told England's Envoy, Sir Charles Smith, that he was powerless to protect him from murder and the Mission from massacre, the Englishman reminded him that in such a case another British Minister would be in Fez within a month; "but there will not be a Sultan in Fez then." Surely a brave reply, worthy of the traditional bulldog courage and Berserker blood of the long line of diplomats that have preserved the honor of a nation and made the life of an Englishman sacred in the wildest lands.

According to a contemporaneous and acknowledged authority on dress, if a girl is accompanied in public by a dog, she should dress in harmony with the dog or change dogs with each dress. Brown and gold brown tones are in sympathy with an Irish setter. Vestal white matches the grim visaged white bull terrier. The vulgarity of a yellow dog is mated by proper artificial shadings of hair.

July 25

There are novel features in the training of Mr. Jack McAuliffe for the approaching mill at New Orleans that will commend themselves at once to the thoughtful. He kills potato bugs, pulls weeds, swings the scythe and milks cows. Now if he could be persuaded to keep in such constant training, with winter exercise in chopping and splitting wood, and to refrain from all mill work, he would be a valuable member of society, although he might not win cheap notoriety.

The refusal of Mrs. Barbara Turner of Columbus, Ohio, to live with her husband because he snored has provoked sermons on the enormity of the husband's offense, and many possible remedies have been suggested. Kate Field's Washington advises us all to imitate the example of the noble red men, who are taught from their infancy to keep their mouths shut. This is not a new idea. Some years ago George Catlin, who knew well the habits of the North American Indians, wrote a singular book called "Shut Your Mouth," in which startling pictures showed the contrast between the sleep of civilization and barbarism, and the white snorer was depicted as a loathsome object.

Purlists as well as discoverers in language are agitated in Ohio. They seek the proper word to designate the crime of the murder of a married man by his wife. Some think that "uxoricide" should be used without regard of sex; the suggestion of "mariticide" is indorsed warmly; "conjugalicide" is pressed by enthusiastic newspapers.

Niagara Falls has within a few years been the scene of melodramatic suicides and silly wagers that led to death; but there have been few fatal accidents, and it is said that the tragedy of Sunday is the first that ever happened inside the Cave of the Winds. It would appear from the account that the accident was due to carelessness, from a wish to save time by taking a shorter route. Rocks, however, give a treacherous foothold, and by rapids or on mountain side, it is always wiser to make haste slowly.

Mr. Marcus Mayer insisted that a clause in the new contract with Patti should read as follows: "Marcus R. Mayer shall have the right to announce this tour as a positive tour of farewell of Mme. Patti-Nicolini in North America, and Mme. Patti-Nicolini binds herself to write him a letter on this subject, which he can publish." But the farewells of Patti have always been positive, and in fact their positiveness has only been equaled by their frequency. This next trip she will say goodbye forever to seventeen towns that she has never visited, and \$3000 in each town will assuage her grief.

July 26

The descendants of Governor Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts will hold a family reunion here October 18. Such gatherings are to be commended heartily. Not if they are held merely for vain-glory or for the indiscriminate praising of ancestors; but in these days, when the value of patriotism is questioned, when the flag is scouted as a vague idea, and when the word American is pronounced under the breath, it is a good thing for New Englanders to recall in company the adventures, trials and triumphs of the sturdy men and women that begot them.

Readers of the fascinating book of Lady Brassey will hear with a sense of personal loss that the yacht Sunbeam was wrecked on an island in an Australian gulf. And so the tragedy is complete. The suicide of the woman that made the yacht famous is followed at last by the destruction of the thing she loved.

That the poisoning at Salisbury Beach was due to ptomanias may or may not be proved by the analysis of the Harvard professors; but people cannot be cautioned too often and too strongly in the matter of diet during the hot weather. Ice cream, cream pies and milk itself should not be taken into the system recklessly; for it is one of the deplorable facts of our modern life that milk, the simple, necessary and nutritious food, is frequently impure, on account of the carelessness or the greed of the seller.

The people of the West show an ingenious versatility in the invention of social pleasures. A young man who is "prominent in the social circles" of Columbus, Ind., wheeled last week "a popular society young lady" through the principal business streets of the town on a wheelbarrow. There was a wager, and the young man divided fairly the stakes with the belle of the occasion. There was "much cheering," and an ice cream supper was served after the performance of the feat.

Bergman shows the great characteristic trait of the modern Anarchist, i. e., intense personal vanity. Thus his first question to the reporter was, "What do the people say about my act?" He resented the charge that he was a "bum printer" at \$8 a week. He denied the aid of confederates, and said with pride, "All credit belongs to me." But the Nihilists of Russia, with whom the Guiteaus and the Bergmans would claim kinship, sink individuality for the benefit, as they think, of humanity. Immolation of self and selfish interests is the first article of their terrible creed.

Dr. Hale writes in a sensible and interesting manner in the Atlantic concerning the advantages of compulsory declamation in schools. There is now apparently a prejudice against this useful exercise, but, as Dr. Hale says, the practice gave the boy an ease that lasted throughout life and could not be acquired in other ways. That Dr. Hale profited by the lessons of his youth is known not only to his townsfolk, but to the Englishmen that a few days ago were charmed by the fluent and witty presentation of shrewd sense.

A DANGEROUS BENEFACCTOR.

The pessimist is not without excuse when he prefers open enmity to enthusiastic friendship. We have all suffered by the blunders of zealous friends, by their mistaken preconceptions of what we should wish and do. The man that by his calling is dependent on the interpretation of his thoughts by others for ultimate success is peculiarly a sufferer. The unknown playwright is handicapped at the start by the actor who has good will and is devoid of temperament. The poet sees a sworn foe in the amiable public reader who mars the beauty of his verse by a nasal twang and a strange pronunciation. So, too, the composer of music is at the mercy of players or singers; the children of his brain are often cruelly mangled by those who think they act in kindness.

Mr. F. X. Arens, an American composer and director, has been for some time going to and fro in Germany for the purpose of giving concerts of music composed by Americans. He appealed to the patriotism of American lovers of music for financial aid, and he begged Americans in the towns where the concerts were given to support the glory of our national flag by their presence. Not content with this advertising of his own claims on public attention, he was in the habit of sending foreign newspaper clippings to the newspapers of this country, with the request that his missionary labors should receive due notice. The clippings were always of a favorable nature, and they appeared originally in the little newspapers, printed in English, that chronicle the movements of English and Americans abroad. In their fulsome lines ten words were for Mr. Arens to one word for the composer whom he introduced. Mr. Arens, no doubt, considered himself a missionary, but he undertook his mission without the consent of the men whom he represented, and in certain instances, it is said, he persevered in his self-appointed task against their earnest remonstrance. Nor were such men ungrateful in their protestation. They realized the impudence of the claim of Mr. Arens to a special hearing, they knew the danger to their reputation when the Germans heard their works performed by a "scratch" orchestra, or a respectable orchestra with few rehearsals under the direction of a man in whom they themselves had little confidence, and it is not unlikely that they had no illusions concerning the real value of their music when it was judged from the standpoint of nationality. They knew that Mr. Arens would occupy the large tent of the show, while they would sit in side

booths and be pointed out with the aid of Mr. Arens's stick.

Great expectations were aroused in certain German cities by the announcements made by Mr. Arens. These expectations were not realized, and the leading critics were kind in silence, or said frankly there was nothing characteristic, nothing new in the American compositions. A short time ago Mr. Arens gave one of his concerts in Vienna, at the Musical and Dramatic Exhibition. The remarks of two Vienna newspapers may be of interest. A writer in the Neue Freie Presse—not Edward Hanslick—thinks as follows:

"The works which were performed made an impression like the familiar faces of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Schumann and Volkmann seen in a concave mirror. Singular that in the blessed land of inventions so little musical invention and originality is to be found. American music is only a reflection of our culture, and has as yet been unable to lay claim to the title of a native school of art. It arouses the sympathy of the European listener to detect a streak of idealism such as is generally not expected from the land of the almighty dollar. * * * J. K. Paine's symphony and MacDowell's suite movements are constructed on the best models; they are the Mendelssohns of the New World. Others, like Arens, Chadwick and Bird, now sit beneath Ydrasil and listen to the croaking of the Wagner ravens, and anon in company with Schoenfeld, place their hecatombs before Berlioz and Liszt. * * * The adherence to form and a commendable command of the art of instrumentation justify the belief that American music may yet reach a higher plane. A lovely artistic striving is already to be seen."

Surely this was written in a kindly spirit. The Tagblatt, however, is more severe:

"The American composers whose works Conductor Arens produced day before yesterday are admirably schooled artists who think elegantly, and who lack nothing except the chief thing—individuality, original gifts. * * * The best impression was made by the two symphonic movements of John Knowles Paine—an energetic allegro with a fervid introduction and a long—a very long—but rather piquant scherzo. The themes of the two movements are plainly influenced by Schumann and Spohr, but treated with considerable art. A suite by MacDowell, with a pretty second movement based on an idea imitative of the shalm, gave the most pleasure."

But, however flattering certain of these sentences may be to the composers named, the charge of a lack of individuality will outweigh the praise. That this charge was made so bluntly is due, without doubt, to the preliminary flourish of trumpets and the flaming posters. Our composers should not be thus thrust into foreign notice by an earnest seeker after self-glorification.

It is hoped that the new Siberian railway will be of material benefit to the Russian people, for it touches the grain district of Tobolsk. Some 400,000 cattle are also sent yearly from this district; the roads at present are so bad that many cattle perish. The railway will give an outlet to a country containing over a million inhabitants.

The game of polo in which a prominent and useful life was sacrificed is fresh in the minds of all Bostonians. Tuesday, in one of "the finest games ever seen in Wrentham," a player received "a terrific blow" over the left eye; he appeared when time was called, his eye bandaged, and "his shirt front covered with blood." Yet many who are addicted to this noble sport cry out against the pummeling of each other by strong men injured to blows, and they call bull fights barbarous.

Sir Richard Wallace once heard the elder Dumas laughing boisterously in his study and was told by a servant that Dumas was working and that he often laughed like that at his work. It turned out that the great novelist was "in company with one of his own characters, at whose sallies he was simply roaring." But this was years ago, when imagination went hand in hand with animal spirit. It would be difficult to imagine one of the modern intense-realist-analytical school so easily diverted.

Judge Read of Baltimore says, and "without fear of successful contradiction," "that we are the finest looking body of people on this planet;" which seems a cautious statement when other judicial dicta are considered. For he thinks that there is a striking parallel between the Americans and the ancient Greeks—in the attention paid to physical culture; in the beauty of the women; in the "quick, critical, buoyant" mind; in the rapid rise and fall of political favorites. He might add, and in self-glorification.

Our language is constantly enlarged by phrases and words born of accidents, crimes, amusements and political occasions. In connection with the Homestead riots it was announced gravely in a newspaper that the detectives had been "rendez-voused" at a certain place. This innovation cannot be commended, for it is in the first place an unprovoked assault on a foreign language, and a violation of the rules of international courtesy.

The old saying, "An Englishman's home is his castle" has defended many an outrageous deed. Mr. Hannay, the London Magistrate, protested against this ancient saw the other day, and said the idea that a policeman should remain in the street from fear of venturing into an Englishman's castle when he heard cries in a house or was summoned to prevent personal violence, is "a most foolish notion."

Tony Robert-Fleury thinks that the American painters in Paris are too apt to be attracted by new theories, to follow the radical members of the ultra-modern school. Chorley once made a like reproach when he wrote that "the Americans have shown a marvelous proclivity in instrumental music towards that which is occult and incomprehensible, and are already far in advance of us in comprehending that which seems full of darkness and doubt to our eyes." In dreading the charge of conservatism, our painters and musicians are undoubtedly inclined to accept a new gospel, even before they have digested the words of the fore-runner.

It appears that since Queen Victoria commanded Melba to sing at State concerts, "the domestic cloud which hung over her is wholly lifted;" that is to say, in more homely speech, the fact that a suit for divorce was brought by her husband against the singer for flagrant cause is not an obstacle to her social success at Court. This is singular, for the Queen has long been famous for the rigidity of her views on questions of morality; but the magic of a golden voice seems to have disarmed even the prejudices of a Queen.

Three "blood red" neckties were found with a whole "wagon-load" of books and papers and circulars and letters and other articles of an "inflammatory nature," in the room of Bauer, the Anarchist. The neckties were taken to police headquarters "to be more carefully examined." It is certainly in questionable taste to choose such a lurid hue for personal adornment in this weather, and persons addicted to red neckties may well be regarded as suspicious characters, but the police think they have stronger proof against Bauer than any disclosure that might come from a rigid examination of "neckwear."

July 28

A NEGLECTED COMFORT.

The roof is the watering place of the poor. Not that the sufferers seek the housetops when the Dogstar at high noon barks at the tenement and its swarm; but when the sun is through with his day's work, panting humanity raises itself from the festering street and hunts the evening breeze. The roofs are crowded; the fire escapes are lined. Even so in older and wiser countries, the chambers are abandoned at sundown; heavy-eyed men stroke solemnly their long, white beards and read the future in the stars; there are cool drinks and the long dives that

discourage impertinent conversation; there is the grateful sound of water and the tinkling of an antique instrument picked by a woman's hand. Thus the night brings peace and comfort.

The example of the poor, as well as the habit of the Orientals, might well be followed by all of us in the fiery season of physical discomfort, nervous worry, and mental exhaustion. The roof garden as a substitute for the theatre has won success in New York, as the managers and the frequenters of the Casino and the Madison Square Garden will testify. There is no doubt that such gardens will be found next season in other cities, for many must stay at home, even though the heavens are as brass, and they will seek eagerly amusement with comfort. But the roof of the private or the apartment house should thus contribute to the pleasure and the restoration of the dwellers therein.

That such a plan is feasible even in this prosaic country is shown by the description in the New York Mail and Express of a private roof garden in the city of New York. The house itself is a seven-story building, containing apartments for twenty-four families. The roof commands a view of the East River, the bay and the Narrows. The entire roof space is turned into an artificial garden. A flooring of dressed timber covers the real roof; there are strips of manila drugget. The stone coping is surmounted by boxes of plants, vines and mounds of moss. There are tubs and boxes with oleander, palms, rubber plants, cacti, etc. A bower shelters benches and tables, and will accommodate forty or fifty people. It is made of wire-work, which is covered with running vines. A framework supports in the daytime a canvas awning. There are easy chairs and swings and hammocks. According to the Mail and Express several plans of projected apartment houses for the West Side, which were recently submitted to the Building Bureau, provide for such gardens. The temperature on the particular roof above referred to is ten degrees cooler than on the sidewalk. Nor is it surprising that when real estate commands such high prices in the city builders find it desirable, as an architect says, "to put the yard over the house instead of behind it or at the side."

It is said that on such a roof Isabella Urquhart learned the solo that took her from the chorus ranks; Hallen conceived the idea of "Later On," and Percy Gaunt composed the "now popular song, 'Push Them Clouds Away;'" but even if these statements are true, they should not be urged in objection against the aerial garden. If comfort must be joined with mental improvement, our old friend Thomas Gradgrind could drill the children in the distances of the planets and the identification of constellations; lectures might be given on humidity and the different uses of the thermometer and the barometer; or Carlyle's philosopher might hold discourse on the pettiness of the world beneath and the grandeur of the eternal verities. All roofs, it is true, are not adapted to this summer use. The necessity of an adjustable or a reversible house covering, which would protect in winter and enlarge the air in summer, might spur the invention of our architects and remove the reproach of conventionality.

The assassination of Mr. Page, a Philadelphia broker, is only one of the many tragedies of the stock exchange. It appears from the facts in the case that the broker had tried in vain to persuade the assassin to close his account and warned him against buying certain stocks. But this species of gambling is like dram-drinking. The speculator's losses finally turned his head and he thought he saw in the broker the author of his self-inflicted misfortunes.

The performances at Bayreuth this season do not excite the customary interest. The English newspapers, which in former years criticised them at length, this year pay them little or no attention. The cause of this change is undoubtedly the greed of the widow Wagner and her associates. The N. Y. Tribune puts the matter in a nutshell when it says: "The fact is that unless there is a prompt return to the traditions of the early festivals, unless Bayreuth is made the training school in which Wagner's purposes and methods shall be taught in obedience to the laws laid down by him and understood by the musicians—not as interpreted by Madame Wagner—the festival will cease to have a reason for existence outside of that which is the motive of the showman."

The case of the Rev. Edward Bean, who was locked up on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, when in fact he was sick night unto death, is by no means an isolated one. Policemen are not always endowed with discrimination, and an epileptic fit or a fainting spell is often to them aggravated intoxication. The charge of drunkenness is lightly made, and it is unfortunately so common that the policeman thinks but little of it; to a sensitive man such public disgrace, even though the error is corrected, is dangerous in physical results.

The organization of a company to work in an endeavor to recover sunken wealth brings to the mind a chapter of forgotten history. In 1780 the frigate Hussar, with £900,000 on board for the payment of British troops, tried to pass through Hell Gate on her way to New London. Of what is now East One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street the ship ran against a rock and sank. In 1794 the English Government attempted to find the lost pounds, but it was prevented by our own Government. The other day a New York reporter put on a diver's suit and struck the deck of the Hussar. He found iron work, broken crockery, bottles and the bones of men. A dredge is now at work, and a silver umbrella and one guinea have been recovered. Whatever the result of this search may be, the diggers of the hidden treasures of Capt. Kidd will again be encouraged, and they will see him by faith in his "long, low, black, rakish craft," seeking along the coast a convenient hiding place.

Mr. Gladstone has lost finally his patience, and shown that he, too, is mortal. He can endure with equanimity the taunts of political adversaries, the charge of treason, the mockings of polemicists and even the pain arising from misdirected gingerbread. But when an "eager partisan" indulged himself in the odious familiarity of thumping the old statesman on the back, Mr. Gladstone "betrayed symptoms of nervousness and ordered the coachman to 'drive off quickly.'"

No verbal appeal, no written sermon in behalf of the Fresh Air Fund, is as powerful as the sketch by Mr. Woolf in the last number of Life. This drawing of grim pathos and heart-breaking intensity is peculiarly pertinent in these dread days of the slaughter of the innocents.

July 29-

A GROWING EVIL.

At the annual Conference of Swiss Journalists assembled lately at Basel, a proposal was made to carry on a war against "Naturalism" in art, literature and the drama. A resolution was introduced and carried unanimously to this effect: "It is the most serious duty of the press to maintain an energetic warfare against that æsthetic and moral aberration which under the title of 'Naturalism' glories in the representation of the mean and the degraded, of the nasty and the hideous. It is an object worthy of all our efforts and powers to preserve for the Swiss people, pure and unspotted, their own old and eternally true ideal of the good and

the beautiful." There was a discussion concerning the publication of the realistic and naturalistic details of crime "under the form of news." One of the speakers advised "a common self-denying ordinance of all the newspapers." Another reminded his hearers that "the abstinence of the better sort of journals would act as a temptation to some speculator to supply the very matter which they omitted."

Now the thoughtful person that realizes the enormous influence of the modern newspaper, an influence that is, however, as often subtle as it is direct, will praise the motives of these foreign journalists, indorse their resolution, and desire earnestly the imitation of their example in this country. For the newspaper is to many not only news, but literature; to some it furnishes their only reading matter; and, naturally, familiarity with the details of crimes and executions blunts the sensibilities of the reader and suggests a strange code of personal conduct. But the shrewd manager of a newspaper, who looks first of all to circulation and insists on "hustling" as the first, the greatest, and the last of journalistic commandments, will smile at the Quixotic declarations of the simple Swiss. He would reply, if his opinion were demanded, "A newspaper is not an eleemosynary institution; it is a machine for making money. The successful manager does not waste his time in attempts to reform mankind; it is his duty to please his public, and the public at large demands the very details that the Swiss gentlemen condemn as vulgar and immoral."

Furthermore, this manager would point to the fact that morbid or prurient curiosity is not confined to the ignorant and the vicious. Nor could his statement be contradicted with success. It is a singular and deplorable characteristic of human nature that an account of crime, even in most horrible form, fascinates many men and women of gentle lives. It is also true that graphic descriptions of the abnormal and the monstrous, of fatal accident or deed of brutality, spur languid curiosity or change the first feeling of repulsion into exaggerated interest. It has been so from the beginning of the years. Grave philosophers have indulged in morbid and vain speculations. The Fathers of the Church, as Saint Augustine in "The City of God," have shown an unhalloved zeal in prying into mysteries that are better left in darkness. The first murder has excited warm discussion concerning the weapon of Cain; some have argued gravely that inasmuch as Cain was a tiller of the soil he slew Abel with a convenient tool; and Milton declares confidently, as though he had witnessed the bloody deed, that Cain "smote him into the midriff with a stone." Nor in the lapse of ages has mankind lost this curiosity.

A newspaper, however, can state the fact that a prize fight took place and it can name the winner, without animated descriptions of "human chopping blocks" and reproductions of the brutal scene. If a murder is committed, it is not necessary to paint the red detail with Flemish fidelity. If there is stealing by a well-known townsman, it is indecent to invade the household of the thief and take pen sketches of the innocent women of the family. A newspaper worthy of the name should not be merely one long continued detective story; it should not be a daily Newgate Calendar. The old idea that it should make for the public good still prevails in the minds of conscientious editors and thoughtful readers. The newspaper that panders deliberately to low tastes, which should be repressed, not only injures society as a whole; it is the encourager and abettor of crimes to be committed.

The abomination of desolation known as the London music hall is comparatively unknown to us, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Rudolph Aronson proposes to turn the New York Casino into the favorite lounging place of the London "Arry," and cheap swell. It was only a year ago that Mr. Aronson announced his intention to make the Casino a temple of art for the benefit of music and the restoration of operetta worthy the name.

The bravery displayed by the unfortunate Englishman and American who met a terrible death in attempting to reach the highest crater of a Mexican volcano, is the bravado of betters, not true courage. The tragedy is a modern illustration of "Exeelsior," the popular poem, in which a young man with a banner perishes without reason and without possible benefit to humanity.

Inventors of jests have spoken ironically of fine "thinking parts" for the benefit of actors and actresses of mediocrity. The younger Salvini has turned this jest into serious fact. The new play "Rohan the Silent" is a one-act piece of an hour, and although Salvini is on the stage nearly all that time, he does not speak until just before the fall of the curtain. Not that this silence is a new idea. There is the Lone Fisherman; there is the silent partner in "Pounce;" and in one of Offenbach's operettas a chorus of mutes goes through the motions of singing, but there is no speech until the refrain "For we, you see, are dumb."

The Russian Government has accepted Baron Hirsch's proposition to lead 3,500,000 Jews from Russia to new homes in foreign lands within twenty-five years. This year there are to be only 21,000 of these emigrants, but favorable concessions have been made to all those that wait their turn.

The check for \$923,788, given by the city of New Orleans to the administrator of the Myra Clark Gaines estate is the colophon of the final chapter of a thrilling and almost incredible romance. The brave woman who, in the face of discouragement and rebuff, persevered and showed the faith of inventors and martyrs, died about seven years ago, and her reward is posthumous. She, however, had the satisfaction before her ending of knowing that the Supreme Court of the United States proclaimed the righteousness of her cause.

Such addresses as the one delivered by Miss Alice Stone before the Woman's Club at Chautauqua on the care of the sick room are valuable. She explained the proper arrangement, furniture, cleaning, warming, ventilation and the care of the bed and the bedding. It is a sad fact that to the sick man of means, the hospital ward is often more comfortable than his own room, and the nervousness and the inexperience of the loved ones of his family contribute to the danger of the case, so that he is intrusted to strangers.

The frequenters of restaurants who are disquieted by the growth of the habit of feeding waiters might imitate the example of the American that died the other day at Florence. He would not tip, but he left waiters and hackmen a substantial sum by will. The gratitude of the waiter, which is a lively sense of favors to come, would thus be prompted during the life of the testator. And after death, in this country, where wills are so often made only to be broken, the heirs-at-law might easily maintain their interests, or at least arrive at a compromise.

The Anarchists in New York are calling each other names, and are divided evidently in purpose. Emma Goldman, in her violent attack on John Most, dubs him "coward, liar, dissimulator, and at the same time a washrag." Few will dispute the accuracy of this mental analysis, although the term "washrag" leaves much to the imagination. The only really good word for Most is the crowning reproach of Miss Emma, "that he has often said he would rather be a Carl Schurz than John Most"—a speech that hints at possible repentance.

The French cigarette maker has the advantage over the consumer of her wares. The Government appointed a commission to investigate the effect of the process of manufacture on the health of the employees, and the commission reported that the making was much more wholesome than the smoking of them. After some years' service these girls are assured a pension, and if they suffer by illness or accident they get the pension before the appointed time. A girl turns out 6000 cigarettes in a regulation pile, and in one factory in Paris 1,500,000 cigarettes are made in a day.

It is now claimed that the poisoning at Salisbury Beach was due to the impurity of the well water. There is too often criminal carelessness in the choice and the care of wells at sea side resorts and on country farms. No pains are taken to prevent pollution; the old oaken bucket sung by the poet then becomes the convenient weapon of death; and the cool and sparkling draught of Nature is as fatal as the wine of the Borgias.

It is reported that a surgeon in Munich has performed the difficult operation of extirpation of the spleen. If the wisdom of the ancients prevailed to-day, the patient would henceforth be free from melancholy; but this mysterious organ is now chiefly valuable as material for the speculations of evolutionists, and certain theorists regard it as the cheap bequest of the immediate predecessor of man.

The real brutality of the Russian nature, which is revealed when the veneer of its chrono-civilization is scratched, is put in strongest light by a recent order of Mr. Nechayeff-Maltzeff, the Chamberlain of the Czar. A firm in Paris is building for him a pianoforte of unusual dimensions. It will stand on six legs, and the sound will be at least three times as strong as that of an ordinary instrument. This ingenious machine of torture will cost about \$10,000.

A PIONEER OF METHODISM.

An old man is living in the town of Plainfield, Ill. His name is Stephen R. Beggs, and he is over ninety-one years of age. In his younger days he was a friend of Jesse Walker, who was to the early Methodist Church of the West what Daniel Boone was to the early settlers, "always first, always ahead of everybody else, preceding all others long enough to be a pilot to the new comers." The sixtieth anniversary of Methodism was celebrated last week in Chicago, and "Father" Beggs, who was the organizer of the First Methodist Church in Chicago, 1832, spoke from the pulpit. "This is a great age for relics," said the aged man; and, indeed, his recollections sound to the ears of the younger generation of the East as tales told by travelers who have seen strange lands.

He was born in Virginia in 1801 and his paronts moved, when he was a little boy, to an Indiana farm. The neighbors were Shawnee Indians, and massacres were not uncommon. Education was found in a log school house with windows of greased paper. There was one short winter term; the text book was Dilworth's Spelling Book. The boy was born of religious parents, and he began to preach when he was about 10 years old. He was admitted to the Missouri Conference and he became a circuit rider. He preached every day except Blue Monday at points from 18 to 20 miles apart. His clothes were coarse and full of holes. "I used to let the holes remain, because the holes lasted longer than patches." The women once pitied him and they carded, spun and wove him a suit of jeans, which "hung on." Once he rode about in a calico morning gown. His pay the first year was \$33; the second, \$20. "I had two qualifications for a Methodist preacher," said Father Beggs. "I had a back for every man's bed and a stomach for every woman's victuals. We had no dyspepsia in those days."

He preached in Chicago in 1831, and his claim of being the first Methodist preacher in that city has not been contradicted. He was married in the same year, when he was called "the handsomest man in Chicago." He made a journey of 800 miles to show his bride to his father. Her trunk was an old-fashioned pocket handkerchief. The rain fell on them; they forded swollen creeks, and one time they rode twenty miles in their soaked clothes. "I don't wonder the angels took her home," said the second wife, who now comforts the old man.

When he first went to Chicago there were no sidewalks, street lights or streets. The water of the river contained "three ague shakes to every pint." He lived at the fort, and the night before his babe was born the fort was struck by lightning. He administered the sacrament in a log cabin. The communion table was an old tool chest; the cabin was used alternately as a parlor, a school room, a sitting room, a kitchen and a bedroom. At the conferences they ate hog meat. When the Black Hawk war broke out and Scott sailed over the lake and fired his cannon women grabbed their children and ran for miles into the open country.

To-day there are 107 Methodist organizations in Chicago. The total membership of the first society was 7; there are now 17,169 members of the Methodist Church. There are colleges and newspapers and a book depository, which are engaged actively in Christian work. The man who was the first in the field now lives in sweet and simple retirement in an Illinois village. Peter Cartwright said of him: "That man Beggs has enough stub and twist in him to make two archangels and one of another kind;" yet he was not of a sternly aggressive nature. It was hinted last week by a Chicago writer that the secret of Father Beggs's success was his good humor, as well as his true humility. Good humor has undoubtedly saved his youth, for young he is to-day in all save years.

Epigrams and anecdotes are not only of an adjustable nature, fitted to all persons and occasions; they have their periods of appearance and disappearance, like the brilliant comets of the sky. Lord Randolph Churchill is now referred to as "a man with a brilliant future behind him;" but this biting speech came years ago from the mouth of Heine, when Alfred de Musset was under consideration.

It is a pleasure to note that the art exhibition in Allen street, New York, for the benefit of the tenement-house population on the East Side has proved such a success that it will be kept open at least several weeks longer than was at first intended. As many as 1200 people have been seen in the gallery of an evening, and the liveliest interest has been shown in the study of the paintings of value which have been loaned by generous owners.

The accident by which Mr. Robbins of Springfield lost his life is the latest of this season in the European roll of unusual length. The tourist in foreign lands is protected carefully by rules and regulations against his own carelessness so far as railway tracks and steamboat landings are concerned; but there is no police control over the caprices of glacier or avalanche, and such an accident as that by which Mr. Robbins was killed is generally the treachery of Nature, not to be anticipated, not to be prevented.

The proprietors of cabs and busses in London protest against the introduction of asphalt pavements, on the ground that horses would suffer thereby. It is said in reply that if the French horse-shoe were used there would be little danger of accidents from slipping. Unfortunately for this plausible defence, horses shod with these shoes slip constantly on the asphalt pavements of Paris.

Poor old "Billy" McGarrahan was the rich man of a day; for the Presidential veto followed closely the passing of the bill that was for his relief. It should be observed that President Harrison does not deny that the claimant is entitled to compensation; but he is of the opinion that the burden should not fall wholly on the Government. The real remedy would therefore seem to be in a revision of the bill itself.

The disclosure of the fact that rum in great quantity is shipped to Africa for the demoralization of the natives was a severe shock to the philanthropist. It seems that these savages are to suffer further corruption, for Mr. Edwin Cleary proposes to give "comle opera" along their coast and in the interior. A few years ago a French operetta company traveled in Western Asia and met with singular adventures. The repertoire of Mr. Cleary is not yet known but it will doubtless include "A Trip to Africa."

That terrible chapter in the history of New England, the tragedy of witchcraft, was brought vividly to mind yesterday by the commemorative exercises held at Danvers, and by the dedication of a tablet to the grateful remembrance of the faithful friends that believed in the innocence of Rebecca Nurse. And yet the delusion that led to the hanging of guiltless men and women was by no means confined to the superstitious and the fanatics of New England. It was entertained universally on the European continent; and in England we find the gentle and learned Sir Thomas Browne testifying against alleged witches, and Sir Matthew Hale, a pillar of justice, sentencing the poor wretches to death.

If the riding of bicycles brings health to many and fame to some, there are also attendant discomforts and annoyances. A citizen of Southport, Conn., was arrested lately at Fairfield for "vain sport and recreation, by then and there riding about said town upon a certain vehicle, known as a bicycle, to the great disturbance of the good people of the State." There is a species of throat disease known as "bicycle throat," produced by continued riding, and the symptoms are dryness, irritation and inflammation of the throat and larynx.

Aug 1 -

MR. BESANT AS JEREMIAH.

There was a time when the successful author was regarded with wonder, as though he were the one favored child of the sky. It was supposed commonly that the poet caught the measures of the skylark; that the plot of a novel came suddenly, in the night watches, to the restless inventor; that the thought of the essayist sprang, clothed in shining raiment, from the fertile brain. The literary man was born, not made; he wrote only under the influence of inspiration; hunger and dissipation were the nourishers of thought; his personal appearance proclaimed his calling; his debts were counted a glory; his irregularities were expected; his crimes were pardoned.

To-day literature is a trade, and the men and women that engage in it are not required to serve an apprenticeship. The novelist works a certain number of hours a day, or turns out so many pages of copy. His writing is to him a sober and necessary employment, as is the making of a pair of boots to the shoemaker, or the plowing of a field to a farmer. Trollope hears a clubman complain of one of his characters, and the next day he kills her. The poet no longer invokes the aid of the Muse, and he prefers a comfortable room and a rigid regularity of meals to a garret and a gnawing stomach. The essayist borrows an idea from a living or a dead friend, and spins out an article of the conventional length. In former days the author existed solely for the interpretation of Nature and Humanity to his fellows. Now the phenomena of nature, the history of the race and the heart of man serve only as material for the business purposes of the author.

Now, as then, the greater number of us feel an interest in famous writers. As Alexander Smith phrased it nearly thirty years ago, "We like to read about them, to know what they said on this or the other occasion, what sort of house they inhabited, what fashion of dress they wore, if they liked any particular dish for dinner, what kind of women they fell in love with and whether their domestic atmosphere was stormy or the reverse." To be sure, this is not now a "peculiar interest," as it was when Smith wrote:

the prize fighter, the millionaire and the skirt dancer share this species of adoration with the poet and the novelist. When Walter Besant writes of the advantages and the disadvantages of his calling many will read his opinions. And many will be disappointed, for there is in his article in the *Fort* of August little that will gratify curiosity and nothing that will serve the retailer of agreeable gossip: the article is a complaint that once or twice is dangerously near a whine.

It must be remembered, however, that Mr. Besant confuses his remarks to the condition of the literary men in England. He finds there few or no encouragements to the literary life; "of outside encouragement, none, none, none." There is no academy, as in France, to maintain literature on the same level as other liberal professions. "Every man manages his own affairs for himself as best he can; that is to say, he cannot manage them at all." He is to the publisher as "a mendicant dependent on the doles of his master." The literary profession has no central college or institute that might regulate the business management. "No worker in the world, not even the needlewoman, is more helpless, more ignorant, more cruelly sweated than the author." There is a national contempt for the men that write; they are not invited as literary men to national functions; they are not asked to assist in the unveiling of busts of departed brethren; they are not, with one lonely exception, admitted to the peerage, and thus they are rated publicly below the brewers. "The most remarkable point in the Victorian age will probably be the fact that the men who made the greatest glory of the age—the men of science and of literature—received no honor, no recognition, no encouragement, from the advisers of the Victorian court. They have been absolutely neglected."

Then there is the question of dollars. The number of men that live by the production of original work, apart from journalism, is comparatively small. "Half a dozen dramatists; about a hundred novelists; a few successful writers of educational books, and a few publishers' hacks." At the same time, Mr. Besant claims that there are over fifty novelists in America and Great Britain whose income from the literary calling amounts to more than a thousand pounds a year. But there are few that can afford to live by writing.

The encouragements are "the joy of it," "the honor of success," as it is seen in the profound popular admiration for the man that has succeeded. Mr. Besant thinks these encouragements are powerful enough perhaps to counterbalance all the discouragements; and he believes the discouragements may be remedied by "men and women of letters acting together as a company, a guild, a profession, an association." But the many discouragements spoken of by Alexander Smith are unnoticed by Mr. Besant, although they are not peculiar to Great Britain. It is possible that they would seem trifles to the ingenious novelist; and yet "trifles make up the happiness or the misery of mortal life."

The objection of officers and men to the baptism of a ship by a married woman may be a silly superstition, but such whims of sea-faring men may well be tolerated. Steam and steel have destroyed the romance of maritime life, and if the sailor were now deprived of the enjoyment of his pet superstitions, he would feel himself a land lubber, and no longer the superior of stoker and marine.

Although the failure of the plan to secure the Althorp Library for the United States may awake disappointment it is a relief to know that this remarkable collection will be preserved intact, and will be devoted to public use. The dismemberment of a great library and the pillaging by selfish collectors, who value books only for the sake of rarity, is to the advocate of broad and liberal education as sheer vandalism as was the burning of the libraries of Alexandria and Heidelberg.

It appears that Hugh O'Donnell, who was lately earning \$160 a month, was originally a scrap sweeper in the employ of the company with whom he is now at war, and at the beginning he welcomed the thought of 67 cents a day. The very conditions with which he finds fault enabled him to lead a comfortable life at home, enlivened by thoughts of sea-side vacations.

The people of this city may take a melancholy and selfish pleasure in reading of the suffering of other citizens during the late hot weather. The death rate of last week in Baltimore, for example, was unparalleled in the history of that town. There was a total of 457, against 207 in the corresponding week of '91, and of this total 224 were under five years. Our east wind may be rude and even dangerous at times, but in the dog-days it is a thing of mercy and a positive salvation.

Jamaica ginger is not the only refuge of dipsomaniacs when they cannot get whisky or other familiar aids to intoxication. Bay rum, burning fluids, cologne and any preparation for household use that spurs for a moment the stomach or fires the brain are sought eagerly by the diseased. As long as personal liberty is allowed, the victim of alcoholism will find poison in that which is apparently harmless and invent singular ways of self-gratification.

The hot weather is favorable to the discovery of serpents of all descriptions. The sea serpent was seen lately in Lake Ontario, and when a bold man beat it on the head with an oar, "it disappeared with a hiss like that made by a buzz saw." The passengers of the *Trinacria*, and among them were thirty howling dervishes "who will illustrate the faith of Mohammed at the World's Fair," saw a fiery snake in the sky which sported for three-quarters of an hour, while the barometer went down, the wind died away, and there was a slight shock to the vessel. And now Dr. Scoville has discovered and identified a mound snake 1900 feet long near Lebanon, O., "on the old Stubbs farm."

The career of the late Lord Sherbrooke, more familiarly known as Robert Lowe, was a remarkable exhibition of the triumph of mind over physical infirmities, and parallel in certain directions to the public life of Henry Fawcett, although the useful period of its duration was shorter. Lord Sherbrooke was an albino and nearly blind, and yet he won the chief prizes at Oxford, made a fortune in eight years in Australia, and seven years after his entrance into Parliament he elbowed his way into the ministry. But his brilliancy was dulled by admission to the peerage, and in his later years his mind seemed as clouded as his eyesight.

The travels of Prince Bismarck are a melancholy close to an epoch-making life. Kings once stood before him and listened to his commands; now he pours out his woes to students as he drinks beer with them. The organizer of the perfect system of government by bureaucracy now urges his countrymen to prevent such government. The veteran recounts his former deeds, nor realizes that he lags superfluous on his country's stage.

It seems hardly possible that Queen Victoria will carry her feelings of personal resentment so far as to create a public scandal by attempting to avoid the necessity of sending for Mr. Gladstone to form a new government. Her bitterness rests on personal rather than political grounds, and it is of long standing. The Queen is after all a woman, and as she feels that she was once slighted by the Liberal leader, female spite may lead to royal indiscretion. But her advisers know the temper of the people of England, and they would not permit such an exhibition of petty revenge. Still, the aged man may be obliged to journey to Balmoral; and the result will be worth the labor of the trip.

PERPLEXING STATISTICS.

The history of murder in its infinite variety is not only a delight to morbid readers and a prick to the grim fancy of a Do Quincey; it is a necessary text book to the student of sociology, the maker of laws and the philanthropist. The murderer is no longer considered merely as a dangerous animal who sees everything red; he is now the subject of peculiar study and scientific investigation. Hereditary influences, physical formation, local surroundings are examined carefully. The child's thumb may point in innocent days as an index finger to future homicide. A special diet may fire the blood. Physical and inevitable changes may turn a sane human being into a raging animal. Mental disturbances arise suddenly and defy examination and classification. And so we hear much from French, Italian and German men of science concerning the disease murder: nor is it surprising that amiable men and women wax sentimental in accepting a theory as a fact, deplore rude and tragic punishments and believe in a gentle and educational restraint that would restore the murderer to the society which he has robbed of a life. Statistics concerning murder are, then, of value, although they are often incomplete, perplexing, or aids to inconsequential or dangerous reasoning.

The recent bulletin of the Census Bureau shows that on the 30th of June, 1890, there were in the prisons of the United States 7386 persons charged with the crime of homicide. With the omission of doubles, there were 6958 men and 393 women; 4425 were white, 2739 were negroes, and there were 94 Chinese, 1 Japanese and 92 Indians. Of the 393 women, 233 were imprisoned in the Southern States, and 201 were negroes. The question of native and foreign parentage was considered, and without any definite result as far as national tendency to homicide is concerned; but 329 could not speak the English language. Arizona seemed the favorite dwelling place of murderers, for there was a proportion of 906 to each million; then came Nevada with 896. Massachusetts had only 38 to each million, and was surpassed by Delaware with 36. It must be remembered that criminals are fond of roaming about, and 861 killed in States in which they did not reside.

It is believed commonly that the predominating causes of murder are intemperance and ignorance. The figures of this bulletin are likely to provoke animated discussion. A great number of these criminals were not without education. Two thousand four hundred and fifty-seven could neither read nor write, but 1553 of the illiterate were negroes. The illiterates were 13 per cent. in the East and 12 per cent. in the West. Seventy of the murderers had been to college, 168 to high schools, 11 to medical schools, two to scientific schools and one to a law school. One thousand two hundred and sixty-seven were habitual drunkards, but, on the other hand, 1282 were total abstainers. It appears from these statistics that idleness and ignorance of a trade are surer guides to this crime than inability to read or the habit of drunkenness, but it would be foolish to build an argument on such premises. So, too, would it be vain to draw a definite conclusion from the marital relations of the men and the women in prison. There were 3615 who

were never married; 2715 were married, and 703 were widowed. It is a valuable fact, however, to know that although only 1225 were idle at the time of arrest, 5175 of the 6958 men had no trade.

Certain contemporaries have commented on the great increase in crime, and particularly murder, in this country in the last decade; and they point to the increase of 27.17 per cent. in the number of homicides in the years from 1880 to 1890; but the number of murderers in prison is not necessarily in proportion with the general population and many numbered in 1890 were also counted in 1880, for certain States have abolished the death penalty, and in Kansas the date of an execution rests with the Governor.

Theories concerning the causes of the crime, its possible prevention, and the remedy best fitted to our present social condition may be evolved from such statistics, but the scientific treatment of the subject will not be based on such generalizations. It does not follow from these figures that total abstinence is a characteristic of a murderer, or that a collegiate education is likely to be crowned by homicide. At the same time it is idle to claim that education pure and simple, without any cultivation of the moral sense or fostering of religious instincts, will of itself be a check rein to the passions of mankind.

The congestion of baggage rooms and the crowding and the delay of trains of yesterday, were due to the fact that August 1st is to many an inexorable day of departure, not to be turned into a movable feast by change of weather or business complications. There is a prevalent idea that the first of this month is fatal to the dwellers in cities, and men and women flee the town as though it were plague-stricken. This regulation of life by the calendar is seen at other times and in other ways. There are estimable people, for instance, who don light flannels the first of May and heavy underwear the first of November, although Nature laughs at their system of "domestic economy." And although they suffer they find consolation in the thought of a regular habit.

Theatrical managers are just now under the suspicion of the law, and it is not improbable that they will be subject to the dictation of unions. There is an attempt in New York State to protect members of "barn-storming" companies against courageous and impecunious managers and to insure payment of salaries. Then the members of theatrical protective unions, composed of carpenters, gas men, property men and stage hands, held a convention yesterday in New York, agreed in fixing a scale of wages. And here in Boston it appears that the granting of a license depends on a promise to keep the stage free from "gagging" of Aldermen and other city authorities. I will soon be in order for theatre goers to combine in self-defence against sensational playwrights and the inventors of "come opera."

Aug 2-92

The Germans are not unwilling to learn from the experience of remote nations. The great battles of our Civil War were studied by their officers with profit, and the late experiment of bicycle courier service between Chicago and New York taught them an object lesson that they imitated quickly. A rider started the other day from the Braudenburger Thor, Berlin, with a dispatch to be delivered to the garrison commander at Cologne, and relay couriers were in readiness at regular intervals along the route.

A correspondent calls attention to the slanderous nature of a paragraph now in circulation concerning Matthew Thornton, the third signer of the Declaration of Independence. The statement has been made that after the signing he repented, became "an English sympathizer," was put in prison, and was only released by means of Masonic influence. A correction of this statement appeared lately in the Salem Register. Dr. Thornton, it seems, never wavered in his patriotism. He was not forced to live on English soil, as has been alleged; in 1779 he removed to Exeter, and the following year he bought the Sutwyche farm on the banks of the Merrimac. He died at Newburyport, ripe in years and honor, in 1803. His grave near Thornton's Ferry, N. H., is covered by a white marble slab, inscribed with his name and age, and the epitaph, "An Honest Man." In 1887 the Legislature of New Hampshire voted \$1000 for a monument to be placed over his grave. In these days when there is a general whitewashing of suspicious characters of the past, such an attempt to blacken the memory of a patriot is singular.

The formation of the great sealskin combination known as the George C. Treadwell Company, which by arrangement with the Victoria sealers may take from London dyers and finishers a trade which has been theirs exclusively, brings to mind the simple life of the man whose name is used in the title. About sixty years ago Mr. Treadwell, who was of a Connecticut family, invented the dye named after him, and which gave him a world-wide reputation; the formula was kept a profound secret in spite of the attempts of rivals to discover it by honest and dishonest means. Although he died in Albany a rich man, his life was simple to the point of sternness. His house was governed by old New England rules that seem to have been imported from Sparta. His one thought was his business; outside of that he took no pleasure, and he had but a slight interest in the ordinary affairs or innocent pleasures of humanity. The conduct of the Hudson Bay Company in closing certain posts was due to lower prices received for bear and beaver skins. There seems to be no decline in the demand for sealskin.

This is undoubtedly a country of free speech, but it is a grave question whether such outrageous harangues as the shrieks of the New York Anarchists against the law and public decency should be allowed. There is danger of magnifying the importance of the opinions of such men as Lum and Penkert if the police interfere and turn the blatant orators into martyrs. On the other hand these speeches may be to the half-crazed and vicious immigrant as the match to the powder keg. Fortunately there is an element of the grotesque in all these meetings, and when Mr. Dyer Lum, in speaking of "The Hero of Pittsburg," declares that "When a man like him decides that he is ready to leave the world and to take a respectable Christian with him he does right" he excites chiefly ridicule, mingled with contempt.

The sad death of a Boston man who fell dead in Gloucester while hurrying to catch an outward bound train may remind the nervous and those disposed to affections of the throat, lungs and heart of the value of time. This time is valuable not in the sense of money but of health. It is safer and wiser to allow a few minutes leeway in the pursuit of trains and street cars than to incur certain discomfort and possible accident by the mad rush so characteristic of the American people.

Our managers of theatres might follow with advantage a custom of their Mexican brethren. In many theatres of Mexico the acts of a play are charged for separately. The spectator pays for the first act when he takes his seat. After the fall of the curtain a collector appears and asks payment for the second act. If the spectator is dissatisfied or devoid of curiosity he leaves the theatre; if he wishes to follow the plot or is pleased with the antics of the low comedy, he pays the second installment. The introduction of this custom would undoubtedly spur the playwright and the actor. The critic might then measure easily the merits of the performance by counting the audience after each act, but he would be obliged to remain until the close that he might "verify his suspicions."

Chicago is alive to the danger of its street crossings, and calls loudly for an elevation of railway tracks. And not without reason; for within the last six months one hundred and fifty were killed and four hundred and fifty were maimed for life.

Aug 3

THE WAR AGAINST GAGS.

It would appear from the recent action of the Board of Aldermen in refusing a license to a theatre unless the manager agreed to protect the authorities against jests and gags which might offend Aldermanic dignity that Boston, as well as London, is to be provided with a public censorship in dramatic matters. It will be remembered that some time ago the Aldermen of this city passed solemn judgment on the alleged immorality of a play produced at one of our theatres; but the cases are not parallel. Then there was a question of an alleged offence against public morals; now it is a matter of official sensitiveness. The Alderman is fond of going to the theatre. Of a social disposition, he takes his friends, and while he thus sublets the hospitality of the manager he cannot brook the dull or pointed joke of a comedian suggested by the management of civic affairs or the personal peculiarities of the city fathers. He therefore tries to compel the manager to prevent the use of the Aldermanic body as a target. The manager may say that he cannot be held responsible for the written lines or the impromptu gags spoken by members of a company over which he has no control, as long as decency is preserved; but this defence is not admitted. As Alderman Sullivan puts it:

"The committee have made the managers agree to the proposition simply because they believe that ill-timed and cheap gags founded on nothing and directed toward a representative body do much harm and have an effect of lowering the dignity and casting uncalculated reflections. Other cities have this provision in all permits granted to theatres, and in some places the delivery of a gag involving the name of any city official is punished by a fine of \$50. Why, in Portsmouth, N. H., there is a law against it."

There are classical precedents for such censorship. According to the ingenious Suetonius, Caligula was a zealous reformer of the stage, a man after the heart of Jeremy Collier. He was in the habit of ordering the overseer of the spectacles to be scourged in fetters, during several days successively, in his own presence. He burned alive, in the centre of the arena of the amphitheatre, the writer of a farce "for some witty verse, which had a double meaning." Unfortunately we are left in ignorance of the precise nature of this ancient gag, but without doubt it reflected bitterly on the administration of Caligula. And the books are full of instances of the loving care exercised by the rulers of antiquity in the management of theatrical matters.

The Aldermen are no doubt disgusted at the impertinence and the incongruity of the gag, and their esthetical taste is naturally offended. They go, for instance, to a "comic opera," in which the scene is laid in the court of Louis XIV. The jester is not content with consistent fooling; at the request of the Cardinal he sings a topical song and seizes the opportunity to indulge himself in anachronisms. He alludes to base ball, poker and the achievements of the West End Street Railway Company. It is true that the wretched comedian is encouraged by the thoughtless audience, although the applause may be the expression of future hope rather than past or present satisfaction. But an Alderman of Boston is not so easily tickled. His sense of historical perspective is outraged; he does not wish to censure indirectly the ignorance of the audience, and so he puts his complaint on personal grounds, and is unwilling to set himself above his fellow-townsmen, as his office is often a local accident.

Or the Alderman knows the past history of the stage and remembers how Aristophanes lashed the ward politicians of his day; he calls to mind the influence of Beaumarchais on the Frenchmen ripe for revolution. The comedian is to him a traditional foe. No wonder that he longs to cut his claws.

For the statement of Alderman Sullivan must be regarded as merely a pretence, a subterfuge. It is true that Cleopatra and Henry Irving objected to counterfeit presentments on the mimic stage; but the Senators at Washington sit undisturbed when Iago taunts Brabantio with his office. Nor did Dogberry object to the public record of the opprobrious epithets applied to him. Our Aldermen are either conservers of art, or they know the disastrous effects of a gag when it is used in undermining social and political fabrics.

The comparatively close proximity of Mars interests not only the astronomer who hunts for snow mountains and canals; it excites the mind of the astrologer. We are reminded that the Homestead riots are synchronous with this approach; that 15 years ago, when Mars was also near us, there were riots in Pittsburg; 15 years before was the year of Manassas, and 15 years before that the battle of Chernubusco was fought. The astrologer does not mention the fact that more bloody events were remarked when Mars seemed to avoid us.

The treatment adopted by Mr. Cobb for relief from soreness and tickling of the throat will be of interest to all specialists. During the day he drank a little beer. When he began to speak he called for hot beef tea, as it is "a mild and non-intoxicating liquid, warm and soothing to the throat." As he approached his peroration he sipped whisky that he might modulate his voice more effectively. But in insisting on the list of these medical prescriptions, Mr. Watson has shown surely personal feeling rather than a devouring zeal for the dignity of the House or the public welfare.

While the Southern Democrats, aided by the New York Sun, are fighting against the proposed contribution to the World's Fair, the people of Chicago may consider with advantage the public spirit of the people of Huelva and Palos, who now pay tribute to Columbus and his crew and wish it understood that they, the descendants of the mariners, are doing it, not Spain. At the same time the Spanish Government is interested in the memorial services, the artillery salutes, the aquatic processions, the waving of banners and the braying of brass bands, and, in short, the general and particular junketing; and it offers its aid.

The "young man at Berlin," who is such a thorn in Bismark's side, has sailed his yacht in the race at Cowes. Certain contemporaries argue gravely that his purpose in so doing is to give an impetus to yachting in German waters, and to thus fire the maritime spirit of Germany. It is barely possible, however, that the Emperor is fond of the sport and wishes to crow over his relations by marriage. At the same time yachting is fast becoming a fashionable amusement along the coast of Germany, and the amusement is an education for sterner maritime affairs.

The report that the tall, thin girl is the mistress of fashion this season is contradicted by the story that comes from Maine. The Mayor of St. John's has received a letter from a farmer of that State who says that he wishes to aid a sufferer by the fire. He will pay "a female help" good wages, and when he knows her well he will marry her "if agreeable." But she must be "plump" and not under 150 pounds in weight. Then the writer adds: "Two persons may thereby be made comfortable and happy."

Honors often wear singular disguises, as when Mascagni, the composer, is appointed to the Committee of Management of Hospitals by the Municipal Council of Leghorn. It was thought perhaps that the musician who in his "Cavalleria Rusticana" has so shown his ability to fret the nerves might be of service in the diagnosis of neurotic cases.

The Trustees of Rudine Reservations have been chartered by the Commonwealth to provide the admirers of any beautiful or historical spot in this State "with a ready instrument for making that spot a reservation and for insuring its perpetual care." Owners of beaches, bluffs, hill tops, ravines, groves, river banks or roadsides, are thus enabled to benefit the public and themselves; for such places properly cared for enhance the value of adjacent real estate as well as beautify the neighborhood. The giver of land or the contributor of money for this purpose may be a "Founder, Life Associate or Contributor," according to the extent of his gift. At present there are two Founders, twenty Life Associates and two hundred Contributors enrolled. A copy of the Trustees' report will be sent to anyone who requests it; and all correspondence should be addressed Charles Eliot, 50 State street.

Superintendent Scaver, in his address before the Harvard Teachers' Association, was right in calling the habit of giving truants, after conviction in court, to the keepers of jails and reformatories, "a burning, crying shame." A truant is not a raging criminal, and the natural impulse of every healthy boy to go a-fishing, to play ball or to skate even during the hours of school is not necessarily a symptom of original sin. But to put a boy of a susceptible age in company with professional criminals is simply to add to their number in due course of time.

Opinions differ, naturally, concerning the wisdom of widening Tremont street by removing the sidewalks to arcades within the buildings. Foreign shops thus protected thrive in business, as in Paris, London and Berlin. Relief from congestion of the street might come if Mr. Carter's advice were regarded promptly: "Keep teams moving, prevent peddlers from stopping in the street, and keep the stands out."

There is a lively interest in the maps of Mars, and the planet by its close approach has shown that the chart of Schiaparelli needs correction. It would be of more immediate benefit if we improved our own surveys and redeemed American cartography from its present reproach. It is not too much to say that the ordinary maps and atlases within the reach of Americans of limited means give an inadequate idea of the topography of their own country. The excellence and the cheapness of German maps are known to all, and it is said by experts that even Japan is better mapped as a country than the United States.

Passages on the will of Cyrus W. Field are pathetic even in the legal wording. The behavior of his son Edward had brought loss and shame to the generous father, whose last thoughts, however, were of a loving and forgiving nature. "I wish to promote harmony and avoid bitter feeling between my children." This will is in strong contrast with the testaments of certain richer men who have deliberately wreaked posthumous vengeance on innocent members of their household or thus thrown apples of discord into the gathering of mourners.

The mystery of the Salisbury Beach poisoning is now sinister. The thought of individual carelessness or imprudence on the part of the guests, and the fear that village-laziness had corrupted the water, are driven out by suspicion of murderous intent. It seems hardly possible that personal spite could go so far as to injure the innocent as well as the enemy or enemies; and it is to be earnestly hoped that the suspicion will be proved unreasonable.

Certain railway and steamship companies in Switzerland have insured themselves against all losses arising from accidents either to their employes or to their passengers. For every workman killed the company pockets \$2500; for every passenger, \$3000. This statement has been offered in explanation of "the recklessness" that had led lately to fatal accidents in Switzerland, but the report is hardly credible. Letters from the scenes of these accidents to the London Times have spoken in the highest terms of the care and the attention shown by the officers and crews of the companies, and the Swiss, who live largely by the support of foreign tourists, would certainly, from mere policy, do all within their power to insure safety of travel.

Revolutions, destruction of dynasties, peaceful successions are alike welcomed by the collector of postage stamps, for he can then add to his collection. The commemoration of the discovery of America will appeal to him, for it is stated on good authority that the Postmaster General has approved of designs for a new series of stamps, and each design will represent some incident in the life of Columbus. It is to be hoped that both the designs and the selection of colors will be a credit to governmental taste, for our country and all its belongings will be subjected to keen foreign criticism.

Justice is figured commonly as serene, imperturbable, not to be shaken by the fragments of a world, not to be annoyed by the stings of criticism. Her ministers, however, are men of human passions, and Judge Pickett of New Haven is perhaps not to be blamed for his severe censure of the newspaper reporter who had ridiculed his decisions, made false statements, and encouraged indirectly deeds of violence. Newspapers occasionally forget that a Judge is not responsible to them; that cases should be tried by Judge and jury, not by public opinion. Nor should a verdict be anticipated or influenced by the public press.

To-day is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley. There are commemorative editorial articles and critical reviews of his rare poetic genius; and scandal mongers seize the opportunity of reviving in pungent paragraphs the unfortunate episodes in his domestic life. The late Prof. Freeman lived in an atmosphere in which the past was as real as the present, and when his attention was once called to a discussion about Shelley's first wife, he wrote to a friend: "Why will they trouble us with this Harriet question? You and I have quite enough to do with Helen and Theodora and Mary Stuart."

The attention of writers of "comic opera," who complain that there is a lack of color and an absence of material for stage display in an American subject, is called to the fact that there are about sixty camels roaming at will in the Arizona desert. These camels are the descendants of fifteen which were imported by the Government before the war; they were found unsuitable for the work assigned them and they were then turned loose. Audiences delight in the appearance of animals on the stage, and the camel might be introduced consistently in an operetta in which the action is in the remote territories.

The practical American has turned the amusement of dancing into a formulated exercise. He has discovered that an average waltz takes one over or about three-quarters of a mile; a square danc is half a mile, and a galop is a good mile at a run. A girl of ordinary attractions and attainments would cover easily during an evening fifteen miles, without the intermission strolls. Physicians may in the future prescribe two square dances or three waltzes; the prize-fighter will find ten galops an agreeable manner of reducing flesh; and a pleasing favor of the future German will be a richly ornamented pedometer.

A long continued sojourn on a high mountain top may cure the victim of the tobacco habit. Mr. Whymper noticed that the desire was killed at a great altitude. When he and his guides were on Chimborazo, at an elevation of 16,000 feet, they found smoking such hard work that they abandoned it gladly, for they could breathe only with an open mouth.

The usefulness of the banana seems unlimited. No longer is it merely a delight to the consumer and an encouragement to the practice of medicine. Meal is now made from it in its unripe state, and this meal will keep as long as flour. The producing power of the banana is great, forty-four times as great as that of the potato, and it is expected that the meal will ultimately lower the present price of a loaf of bread. Its skin gives a fine fibre from which cloth can be manufactured; the juice furnishes an indelible ink, and it can be fermented into vinegar. Beer can be made from the meal, and the Germans have found a method of turning the banana into a nutritious sausage. These statements are said to rest on good authority, and it is not improbable that this versatile fruit may yet become a substitute for family butter or be used in removing superfluous hair.

AN AGRICULTURAL CENTENARY.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture was incorporated one hundred years ago. The centennial anniversary this year is commemorated fitly by the publication of an interesting and valuable report of the present Secretary, Mr. Francis H. Appleton. This report is naturally of a retrospective nature; at the same time it is full of suggestion for the present and the future. It would be a pleasure to review it at length and in detail; but scattered instances of the curiosities of Massachusetts agriculture may be of more immediate interest.

And first, this society is not only prior in date to all others in the State, but, as a corporation, to all others in the United States. Even European societies were few in number; there were only two in Great Britain. The names of the petitioners in 1792 are many of them familiar and honored to-day on account of the men that now bear them. The petitioners were prompted chiefly by sentiments of patriotism and philanthropy. There were no party questions involved. There was much discontent; there was poverty which, in many cases, was akin to destitution. Leading men of both parties saw the solution of the problem in the judicious cultivation of the soil. Now this soil itself was in many places exhausted, and there was no adequate method of restoring it. Tools were cumbersome. Four-wheeled farm vehicles were unknown. Singular superstitions prevailed. Seed was sown and timber cut with regard to the condition of the moon. When Charles Newbold of New Jersey made a plow-mold board wholly of cast iron the farmers feared it, for they thought it would poison the land and promote the growth of weeds. To plow shallow was the only rule. Cattle were exposed to the rudeness of winter that they might "toughen." The use of salt in curing hay, rotation in crops, the plowing in of green crops were unknown. Fruit cultivation was confined to the production of cider apples. Neither neat cattle, horses, nor swine were of any breed. The men who thought improvement in agriculture possible were dubbed in tavern talk "gentlemen farmers."

In the infancy of this society clergymen gained many premiums. A gold medal was awarded to Rev. Jonathan Newell of Stow for a method of draining ponds. The Rev. William Welles of Brattleboro', Vt., gave full directions for making small beer and strong beer in his essay on the cultivation of barley; for home-brewed beer was then in universal use. A clergyman in 1795 wrote a

premium essay on compost and won the gold medal of the society. Mr. Appleton explains this clerical competition by suggesting that other experimenters did not, as a rule, feel competent to express their experiences on paper, and rural clergymen of that day were obliged to farm, as their salaries were meagre.

It is most interesting to note the gradual introduction of improvements in seeds, cattle and implements. On one occasion \$45 was drawn from the funds of the society to pay for a quantity of seeds of the early Virginia wheat. There was a special importation from England of several varieties of potatoes, for in 1792 the potato was not in common use in this country, and the turnip was the favorite vegetable. Mulberry seeds were brought over at an early date. State fairs were ignored when the gold medal of 1802 was awarded to a Connecticut man for the importation of 100 Merino sheep. A like medal was given to Seth Adams of Dorchester for an importation of a pair of these

sheep. From the year 1811 dates the practice of importation by the society itself of choice breeding animals, the first instance having been from France of two bulls and two cows of the Alderney, or what is known as the Jersey breed.

The story of the labors of Thomas Jefferson in behalf of the improvement of the plow is told in pleasant language. The history of the cattle shows is treated graphically. The dinners of the society were given at the Dudley Tavern or at the Bull's Head. The bills of fare are preserved, and we know that "Madeira wine" and cider were the favorite tipplers. The guests were the distinguished men of the time. John Adams, Daniel Webster, Judge Story, Edward Everett, Commodore Bainbridge and Commodore Hull, Captain Basil Hall of the British Navy and General Coffin of the British Army were thus entertained; and Audubon and Spurzheim once sat down together.

But there is hardly a page of this report that does not include an interesting fact or a curious reminiscence. It is a pamphlet that is entertaining reading to all comparers of the past with the present, to all who are eager to know the successive stages of the material development of this country.

Because Mr. Howells confesses that whenever he has given way to inspiration "and dashed off a lot of work," he has found the next day that it was simply rubbish, he is called by certain contemporaries a plodder, devoid of imagination or poetry. But the method of illustrious writers of novels is a refutation of this charge. Hardy and Zola are men of daily and routine desk work, as were Thackeray and Balzac. To be sure there was one great exception, the elder Dumas; but a Dumas is not born in every decade or every century.

The search for gunpowder in the Parliament buildings, which has been made at the opening of every Parliament ever since Guy Fawkes and his keg were ready for action, is an interesting tradition. It is akin to the equally traditional habit of looking under the bed for a man. If the search were rewarded in either case, sublime faith in the possibility of such a find would be justified, and the prevailing curiosity as to the effect on the hunter would at last be gratified.

The death of Mr. John Macgregor does not seem to be noticed widely, and yet by his Story of the Voyages of the Rob Roy canoe he gave a decided impetus to canoeing. His first voyage was twenty-seven years ago, when the sport in this country was practically unknown. The author was a man of versatility, for he was a wrangler at Cambridge and afterward a writer and a sketcher for Punch.

The publication of the Russian State papers in the Svaboda of Sofia shows that Euphuism is still preserved in diplomatic languages. Nothing could be more delicately worded than the letter of the Minister in which he hints at dynamite "as the best means to bring about a rapid change in Bulgaria," and desires that a visit from Prince Ferdinand should coincide with an appearance of cartridges.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review protests, and with good reason, against ennobling the high kick, which now seems to rule the stage, by calling it a dance. It is nothing in reality but a gymnastic exercise. The art of stage dancing in this country is at low ebb. No dancer of late years could have moved Margaret Fuller and Emerson to their famous expressions of joy at the sight of Ellsler. And yet the ballet as conceived by Jean Georges Noverre, the great master of the art, is a noble institution. "It is a living picture of the passions, the manners, the ceremonies, and the costumes of all the people of the earth." But his description was written a century ago.

May Matthews has been criticised for his use of the verb "to arcade," but such "high intellectual burlesquification" (to borrow a happy phrase from the New York Sun), is not original with him. The verb is found in the great English Dictionary of Dr. Murray. It was used as early as 1805 in an American magazine, and Hope in his "English Cathedral" says that "an expanse of wall may be arcaded."

Drivers of carriages at summer resorts can not be too careful in the matter of displaying lights after sunset. Several accidents with serious results have happened lately in coast villages near Boston, on account of the darkness of the roads. During the reign of the moon, village authorities save gas and electricity; but the very brightness of the moon makes the shaded ways the more obscure.

The absurdity of the present system of announcing the titles of operatic singers in England and America is again seen in the publication of Mr. Abbey's plans for the next season. We find bunched together "Miss" Reid, "Mlle." Nordica; "Mlle." Eames; "Signor" Rinaldi; "M." Teste, etc. Now Mrs. Eames-Story is neither a "Mlle." nor a "Miss." Madam or Mrs. Nordica is not a "Mlle." The singer or player should be known according to the custom of the country in which he performs. Joachim in Germany is announced as "Herr Dr. Prof. Joachim." When he plays in Paris, "M. Joachim" appears on the programme. If he should come here, he would be then "Mr." Joachim. At present our programmes are polyglot, and "Herr" and "Fran" rub elbows with "Signor" and "Mlle." It would be better to borrow the uniformity of the French in this matter.

That was a manly deliverance of opinion in the judgment of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge regarding the action in which a workman sued the Duke of Rutland. The impudence of the Duke's son and his outrageous treatment of men of the "lower classes," "could not be tolerated from any person, Duke or other," said his Lordship. Years ago another English Chief Justice sternly rebuked a Prince, the hero of Shakespeare and known afterward as Henry V. But Prince Hal hung his head because he knew the rebuke was deserved; while the Duke's son showed temper even in the court room.

The Pall Mall Gazette quotes Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" as follows and finds a singular parallel between Dandolo and Gladstone:

"Henry Dandolo (Doge of Venice) was 84 at his election (A. D. 1192) and 97 at his death (A. D. 1205). He shone in the last period of human life as one of the most illustrious characters of the times."

The newspaper, however, does not pretend to limit Gladstone's usefulness by prophesying the date of his death.

VICARIOUS NATIONALITY.

Camille Saint-Saens has accepted the invitation of the Music Committee of the World's Columbian Exposition, and in May or June of next year he will conduct his own compositions and appear as a pianist and an organist. This is welcome news to our musicians and lovers of music; for although there are composers of greater genius in Europe, there is no one of such versatility in his musical excellence. He is one of the chief operatic composers of France, and is, beyond dispute, the greatest composer of instrumental music in that country at the present day. He is an organist and a pianist of the first rank. He is a remarkable reader of scores, a man of profound musical learning, a writer of brilliant articles concerning music, and an agreeable and witty conversationalist. The desire to see him, the animal curiosity to examine with the eyes an animal of distinction will be great, and his arrival and his performances will be important dates in the history of music in America.

It is understood that other celebrated composers and performers of Europe have been invited by the committee to direct their own works or to play the compositions of others. The list is one of illustrious names: Rubinstein and Tschalkowsky; Brahms and Joachim; Verdi and Boito; Gounod and Massenet. It is doubtful whether we shall have the pleasure of entertaining all these men. Verdi is young musically and old in years. Gounod's health is an uncertain quantity. Then there is the vague terror of the ocean that keeps so many foreigners from visiting us. Some of the composers may undervalue the general advance made in music during the last twenty years, for they have read or heard of the great success of unworthy compatriots in the United States, "the land of dollars," as it is still called, half contemptuously, half enviously, by leading German critics. Others may feel that they cannot afford the time, or they may fear lest they become a part of a raree-show. Yet the invitations were worded in a most courteous, generous manner.

When one of these composers will take the stick in hand at Chicago he will face players not foreign to him, perhaps, but foreign to this country. For how many native-born Americans are in the famous

orchestras of Chicago, New York or Boston? How many native-born conductors are at the head of these orchestras? Is not German the language heard in the rehearsals? And yet these orchestras are supported chiefly by American money, and they play for American audiences. Mr. Saint-Saens, for example, will, at Chicago, control an orchestra of men of various nationalities; the Germans will be in a great majority; the Americans in a ludicrous minority. He is a man of biting wit. Surely the incongruity of the situation will tickle his Gallic fancy. Or reverse the case. Let us suppose that the French people invite Prof. Paine to direct his orchestral compositions at the Trocadero; the orchestra that would play under him would be made up chiefly of Frenchmen who were taught in French schools; there might be a very small minority composed of Belgians, Italians, Spaniards and a stray German, for musicians are of a roving disposition. If Prof. Paine should go to Berlin or Milan, he would find a German or an Italian orchestra.

It is not that we as a people express no interest in these matters. There is much talking, there is constant writing concerning music. But when it comes to actual performance, we appear to prefer vicarious to active participation just as certain Orientals pay for the dancing of which they are extravagantly fond, but condemn personal activity in the dance as a rude and unseemly exercise. We call the nations of the earth to Chicago. The foreign mechanic, the foreign physician, the foreign farmer and even the foreign artist will see there the proofs of our native ingenuity and skill. The foreign composer will find there no national orchestra.

Aug 6-

CAHENSLYISM.

The Roman Catholic Church in the United States, as a church, has always supported the Government of the United States. Cardinal Gibbons voiced the sentiment of this most powerful body of citizens in his sermon at Milwaukee in 1891, when the Pallium was conferred on Archbishop Katzer:

"The Catholic Church in the United States

has been conspicuous for its loyalty in the century that has passed away, and we, I am sure, will emulate the patriotism of our fathers in the faith. Let us glory in the title of American citizen. We owe an allegiance to our country, and that country is America. We must be in harmony with our political institutions. It matters not whether this is the land of our birth or of our adoption. It is the land of our destiny. Here we intend to live, and here we hope to die. And when our brethren across the Atlantic resolve to come to our shores, may they be animated by the sentiments of Ruth when she determined to join her husband's kindred in the land of Israel."

The sincerity of such sentiments was proved beyond a doubt in the Civil War, when thousands of devout Roman Catholics gave their influence, their money and their lives in the defence of the Constitution.

It is not surprising, then, to find a courageous and learned priest, the Rev. John Conway, the editor of the Northwestern Chronicle, exposing in the August number of the Review of Reviews a conspiracy of German-American priests against American supremacy in this country. This conspiracy began in 1884, when eighty-two German priests were sent to Rome with a petition to the Propaganda asking for the removal of certain supposed grievances. The petition was rejected summarily. It was renewed in 1886 by the Rev. P. A. Abbelen of Milwaukee, and it may be stated here that the priestly promoters of foreignism belong chiefly to the Archdioceses of St. Louis and Milwaukee. He asked that German-speaking parishes be put on an equal footing with English-speaking ones. But such has always been the case. Rome also decided that newcomers are free to go to any church they please, whereas Father Abbelen begged that they might be assigned to a church of their own language. In thwarting the mission of the Milwaukee priest Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Keane were largely instrumental.

This is not a domestic dispute of ecclesiastics. "A political move is covered under the name of religion." In this country the leaders in the preservation and the increase of foreignism are certain priests who came to this country late in life; they have not been able to shake off early influences or grasp the American mode of thought and progressive spirit.

They are supported by a few German-American Bishops and by the Roman Catholic papers printed in the German language. These priests and Bishops are regarded by Father Conway as the tools of Cahensly, the Austro-Hungarian representative at the

Vatican, and he defines Cahenslyism as "a combined effort of ecclesiastics and journalists, mostly German, with the representatives of foreign Powers for the purpose of promoting foreignism in this country, and for using the Roman Catholic Church as a means to that end."

These conspirators wish to get a preponderance in the Episcopate of this country. They demand the preservation and the propagation of the German language in the United States. Mr. Conway says:

"The ugly discussion over the Bonnett law in Wisconsin was in reality an outcome of this foreign movement. There were a few objectionable details of minor moment in the law, but the underlying principle had for its object to advance the interests of the language of the country. The promoters of foreignism attacked the law as radically wrong and they succeeded in doing the very odious thing of dragging in the Catholic Church in Wisconsin to help their schemes."

Fortunately for our country the great body of Roman Catholics agree with the Archbishop of St. Paul: "We acknowledge the Pope of Rome as our chieftain in spiritual matters and we are glad to receive direction from him. But men in Germany, or Switzerland, or Ireland, must mind their own business and be still as to ours. * * * Nor will the authorities in Rome listen for a moment to Cahensly or his friends. The well-known policy of Rome is to trust the hierarchy of each country, and to encourage in each country Catholicity to the manner born."

Among the countries foreign to Germany, the United States holds the foremost rank as a purchaser of works of art at the Munich exhibitions of 1889, 1890 and 1891. A greater sum was expended by our people in this purchase than by the citizens of Munich, and it was nearly as great as the total spent by Germany; for the American total was \$94,155. As a result of this substantial appreciation of Munich art, Germany, it is said, will make every effort to be well represented in this department at the Chicago Exhibition.

The French Government has been forced to take measures to remedy the abuses in the matter of decorations. The Wilson scandals are fresh in the minds of all; and the Legion of Honor at one time was bestowed in such abundance that it was almost an honor to be without a ribbon in the button-hole. A less dignified order is known as the Palmes Academiques, which, given to the just and the unjust, have lost their value; but the Minister of Instruction has determined that the credentials of every applicant shall henceforth be examined rigorously. It has been proposed to lay a tax of 50 francs on every palm, and thereby contribute to the sinking of the national debt. This, however, seems a doubtful means of limiting the number of applicants. It is difficult for us to understand the burning desire of foreigners to receive the often empty honor of such decorations. It is a mania not confined to any one class; and this mania has nowhere been more amusingly described than in "Decoré," a short story by Guy de Maupassant.

A peanut trust has been organized, with officers in due order down to the Assistant Doorkeeper. It establishes the price of peanut sacks, operates factories and defies rings and speculators. The world's peanut centre, by the way, is Norfolk, in Virginia. A peanut factory is the pretext for a strange nomenclature. The very definition is to the Northern man as deep a mystery as the inscription on exhumed Oriental stones: "A peanut factory is a place where they put the goobers through such process as wheat has to undergo when it is being cleansed of chaff and rid of cockerel." Virginia truckers reap a harvest of \$8,000,000 annually from their market, which includes "tops" and "tailers."

Many Americans envy the sidewalk life of foreign towns, the tables set in front of cafe or restaurant, where the lounge can sip his coffee or iced drink, or even eat in public, watching the passer-by. It is more than probable that such lounging in an American public street would provoke the ridicule of the small boy and the disapprobation of the serious citizen. As yet we are too conscious of ourselves, too thoughtful of the opinion of the public concerning individual action. But here in Boston, a more relentless foe than Dame Conventionality would be the East wind. Our climate is churlish, treacherous, or deliberately ironical.

The statistics of English bankruptcies and arrangements for the past half year are not agreeable reading for our Anglomaniacs, who point continually to the "prosperity" of England for their own political purposes. A very decided increase of failures is apparent all around. In the wholesale branches the number is 548, against 499 in the June half of last year, of which as many as 46 are in the Manchester district, contrasted with only 19 for the first half of 1891. Retail failures number 4008, against 3384, an increase of 18½ per cent., and are distributed over the various trades impartially.

The prices obtained for the Alva and the City of Chicago show again the shrinkage in value of abandoned machinery. Whether it be an engine or a printing press, slight use or temporary damage turns valuable property into a thing of little value. If it is true that there was a stock of valuable wines on the Alva, the buyers may have made a more profitable bargain than they anticipated.

The Prince of Monaco has followed the example of other illustrious men and made his appearance on the lecture platform. It was his modesty, no doubt, that prevented him from discussing "The Doctrine of Chances or the Statistics of Suicide," and thus advertising quietly his business. He spoke of "Tides and Ocean Currents," and the President of the association thought that a proposed scheme of the Prince would result in timely warning to mariners of Atlantic storms. It is a pity that the Gambler-Prince does not invent a system of preventing shipwrecks on the reefs of his casino.

Newburyport is not the only New England town where the cemetery suffers from neglect. Broken tablets, flourishing weeds, effaced paths, show too often that the dead are almost forgotten by the living. However, this is not always due to carelessness. Many dead worthies are without living representatives; or the members of the latest generation are in far Western towns. At the same time it seems as though town authorities might easily prevent a cemetery from becoming a reproach to the patriotism and reverence of the inhabitants.

Such exhibitions as the "public praise of Allah" in the Madison Square Garden yesterday by twenty-three howling and seven whirling dervishes, are an outrage against a grave and dignified religion. Theatrical managers viewed the performance with an eye to possible business, but they were disgusted, as were the newspaper men in search of material for copy. Police interference might well be allowed, for such exhibitions are against the public good and a reproach to the sincere faith of many Mohammedans.

Certain foreigners regard our "palace cars" as immoral, not in the common sense of the word but as destructive of self-respect and dignified privacy. The privacy of the sleeping car is, to be sure, as "tumultuous" as that insured by Emerson's storm, but the American sense of humor turns that which might be unpleasant into a joke. Mr. Pullman has applied for a patent on a new ventilator, which will add materially to the comfort of day and night. His device is directly the opposite of the old contrivance. Instead of having the ventilator in the roof alone, it is intended to be used also in the windows, so that a current of air may be sent into the upper and lower berths.

The Emperor of Germany studies even when he is yachting, and a copy of Zola's novel, "The Downfall," is on his work table. From this powerful story he may learn of the horror and misery of war, and thus be tempted to curb his martial inclinations. Tolstol's "War and Peace" and "The Conscript," by Erekmann-Chatrion, might be added as suitable text books for the education of a ruler of armies.

LITERARY COLLABORATION.

The appearance of "The Naulahka," a novel written by Mr. Kipling and the late Mr. Balestier, has provoked an animated discussion concerning the advantages and the disadvantages of collaboration, which has been deemed as "a form of enthusiastic friendship to which writers of fiction appear to be specially drawn." This species of partnership is not a thing of modern invention. In the days of Balaeth, when prose was poetry and tropes were in the mouths of laborers, Beaumont and Fletcher, twin stars of the first magnificence in the dramatic firmament, wrote plays in company as they drank wine at the Mermaid. There were playwrights of that age that were imprisoned for their joint labors. Fletcher was associated with Shakespeare in the making of "Henry VIII."

There are notable modern instances in England and in France, in the drama and in the novel: Keade and Taylor; Besant and Rice; Erekmann-Chatrion; Meilhac and Halévy. Indeed, French playwrights are partial to such partnership. Plays, the texts of operas and operettas, and novels, are often signed with two names, sometimes with three, or even four.

Some claim that the advantages of this system are great. One author acts as a complement to the other. He restrains fancy when it is too exuberant or he supplies it when it is lacking. He checks diffuseness, and he draws the plot into coherency, gives a

realistic touch to the conversation, puts here and there a dash of local color. Or he may not take the pen in his hand; he may stand off and view the work, as a connoisseur in the studio of a painter. He thus gains an idea of the proportions, of the values; he recommends a stronger background, or he complains of certain lights. It is a case, they say, of "two heads are better than one." But much depends on the interior of the heads.

To discuss the question by citing instances is to argue from the particular to the general. Without an attempt at argument, it is of interest to examine the modern instances. The weakest of Charles Reade's leading novels was written with the help of another, and yet the alder was an experienced, yes, wily dramatist. Since the death of James Rice the novels of Mr. Besant, although they are agreeable reading, have lost in the great flow of animal spirits. The keenest critics have deplored the yielding of Messrs. Kipling and Stevenson to the admission of a partner. On the other hand, it is impossible for the reader to separate Erekmann from Chatrion. Their novels are apparently the work of one man. Meilhac and Halévy have dissolved their partnership by mutual consent, and neither seems to suffer thereby, for each, as an individual, has produced admirable work since the dissolution.

It is not to be denied that the effect of such partnerships is chiefly to stimulate the curiosity of the reader or to provoke disappointment. He plays at hare-and-hounds with the authors. A passage here reminds him of X, and there a peculiarly worded paragraph suggests the hand of Z. He is sure that the heroic and the love scenes are by the well-known author, and he charges the padding to the assistant. Now his judgment may be often at fault. One may have imitated purposely the style of the other; or the Homer may have nodded, and the unknown one may have shown unexpected power. The reading of the novel of partnership becomes then the attempted solution of a problem.

The great novels of the world are due to the imagination of individual writers unaided except by experience and by knowledge of the human heart. Fielding, Thackeray and Hardy, Balzac, Dumas and Zola speak to the reader with personal intensity. When two speak to him together, although there are rare exceptions, and he then hears but one voice, his attention is distracted; curiosity perhaps holds him to the end; but the book does not master him.

It is said that the Emperor William is deeply mortified by his late marine defeats, and it is hinted that such defeats would have been impossible in German waters. Yet it would seem as though even the respect due royalty and the sycophancy that begs preferment would give way to the keen desire of a yachtsman to bring his boat in first.

Yawning, which was formerly regarded only as a symptom of boredom or disease, is now the chief feature of a Swiss cure. "Pharyngitis, catarrh of the eustachian tube and pain in the ear" are now relieved or absolutely healed by yawning at stated intervals. How this yawning is superinduced is left to the imagination of the reader of Dr. Naegeli's discovery; but here is ample material for the jests of the paragrapher or the sneers of the literary and the dramatic critics.

A contemporary remarks with justice that the tour of the Arion Singers in Germany has accomplished more toward asserting the respectable position of music and music-makers in the United States "than has been achieved by all the rubbish that has been talked and printed about encouragement to American composers, and by all the societies gotten up for the demonstration of this, that or the other point during the last ten years." Mr. Van der Stucken proved to the singing societies of Germany that in purity of tone and in expression they might learn from a club, younger in years, not governed by hide-bound tradition, made up of Germans imbued thoroughly with American ideas.

The efforts of London philanthropists bear fruit at last. A few days ago there was an indisputable proof of the existence of culture in the East End. A Mr. Chapman Cohen, who, when he was hailed afterward to the judge, described himself as a "scholar," harangued a crowd in the open air on the subject of "Evolution in Creation." His doctrines were distasteful; his arguments were inconclusive. Shouts arose: "Down with him!" "Lynch him!" and "Break up the programme!" Such an enthusiastic manifestation of scientific interest is only rivalled by the disputes in Boston each season concerning the merits of orchestral conductors, the "temperament" of pianists or the architectural features of a public building.

Mr. O'Donnell, who visits Boston to assure himself that he is "in touch" with the workingmen, shows great good sense in refusing the opportunity of "making capital out of his position and taking to the stage," although from a reporter's description it appears that he has natural histrionic advantages, such as "strongly marked features, and a charming smile that flits constantly over his face."

The 250th anniversary of Gloucester may well be celebrated with rejoicing. Nor in summing up the history of the town should the bravery of the men and the women be forgotten, a bravery displayed not only occasionally, as in times of war, but daily in the pursuits of peace. The fishermen are they that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters. Too often they snatch in vain the food for others from the jaws of death. The women endure patiently the strain of waiting and bear up heroically under suspense and certain loss. Without doubt, because the tugs at their own heart-strings are so severe, their hearts go out so generously toward the sufferers by fire and flood in other towns.

American ships must not only sail under an American flag; they must be commanded by American officers. The officers of the City of New York and the City of Paris have therefore taken out the first papers to secure naturalization. Not that Captain Watkins loves England the less, but that he loves his swift ship the more. And here is a modern instance of the old saw, that the dearest thing to a skipper is his vessel.

The wildest fancy of the librettist of Italian blood is but a conventional tale to the story of passion that comes from Mercagliano. A girl plans to aid her lover in a duel, and fires simultaneously with him at his rival. She kills her lover, and the bullet of the rival strikes the girl. Or is there a more tragic scene in the works of modern Russian novelists than the tragedy at the ball at Moscow. It seems as though Nature yawned at the attempts of novelists and finally cried out in disgust "Come, now, I will set you a model for imitation."

The interesting address of the Rev. Mr. Mayo before the Young Men's Christian Union in Union Hall brings to the mind an undeservedly forgotten book, Hopkins's "The Youth of the Old Dominion." The fearful struggles of the early Virginia colonists, the avarice that led to crime, and the starvation that turned men into ghouls, are there graphically described, and the book is full of the evidences of long and painstaking research. The settlers of New England were not alone in their toil and privations.

Baron Rothschild of Paris is said to be mad, and his insanity finds relief in breaking statues. Such a species of acute mania might be of public benefit to our inhabitants who cross the Common and the Public Garden, and by a twisting of the immigration law concerning skilled laborers, the Baron might be welcomed here as an expert.

When Dr. Sarah Stevenson of Chicago saw children arrested for bathing in the lake when the thermometer stood in the nineties and there was no relief, her soul was moved within her, not on account of the offence of the children against "public morals," but with pity for suffering humanity. With the aid of the Mayor and a few intelligent and kind-hearted business men she secured the erection of bath houses, and procured towels, trunks and the other necessities of decent bathing. In other words, the poor of Chicago are going to have baths free. Such practical and admirable philanthropy should be widely extended.

The young man at the seaside or among the mountains may now take courage, and the summer girl may well consider her ways. Mr. Justice Lawrence, at a trial the other day in Chester, England, declared that "the scales of justice must be held equally between man and woman," and the twelve in a box granted £50 damages to a young man whose feelings had been trifled with by a woman of independent means.

Another instance of the fact that all nations are not prepared by Nature for colonization, is given by the failure of the Hirsch colony in the Argentine Republic. The land, it is said, was chosen without vision, and the men and women, huddled together in tents, have been living there for months in idleness. Englishmen have met with similar discouragements in the first days of settling, but they have held fast with bull-dog tenacity, and now the wilderness blossoms as the rose. Eight hundred discouraged Hebrews have sailed for Europe, and the scheme of Baron Hirsch seems frustrated on account of the shiftlessness of the recipients of his bounty.

A POSSIBLE JUMP.

In these days ghosts must be provided with credentials. Even in Virginia, where each family of importance is provided with an apparition that prowls about the plantation and mourns the departed days of patriarchal and ante-bellum grandeur, the genuineness of a phantom is now investigated. Men of scientific acquirements dispute the posthumous poetry of Lord Byron, who emerges from the recesses of a dark cabinet for the edification of the faithful; and they view with suspicion the long line of deceased relatives who are addicted to writing messages on slates, whether they were known in this world as "Uncle Amos" or as "Aunt Maria." And yet these same ghosts may well shake their gaunt sides with laughter, for science admits frankly that there are mental experiences and phenomena that she cannot explain; that Mrs. Piper, for instance, "has shown in her trances a knowledge of the personal affairs of living and dead people which it is impossible to suppose that she can have gained in any 'natural' way."

Prof. William James has contributed to the August number of the Forum an interesting review of the proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research and the results obtained by the investigations of the members. The purpose of the society is well known, first, "to carry on systematic experimentation with hypnotic subjects, mediums, clairvoyants and others;" and, secondly, "to collect evidence concerning apparitions, haunted houses and similar phenomena which are incidentally reported, but which, from their fugitive character, admit of no deliberate control." Now Prof. James claims that "as a sort of weather bureau for accumulating reports of such meteoric phenomena as apparitions," this society has done an immense amount of work. But he admits that it has not fulfilled the hopes of the founders in the matter of experimentation.

Members of the society were instrumental in exposing the fraudulent claims of certain mediums to be able to control physical phenomena, such as slate writing, furniture moving and so forth. And in like manner deception in "thought transference" was detected, even when it had been agreed by keen investigators that the persons in question had "an inexplicable power of guessing names and objects thought of by others." At the same time these experimenters came to the conclusion that the large percentage of cor-

rect reproductions by the subjects of words, diagrams and sensations occupying other people's consciousness was entirely inexplicable as the result of chance; but it is a singular fact that "since the first three years of the existence of the society no new subjects have turned up with whom extensive and systematic experiments could be carried on." An explanation of the apparently strange credulity of many sensible people shown at sittings and seances is the fact that the eye is deceived so easily by the quickness of the hand. Then, too, no one knows how far mind reading and hypnotism are exerted in creating and keeping alive such popular delusions.

Prof. James, who evidently has a partial belief in the supernatural, or in the existence in each one of a "subliminal" self, "which may make at any time irruption into our ordinary lives," explains the disgust awakened in the minds of many scientific men by the very words "psychical research" as due to the fact that the reports of phantasms are tedious reading; the facts are separate, and seem to bear no relation to the rest of nature. On the other hand, he thinks that if Messrs. Helmholtz, Huxley, Pasteur and Edison were to simultaneously announce themselves as converts to clairvoyance, thought transference and ghosts, "there would be a popular stampede in that direction," and Prof. James admits that sooner or later the cat must jump this way. The reasons for this belief are given at length, and they deserve the respectful attention of all who are interested in the subject. Nor is it likely that Prof. James will be disturbed by the protests of correspondents of the New York Tribune, who claim that such a jump would frighten women and little children, injure society and contradict an opinion once expressed by Goethe.

According to a report of the Board of Electrical Control, 62 telegraph poles and 1,011,960 feet of overhead wires were removed from New York city during the month of June. Foreign visitors who found in this network and element of picturesqueness will perhaps mourn, while the citizens rejoice. If such disfigurement be picturesque, Boston can surely enter rival claims.

It is the turn of waiters to object to the "tip" system, for certain employers lower their wages when tipping is the habit. As the total of the tips is a fluctuating sum, the waiter naturally prefers fixed certainty to irregular generosity. The whole system is wrong; it harms the proprietor, the waiter and the customer.

The fact that \$65,000 was made by the selling of ham sandwiches and mutton pies excites surprise in certain quarters. But if daily profits in such a business are apparently small they are quick and sure. The vender carries no doubtful stock, as does his brother, the bookseller. The druggist may lose by speculation in quinine; but ham and bread are seldom feverish or dull. Then the assurance of habit on the part of customers must be taken into consideration. A man contracts a taste for sandwiches, and, when he once finds satisfaction, he never leaves the source of gratification. "I eat beans now, because I ate beans then" remarked the Boston man to Artemus Ward. He might have added "and at the same place."

Whether or no cholera lurks in the rags brought by the Galileo to our port, the authorities acted wisely in the matter. The shipper may have provided satisfactory affidavits, made in good faith, to the effect that each and every bale of the invoice is free from any possibility of infection, but he is not omniscient, and there is no absolute knowledge in these things. It is not possible to take too great precautions, in view of the fact that the disease is spreading fast in European countries.

Although, according to the astrologer, Mars may have encouraged the strikes, he seems to desert them in spirit as he recedes from the earth. The Building Trades strikers have made an unconditional surrender in New York city; the granite cutters of Vermont and Maine are restless, and, unless there is speedy aid, they will not stay out; and over 500 of the old men at the Duquesne steel works are now in their places. The speech of the Irishman at Duquesne is the whole matter in a nutshell: "The jig is up." Meanwhile, who can calculate the loss to the whole business world by these vain conflicts? The loss in wages in New York city alone is estimated at \$1,200,000.

Prize-fighting, it seems, is not confined to professionals, and it serves to display the prowess of the gilded youth of this generation. At the late affair at Ballston the proceedings would in certain respects have won the approbation of the noblemen of England, who are the patron saints in the sporting calendar. There were seconds and a time-keeper; Mr. "Billy" Edwards, the well-known light-weight, vouchsafed to accept the position of referee. Local pride may be gratified for victory perched on the fists of the young gentleman who pursues his sports during the winter season at Harvard University. At the same time there are laws concerning "mills" and the grinders at such mills recorded in the statutes of New York. Nor should the report that there was unfair interference after the second round be overlooked by the student of sociology.

Thieves grow bold in our streets and snatch at pocketbooks in broad daylight. Women give them provocation, and almost excuse; for the sight of a stuffed wallet carried carelessly in the hand is a temptation to even a poor lounge who has not served his apprenticeship of crime. While women imitate in certain ways the dress and the manner of man, it is singular that they do not copy his accessible and useful pocket. For watches and pocketbooks were intended originally more for private service than for public display.

Mr. J. F. Forth, a maker of lace curtains, seems to be a man of horse-sense. When the McKinley act was passed, he was doing business in Nottingham, England, and he found out that his profits were cut down and he could not afford to send shipments to this country. Instead of sulking in England and praying for a Democratic victory in "the States," he comes to America, starts his factory in Wyandance, L. I., and proposes to give employment to several hundred people, "who will receive American wages." Mr. Forth says that everything to his advantage is in this country, and that in time he will sell his lace in London.

Aggressiveness and destroying false idols have been claimed by the realists as their own peculiar privilege. But the gentle apostles of the Ideal who write for "The Knight Errant," the Boston quarterly devoted to the liberal arts, have armed themselves with hammers to smite "the Philistine," although in this case as in others, the Philistine is simply a man who does not entertain the opinions of the writer. The key note is sounded by Prof. Norton, who claims that "even the most enthusiastic assertors of American progress in the arts can hardly refuse to acknowledge that there has not been as yet in America a single painter, sculptor or architect who has created a great work of art." Such tearing down without any apparent building anew is described by "The Knight Errant" as an attempt "to light the lamp of a pure and lofty ideal on the altar of truth."

It is to be hoped that the report of the dramatization of Hardy's latest novel is not well-founded. It is a story for the closet, not for the stage. The grimness of the situations, the irony of the descriptions, would be lost in the attempt to turn them into dramatic dialogue. Nor is poor Tess, a character for mimic representation; to put her in flesh and blood upon the stage would seem a desecration. The very title of the novel would prejudice the play. In this matter of titles the French are masters. How full of suggestion, for instance, is "The Road to Thebes," the name of Dumas' latest comedy.

The celebrated Madam Adam, who edits a magazine and is the creator of a salon in Paris, counts among the most curious and unexpected facts for mothers in France the emancipation of French girls, caused by their intercourse with American visitors. The French girls, according to her, may now be seen alone on horseback, at receptions where they are announced, and they even go in the street with an unmarried escort. This has been brought about, she thinks, by the life at watering places, by croquet, by the difference in the literature allowed young girls. It is a singular fact, that as in France the young girl is given greater liberty, here in America among the ultra-fashionable, the reins are drawn more tightly. Even in country towns such scenes as were depicted by Mr. Howells in the opening chapters of "A Modern Instance" are now of rarer occurrence. The city girl is accompanied by a maid when she goes shopping, or by a trusted friend; but she does not have the liberty enjoyed by the women of twenty years ago.

OUR SLAVISH DRESS.

Our men and women have no national costume. Prosaic or æsthetic, they copy blindly the dress of England or France. The choice of the man is necessarily restricted, for, although he may envy secretly the gorgeous costumes of past ages, a high silk hat, spike-tailed coat, and baggy trousers must form the centre of his personal ornamentation. In Chicago, where Don Sifco already lends color to the streets by appearing in his native costume of a loosely cut coat of a dark blue cloth, brilliantly embroidered, Turkish breeches "large enough to hold a bale of cotton," boots of red material, trimmed with patent leather, a turban of high proportions, circled all about with gold lace and embroidery, and with ornaments of gold peeping from every fold of his dress; in the city of Chicago, where during the coming days of the World's Columbian Exposition Arabians and Moors will vie with the representatives of the peasantry of Europe in richness or quaintness of attire, a meeting of the Illinois Merchants and Garment Designers' Association was held lately. Much was expected of this meeting, but, alas, the expression of opinion was confined to platitudes concerning the dignity of the profession. It was admitted, for instance, that "the profession of tailoring has been and is looked upon as demeaning and unworthy the consideration of respect of young minds desirous of adopting a trade or calling and its members subjected to the petty, mean and bitter ridicule of many," and it was resolved that the only remedy is the establishment of a national college of tailoring from which master tailors may graduate. According to Mr. H. Francis Scully, "who made an eloquent plea for the elevation of the art," "the enlightenment and artistic requirements of the nineteenth century necessitate the intro-

duction and production of a higher order of art in dress," but he said not a word about the necessity of a national costume to cheer the eye and identify the patriotic wearer.

The modern newspaper, in addition to its legitimate functions, such as publishing news, guiding public opinion, combatting abuses, etc., has lately usurped the duties of teacher of science and etiquette, detectives, judges and juries, and it gives naturally much space to the matter of dress. There are fashion plates, with notes and comments. The "society columns" by the introduction of full descriptions of costumes worn by well-known women at all hours of the day and night and under all possible conditions are converted into object lessons for the instruction of the reader. As this species of newspaper is a cheap encyclopædia of all things knowable and certain other things, there are full directions for personal adornment from crown to sole. Street gowns should be chosen with reference to the color of the hair, and for evening wear the gown should harmonize with the eyes. Black emphasizes unduly the lines of elderly women. Incongruity in the color of a prayer book will ruin the effect of a carefully conceived costume, i. e., will strike a discord in an other-

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wise harmonious dress, the cover should, therefore, be in accord with the leading tone of the garment, so that blue velvet or scarlet morocco will not be a jarring note. A woman who is really intelligent should have her head shaved and wear a wig of exquisite coiffure. There are many paragraphs of such valuable advice, but there is not one word concerning the value of nationality in costume. Mrs. Parker at Chautauqua urged the necessity of the study of individuality in dress, "the sensible way of putting brains into clothes;" and there can be individuality of cut and decoration even in garments that are at the same time peculiarly national.

Even our shop girls that are obliged to wear black follow the example of their sisters at Berlin. Our men and women, however well dressed they may be, are without national distinction. There was a time when the American man was known by a peculiar combination of broadcloth, stovepipe hat and yellow duster; but the disappearance of the duster is complete, and with it vanished sure identification. Our hope of future dress is in the Illinois college, in spite of the seeming indifference of the Faculty.

Many of the people of South Carolina are indignant because the Charleston News and Courier published the other day a record of homicides in the State—fifty-two in twenty-eight weeks—and they say that the publication will discourage immigration. To this complaint the News and Courier replies sensibly: "The harm is not done by publishing the record of our homicides. It is done by the homicides. We have a bad name already and have earned it. It is too late to talk about 'scaring off immigrants.' They have been avoiding us for years, and we have no doubt that the published reports of lawlessness in our State have been an effective agent in turning them away." In this connection it is gratifying to note that no false sentiment on the part of the jury prevented the punishment of Col. King of Memphis, Tenn., for the murder of Mr. Posten. It was the action of the Governor that spared his life and turned the just sentence of death into imprisonment.

That sensitive women are inclined to look at hardened criminals with sentimental eyes is a long established and inexplicable fact. Flowers are sent to murderers; delicate food is given to prison wardens for the benefit of the condemned; and it was only the other day that a Western woman of good repute was eager to marry one of the Ruggles brothers. A singular instance of this mental weakness or depravity is recorded in New York State. Perry, a desperate man who is notorious as a train robber, is now in Auburn prison. A woman, pitying his lot, requested permission of the Warden to furnish the criminal with "a nice new mattress," purchased with the proceeds of her Sunday School Missionary Fund. The Warden was amazed at this misapplication of "charity begins at home," and replied that the State furnished all convicts with such necessities as would tend to reform them.

The itch for political preferment is contagious, not confined to men who have served their apprenticeship in the primary caucus. It will be remembered that Thackeray was sore when he stood for Parliament and was defeated by the votes of learned men who had had no time to read "Vanity Fair." Now it is reported that Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," was a candidate for election to the Town Council of his city, and gave up his legitimate work for electioneering. The people of Livorno, who love his music, voted that he should devote all his energies to the writing of operas. It must not be forgotten, however, that Mascagni has an ingenious publisher, and the incidents of the daily life of the composer come quickly to us by cable.

The bloody tragedy at Fall River is not without incidents that are fit for opera bouffe. The discovery and the abandonment of "clues," the suspicion under which all who knew the Borden's apparently fall, the chase after Portuguese and gypsies, the sudden apparition in the remembrance of a man with a singular and strange pallor and a combination of black eyes and dark moustache—all these might be part and parcel of a libretto in mockery of the police of an excitable village in lower France. Meanwhile reputations are undoubtedly ruined or cruelly outraged by the mysterious shrugs and winks of baffled investigators.

The presentation of a loving cup by the Troy Citizens' Corps to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, is a graceful act, that honors both the givers and the receivers. Such courtesies not only promote friendship between military companies; they serve to establish the fact that State lines are only for the convenience of geographers and surveyors.

CONCERNING SALUTES.

A grave question of etiquette is now under discussion, and it is this: "How shall a gentleman salute his servants?" In a recent issue of The St. James Gazette there is a letter from "A Suburban Bachelor," containing inquiries as to the proper form of salutation between "social superiors and inferiors." What is he to do when he meets in the street a female servant of his household? The "Bachelor" claims that a bow is "clearly inappropriate;" he does not cross suddenly to the other side, or gaze abstractedly toward the zenith; but he seeks refuge "in smiling inanely at the girl." Now, as a correspondent of the New York Tribune well says, the question of the Englishman is characteristic of his race. No man of Latin blood would hesitate for a moment in the encounter; he would greet the servant by a removal of the hat.

In America such problems of social etiquette are still unsolved in spite of the incessant labors of Mr. McAllister and his devoted followers. The relations that should exist between master and servant are defined only in the common law as changed by code and statute. In an annotated English edition of the first book of Artemus Ward, the editor found occasion to remark that "the term servant grates harshly on the American ear." It is true that in New England thirty years ago, even in towns of importance, the "help" was often the equal of the one "helped," and there are villages where this is true to-day. The daughter of a neighbor would assist for a "spell" in the housework; if work was slack on one farm, a young fellow would "hire out" under an adjoining farmer.

The "hired man" was frequently a person of repute; he was called "Mister" by the children of the employer; if he drove the employer to his place of business, the drive was enlivened by talk of politics; nor did the "hired man" refuse to vote against his employer at town meeting, if he disagreed with his views. So, too, the female "help" was consulted by the woman whom she helped in all matters of economy, taste and social gossip. But in this Arcadia no employer would have taken off his hat to a servant whom he met, nor would the hired man have so recognized the presence of his mistress. This was not from boorish indifference or the arrogance that often is cloaked by humility. It was not the habit in street salutations to raise the hat as a tribute to woman in either high, equal or low position. When young men, who had visited the city for a time, returned, and tried to introduce the habit, they were regarded as popinjays, and were under suspicion.

We now live under a new dispensation, and yet, as a nation, our politeness is more in actual deed than in surface polish. Individually and collectively we bow awkwardly. The American hat sticks closely to the American head. It is removed, as an afterthought, when the object of its homage has already passed by. It takes no notice of the last drive of the dead. The American cocks his hat as he pleases, indoors and out, and thus follows the example of the man in "Leaves of Grass."

Surely no one wishes to see here the custom of bowing with bared head to man. There may be cases in which this reverence is permissible. The Bishop of the diocese might expect this politeness from his parishioners; it might be allowed to the Governor, the President, or an aged and respected expounder of the laws. But better the hat jammed defiantly over the eyes in the presence of man than the exceptional courtesy that is influenced by obsequiousness and sycophancy. No American should hesitate, however, to bow most graciously to cook or maid in street or crowded horse car. She is no longer a "help," it is true; she is a woman of authority who knows her power. American shrewdness should recognize her claims not only in private and harassing domesticity but in the open air and in the public meeting places.

Games have their disappearance and their revival. We all remember when there were croquet clubs, croquet tournaments, and croquet pamphlets, without number. Did not even the gallant Capt. Mayno Reid write an exhaustive treatise on the subject? And then it went out of fashion, like unto a thing of dress. Yet a few faithful souls have kept the faith, undisturbed by the louder claims of lawn tennis; for it is reported that the National Croquet Association will shortly hold its annual tournament in Norwich, Conn. The reader of this statement is tempted to examine at once the date of his newspaper; but it is surely 1892. A contemporary suggests that it will now be in order to organize national shlnny, town-ball, mumblety-peg and bull-pen associations for public appearance in tournaments.

Is the House of Commons more dignified in its proceedings than our House of Representatives, or is there less talking for buncombe in English debates? During the delivery of his speech Mr. Gladstone had occasional recourse to his customary stimulant, sherry flip. Is it possible to conceive of a member of the Opposition calling attention to the fact or insinuating that the venerable statesman was under the influence of alcohol? And yet there are members of Parliament that are total abstainers, to the verge of fanaticism, and Mr. Gladstone has bitter enemies.

When civilization enters into what we are pleased to call a barbaric country, paradoxes spring up on every side. Here is a singular instance in the French colony of Tonquin. Before the arrival of the French, pirates when caught were decapitated. The executioner used a large sword in a bungling manner, and the unpleasant operation checked the piratical ardor of the surviving members of the fraternity. It was thought that the introduction of the guillotine would aggravate the horror of death. On the contrary, the natives of Tonquin are said to be delighted with the smooth working of the machine, and it is anticipated that there will be renewed activity in piratical circles, for death is now without its terrors.

In the discussion concerning the embellishment of the Public Library Building and the consequent expense, it should not be forgotten that the chief object of such a building is the safe and convenient accommodation of the contents. The books themselves are ornaments of great value. Their display is the first necessity. Retrenchment may affect the exterior of the building; it should not hamper the librarian or the public.

The interesting address of Mr. Dimmick, the Master of the Wells School, at the Old South, on "Marco Polo and His Book," brings to mind the great change in opinion concerning the veracity of the Venetian traveler. For years he disputed with Herodotus the first position among writers of unbridled imagination; but the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and many of their wild tales are now known to be sober realism. Polo has suffered at the hands of translators, and he who wishes to know the book of the brave and shrewd adventurer should read it in the edition prepared by Col. Yule.

The condemnation of the action of Gov. Buchanan in the King matter speaks well for the sentiment of the people of Tennessee. Mr. Posten, the brother of the murdered man, did not exaggerate when he said that "license had now been given to every man to buckle on his six-shooter and go to killing his enemies with the assurance that he would not be hanged for it." But it would be a pity if this righteous indignation were to take visible form in mob violence, and it is to be hoped that the citizens of Memphis will preserve their dignity. Burning a Governor in effigy does not restore public confidence in the wisdom of the executive office. The most pathetic feature of the affair, and an instance of the forgiving love of woman, is the fact that the commutation of the sentence was due largely to the entreaty of the wife of the murderer, although she had been treated cruelly and forsaken by her husband.

Now that Lizzie Borden has been arrested and is in the hands of the law, it is to be hoped that the newspapers which have been pursuing her with almost personal spite will allow her to be tried by Judge and jury. The reporter who invents a theory and plays at detective necessarily shapes all to meet his end; but public opinion should not be twisted for his advantage. In the eyes of the law Miss Borden is innocent until the jury brings a verdict against her. That she has already been condemned by irresponsible writers is a grave reproach to the decency and a stumbling block to the authority of the press.

Mr. Gladstone may now be content, for although the path to ultimate success is full of briars and stony places, although his Queen sends for him undoubtedly "with most extreme disgust," he has forced the question of home rule for Ireland on the attention of the people of England, and they have declared in his favor. The cheers that greeted him in the House of Commons after the division fatal to the Salisbury ministry are sweeter to him than elevation to the Peerage, and the forgetfulness that would fall to the lot of "Lord Liverpool." Not without great reason did the aged statesman say the other day that the only inscription on his tombstone should be "William Ewart Gladstone."

The Knights Templars will hold their next triennial convocation, 1895, in Boston, in spite of the earnest efforts of the Knights of Cincinnati. The peculiar advantages of our city for gatherings of this nature are now fully recognized throughout the land, and in paying us a compliment the Knights have acted also for their own pleasure. They will be warmly welcomed, and the noted hospitality of the city will be a corroboration of the wisdom of their choice.

The people of West Roxbury may well be uneasy, for the record of 20 incendiary fires in 18 months, without an arrest, is enough to shake the security of the night and excite doubt concerning official vigilance. The incendiaries are impartial in their work, and the fires do not seem the work of personal spite. A barn that blazes is the favorite choice; and the "fire-bugs," or pyromaniacs, are actuated apparently by wanton mischief, the desire of gratifying their eyes.

The effort of the Germans of the West to keep their language in the public schools side by side with English is due to the belief, shared with them by many of their countrymen abroad, that it will be ultimately the universal tongue. This species of patriotic arrogance is not confined to the Germans. The sailor in Marryat's "Poor Jack" was sure that the French would never be seamen until they learned English, "for their lingo is too noisy to carry on duty." James Howell quotes a Spanish doctor who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian and French were the only languages spoken in the Garden of Eden; the Tempter persuaded in Italian, Adam begged pardon in French, but the sentence of perpetual exile was pronounced in Spanish.

It is said that the American Library Association Council, of which Messrs. Whitney and Cutter of this city are members, will be among American librarians what the French Academy is among French scholars, but such a comparison is worthy of the indignation of Mrs. Malaprop. The French Academy is a unique institution, that has made for literary righteousness in France; and Matthew Arnold once went so far as to openly envy his literary neighbors their advantage. At the same time there are French critics who think that in the effort to polish, the Academicians have discouraged strength and choked originality; but these critics have not as yet been admitted to the "Immortals."

The Russians boast that Vladivostok, the coast terminus of the Siberian Railway, will be a mighty town, one of the first maritime and commercial cities of the world, the pride of the Pacific coast. But a city does not become great suddenly, by the command of a Czar; nor does the building of docks and walls insure a thriving trade and swelling population. There are caprices in business; there are freaks in the fortunes of towns. Years ago a Czar drew a straight line between two of his cities and ordered a railway; the railway was so constructed; but instead of its now passing through populous towns, as it was anticipated, miles of sterility lie on either side.

This is an age of hasty generalizations, and statistics are used in the support of wild theories. Here is a case in point. It is said that of all so-called civilized countries Russia has the largest number of women criminals, especially of the upper class. These Russian women are addicted to the intemperate use of tea and cigarettes; therefore the crimes are due directly to these stimulants. But this theorist forgets the fact that a great number of these criminals are imprisoned purely for political reasons; they are under suspicion of Nihilism. And it must not be forgotten that the cigarettes used by Russian women are of the mildest description, probably not so injurious as the sweet-fern that is so dear to country children.

The invention of a clock with a phonograph attachment, the dial of which represents a human face, from the mouth of which announcements of the hours are made, is a direct infringement of Friar Bacon's patent. He, it will be remembered, constructed an android that made remarks at regular intervals concerning time. It is also claimed by some that the telephone was not unknown to him, although it is the fashion to charge all modern inventions to the ancient wisdom of the Chinese.

The leader of the Cow Boy Band, which is at present "causing a sensation" in Denver, is evidently a disciple of the new romantic school, and a close follower in the footsteps of distinguished conductors of the East. He carries a Winchester rifle, and his commands are given by the crack of the deadly weapon. It is commonly reported that his men play with unerring precision, for they know the inevitable result of a false note or a failure to respond to the beat.

The Californians have attained such a pitch of cultivation that the Yosemite Valley now seems to them unsatisfactory. It is not "spectacular," and the commissioners propose to remedy nature by the introduction of the electric light. The dynamos will be run by the power of the waterfalls.

A SUPERFLUOUS BEING.

There seems to be a preconcerted and simultaneous movement on the part of many uneasy women in Europe and America to dispenso with man. Not that they would drive him off the earth; but he is no longer regarded by them as a necessary part of the machinery of the world. The idea that he is lord of creation was exploded long ago. It is true that there are women who are not averse to marriage, and, therefore, there may be exenso for man's existence. Otherwise in the evolution of the race he would be merely a superfluous and singular portion of the new organism that might be allowed to remain or might be extirpated without serious result, like the spleen in the human body.

There is a new school of female thinkers, of whom Miss Beatrice Potter of London is an illustrious example. They teach a new doctrine, one not wholly disconnected with Ibsenism. "Marriage is all very well, if it does not interfere with work; but marriage as a profession is obsolete. Her own development is the principal thing that woman has to compass." And so we find women engaged in the trades and callings that were for a long time thought peculiar to man. There are female clergymen, doctors, lawyers, confidential clerks; women control great business enterprises; they are known in the haunts of brokers; they collect fares in horse cars; they play in orchestras; and in a Western town there is a female successor to Eliu Burritt. They sound each tone of the gamut of journalism. And it is claimed that in a few years women will handle iron with a greater dexterity than is now shown by strong men in the mills. Their knowledge of their power has led women to look down on the other sex, and the man hater is now more common than is the man eater of the Oriental jungle. A female journalist expresses this sentiment in the following pleasing words: "Men and the ways and the habits of men are uncongenial to women. Strength greater than their own repels them, manners different from theirs, habits that they cannot share, appal and disgust them."

In former days, when the annex was unknown, a girl was educated by her mother, friends and the subtle influences of her surroundings for matrimony. The young man whom she met in drawing room or at a ball was to her a possible husband. The mother was an anxious and loving establisher of households for two and often three generations. The novels of England until a recent date were full of billing and cooing and wooing. From Fielding to Trollope, from Richardson to Thackeray, all novelists agreed that girls and boys were created chiefly for marriage. The end of the mother's duties was synchronous with the conclusion of the story, and the curtain was rung down to the peal of wedding bells.

But the higher education of women has changed all that. Man is no longer an object of adoration. Take the case of Miss Beatrice Potter, for example. She apparently has no time to investigate the merits of man, even if she has suspicions concerning the justice of the sentence pronounced against him. She is an economist. She waxes enthusiastic at the sight of statistics. She is a contributor to the Nineteenth Century and a writer of a book on the co-operative movement. She is a rent collector in the East End. She is an active Socialist. In her leisure moments she studies philosophy with avidity. Nor is she a great exception in her habits. The female heart of to-day is, first of all, an anatomical organ; its palpitations come from anything but the sudden presence of a man. Blushes are now due to ignorance alone. Smiles and tears are only provoked by scholastic success or failure. And it is left for a French woman, Madam Adam, to regard home as the true dominion of the female ruler and domestic occupations most worthy of her intelligence.

Man might well be disturbed if he took feminine opinions, protests, defiance and denunciations as wholly serious. He remembers the judicious conduct of Brer' Rabbit in time of danger. The actions of these modern Amazons belle curiously their words. Take again the case of Miss Potter. She was married this month to Mr. Sidney Webb, L. C. C. (of the Fabian Society).

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The caprices of death-denying lightning were seen during the great storm that swept from Buzzard's Bay to Salem. The boy in the tower was spared; the woman in the cellar was killed; and yet the bolt struck the tower. Old traditions were thus set at naught, for safety was supposed to dwell in cellars. We use the lightning for our petty purposes, but we know as yet but little of its nature. And at times, as though outraged by being compelled to do man's service, it rebels and shows its giant strength.

The friends of Mr. Cleveland realize that pen and ink and a copy of "The Complete Letter Writer," are dangerous articles of library furniture. Job regretted that his enemy had not written a book; if he had enjoyed our civilization he would have begged only for a letter. Mr. Cleveland should meditate on the practice of that wily politician, Martin Van Buren, who once said that he would rather walk ten miles to see a man than stay at home and write to him.

Prison bars and bolted doors do not discourage the modern reporter. The Sheriff welcomes him, the Warden greets him with a smile. He is on agreeable terms with the matron, who, as a rule, is "a motherly looking lady." The world is enabled by his investigations to lead the life of the prisoner from day to day, and thus it knows that Miss Borden will have biscuit and coffee, tea and bread, and corned beef, boiled and hashed. The privacy of the dungeon is mocked; and the fierce light of journalism turns darkness into day.

It is not likely that Harvard University, with its traditions, with its motto "veritas," with its keen spirit of investigation, and its knowledge of the value of elimination will become a sectarian institution. Certain Unitarians see in recent attempts to "convert" their children a deep-laid "jesuitical" plot, that among its ramifications includes a scheme to gain control of Harvard. But in the meantime why do not the Unitarians swell their number and increase the potency of their heaven by making counter assaults on the Episcopalian flock?

The founders of Yale would surely rub their eyes in wonder if they only knew of the psychological ambition of Prof. Scripture. He proposes to test the mental states of fatigue, whether it be superinduced by over study or by intense application to the doctrine of chances as governing athletic contests. He has also rigged a singular instrument for examining the sense of temperature, as the surface of the human body has separate hot and cold spots. A temperature map thus prepared will be of interest to any one who, in the dialect of New England, feels "all streaky."

It is not surprising that the American consuls in foreign lands view the proposed reduction in their salaries with dismay. They are not at present too well paid, and they are not on an equal footing pecuniarily with their co-mates from other countries. The reduction would afflict with special grief the consuls who, from inability to speak the language of the people with whom they are supposed to do business, are obliged to hire a foreign assistant.

Pope Leo is evidently much interested in the success of the World's Fair. Nor does he wish the Roman Catholic Church to be misrepresented in the exhibition of her educational methods. It is fortunate for the Church and for the Fair that this educational exhibit is under the supervision of such an able man and broad-minded American as Bishop Spaulding of Peoria.

The recent death of William A. Stephens of Philadelphia did not attract particular attention, and yet, as the editor of Vanity Fair, he was well-known from 1859 to '61-2. It was an admirable paper in many ways, and it even excited the admiration of the Atlantic Monthly of that day; but the Civil War killed it. Its contributors were men who are still remembered. "Artemus Ward," Geo. Arnold, Charles Dawson Shanley, and Mullen, the artist of rare fancy, have joined the majority; but Aldrich and Winter, Stedman and Leland now give pleasure to a generation that knows not their earlier work.

American theatre-goers who have suffered both in London and in Paris from the fee nuisance will sympathize heartily with Mr. H. A. Jones, the playwright, in his crusade. Unfortunately, as Lord Chief Justice Coleridge happily expressed it, the system was embodied in concrete form, and the spirit enshrined in the body of a particular middle-man. Freeing one's temper by letter is apt to be an expensive luxury, and Mr. Jones was obliged to pay £60 and costs for the publication of his indignant rhetoric.

Col. H. Clay King is not easily satisfied. He demands more than the use of his life. Wholesome rules and regulations seem to him personal indignities. He was highly offended, for instance, when the Warden of the Tennessee Penitentiary would not give him whisky to drink, although he has been accustomed to it from his youth up. He agreed with his wife in protesting against striped clothing as an unwarrantable reflection on the high position of the family. Whether he objected to the compulsory bath is not known; possibly this sanitary regulation is not enforced in Southern prisons. Meanwhile the popular feeling in Tennessee against the action of the Governor still rages, in spite of the knowledge of petitions of "thousands of the best citizens of the country."

It would be of interest to find out the opinion of the medical faculty at large concerning the heroic treatment to which victims of sun-stroke are subjected in the hospitals of Philadelphia. The patient is plunged into ice-cold water. One of the sufferers died the other day of pneumonia and eight are now sick with it. At the same time it must be stated that 67 out of 86 patients were discharged from the hospital as cured. The curious feature of the remedy is this: That according to a resident physician, "People who are easily overcome by the heat are also subject to congestion of the lungs." This violent immersion may well be questioned, if there be truth in this medical opinion.

A PECULIAR CATALOGUE.

A table of American millionaires was lately published in a prominent newspaper. It contains the names, residences and occupations of about 4000 people whose fortunes are above the million-dollar mark. It appears from this list that many of the millionaires inherited their money and are by trade gentlemen of leisure. Our English brethren might point to this table as a proof of an alleged national failing: the snobbery of riches. For snobbery is not confined to aggressive self-satisfaction or pride in a long line of ancestors. Of all kinds and conditions of snobbery that were catalogued by Thackeray, the snobbery of riches is unquestionably the meanest variety. The publication of a list of American millionaires is a sop to the appetite of the snob; but it is not alone for this reason that the publication is regretted by the judicious.

Mr. Mallock, who is nothing if not paradoxical, eulogizes "smartness." "Smartness," he says, "whatever people may say to

the contrary, requires personal qualities of by no means a common order. Mere wealth is not enough. There must be the knowledge of how to use it. * * * Smartness, in fact, represents the perfection of superficial living, and it has a natural, one may, indeed, say a legitimate, influence over persons of a certain temperament in all ranks."

Unfortunately in this country the use of the word "smart" as applied to a rich man does not include the knowledge implied in Mr. Mallock's definition. We have not gone beyond the primary meaning, the adjective applied first to that which smarts and secondarily to that which causes smarting.

We are inclined to estimate our men by the price they bring in the public market. The millionaire must be a smart man to have gained his fortune. If he started at the scratch; to keep it, if he receives the fruit of his father's labor. The lawyer who aids in wrecking a railway or booming real estate is smart in the eyes of many; he that confines himself to his legitimate business is a plodder; just as the speculator, whether he makes bread dearer to the poor or ruins humble stockholders, is considered smart until he falls. The standard of success is the amount of the pile gained in the undertaking. How often is the advice, "I would not do it, for there is no money in it," given to a young man who meditates a serious undertaking that would benefit his fellows and his own character. This constant cry of "smartness" incites the greedy to speculation; it kills the modest enjoyment of daily life; it is a foe to matrimony and the happiness of the household; it too often summons parents to disgrace. As a nation we are afflicted with diseased or exhausted nerves, the consequence of mad haste in money-getting; our consolation is that foreign nations call us "smart."

It is not necessary to examine here the question of whether a Government under which men of vast wealth exert a mighty influence and compel the adoration of the unthinking is not a plutocracy rather than a democracy. Nor does it follow that because a man is rich he is necessarily unscrupulous or profligate. To be sure, the wisdom of the ancients frowned on the rich. "A very rich man can hardly be a very good man" is an appropriate page heading of Prof. Jowett, which sums up Plato's opinion:

"And good in a high degree and rich in a high degree at the same time he cannot be." The books of olden time are full of such utterances. But there are American millionaires who have acquired their money honestly and by their own industry, and who make good use of their temporary treasure. On the other hand there are hundreds who through the mistaken kindness of inheritance are drones in the human hive or minister wantonly to their own selfish pleasures. A young man who lives already in the hot atmosphere of speculation by reading the list of these applauded rich men may lose easily discrimination and confound good with evil.

THE VALUE OF JOURNALS.

The publication of the notes and the recollections of Sir Richard Wallace under the title of "An Englishman in Paris" has excited more than ordinary interest. The son of the Marquis of Hertford, who was the original of Thackeray's "Lord Steyne," had peculiar opportunities for seeing. He also knew the value of discrimination in the judgment of men and things. He was a keen and kindly critic of human nature, and he was a graceful teller of stories. No wonder, then, that his reminiscences of Dumas and Sue, De Musset and George Sand, the Citizen King and Louis Napoleon and other celebrated men and women are now read with zest.

It is true that Sir Richard was fortunate in the people whom he met; yet it is not unlikely that if he had remembered the speech and the habits of human beings of lesser fame, his chronicles would have still entertained, so great is the charm of his narration, and so insatiable is the curiosity of man. The reader of Pepys's diary often skips pas-

sages relating to grave historical personages to read of the adventures of the wife, that "poor wretch" with whom Pepys quarreled. The knowledge of the stuff and the pattern of her gown is of as great a value as the description of a court function. So, too, in the memoirs of that precocious rogue, Cellini, the tricks of the vagabonds and the roisterers stand side by side with the schemes of Cardinals and Envoys. We read eagerly of the manners and customs of past ages. We are not indifferent to the hours of meals, the table furniture, the styles in dress, the amusements, the superstitions of those of former days. Harrison's England is, therefore, more highly esteemed by the judicious than is the work of Hume, and the memoirs and the journals of gossips, male and female, outweigh bulky collections of State papers.

The journal is of singular importance to the historian. He can find his dates and official documents by patient research, but to present in flesh and blood the figures of the past is a more trying task. A careless allusion in a diary intended for private pleasure or written with one eye on posterity may recreate the forgotten appearance of the man whose speeches or actions were carefully preserved. The details of daily and common life thus assume great proportions.

We suffer in this country by want of such documents. Here and there is a book like the Diary of Philip Hone; but we know more of the manners and the thought of the French for three and four centuries than of the customs of our own forerunners. The history of the development of any one of the arts in America is the more difficult to a writer on account of the absence of testimony of men who saw the origin and the growth. Take the history of music here in Boston. There are a few books in which there are stray references; there is a history of the Handel and Haydn Society; and the future historian must consult these few works and the newspaper files. Now suppose that a man living among us, honored by musicians and laymen, told in his own inelusive yet picturesque style the story of his musical adventures from the time of his immigration unto the present day; not with the express view of making history, but as Taillevent or De Goncourt. He might describe Boston as it was when the people first heard his violin; the musical habits and the taste; the character of the associates who worked with him in the cultivation of the art. That such an oratorio was sung in a certain year is a matter of fact that may be more or less valuable. It would be a greater pleasure to become acquainted with the men and the women who were on the stage the evening of that performance.

If a student of medieval superstitions were to read in the book of a German antiquarian that once upon a time a murdered man sent a spiritual communication to an unknown woman in which he gave the details of his death and the description of the assassin, and that thereupon the authorities of the town endeavored to trace the footsteps of the alleged murderer, would he not wonder at the credulity of that day? And yet an instance that is parallel to this hypothesis is recorded in the newspapers of this morning, and the town is Fall River.

The pride of Boston in one of its most noted institutions has received a fatal wound. Mr. John Stetson, who is an authority, admits that in Paris this summer he ate a broiled live lobster that excelled anything of the kind he had ever before tasted.

It appears that the royal disquietude of Victoria is not entirely due to the personal triumph of a "Radical" or to the fear of Imperial dismemberment. She dreads the necessary changes in the royal household, for the Whig families of aristocratic rank are few among the supporters of Gladstone. The Mistress of the Robes and the Ladies of the Bedchamber are likely to be women hitherto unknown to her. This is a matter that unfortunately was overlooked in the late election, and it is surprising that Salisbury and Mr. "Joe" Chamberlain did not press it home to the voters.

Zola in one of his novels described a well-to-do father dividing his property before his death among his children, who at first quarreled, in supporting him, over the question of whether he should be allowed sugar in his coffee, and finally abandoned him, so that he died wretchedly. This description was censured at the time of publication as brutal and impossible. Yet a man 99 years old has just been committed to a poorhouse in New York State because one of his sons will not take care of him. He has 12 children living and they are in comfortable circumstances.

The Emperor William, whether he is defying Bismarck, sounding the bugle of war, or watching yachts sail by him, is always a picturesque figure and an unfailing delight to the student of sociology. He now proposes to take his son, the Crown Prince, a-journeying that the boy may be better fitted for his imperial responsibilities. His first trip will be to the North Cape, for, as William remarked to Queen Victoria, "Communing with the magnificent scenery of Norway and association with the rugged natives would broaden his mind and arouse his deeper feelings." The Emperor is unacquainted, apparently, with Ruskin's opinions on the influence of savage scenery on man.

Many will remember, when they read of the revival of "The Black Crook," the indignant protests and fierce denunciations provoked by its first production. To the eyes of to-day it seems a harmless spectacle. Were we then too prudish, or are we now too careless? For surely, in comparison with theatrical exhibitions that succeeded it and now are seen, the adventures of Hertzog and Rudolphe seem meat for babes.

We have much sympathy for the prisoners in Siberian mines, and we wax indignant over the conduct of the Russian Government; but we forget that in many of the Southern States of our own country there is a system by which convicts are sold in gangs to labor. The cruelties of this system have been exposed by Northern philanthropists and fair-minded Southerners. The system, however, prevails, and the recent incendiarism and murder at Tracy City are but trifling incidents in the history of cruel barbarism in a Christian land.

Nesbitt may have stabbed himself to excite sympathy or he may have been assaulted cruelly; he at least has fired the imagination of a reporter. A morning contemporary remarks as follows: "The blinds of the house of John Cahill were drawn yesterday, and nothing would tend to show that such a noted character as Nesbitt was lying in bed on the top floor." How pray would the precise presence of Nesbitt be indicated by means of inanimate objects? By open blinds, or by a peculiar arrangement of the curtain? And if Nesbitt were not "a noted character," would the blinds have been more communicative?

Lord Dysart is not satisfied with his position as chief cook and bottle washer of the English Wagnerians; he is now prominent as an apostle of dress reform. He argues, and he argues sensibly, that when he has paid for his seat at the opera, he has the right to appear there in any decent and reasonable dress; that he should not be compelled to don a swallow-tail coat and white cravat. The idea that an operatic performance is a function that demands the dress of ceremony is dear to all who look upon the opera merely as a fashionable amusement of "the upper class." And it was for this reason without doubt that Hazlitt was moved to write his famous diatribe.

It is said that the Doré collection of paintings will be brought in its entirety to New York, and already are these pictures praised extravagantly in advance. No one denies the rare imagination and the skill in black and white of Doré, who was in his private life a most amiable and industrious man. But he had one burning ambition, and that was to be known as a great painter. In Paris his claims were denied, although a small picture by him hangs in the Luxembourg. As he thought justice was denied him in his native country, he went to London, and the gigantic pictures painted there excited the wonder of the populace; but even in England, the homo of mediocrity in art, he was not esteemed as a painter by the more judicious.

The attention of Mr. Howells is respectfully called to an incident in American life that shows the great advance in country manners since his study of them, as revealed in "A Modern Instance." A young man of Absecon took a handsome young woman of the same place "out buggy riding," and, in the course of conversation, put his arm around her, meanwhile driving skillfully with one hand. The young lady, unlike the heroine of Mr. Howells, protested vehemently, and the young man was brought before the magistrate, who placed him under bonds to keep the peace. It is gratifying to learn that "there was a good deal of sympathy" for the offender.

Aug 16

A CASE OF "TU QUOQUE."

The writer of an article that appeared in a late number of the London Author has suddenly found himself notorious on account of his savage attack on women engaged in journalism. And yet perhaps "himself" is a sexual error, for the spite displayed is feminine in its intensity. Let us be courteous, however, and assume that the author is a man. He frames his indictment with considerable ingenuity, for he mixes together facts and theories, suspicions and confutations, until his argument seems strong. Indeed, he grows indignant at the thought of women earning money by writing

for the newspapers, and he delivers himself with Johnsonian dignity. "Those, however, who prize that vigor and virility of sentiment and writing which characterize the best masculine pens; who deplore the personalities, gossip and feminine tone which find so prominent a place in many of the papers; who value style, and scholarship, and humor, all of which stand a chance of being neglected, if not lost, will see reason for regret that so much of the literature of the day is written by women."

In other words, this writer objects to the vulgar gossip and "the personalities about the conversation, mode of life and movements of persons who are in no sense of the word 'public,' * * * and whose fastness, or money alone, makes them the object of this rubbishy tittle-tattle." According to him "(with the exception of a few individual women who have made their literary reputation elsewhere) the better sort of newspaper work, which includes leader writing, reviewing and miscellaneous literary articles, is not in the hands of women at all, whose main business is concerned with paragraphs and articles about social functions, the shops, fashions, cookery, home decoration and reports of lectures, meetings, weddings and so forth."

It is true that there are women who make a trade of retailing or inventing gossip for the use of newspapers. Some work in secret. They go to receptions, they make many calls, they are seen in public places, and no one suspects that they are hunting material for copy. Others acknowledge frankly their calling. They ask personal questions with note book in hand. They cover impudence with a laugh and the remark: "You know I must get my living." Death is no more sacred to them than marriage or bankruptcy. They are impervious to hints. Their skin is thicker than the proverbial shell of the tortoise, which was at last pierced by contempt. And doors often fly open to them, although the inmates of the houses would have them shut, for they know that the visitors carry the keys of publicity. An insult, i. e., a refusal to answer an impudent question or supply superfluous information, is speedily avenged. The insulter is stabbed in a "society column."

Again, such a feminine Paul Pry is an enemy to literature and the arts of painting and music. Music, for instance, is regarded by these reporters as a social function; and in flattering notices of singers or players the female reporter bows to the ukase of the tyrannical patroness. Personal predilection may govern the pen. A tender smile or a subtle compliment addressed to the reporter is of more value than an artistic performance in gaining newspaper notoriety. The re-

porter of this class is not dismayed by the fact that she has never learned the rudiments of the art. She may sing ballads out of tune, or she may be deaf. It is immaterial; she has audacity, and at a moment's notice she would interview a stray Bishop or review an encyclopædia.

After all, is she not without excuse? She is obliged to earn her living; she is not capable of better work, or she has learned by bitter experience that such work is often rejected by "hustling" managers, who can find no room for it; her column of personal gossip and flippant chat is readily accepted, and she knows that it is read. A persevering woman, with the aid of her natural witchcraft, can make herself invaluable in a newspaper office by extracting "interviews" from public men who would frown upon a male reporter. Nor is the evil which the writer of the above-mentioned article deplores due alone to feminine depravity. "Tu quoque" might be the reply of any clever woman to the male assailant. For are there not gossips and romancers in the journalistic ranks of the sterner sex? Or is the work of the female journalist read only by women?

President McLeod of the Reading Railway states that nearly a month ago at a meeting of workmen, where Grand Master Sweeney presided, plans were laid for the present strike, and Master Workman McNamara proposed force, such as derailing cars, knocking holes in engine tanks, etc. On the other hand Mr. Sweeney says that he believes in "fighting fair," and he does not approve of injuring property or assaulting men. The fact remains that however Mr. Sweeney may disapprove mentally of violence he has taken no firm stand against the rioters, who, he claims, do not belong to his men. He encourages the strike, and then, astonished at the consequences, disclaims responsibility. Meanwhile a quarter of a million dollars' worth of property is spoiling in the stalled cars, and terror reigns in the community.

The Spaniards applaud the bull that has killed a man in the arena and call for a renewal of the fight. To us they are barbarians. Yesterday in a New Jersey town there was a horse race. Six jockeys were thrown and injured severely. One was "disfigured fearfully," and he was removed from the track, delirious, so that he was put in a straight-jacket. As in the Spanish arena, "the accident created great excitement, but the programme was carried out."

It was an unhappy moment for the Democrats when Mr. Washington Hession "talked very freely" about the Democratic chances of carrying Illinois this fall. "The repeal of the present school law, which is very much the same as the Bennett law, which was repealed at the last session of the Wisconsin Legislature, is a matter which vitally interests the Germans. That law must be repealed, and it can only be done through the instrumentality of the Democratic party. The success of the Republicans means the continuance of the law." That is to say, the success of Democracy in Illinois means the encouragement of Germanization, and the propagation of Cahenslyism, which is combatted earnestly by the great majority of the members of the Roman Catholic Church in this country.

Certain English newspapers find an element of insincerity in the celebration of the centenary of Shelley's birth. It is a singular fact, by the way, that the day of this centenary a Parliament met that was chosen in the spirit that moved Shelley to lay down conditions for Home Rule in his "Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote Throughout the Kingdom." The author stood long ago in the balcony of a Dublin house and threw copies of his pamphlet to men in the street who "looked likely." He sent other copies to public houses. The sanguine boy—for he was then but a boy—thought to revolutionize the condition of Ireland by a visit of a week and a free distribution of pamphlets. The Shelley just celebrated was the poet, not the reformer.

The ingenious Dr. Charcot has invented a "vibratory medicine." He puts a patient suffering from shaking palsy into an arm-chair which by a mechanical arrangement produces vibrations like those of a train in motion. The symptoms disappear gradually, and the patient sleeps. This suggested to another physician a "vibrating cap" for the relief of headache and insomnia. If vibrations are all that are needed, electric cars and excursion trains might be to palsy as like medicine to like disease. Indeed certain diseases are said to be relieved by constant railway travel, as other diseases are induced thereby; and no doubt Dr. Charcot borrowed the hint in the construction of his machine.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that, according to statistics, the Parisian, man, woman or child, bathes only once in two years. Such computations are made lightly, and cannot be disproved. Strange results might follow from a similar juggling with figures in a crowded American city. At the same time it is certainly suggestive that a French writer on personal beauty advises his male readers to have a good wash before they begin to dress. He counsels, first, a bath; if this is impossible, the face, neck and hands at least should be scoured thoroughly. And to fortify his position he quotes from classical writers of France.

It will be noticed that the name of Mr. Labouchere does not appear in the list of the members of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet; but the list as published this morning is not complete. It is said that Mr. Labouchere wishes chiefly the offer, that he may decline it, as Caesar, upon a memorable occasion, but no one can prophecy correctly concerning the possible conduct of the editor of Truth. In the office of that newspaper is his most fitting place; there can he probably work for the greatest good in behalf of the Premier.

It is pleasant to hear news from Ireland that is connected neither with oppression nor bloody revolt. The horse breeding in the West of Ireland by a government department has been successful. The original horse in Donegal was a descendant of the Andalusian of the wrecked vessels of the Armada. New blood was needed, and Yorkshire hackneys and Arabs were introduced. These horses were distributed through the country, much to the present and future benefit of the farmers.

The conduct of Mr. Gilman excites surprise; for he was genial in his business relations with men, and "universally kind and considerate of his family." He was also regarded as an honorable man. But the case of Mr. Gilman is only one of many. Exterior polish, gentlemanly behavior and courteous treatment of wife and children are not necessarily the accompaniments of integrity. The rudeness that defies temptation and the coarse sense that chokes the thought of speculation with the use of another's money are more to the purpose.

From Newport, as from other watering places, comes the report that men will not dance in the vacation. While the women were obliged to make up sets among their own sex, the men loitered at the club or restaurant. They are not, however, to be blamed. There is work enough of this kind in winter, and it must be then carried on with earnestness and self-abnegation. To demand its continuance during the days of midsummer and early fall is unreasonable, not even to be demanded by a capricious leader of society.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NAULAHKA.

"The Naulahka," published by McMillan & Co., is a novel written by the literary firm of Rudyard Kipling and Walcott Balestier. The recent death of Mr. Balestier called forth expressions of regret for the literary as well as the personal loss; but in his collaboration with Mr. Kipling it is difficult to form an estimate of his value. "The Naulahka" would not have made him famous if he had written it alone, nor would it now add to the reputation of Mr. Kipling if he, too, had worked unaided. For the east and the west are brought into too violent conjunction. The melodrama is extravagant to the point of burlesque. The Mrs. Mutrie who controls with a smile the destinies of railways and lusts after Eastern jewels is a fantastic character of opera bouffe. The American disciple of Pundita Ramabai wanders with ease in Indian hospitals and palaces, conversing freely in English with natives who are miles away from an English settlement. Nicholas Tarvin is a *deus ex machina* who succeeds in all he undertakes, and appears at the melodramatically correct moment. He rises superior to the treachery and the wiles of Queen Sitabhai, who is, with the possible exception of the opium-drunk Maharajah, the most entertaining person in the book. There are in the foreign episodes traces of the strength that is akin to brutality and that is peculiar to Mr. Kipling, and the search after the Naulahka in the Cow's Mouth is described in a powerful chapter of ingenious, horrible detail. So, too, the night in which the kypsy Queen wows Tarvin remains in the memory. But with these exceptions, in which Mr. Kipling is on familiar ground, the story is uninteresting even when there is a straining after effects. Nor is the alleged American humor introduced, that compound of humanity, sordid sense and the grotesque that characterizes the genuine article. The story may beguile a summer's day. It will not advance Mr. Kipling in the estimation of those who are not inclined to take him seriously; it will not preserve the name of the now silent partner. For, on the one hand, the flow of adventure is not spontaneous enough to carry the characters with it, and, on the other hand, the drawing of character is not attempted, or it is feeble.

OTHER RECENT FICTION.

John Heard, Jr., has gathered together short stories that he wrote first for magazines, and they are published for him by Harper and Brothers under the title "A Charge for France." Mr. Heard seems well equipped by nature for the trade of story telling, and although he uses liberally the local color in his tales of hot climates, although he then delights in blood and crime and wild adventure, he can at the same time show his power in the character-study of apparently commonplace individuals, as in "Jarius." At present he prefers apparently the lurid and the tragic; he is realistic in the description of horrid suffering and he spells out its details, but he is a child of this generation, and he can present as an additional excuse, that he interests his readers. In the telling of short stories our American writers approach the French, the masters in this art; and Mr. Heard may take an enviable position among them, if he does not persist in enjoying the burning rays of the barbarous sun.

Mr. Hamlin Garland in "A Little Norsk" forgets social and economic problems, forgets legislative corruptors and Western landsharks. In this simple and charming idyl he ceases his complaint against the Government, man and the universe. The rearing of the little girl by the stalwart and tender men is told delightfully, and there is a flavor of the soul until the druggist appears. Then there is an attempt at melodrama of a cheap and tedious description, an attempt that suggests the despair of the author in the proper disposal of his heroine, for heroines, unlike awkward children, cannot be put out at boarding school by perplexed parents; neither can they be dropped overboard like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." Mr. Garland has written stories of greater strength than "A Little Norsk," but his talent has never before seemed so amiable or shown such tenderness. The little volume is published by D. Appleton.

Harper & Bros. are the publishers of "Mrs. Keats Bradford," by Maria Louise Pool. Mrs. Bradford, a New England woman of artistic tastes, deserts her husband because he is in love with her; at least, no other explanation of her conduct is given. She settles in Boston, and an old male acquaintance in Paris crosses the Atlantic and makes urgent, emanous proposals to her, which she spurns. Her husband is bored by the English cruos, and he, too, crosses the Atlantic to see his wife. His proposals meet with no response, so he goes out West and lives on a ranch. The mother of Mrs. Bradford dies; her sister marries a man that has his home in the South Sea. Mrs. Bradford then concludes to join her husband, and, taking her pet dog, she meets him before it is too late. Around these eccentric characters revolve various types of New England life. From W. B. Clarke & Co.

"The Squire," published by the Cassell-Publishing Company, is by Mrs. Farr, the author of "Dorothy Fox." It is a long drawn out story of the commonplace actions of conventional people. There is a stern old man whose heart is softened at the proper time to the advantage of his relatives, and a designing second wife is properly discomfited. Young men marry young maidens without serious obstacles in their wooing, and neither faults nor virtues arrest the criticism of the reader. It is a dull novel.

A REVIVAL IN BUSINESS.

Piracy is again in favor, although instances of the amenities of the profession are still sporadic and remote. There has been a fascination in the lives and the deeds of sea outlaws from the time of the early Greeks, when piracy was an honorable calling. A healthy boy dreams of ingots and doubloons; he practices secretly the art of holding a cutlass with the teeth by first experimenting with a knife; he rigs in the back yard a plank and gloats over his childish foes. The man is not averse to tales of bloody deeds, if he smells salt foam with the powder; he devours eagerly such a story as "Treasure Island." A well-known and high-toned newspaper of New York published in its issue of last Sunday seven columns of entertaining matter concerning the adventures of bold pirates under the "Jolly Roger," and the "bloodthirsty career of the infamous Edward Low" was told in a manner that would excite the admiration and even envy of a peaceful citizen of sedentary life. The "Lay of the Last Buccaneer," by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, introduced gracefully the subject, and "A Chapter of Highwaymen" in verse brought the end. In the National Biography Series Captain

Kidd is represented as a gentleman of engaging personality, who was hung after an unfair trial; and the story of his burying the Bible in the sand is probably an idle tradition, akin to the tale of Tell's marksmanship and the legend of Lucrezia Borgia's chest of assorted poisons. But in the columns of the New York Times there was no softening of the detail, no process of general whitewashing. The great Low ties lighted matches between the fingers of his captives, cuts off ears and slits noses, and in other ways diverts himself in the presence of the reader as when in real life he scuttled New England vessels.

It will then be agreeable news to many that piracy, as a profession, is still studied and with praiseworthy results. For a time the active practice of the profession fell into disrepute on account of the prudery of the law. Pirates were engaged in other callings. Some, in hope of an ultimate revival of business, kept their hand in by trading with others and publishing their books. Others formed land companies, launched insurance

balloons, or, in sheer bravado, invaded the ranks of lawyers. But the admiration excited by the recent deeds of the Roedique brothers in the South Seas shows that popular interest demands a revival of the old-established, legitimate business.

Roedique, the male of the good schooner Dolly J., was a man of "splendid attainments." He spoke English, French, German and all the dialects of the South Seas; he had also enjoyed the advantages of convict education in New Caledonia, and he was graduated by an adroit exercise in jail breaking. On a cruise of the schooner, the crew was joined in the Kingswell group by Roedique's brother, who had been his co-mate in exile. It occurred to these men that it would be well to seize the ship, cargo, and \$5000 in treasure, so they plotted with the cook, who poisoned the food of the crew. "The Roedique brothers stood over them, watched the death struggles of the four men, and chuckled because there was no outcry." The work was still incomplete. The captain and the supercargo were sitting in the cabin eating their dinner, when two uninvited guests appeared. "Like clockwork two pistols were drawn, two shots sounded like one, and the brains of the captain and supercargo mingled on the dinner table." The brothers then ate a hearty meal while the cook steered. Sharks disposed of the unpleasant reminders of the victory. Then there was carousing in different ports, throwing of money in the streets, until the cook in a fit of the dumps boarded a Spanish man-of-war—here is a touch of romantic detail, for Spain and piracy are still connected in the mind of every boy of tender or hoary years—and the brothers were captured and put in irons. On the ship were \$3000, 60 tons of copra and a ton of pearl shell.

Thus it appears that the age of piracy is not gone. It is true that the Roedique brothers did not have time to hoist the black flag. They would have sailed under the skull and cross-bones without doubt, had it not been for the mistaken conduct of the cook and Spanish arrogance. They certainly made a brave beginning, and their names should be added to the list in which sparkle, as dazzling gems Kidd, Low, and that terror of the Gulf, Lafitte.

Young Adams, the embezzler, kept a diary, and instead of noting daily a resolve to be diligent, that he might rise and control a business of his own, he recorded step by step the process of his dishonest scheme. This diary was found close to a letter in which the boy's sister prayed that he might be honest. It is a singular incident in the history of crime. By what fatuity did Adams, who in other ways showed shrewdness and native wit, leave such evidence behind him? Or why did not the record of his guilty plan warn him against the fulfilment?

Recent events have shown that in criminal cases no one can escape suspicion. The absent-minded, the easily confused, the men and women of imperfect memory may easily appear as hardened criminals. The infirmities of nature are not dangerous enough, and the psycho-physical gentry have invented a machine called the plethysmograph, which measures the least increase of blood in the arteries of the arm. This, it is said, will furnish involuntary testimony of the nervous state of a criminal; or, if it is applied to a person under suspicion, it will be a test of guilt or innocence. Years ago there were similar ordeals, though of more heroic nature; the ordeals of fire and water.

There is fine playing recorded at the croquet tournament at Norwich, and much interest expressed in the final results. A correspondent writes The Journal in reference to an editorial paragraph concerning croquet in the issue of Friday. He claims that the game is disparaged without reason. "In its present scientific condition it has no superior for skill, judgment and 'nerve.'" Players at billiards and lawn tennis may be inclined to dispute this statement. There was no attempt in the paragraph to "underrate the claims of croquet." The opulon was expressed that games have their rise and fall, ebb and flow. Surely the correspondent, who is, by the way, an officer of the Croquet Association, would not insist that his favorite amusement is as generally popular with young men and young women as it was, say 20 years ago, or before the introduction of lawn tennis. Nor is the worth of a game measured by its popularity. Chess, for instance, is not as popular as poker. Lawn tennis is just now in favor. Its nets are seen on every lawn. It is an invigorating game, that demands a quick eye, trained wrist, and swift and certain judgment.

The strikers in New York State show humanity at least in allowing the movement of milk trains. It would be cruel if children were to suffer on account of the disputes of men. Yet this humanity is one-sided; and the strikers look beyond their homes. For when a workman is idle, his wife and his children are the first and the keenest sufferers.

Nine-tenths of the cabmen of Paris have struck, and tourists and citizens walk. There is much to be said in favor of these hard-working men. The courses are long and the receipts are comparatively small, while the owners of the cabs demand a fat price for their use. There are no disorders reported; for it does not occur to a French driver that when he is in dispute with his employer it is his first duty to maim horses, break cabs and make himself thoroughly obnoxious to everybody.

The Essex County Prohibitionists have received a deadly blow from an unexpected quarter. They are the victims of the treachery of Nature, long their boasted ally. For it is announced simultaneously with the report of their convention that the water supply of Salem is falling. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

The Atlanta Constitution agrees with Mr. Howells in his opinion that no one can love New York. It declares that "New York is to be used and not loved. It is a convenience merely." But it is to be regretted that the force of this admirable epigram is weakened by the following outburst of local pride: "Atlanta is one of the few towns in the world that have an attractive individuality." There are certain things that gain by inference. An epigram carries suggestion with it; it should not be diluted by pursuing its ramifications.

The statistics of homicide in the United States were discussed lately in The Journal, and the figures relating to drunkenness as a cause were then the subject of comment. Sir Edmond du Cane, who is a student of crime, in speaking of the habitual criminals of London, sees no relief if drunkenness were swept away. "If any social habit more than another leads to crime," he says, "it is that of betting and gambling, which derive their attraction from the hope of getting rich without work." All students of crime agree in this, that betting is the great English vice.

An American female physician, who now lives in England, advocates a diet which she calls "natural food." Her argument is simple. "Primitive man fed on fruit and nuts, therefore let us all eat fruit and nuts." Primitive man, however, indulged himself in many practices that his successors have wisely discarded. Mrs. Densmore admits that as we have deteriorated in certain respects, flesh may be eaten in small quantity; but she insists on the supreme value of nuts. This theory of diet should be taken with a grain of salt.

A superstition is a hard thing to kill. It is said that on certain moors of England jealous women still mould waxen dolls, and running pins through them, melt them slowly, so that their human models may waste away. This seems incredible, but Fanny D. Bergen, in the last number of American Folk Lore, gives an instance of a belief as insane, and on her own personal authority. There is a fungus called "death-baby," fabled to foretell death in a family, and she has "known of intelligent people (in a town not far removed from Boston) rushing out in terror and beating down a colony of these as soon as they appeared in the yard."

The attention of the members of the Psychological Society is invited to an extraordinary scandal which is now agitating the art world of London. It is alleged that a sculptor did not execute the large work exhibited by him in the Academy, but that he was assisted by a ghost. The sculptor denies the charge, and is as skeptical in the matter of ghosts, as are the accusers of his merit. The members of the society should not accept the vulgar explanation that a "ghost" is an assistant who possesses the necessary artistic education, and they should put all the parties concerned to a most rigid examination.

A TRIUMPH OF LEATHER.

From the beginning the shoe has been something more than a mere article of commerce. It has been an index of the taste of the time. The antiquarian can construct a civilization from a given shoe, as Cuvier built the animal from the bone. The painter finds a delight in the reproduction of a leathery past when cavaliers were booted and spurred. The history of the shoe is a magazine of singular facts and superstitions, a storehouse of the caprices of men and women. As in other articles of dress, there has been a rotation in fashion, from the days when Egyptians wore sandals of leather, palm leaves or papyrus, to the time when Queen Mary restricted the width of the toe to six inches; from the custom of the New England squaw to wear "shoes of Moose skins, which is the principal leather used

to that purpose," to the summer habit of white shoes that accompany a gown and adorn a piazza. The bare-footed "little man," so lovingly described by Whittier, can point to Socrates or Cato, in whose footsteps he follows. The stern Spartans were partial to red shoes. The silken shoes of the last century were adorned with buckles and gold and silver stars; and the sabot of the French peasant, when it is intended for house use, is curiously ornamented. In the olden time, in the days when Alcibiades was the talk of the Athenians as he sauntered in the streets, shoes were named after him, as now an actor inspires the fancy in a cravat. There was once a famous swell in England, long before Beau Brummel, so long ago that he ate his dinner about 10 o'clock of the morning, and he gave his whole mind to the extension of toe-points "twisted like a ram's horn." For women are not alone in their fastidiousness and love of personal display. Even the magistrates of Rome were particular in the appearance of their shod feet.

But there are books without number that

deal with this subject in fantastical or serious manner. When Popes thought it worth while to thunder against extravagance in the device or ornamentation of shoes, why should not the lovers of the curious trace the evolution of the modern shoe from the thong-tied sandal? The humblest French woman may have a simple robe, but she is shod most carefully. She knows the irresistible power of this weapon; she shares this knowledge with her sisters of all lands. Suckling, in England, has sung the praises of such feet; Restif de la Bretonne has told in famous words of the mighty influence of a well-made little boot, and is there not a disease, or rather a mania, for stealing women's shoes known to the Germans as "Frauenschuhehl-monomanie," a formidable name that magnifies the guilt of the performance? Or why should woman be compelled to wear shoes, or boots, or slippers that war against her taste, simply to gratify the advocate of health? Would the feet of antique goddesses, if they were turned into human flesh, incite the poet or haunt the lover? The woman of to-day does not envy her sister of China; she wishes a becoming foot dress, just as 300 years ago Margery, the good wife of Simon Eyre, exclaimed with just pride: "Roger, thou know'st the size of my foot; as it is none of the biggest, so, I thank God, it is handsome enough; prithee, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel, too."

Fashions change for men and women. The terms boot and shoe are used loosely, although the boot proper goes above the ankle. Bluchers, Wellingtons, high-lows are now unknown to us. But the glory of the American shoe remains, a fixed and settled quantity. Over a century ago it was reported in the London Chronicle that shoes for women were made at Lynn exceeding in strength and beauty any that were usually imported from London. It is true that the American shoemaker has been fortunate in his models, but the feet of men have been as tenderly treated. Not without reason does the Boot and Shoe Club of this city hold days of jollification; not without reason does the newspaper of the craft exult in a long and illustrated supplement. The method of manufacture has changed since the days of honest Thomas Dekker, and "rubbing-pin, stopper, dresser, four sorts of awls, two balls of wax, paring knife, hand and thumb leathers, and good St. Hugh's bones," may in part have now a foreign sound; but now, as in that illustrious "Shoemaker's Holiday" that pleased the Queen's most excellent Majesty, shoemakers are still "gentlemen of the gentle craft, true Trojans, courageous cordwainers; they all kneel to the shrine of holy Saint Hugh."

In weight and in numbers the war fleet of England is undoubtedly supreme; but whether the ships are available for action is another question. The ponderous masses of iron and steel do not take kindly to a heavy sea. The number of accidents is already large, and the experience of the Sharpshooter, with broken engine and drifting at will, is a reflection on the skill of English designers or builders.

A few months ago a writer of this town lamented in the North American Review the decay of the popularity of Dickens. It is possible, indeed probable, that in Boston, where there is an ever changing fashion in literary matters, there is little talk concerning Dickens, but according to a statement of Mr. Chapman, the publisher, the popularity of the novelist is now greater than ever. The sale of his works last year was four times as large as that of 1869, the year before his death. Since "The Pickwick Papers" have been out of copyright, eleven London publishers have brought out editions, and Mr. Chapman has still sold of "Pickwick" 321,750 copies during the last twenty-two years. Of the novels in the cheap form "Martin Chuzzlewit" is the most popular.

It would appear to the superficial observer that the throwing of stones and rotten-eggs at the members of Baldwin's Cadet band as they were engaged in giving a concert in East Boston was the lawless conduct of a crowd of hoodlums. The learned, however, might attribute the riotous scene to the power of music over impressionable hearers. Eric, the King of Denmark, was once moved so mightily by the sound of music that he pierced several of the audience with his lance; and the Marquis de Pontécoulant considered it imprudent to put a subject of ardent imagination in communication with such an energetic and powerful agent. Of course, in a brass band this agent is developed to its highest potency.

The records of crime are full of instances of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence in questions of life and death. The New York Sun revives pertinently the famous case of the murder of Mrs. Jane De Forrest Hull in New York in 1879. It will be remembered that circumstances bore heavily against her husband, an aged man. He was tried in certain newspapers and convicted; but, fortunately for him and justice, Chastine Cox, the negro, was found in this city with property of the murdered woman. The lovingly afflicted husband never recovered from the effects of grief and outraged feelings.

It is of interest to note in connection with the celebration at Lynn that the first tanner was Francis Ingalls, who started his tannery about 1630. He, his brother and three other men were the first settlers in "Saugus." The Ingalls families of to-day came from this stock, and ex-Senator Ingalls of Kansas is said to be well pleased in that he can trace his parentage to such a source.

Queens are human, and it is not surprising that Victoria objected to the mention of Mr. Labouchere for a Cabinet position. He has been in the habit of publishing in Truth paragraphs reflecting bitterly on the habits and the mental equipment of members of the royal family, and although his jests excited the Radicals to laughter, the Queen, possibly from a defective sense of humor, considered the paragraphs "disgusting trash." So Mr. Labouchere will now have plenty of time to sharpen the arrows of wit and shoot them, not only at the royal family, but at the more successful members of his party who sit in Cabinet chairs.

Fryeburg appeals to Mr. Howells, it seems, because he used its "topography and landscape" in "A Modern Instance," but lest the good people of the town might take offence at the thought that he had borrowed local customs for the sake of realism, he hastens to add that if he had derived any part of his story from its life the novel would have been better. But this characteristic Howellsism may be forgiven readily, in view of the graceful and affectionate tribute paid by him to James R. Osgood in his letter of regret.

It is said that the Duke of Devonshire, who has just been married to the Duchess of Manchester, was madly in love with her 40 years ago, but his "habitual indolence" prevented a declaration. He wedded her, after mature consideration, when she is 60 years of age, and thus the truth of the old saying, "All things come to him that waits," is again corroborated.

London tramps have occupied lately the Salvation shelters provided by General Booth, but from complaints made publicly at meetings in Hyde Park, they are as difficult to please as the Princess in the fairy story. They objected, singularly enough, to the inferior quality of the towels and the soap; and they found fault at being routed out in the morning by the sound of a police whistle, "which was not a pleasant sound to men who had been doing penal servitude." General Booth might imitate the habit of Montaigne's father, who believed that the sleeper should return to life in a gentle manner, and so his boy was awakened by the sounds of soft and sweet music that was played beneath his window.

Mr. Eliot made yesterday at the Lynn meeting an earnest plea for the encouragement of the work of the Trustees of Public Reservations. The place of the meeting was propitious, and in itself an argument for his cause. He based his reasoning not only on sentimental grounds; he appealed to the business men by attributing the decay of certain once famous resorts to the negligence or stinginess shown by the proprietors in their care of features of scenery that should be kept attractive.

Housekeepers will be pleased to learn that in hot weather the kitchen stove will no longer be a burden. Dr. Sawlezerosky, it is perhaps unnecessary to add is Russian, cooks meats by subjecting the to a temperature of 33 degrees below zero, and then sealing them up hermetically in tin vessels. These are palatable after they have been kept some time in these boxes, and are ready for table use. But there are many who will not eat canned goods, even when they save labor and discomfort.

Mr. Davitt has given the advocates of labor sensible advice. The great question in England to-day is Home Rule for Ireland, and when such men as John Morley are engaged earnestly in the liberation of Ireland, it seems a pity that they should be nagged by questions of less importance. For the same reason, the factions in the Irish delegation seem not only vain but criminal.

THE MUSICAL YEAR BOOK.

The ninth volume of "The Musical Year Book of the United States," edited by Mr. G. H. Wilson, was published a few days ago, and it is full of suggestion. Not that it is a book of interest to the general reader, for it contains nothing but the record of programmes in various cities of this country and a few tables of statistics. This little book, however, is useful to the student of the growth and the present condition of music in the United States, and to the future antiquarian or historian it will be invaluable. The drudgery of the compiler will make possible the brilliancy of the essayist or the enduring fame of the historian.

It would be unsafe to draw many conclusions or arguments from the figures of one year. According to the carefully prepared index, Tschalkowsky appears to be the most popular of foreign living composers, and yet the fact is undoubtedly otherwise, for the widespread and inherent popularity of a composer cannot be determined wholly by the number of his works performed; and Tschalkowsky is a composer who appeals rather to musicians and hearers of a peculiar and high-pitched temperament than to the many who assist at a function of society. But, in looking over Mr. Wilson's book, the reader is reminded forcibly of two facts that may well excite comment.

A table is given of works by native and resident American composers that were performed abroad during the season of '91-'92. It is designed to mark the normal growth abroad of music written by Americans. "Consequently neither the concert of his own compositions which Mr. Van der Struken was invited to give in Antwerp, nor the series of orchestral concerts given in German cities under the direction of Mr. F. X. Arens is recorded." The works that were played are these: A pianoforte concerto by Mr. MacDowell of this city, which was performed by Theresa Carreno in Berlin; an orchestral suite by the same composer, which was played in St. Petersburg, and "The Haunted Mill," by Mr. Templeton Strong, which was sung in Leipzig. It may here be remarked that these gentlemen studied abroad, lived there, engaged in composition or in teaching, and pieces by them appeared in the catalogues of foreign publishers. In other words, their names are not unknown in Germany. The makers of concert programmes did not look toward America except in these instances.

The other noticeable fact is the steady increase of Cahenslyism in music, i. e., the desire shown by managers and the apparent willingness of audiences that German singers and players should absorb the attention of Americans to the exclusion, not only of other foreigners, but also of musicians born in this country of American stock or of English-speaking parents. This tendency of the time is not confined to Boston, where it has already provoked discussion; it may be seen in nearly all of the towns, large or small, where music is given in public. The four chief orchestras of the United States are made up almost wholly of Germans; they are under the direction of Germans, or men of German parentage; German is the language spoken at the rehearsals. That this is so, is not inexplicable. Our musical race is young and few in numbers; and orchestral players are not made by the instruction of a year or two at a music school. Then it is the fashion to regard Germans as conductors by Divine appointment, and Germany as the only birth-place of musical compositions worthy of the name. But the American concert stage is invaded by strolling singers and players, both male and female. They certainly have a right to a hearing. If, however, after they have been heard, they are evidently incapable, it does not seem just that they should usurp the place of Ameri-

cases who have shown their worth in the very towns invaded and subjected by the foreigners. The singers of Boston know to-day that they would receive engagements of more importance if they were of German birth; that they sing better than certain foreign rivals who have driven them from the stage is not taken into serious consideration by the authorities who have the matter in charge. Nor is it likely that Boston is the only American city where this species of Calensism exists.

The weak conduct of the Governor of Tennessee, the tumult and the commotion, the rebellion and the bloodshed, all these are necessary perhaps before the people of the North and the South realize the evil of the system of convict-leases and the existence of white and black slavery. It is not likely that the miners rebel from motives of philanthropy; but they may be the unconscious instruments of reform. This spectacle of insurrection and defiance of the law, that is so antipathetic to the true American citizen, may, then, be regarded as an evil that works for ultimate righteousness.

The Yale men of the last thirty years will fear with regret the death of "Jimmy" Hill. He was neither a tutor nor a professor; he neither awarded conditions nor sat at prize debates. His influence was exercised in more subtle ways, for he ministered in a kindly manner to the stomachic wants of the students. The short-lived generations of collegians came and went as the leaves of Nestor; Mr. Hill was present at the birth and at the death; and he prospered, for he was a man of amiable disposition, who knew how to accommodate himself to the caprices of imperious youth.

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they deplore the existence of the servant problem; they lay plans for the winter; they agree to go to the same gymnasium; one urges the advantages of Turkish baths, and the other, in gratitude, recommends a favorite medicine.

This intimacy is a thing of summer. After the return to the city there are chance meetings in street or in shop, and vows of immediate calls are registered. Perhaps there is an interchange, but the women are not the same and the intimacy sinks quickly to acquaintance. The discovery is made that the laugh that was jolly on the piazza is coarse in the parlor; or lurid wall paper exposes a lack of taste; or it leaks out that one has singular relatives in a cheap quarter of the city and that the other one never reads Browning. Each woman declares to herself that she has been taught a lesson. She resents the confidences that were exchanged. She feels a sense of personal injury. The discarded friend is a reflection on her judgment. If her name is mentioned the remark is made, "Oh, yes; I lived in a house with her last summer," and there is a smile more terrible than any epigram or sneer. And yet each woman the next summer, though in a different place, plays in the same comedy.

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Or there is an explosion during the temporary exile. An ill-timed criticism of the manners of a spoiled child, a disagreement in which a question of propriety is the bone of strife, or undue attention to the business of another, serves as a lighted match. The husbands are made to take sides; a mistaken idea of chivalry chokes common sense. There is commotion. There is a sudden departure or a gloomy stay. Fortunately, such scenes are rare. But the violent intimacy and the consequential decay of interest and faith are social phenomena that may be observed each season. The sight of a woman thus hunting friendship saddens the student of sociology. A friend is not caught in a lucky moment with a second net.

Mr. Whistler, the painter, takes a peculiar pleasure in his expatriation, and sneers continually at all that pertains to America. His latest affectation, it seems, is to appear ignorant of our form of Government, and his epigram was compounded of the two distinguishing characteristics of his wit, insolence and self conceit. However, when a man of genuine fancy works constantly in the manufacture of sharp sayings, he cannot fail to be occasionally amusing. In a letter to Leyland, who invented the title "Nocturne" for Mr. Whistler's picture, the artist wrote: "You have no idea what an irritation the name 'Nocturne' proves to the critics and consequent pleasure to me."

The police of Swampscott drive about looking for unmuzzled dogs, that they may shoot them. They do not hunt them in the streets alone, they pursue them within the yards of their owners. It is true that in Swampscott and its neighborhood the public is still more or less excited over the recent deaths that are said to be due to bites from rabid dogs, and the authorities have posted warnings to all owners. But dogs cannot read, and in spite of all precautions a family pet may take an airing without a muzzle, and run, warring his tail to the embrace of the killer of his kind. It seems as though a little more discrimination might be shown on the part of the officials; and there are authorities on dogs who claim that a muzzle is the very thing to goad an ordinarily sensible dog to frenzy.

There are now 3538 journals and magazines printed in Germany. The freedom of the press has grown in proportion with the number of newspapers. It is a singular instance of the revenges brought by the whirligig of time that Prince Bismarck has been instrumental in taking off the muzzle which he was in former years so ready in applying to an independent editor. He now sees the advantages of a newspaper not menaced constantly with suppression by Imperial authority.

The London Standard, which is generally dignified to the point of solemnity, waxes hysterical in the contemplation of our labor troubles. It refers, for instance, "to the ignorant and dishonest plague of political jackals who have led Americans into the fetid marshes of protection." Such illogical conclusions and turgid rhetoric are worthy of the famous editor of the Eatonswill Gazette. Mr. O'Donnell and other high-priced laborers are described as men "whose earnings are filched," and it is their "hunger" that "develops the spirit of the ravenous wolf." But how many workmen in similar positions in England receive the wages paid at Homestead or at Buffalo?

The insect pest of New York suffer already from the strikes at Buffalo. The retail butchers have advanced their prices, and veal, mutton and lamb are dear. The price of eggs has also gone up. We may take a selfish pleasure in the fact that the Grand Trunk and National Dispatch lines are free and clear, and there is at present little prospect of a scarcity of provisions. If there should be trouble on the Grand Trunk line we should probably be obliged to eat hogs or New England oxen and cows, and there are hardly enough of the latter to go round.

The Bible is to some excellent writers a commonplace book. By quotation from it others seek to give dignity to a platitude of their own device or to strengthen a weak position. Prof. Jowett, in the preface to the last edition of his translation of Plato, remarks sensibly concerning this habit: "Having a greater force and beauty than other language, and a religious association, it disturbs the even flow of the style. When adopted it should have a certain freshness and a suitable 'entourage.' It is strange to observe that the most effective use of Scripture phraseology arises out of the application of it in a sense not intended by the author."

Lovers of Japanese art, and they are found among the painters and critics of all lands, will learn with regret that in the matter of embossed wall paper the Japanese have thrown off individuality and now borrow Venetian, Dutch, French and old English designs. Papers now used in London thus supply the want of pictures. But in wall decoration their water color workmen design panels of original art.

It may be a surprise to many when they learn that the eggs of Missonri hens are brought to Boston and sold here. The modern methods of packing and transportation preserve them in comparative freshness. In Berlin the citizen and the traveler are often obliged to eat Italian eggs; and the desire for an egg of absolute freshness is to the average Berliner an acquired taste.

Capt. Andrews, who has been spoken on his way to Huelva, is undoubtedly a reckless mariner in his attempt to reach the Spanish port in his frail craft, that he may participate in the Columbian festivities. And yet Columbus, when he set sail for unknown lands, was regarded by the people of his day as foolhardy beyond measure, nor was the ship on which he embarked a sure defiance to the wind and the wave.

Mr. T. P. Smith, in a letter published in The Journal of to-day, makes an excellent point in the presentation of his wish for a clear place in Water street. Not only is it true that open places are precautions against the spread of fires and aids to health, it is also certain that money is wasted often in architectural display by the disregard for opportunities of sight. Mr. Smith cites the instance of the Post Office Building, which cannot be seen from Washington street. An excellent example of the advantages of location is the exposure of the new Public Library. Our foreign neighbors are wiser in this respect. They pay as much attention to the site as to the building itself. We place our buildings apparently at random, forgetting that they are permanent things that will reflect later on our taste, or we affect to disdain "sentimentality" in architecture.

Aug 22

INCOMPLETE BOOKS.

The index is a spur to spontaneity in these days, when so many are engaged in the trade of literature. The modern writer is a man of scrap books, slip envelopes, which are indexed carefully. If he is a novelist of the realistic school he can turn at a moment's notice to the necessary documents; accounts of disaster by fire and flood; reports of remarkable criminal and hospital cases; in a word, all that pertains to exposed humanity. Charles Reade made such collections before the Brothers Goncourt and Zola wrote from their pigeon holes. The modern critic of the theatre and the concert hall keeps a record of the men and the women on the stage; he indexes his own articles that he may not contradict himself from year to year; for it is a singular fact that self-contradiction is regarded by the multitude as mental weakness or corruption; as though a man should not, in his development, discard former theories

in "Elohim" and reject only in a "new" atmosphere as he escapes gradually from the mastery of the arrogance of passionate youth. The essayist examines the thoughts of the ancients before he serves warmed-over epigrams and the opinions of others disguised by a sauce of piquant individuality. His sentence that flows smoothly and is quoted is often the result of patient research and multifarious reading, an illustrious example of ability to convert and condense. These men all delight in the reading of indexes, which are indispensable tools of trade.

And yet how careless or lazy in this respect are the makers of books. Of what advantage are works pertaining to science, histories, memoirs, travels without a copious and correct index? When books were comparatively scarce, the reader was better able to trust his memory; and yet in those days indexes were generally more complete than now. Fantastical writers pointed out to the attention their whims and caprices. Even novelists made a catalogue of reference to plot, incidents and reflections, as Richardson did in "The History of Sir Charles Grandison."

It is not necessary to dwell on the importance of an index to any work of a serious nature. But it may be claimed justly that all books of fantasy and imagination should be made thus to serve the convenience of the reader. Theophile Gautier once said that he had given up the reading of books and adopted the habit of committing the tables of contents to memory. Time was thus saved; he was spared many weary hours; he was able to shine in conversation and excite the envy of men who had frittered away weeks and months in the vain endeavor to become intimate with an author. In other words the generalizations of the writer are often better expressed by an index than by the tongue of the reader. It is hardly possible that anyone to-day reads of the adventures of that sublime prize, Sir Charles Grandison; but a few minutes spent in glancing over the index of his actions and opinions would give a shrewd imposter the reputation of marvelous learning.

The Germans are masters in this work, and they shine in their dull drudgery. Yet it is doubtful whether in the history of German literature there is such a triumph of index making as the last volume of the Hill edition of Boswell's Johnson. The French have been pre-eminently shiftless in this matter. Take, for instance, the life of Adolphe Nourrit, by Quicherat, a work in three heavy volumes, and a mine of information concerning the French opera during most interesting years; but the mine must be worked by the reader, unaided by the author, who stopped with the word finis. Lately the French have shown signs of reformation in this grave fault. An imperfect index is, perhaps, still more objectionable; an index that refers simply to proper names and gives no clue to the thought of the author, or passes over the quaint details that are a solace in weary hours and notes only common places. Such an index enrages the reader of the three-volume edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Each year the cottagers are later in the return to town. The woods and the sea have a peculiar fascination in the late as well as the early autumn, and it is no wonder that men and women leave them with regret. Exercise in the bracing mornings and cool evenings of the fall is not a rude and violent exertion. The dress of nature is gorgeous to the eye. The comfort of a wood fire encourages conversation or aids in pleasing meditation. The horizons of life and nature are extended. And so the fashionable season of amusement is deferred yearly a week or two. For the theatre of the town seems tame in comparison with the great show of Nature, and the conventionalities of the winter bring regret for freedom in the open.

It appears from the report of Prof. Dudley A. Sargent that the sight of Mr. John L. Sullivan, the celebrated play-actor, is in itself a liberal education. It also appears that no man has been so cruelly misunderstood. He has been taxed in the past with laziness, but Prof. Sargent claims that "the economical way he has of doing ordinary things and the apparently sluggish and indolent manner he assumes when not in active exercise" are the characteristics of men of power who "conserve their energy for great physical or mental efforts." Mr. Sullivan is also a "valuable lesson for the American people," and the "women of the land can learn from this man's physical development" how potent "is the influence of the mother" in transmitting not only "the refined and delicate parts of her organism, but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race." It is interesting to note in this connection that after a ten-mile walk Mr. Sullivan attended church yesterday, and was in such excellent condition that "he put a \$50 note on the plate." Alas poor Corbett!

The thoughtful will acknowledge readily the bravery shown by Mr. Whitelaw Reid in visiting the home of his boyhood. There are no more unsparring critics of a public man of distinction than the men and women who played with him in youth. The Senator is to them plain "Bill," and the Judge is the boy that once broke through the ice and was pulled out in time. No honors won in after years can blind such eyes to youthful faults or acts of meanness. That Mr. Reid was so heartily welcomed by his old friends of both parties is the highest tribute to his character; and when he said "It will be the proudest laurel I shall ever hope to win if at the end of my career it may still be said that I have never forgotten that regard," the words were not merely the conventional flourish of the practiced rhetorician.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the chief issues of our Presidential contest are Free Trade, Civil Service Reform and the Labor War at Homestead. Not a word about the "Force bill," which seems now to our "independent" newspapers of such overweening importance; and no allusion to Brother Dana's Campaign of Education.

Readers of Mr. Bunner's remarkable story in the last Scribner will be interested to learn that in Marion, S. C., a young negress died from "conviction" at a protracted meeting at a Baptist Church. She had been shouting and screaming about an hour, when she gasped and went into what was supposed to be a trance. She had ruptured a blood vessel and was dead.

The story of the Kansas farmers who turned outlaws and held up a train in such an accomplished and professional manner as to win the admiration of the Sheriff is an example of the possibilities of diversified labor. No explanation is given, however, of the sudden abandonment of their peaceful calling; but here is material for a novelist of the modern political-social school, as Mr. Hamlin Garland.

It is to be regretted that in spite of all the improvements in marine architecture, the condition of the stokers is not bettered. Speed is gained by force-draught, and the stoker suffers accordingly. A writer in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette made a trip from London to Plymouth as an amateur in this work, and his description of the life below should be read by all interested in humanity. He concludes his article by calling upon designers and engineers to devise some means by which the temperature may be reduced; the handling of the fuel be done by some mechanical contrivance both in the stoke-hole and bunkers, and generally to better the existing conditions under which marine firemen work. "They may be rough and uncouth, but they are at least human beings."

The British public may be made up of Philistines, but in spite of its many failings it has an honest sense of decency. Its treatment of a notorious music-hall singer the other night was severe but deserved; and the same feeling that once hooted Edmund Kean from a London stage moved the audience of last week to rebuke a brazen woman.

Is it true that the race of play-actors is as irritable and censorious as that of poets or musicians? It would appear so from Mr. Frohman's action. He has issued an order to the effect that actors will not be admitted after this to his theatres on first nights, free of charge, as has been the custom. He gives as a reason that they have abused their privileges by indulging in unnecessarily severe criticism of his performances. This, if his belief is well founded, is another instance of the human propensity to be dissatisfied with both the favor and the giver of it. The habitual dead-head is the most severe of critics, and, singularly enough, if he is not amused by a performance he often feels a sense of personal injury.

According to Dr. Warner, the greatest amount of defectiveness in the development of London children does not occur among the poor. "In the wealthier districts of London 12½ per cent. showed deficiency, while in the poor districts only 7 per cent. showed defects." Prof. Frobel attributes this to the fact that "Poor children went about barefooted, and thus their health was strengthened. Particularly, they had business to do for their parents. They played at their ease, while the children of the richer classes were driven about in little carriages, and were obliged for hours to be quiet." This would appear to be a venomous attack on the perambulator.

gangs who have shown their worth in the very towns invaded and subjected by the foreigners. The singers of Boston know to-day that they would receive engagements of more importance if they were of German birth; that they sing better than certain foreign rivals who have driven them from the stage is not taken into serious consideration by the authorities who have the matter in charge. Nor is it likely that Boston is the only American city where this species of Calensism exists.

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This intimacy is a thing of summer. After the return to the city there are chance meetings in street or in shop, and vows of immediate calls are registered. Perhaps there is an interchange, but the women are not the same and the intimacy sinks quickly to acquaintance. The discovery is made that the laugh that was jolly on the piazza is coarse in the parlor; or lurid wall paper exposes a lack of taste; or it leaks out that one has singular relatives in a cheap quarter of the city and that the other one never reads Browning. Each woman declares to herself that she has been taught a lesson. She resents the confidences that were exchanged. She feels a sense of personal injury. The discarded friend is a reflection on her judgment. If her name is mentioned the remark is made, "Oh, yes; I lived in a house with her last summer," and there is a smile more terrible than any epigram or sneer. And yet each woman the next summer, though in a different place, plays in the same comedy.

The intimacy was never sincere. Companionship was sought as a relief from boredom. To keep this companionship alive concessions were made; there was an abandonment of opinion; there was unreasonable admiration.

Or there is an explosion during the temporary exile. An ill-timed criticism of the manners of a spoiled child, a disagreement in which a question of propriety is the bone of strife, or undue attention to the business of another, serves as a lighted match. The husbands are made to take sides; a mistaken idea of chivalry chokes common sense. There is commotion. There is a sudden departure or a gloomy stay. Fortunately, such scenes are rare. But the violent intimacy and the consequential decay of interest and faith are social phenomena that may be observed each season. The sight of a woman thus hunting friendship saddens the student of sociology. A friend is not caught in a lucky moment with a scoop net.

Mr. Whistler, the painter, takes a peculiar pleasure in his expatriation, and sneers continually at all that pertains to America. His latest affectation, it seems, is to appear ignorant of our form of Government, and his epigram was compounded of the two distinguishing characteristics of his wit, insolence and self conceit. However, when a man of genuine fancy works constantly in the manufacture of sharp sayings, he cannot fail to be occasionally amusing. In a letter to Leyland, who invented the title "Nocturne" for Mr. Whistler's picture, the artist wrote: "You have no idea what an irritation the name 'Nocturne' proves to the critics and consequent pleasure to me."

The police of Swampscott drive about looking for unmuzzled dogs, that they may shoot them. They do not hunt them in the streets alone, they pursue them within the yards of their owners. It is true that in Swampscott and its neighborhood the public is still more or less excited over the recent deaths that are said to be due to bites from rabid dogs, and the authorities have posted warnings to all owners. But dogs cannot read, and in spite of all precautions a family pet may take an airing without a muzzle, and run, waving his tail to the embrace of the killer of his kind. It seems as though a little more discrimination might be shown on the part of the officials; and there are authorities on dogs who claim that a muzzle is the very thing to goad an ordinarily sensible dog to frenzy.

There are now 3538 journals and magazines printed in Germany. The freedom of the press has grown in proportion with the number of newspapers. It is a singular instance of the revenges brought by the whirligig of time that Prince Bismarck has been instrumental in taking off the muzzle which he was in former years so ready in applying to an independent editor. He now sees the advantages of a newspaper not menaced constantly with suppression by Imperial authority.

The London Standard, which is generally dignified to the point of solemnity, waxes hysterical in the contemplation of our labor troubles. It refers, for instance, "to the ignorant and dishonest plague of political jackals who have led Americans into the fetid marshes of protection." Such illogical conclusions and turgid rhetoric are worthy of the famous editor of the Eatonswill Gazette. Mr. O'Donnell and other high-priced laborers are described as men "whose earnings are filched," and it is their "hunger" that "develops the spirit of the ravenous wolf." But how many workmen in similar positions in England receive the wages paid at Homestead or at Buffalo?

The innocent poor of New York suffer already from the strikes at Buffalo. The retail butchers have advanced their prices, and veal, mutton and lamb are dear. The price of eggs has also gone up. We may take a selfish pleasure in the fact that the Grand Trunk and National Dispatch lines are free and clear, and there is at present little prospect of a scarcity of provisions. If there should be trouble on the Grand Trunk line we should probably be obliged to eat hogs or New England oxen and cows, and there are hardly enough of the latter to go round.

The Bible is to some excellent writers a commonplace book. By quotation from it others seek to give dignity to a platitude of their own device or to strengthen a weak position. Prof. Jowett, in the preface to the last edition of his translation of Plato, remarks sensibly concerning this habit: "Having a greater force and beauty than other language, and a religious association, it disturbs the even flow of the style. When adopted it should have a certain freshness and a suitable 'entourage.' It is strange to observe that the most effective use of Scripture phraseology arises out of the application of it in a sense not intended by the author."

Lovers of Japanese art, and they are found among the painters and critics of all lands, will learn with regret that in the matter of embossed wall paper the Japanese have thrown off individuality and now borrow Venetian, Dutch, French and old English designs. Papers now used in London thus supply the want of pictures. But in wall decoration their water color workmen design panels of original art.

It may be a surprise to many when they learn that the eggs of Missonri hens are brought to Boston and sold here. The modern methods of packing and transportation preserve them in comparative freshness. In Berlin the citizen and the traveler are often obliged to eat Italian eggs; and the desire for an egg of absolute freshness is to the average Berliner an acquired taste.

Capt. Andrews, who has been spoken on his way to Huelva, is undoubtedly a reckless mariner in his attempt to reach the Spanish port in his frail craft, that he may participate in the Columbian festivities. And yet Columbus, when he set sail for unknown lands, was regarded by the people of his day as foolhardy beyond measure, nor was the ship on which he embarked a sure defiance to the wind and the wave.

Mr. T. P. Smith, in a letter published in The Journal of to-day, makes an excellent point in the presentation of his wish for a clear place in Water street. Not only is it true that open places are precautions against the spread of fires and aids to health, it is also certain that money is wasted often in architectural display by the disregard for opportunities of sight. Mr. Smith cites the instance of the Post Office Building, which cannot be seen from Washington street. An excellent example of the advantages of location is the exposure of the new Public Library. Our foreign neighbors are wiser in this respect. They pay as much attention to the site as to the building itself. We place our buildings apparently at random, forgetting that they are permanent things that will reflect later on our taste, or we affect to disdain "scintillatity" in architecture.

Aug 22

INCOMPLETE BOOKS.

The index is a spur to spontaneity in these days, when so many are engaged in the trade of literature. The modern writer is a man of scrap books, slip envelopes, which are indexed carefully. If he is a novelist of the realistic school he can turn at a moment's notice to the necessary documents; accounts of disaster by fire and flood; reports of remarkable criminal and hospital cases; in a word, all that pertains to exposed humanity. Charles Reade made such collections before the Brothers Goncourt and Zola wrote from their pigeon holes. The modern critic of the theatre and the concert hall keeps a record of the men and the women on the stage; he indexes his own articles that he may not contradict himself from year to year; for it is a singular fact that self-contradiction is regarded by the multitude as mental weakness or corruption; as though a man should not, in his development, discard former theories

to which he has grown out of living in a certain atmosphere as he escapes gradually from the mastery of the arrogance of passionate youth. The essayist examines the thoughts of the ancients before he serves warmed-over epigrams and the opinions of others disguised by a sauce of piquant individuality. His sentence that flows smoothly and is quoted is often the result of patient research and multifarious reading, an illustrious example of ability to convert and condense. These men all delight in the reading of indexes, which are indispensable tools of trade.

And yet how careless or lazy in this respect are the makers of books. Of what advantage are works pertaining to science, histories, memoirs, travels without a copious and correct index? When books were comparatively scarce, the reader was better able to trust his memory; and yet in those days indexes were generally more complete than now. Fantastical writers pointed out to the attention their whims and caprices. Even novelists made a catalogue of reference to plot, incidents and reflections, as Richardson did in "The History of Sir Charles Grandison."

It is not necessary to dwell on the importance of an index to any work of a serious nature. But it may be claimed justly that all books of fantasy and imagination should be made thus to serve the convenience of the reader. Theophile Gautier once said that he had given up the reading of books and adopted the habit of committing the tables of contents to memory. Time was thus saved; he was spared many weary hours; he was able to shine in conversation and excite the envy of men who had frittered away weeks and months in the vain endeavor to become intimate with an author. In other words the generalizations of the writer are often better expressed by an index than by the tongue of the reader. It is hardly possible that anyone to-day reads of the adventures of that sublime prize, Sir Charles Grandison; but a few minutes spent in glancing over the index of his actions and opinions would give a shrewd imposter the reputation of marvelous learning.

The Germans are masters in this work, and they shine in their dull drudgery. Yet it is doubtful whether in the history of German literature there is such a triumph of index making as the last volume of the Hill edition of Boswell's Johnson. The French have been pre-eminently shiftless in this matter. Take, for instance, the life of Adolphe Nonniet, by Quicherat, a work in three heavy volumes, and a mine of information concerning the French opera during most interesting years; but the mine must be worked by the reader, unaided by the author, who stopped with the word finis. Lately the French have shown signs of reformation in this grave fault. An imperfect index is, perhaps, still more objectionable; an index that refers simply to proper names and gives no clue to the thought of the author, or passes over the quaint details that are a solace in weary hours and notes only common places. Such an index enrages the reader of the three-volume edition of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Each year the cottagers are later in the return to town. The woods and the sea have a peculiar fascination in the late as well as the early autumn, and it is no wonder that men and women leave them with regret. Exercise in the bracing mornings and cool evenings of the fall is not a rude and violent exertion. The dress of nature is gorgeous to the eye. The comfort of a wood fire encourages conversation or aids in pleasing meditation. The horizons of life and nature are extended. And so the fashionable season of amusement is deferred yearly a week or two. For the theatre of the town seems tame in comparison with the great show of Nature, and the conventionality of the winter brings regret for freedom in the open.

It appears from the report of Prof. Dudley A. Sargent that the sight of Mr. John L. Sullivan, the celebrated play-actor, is in itself a liberal education. It also appears that no man has been so cruelly misunderstood. He has been taxed in the past with laziness, but Prof. Sargent claims that "the economical way he has of doing ordinary things and the apparently sluggish and indolent manner he assumes when not in active exercise" are the characteristics of men of power who "conserve their energy for great physical or mental efforts." Mr. Sullivan is also a "valuable lesson for the American people," and the "women of the land can learn from this man's physical development" how potent "is the influence of the mother" in transmitting not only "the refined and delicate parts of her organization, but also the brawn and sinew that conquers both opponents and environments and sustains the race." It is interesting to note in this connection that after a ten-mile walk Mr. Sullivan attended church yesterday, and was in such excellent condition that "he put a \$50 note on the plate." Alas poor Corbett!

The thesaurus will acknowledge readily the bravery shown by Mr. Whistler held in visiting the home of his boyhood. There are no more unsparing critics of a public man of distinction than the men and women who played with him in youth. The Senator is to them plain "Bill," and the Judge is the boy that once broke through the ice and was pulled out in time. No honors won in after years can blind such eyes to youthful faults or acts of meanness. That Mr. Field was so heartily welcomed by his old friends of both parties is the highest tribute to his character; and when he said "It will be the proudest laurel I shall ever hope to win if at the end of my career it may still be said that I have never forfeited that regard," the words were not merely the conventional flourish of the practiced rhetorician.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the chief issues of our Presidential contest are Free Trade, Civil Service Reform and the Labor War at Homestead. Not a word about the "Force bill," which seems now to our "independent" newspapers of such overweening importance; and no allusion to Brother Dana's Campaign of Education.

Readers of Mr. Bunner's remarkable story in the last Scribner will be interested to learn that in Marion, S. C., a young negress died from "conviction" at a protracted meeting at a Baptist Church. She had been shouting and screaming about an hour, when she gasped and went into what was supposed to be a trance. She had ruptured a blood vessel and was dead.

The story of the Kansas farmers who turned outlaws and held up a train in such an accomplished and professional manner as to win the admiration of the Sheriff is an example of the possibilities of diversified labor. No explanation is given, however, of the sudden abandonment of their peaceful calling; but here is material for a novelist of the modern political-social school, as Mr. Hamlin Garland.

It is to be regretted that in spite of all the improvements in marine architecture, the condition of the stokers is not bettered. Speed is gained by force-draught, and the stoker suffers accordingly. A writer in a late number of the Pall Mall Gazette made a trip from London to Plymouth as an amateur in this work, and his description of the life below should be read by all interested in humanity. He concludes his article by calling upon designers and engineers to devise some means by which the temperature may be reduced; the handling of the fuel be done by some mechanical contrivance both in the stoke-hole and bunkers, and generally to better the existing conditions under which marine firemen work. "They may be rough and uncouth, but they are at least human beings."

The British public may be made up of Philistines, but in spite of its many failings it has an honest sense of decency. Its treatment of a notorious music-hall singer the other night was severe but deserved; and the same feeling that once hooted Edmund Kean from a London stage moved the audience of last week to rebuke a brazen woman.

Is it true that the race of play-actors is as irritable and censorious as that of poets or musicians? It would appear so from Mr. Frohman's action. He has issued an order to the effect that actors will not be admitted after this to his theatres on first nights, free of charge, as has been the custom. He gives as a reason that they have abused their privileges by indulging in unnecessarily severe criticism of his performances. This, if his belief is well founded, is another instance of the human propensity to be dissatisfied with both the favor and the giver of it. The habitual dead-head is the most severe of critics, and, singularly enough, if he is not amused by a performance he often feels a sense of personal injury.

According to Dr. Warner, the greatest amount of defectiveness in the development of London children does not occur among the poor. "In the wealthier districts of London 12 1/2 per cent. showed deficiency, while in the poor districts only 7 per cent. showed defects." Prof. Frobel attributes this to the fact that "Poor children went about barefooted, and thus their health was strengthened. Particularly, they had business to do for their parents. They played at their ease, while the children of the richer classes were driven about in little carriages, and were obliged for hours to be quiet." This would appear to be a venomous attack on the perambulator.

Aug 23

A QUESTION OF TIPPING.

The ceremony of marriage in these days of extreme civilization is an expensive pleasure, so that some call the pleasure doubtful and the civilization chromo. Not only does the bridegroom at the initiatory ceremony give hostages to fortune; he and the bride, directly or through the members of the respective families, are taxed in many ways. The clergyman, of course, is first of all to be considered in the process of feeling. If the wedding ceremony is in church, the organist is paid for smoothing the way to the altar. There are gifts provided for the ushers, or the maidens that watch the bride with tears or envy. But why go through the catalogue? The custom of feeling is influenced in a measure by local or more often by imported and prevailing habit.

We look toward England for rules and regulations concerning the proper deport-

ment at weddings and funerals. There have been instances of spontaneity and ingenuity in the actions of Americans on such occasions, but they have been regarded justly as eccentricities not to be praised, not to be imitated. And house or church weddings are still preferred by the majority to solemn rites performed in balloon or diving bell. At the same time there is no fixed rule concerning the proper amount of money that should be invested in the gift to an usher. There are Western gentlemen who act liberally. The ushers are given the freedom of a haberdashery. Neckties, or "articles of neck wear," and gloves are sent to them in ample time. Not infrequently are jeweled pins or sleeve buttons distributed. But in the more prudent East the usher is often in suspense that sometimes leads to disappointment.

It was thought by men of research that these things were ordered better in France, for business at the church is conducted there on a cash basis. And yet a sad incident that happened lately at the Madeleine shows that the belief was without foundation. There was a wedding of great ceremony; but the ushers were not satisfied with the tip given them by the bridegroom. Perhaps the latter lost his head; perhaps he was naturally stingy; we have no means of accounting for his action. The ushers did not demand an explanation, they did not present their cards. One of them forced his way to the carriage in which the bride and the bridegroom were about to drive away, and held out his hand, demanding noisily a larger sum. Two members of the police force fell upon him and dragged him back; the other ushers came to the rescue, and there was a free fight in front of the sacred portal. It is not recorded whether the usher succeeded in his claim. The newspapers of Paris discuss the matter at length. One of them suggests that the only solution of the problem is to pay the ushers adequately and abandon voluntary fees altogether. "But," adds the writer, "although there is not a Parisian who does not share our view, there is no one who is brave enough to set an example or act up to his convictions. Since this is so, the front of the Madeleine will remain the scene of these free fights after wedding ceremonies."

The practical nature of this Parisian suggestion should appeal to all Americans who contemplate matrimony. The question might be discussed easily and fitly in the columns of some of our Sunday newspapers that devote so much attention to the doings and the sayings of "our best people." If judgment were thus pronounced, it would be listened to with respect by the upper-middle, the middle, the lower-middle and even the lower classes, although the *proletaire* would probably show deplorable indifference. Or a new book on etiquette might devote a chapter to the subject. This would be an agreeable relief to the undue prominence given to table manners and the symbolical meaning of returned visiting cards. Whatever amount may be agreed upon, it should be paid in cash. Notes endorsed by minors should be prohibited, and all checks should be regarded as worthless unless they are certified.

Lynn is to have a new railway station, and the offer of the Boston and Maine Railroad is considered as "a magnificent exhibition of that company's liberality and willingness to meet the demands of travel and the present and future progress" of the city. This station is needed without doubt, and no one grudges Lynn the future building. Would it not be well for the same company to consider for a moment the needs of Boston? The present station is sadly inadequate; the demands of travel there are great; and the persons of the road, numbered by thousands, are inconvenienced daily.

The Black Monday of Boston boys and girls comes on a Wednesday, for the public schools will re-open September 7. There are parents that will hail the announcement with delight; parents that are nervous, easily disturbed by the pranks of healthy animal spirits. Yet it is a serious question whether the opening should not be at a later date. The first days of September are generally trying to the temper and the health, particularly if there is a return from country roads and air to city streets. Nor is knowledge acquired unwillingly under such conditions of great advantage to the student.

There is mourning at the seaside from the New Jersey to the Massachusetts coast. The waves of August are treacherous, and under a clear sky breakers may be sent from a storm without that endanger the life of a swimmer. Too great care can not be exercised, particularly by women and children, who are easily deceived by the kindly sun and the apparently friendly invitation of the water.

A Western gentleman, who is now stopping in Swampscott, writes The Journal a note that is full of indignation at the barbarity shown by Massachusetts men and women in the docking of the tails of their horses. "You have a law in this State against docking horses, and yet to a Western man it is absolutely shocking to see the number of these noble and helpless animals deprived of their tails. It is simply a shame and an outrage." This indignation is just. There is a law, and under it there was a conviction here a short time ago. There are women in this city who have protested together in newspapers against the practice. And yet the inhuman habit prevails. The custom was imported from England, as our correspondent suggests, but even there it has been sternly rebuked by such an authority on the horse as Mayhew. Many of our women think that a docked tail lends distinction to their appearance in the road, and in their opinion they are confirmed by lazy zrooms. Nor does the fact that the operation is cruel and the after discomfort great in sticky weather when flies abound seem to convince them of the ferocity of their vanity.

Housekeepers should be on their guard against a Western concern that sends out circulars purporting to give instructions for preserving fruit by the "California cold process." A correspondent of the New York Tribune has exposed the deceit. The details of the process, it seems, must be secured from the company, and this is made possible by a payment of \$8. Professor Hilgard declares that the preservative portion of the compound is salicylic acid, which preserves the color of the fruit, but is poisonous.

Governor McKinley excites the pity of many because he wears a black frock coat when journeying, and it is said that statesmen are obliged to consult conventionality and disregard personal comfort. This inference is not well drawn from the Governor's example. The late Hannibal Hamlin wore habitually the coolest of all summer costumes. It was a favorite habit of Matt Carpenter to speak from the stump in white flannel trousers and a velvet shooting jacket, without a vest, and with an oravat of exuberant proportions and florid complexion. And there has been a great deal of earnest work done by Western statesmen in their shirt sleeves—the famous coat of arms that President Lincoln claimed.

There is a ghastly controversy in the newspapers of Paris as to whether Ravachol, who was guillotined, pronounced the two last syllables of "Republique" after his head was cut off. It has even entered into the debates of the Academy of Medicine. The idea of the possibility of sensation or knowledge after such an execution is by no means new; and certain philanthropists have argued therefore against the guillotine. The subject was discussed long ago in the elder Dumas' "1001 Phantoms," and lately by several short story tellers of the medical-fantastical school.

Kleptomania is supposed to be a disease of the rich and the fashionable, but it is doubtful whether burglary could be covered by this term. And yet the case reported from New Haven seems inexplicable, viewed simply from a criminal standpoint. A young man of good position, apparently outside of ordinary temptation, breaks into houses at night and takes away clothing and jewelry. He is not accused of theft of money or valuable papers. He must have known that the clothing would have been at once identified if he had worn it, and he knew that it would have brought but little at the second-hand shop. It is a singular case, for society-burglars are rare, although bank-burglars are often men of education and good address.

There was a pigeon-match the other day in New Jersey with live birds, and there was "a large and fashionable audience." It does not seem strange, however, that women should encourage such wanton cruelty, for humming birds and other birds of bright and attractive plumage appear again in the decoration of hats. Many of these birds are caught in the South of France on their arrival from Africa. Wires charged with electricity offer them a friendly perch. Cruel nets are spread in field and forest. Last summer 15,500 of the poor creatures were caught in two forests only, and it is estimated that in France alone 1,200,000 little birds were killed last year. All of them were insect-eaters.

Aug 24

A NOBLE REPLY.

The letters interchanged lately between Dr. Bulow and Verdi are an interesting contribution to the curiosities of music, and they are worthy of a place in the future volume of Weckerlin's series of collected scraps and memoranda. Dr. Hans Guido von Bulow, the eminent jurist, wit, mimic, pianist, composer, editor and director, has for some years past been the Suimei of the musical world. He has been in the habit of cursing musicians and throwing stones at them, and casting dust at them. He would profess often violent admiration for a work or an intense friendship for a man, in order that he might make mischief in a certain quarter. His

tastes were as capricious as were his friendships. His behavior in public was such that charitable persons charged him with insanity.

In the course of these amusements Dr. Bulow took occasion to speak of Verdi, the greatest composer of opera who is now alive, in the most insulting terms. He had not the excuse of personal grievance, he could not defend himself on account of a burning zeal for art. Verdi, an old, a modest, and a dignified man, made no reply. Within a few weeks Bulow apparently repented him of his intemperate and unjust speech, and he wrote the author of "Otello" a letter, in which he regretted his words and expressed his high appreciation of his personal and musical character. To this Verdi replied, and the letter is worthy of the attention of musicians and of those who have indulged themselves in the belief that all musicians are by nature arrogant, vain and narrow-minded. The letter is as follows:

"You have committed no fault, and neither repentance nor absolution can be spoken of. If your present opinion differs from your former opinion, you have done well to say so, though I should never have complained. And then—who knows?—perhaps you were right before. However that may be, your unexpected letter—a letter from a musician of such importance in the musical world—has given me great pleasure, not on account of personal ambition, but because it shows me that highly-placed artists can judge without the prejudice of nationality, school or time. If Northern and Southern artists have diverse tendencies it is well to let them be different. They should all be attached to the proper characteristics of their respective nations, as Wagner has justly observed. Happy you who are still the sons of Bach! And we—who also who are the sons of Palestrina—had already a grand school which was truly our own. Now it has become a bastard art and shipwreck threatens—if we could only begin from the beginning."

Whatever may be the faults of the irritable Bulow, who was wronged cruelly by his first wife, who left him for Wagner, the man whom he befriended in sore need, he has been catholic in his musical taste, and he has proved this catholicity in the making of his orchestral programmes. He was the friend and the champion of Berlioz; he exerted all his influence for Wagner; he was one of the first to realize the genius of Bizet. It is to be hoped that his repentance in the Verdi matter is sincere, for Verdi is too great a master to escape the notice or provoke the flippancy of Bulow. As for the letter of Verdi, it is characteristic of the man. The popular success of his early operas did not turn his head. Intensely national, he did not despise the advance made in the operatic art of France and Germany. He, the musical hero of Italy, did not disdain to learn from the works of foreign composers; not that he might imitate slavishly, but that he might accentuate his own individuality. He has kept in line with the musical advances of each successive year; not from fear, as Meyerbeer, lest he should not be before the public, but because he valued his art above all personal prejudices. The composer of "Aida," "Otello" and the "Requiem Mass" can appeal confidently to the judgment of Time, even if he does not live to see the production of his "Falstaff." He can afford to pardon Bulow.

Persia is a remote land, and the news that hundreds are dying there daily from cholera excites only momentary pity. Nor does Russia, which suffers from the plague, seem a neighbor. But when there are over a hundred fatal cases of cholera in one day in Hamburg, we begin to realize that the pest is only one week distant. Vessels come from that port to us in great numbers, and our harbor officers cannot display to great vigilance in exercising all known precautions. It has been a trying summer; the streets of our seaboard towns are not too clean; and the cholera is no respecter of persons.

Mr. Labouchere is often amusing, and he is always amusing when he takes himself seriously. His statement as regards his exclusion from Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet abounds in good things, as when he regrets that the Queen is not pleased with him. "I may not have seen eye to eye with Her Majesty, but I always have regarded her as strictly constitutional." Nor does he blame Mr. Gladstone, although the "sons of the horse-leech" have been too much for him. It would be a matter of general interest to know Mr. Labouchere's authority for thus increasing the family of the leech, for it has hitherto been supposed that it was confined to "two daughters." But the editor of Truth is irresistibly funny when he speaks in feeling terms of his undying devotion to the cause of democracy and his willingness to be sacrificed in the cause.

A San Francisco newspaper, discussing the question of the introduction of physical culture and a grant of \$10,000 for the benefit of the public schools, claims that "very few lady teachers could touch the points of their toes with the finger tips without bending the limbs, and very few male teachers could perform the feat." For this reason it objects to light gymnastics, by a process of reasoning that seems feminine rather than according to Mill or Jevons.

Now that the European Continent is the playground of the cholera, the American tourists think naturally of England. The island has a good repute for sanitation. It is said that the emigration of Americans this year has been unusually large, and it is natural that the London newspapers should call on English landlords to be wise and moderate, that foreigners may see the advantages of England as a summer stamping ground. The British tourist, who complains of our hotels, should consider these words of the Pall Mall Gazette: "There is no reason why an English hotel should be miserable in its accommodation and exorbitant in its charges, except that it is so little patronized. They will be full this year. Let them earn a good name."

Mr. Henry E. Dixey thinks that "the theatre is more of a profession than medicine, law or painting, for it is human." At the same time he is despondent. The stage is not what it was once. The reform, according to him, must be worked by the actor-manager. There was a time when the theatre had "the entire sympathy" of the press and the public. "Everything was done not with the desire alone to make money so much as to bring the talent of each member of a company to a perfect collective rendering of standard works." It must not be forgotten that it is "Adonis" Dixey who is talking; and it excites wonder even in this tired age to hear him lamenting the fact that "provided the principal actor secures a part that he does not think up to his standard he will not hesitate to take liberties with his lines and situations." It was this same Mr. Dixey who, during his last engagement in Boston, introduced a topical song of singular incongruity in the second act of "The Mascotte," but perhaps he thought the part of Lorenzo not "up to his standard."

The believers in the novel with a purpose—such as Mrs. Humphrey Ward—will rejoice at the news that Mr. Prek proposes to distribute copies of Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place" among the union and non-union men at Homestead. But Reade's novel is not interesting solely on account of his views on the labor question and the facts that he wove into his story. He had the great gift of a picturesque style. He spoke with authority. He was never dull in description or in dialogue. So he made dry bones live. It must also be remembered that Reade in "Never too Late to Mend" represents the cruel governor of an English jail weeping copiously over the horrors of slavery as depicted in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Whatever may be the effect of the book on the people of Homestead, they will at least have the pleasure of a few excited hours, and the booksellers will smile and rub their hands.

The New York Nation regrets that our Public Library "no longer exercises that discretion which led it, by an enlightened view of its duties and its interests, to grant to persons actually engaged in authorship, the privilege of occasionally drawing books, although non-residents." It seems that at present the loan of a book only "for a few hours" is refused. But it does not occur to the Nation that a resident of this city may wish this very book "for a few hours" and at the same time with the non-resident. Many users of the library have found that the books they needed, and thought surely accessible on account of rarity or special nature, were needed by some one else who had anticipated them. The residents have the first right to the public books, and there must be a fixed rule in the matter, although the directors thus incur the reproach of churlishness.

The foreign critics who sneer constantly at the "disgraceful scenes" that are said to attend our elections may view with profit yesterday's performance at Derby. The Tory candidate who is running against Sir William Harcourt charged the latter in public with being a wife-beater. The mob then threatened to lynch the accuser, and "liar" and "coward" were the softest expressions heard. Mr. Atkinson then explained his language as Pickwickian, and finally retracted the charge. He then made his escape. And yet our public men are accused of indulging in the most odious public recrimination.

Rousseau would be delighted if he could hear the news from California, which corroborates his theory concerning education. According to the San Francisco Call, Japanese boys who go to school with a few books under their arm are in the habit of stoning Chinamen who carry clothes-baskets on their heads. But this statement may be sprinkled plentifully with salt, for the animus of the Call is seen clearly when its chief comment is "The average American would gladly be rid of both."

How Freshmen in the men's colleges where hazing is still practiced, although in a mild form, must envy their sisters at Bryn Mawr. The older students call on the new comers and give them "teas," and this "attitude of cordial welcome" is italicized by the custom of the Sophomores to give each year a play to the Freshmen in the gymnasium. Not to be outdone in such social amenities, the Freshmen in turn play to the Sophomores, and with the rise of the curtain baskets of roses are scattered over the members of the older class.

Aug 25

THE HANDICAPPED DAUGHTER.

A book appeared some time ago with the title "What Shall We Do With Our Daughters?" The question is always pertinent and interesting. But a question that is said to now agitate English society is this: "What shall we do with our mothers?" For strange news comes across the Atlantic. It is stated on the authority of "a London woman"—the very vagueness lends conviction to the knowing who pierce even this apparently impenetrable disguise—that in these days no one asks a mother and a daughter to dinner party or country house. The reasons for this inhuman distinction are as follows: "It is considered that if both were invited, the female element of one family would be too large in proportion to the number of the company. Now if a girl has the great advantage of being motherless, and therefore of being chaperoned by a father who is a widower, then invitations flow in in a continuous stream. She and her father can visit and dine out as a 'couple,' but with a double advantage from a social point of view. * * * Again, in the case of a girl with a mother, a young man cannot come to call without feeling the speculative eye of the mother fixed upon him. If she remains in the room, and tries to make herself agreeable, she overshadows the daughter; if she goes out of the room, it looks as though she were forcing a tete-a-tete between her and the visitor."

But to the judicious observer these points are not well taken; a stronger case could have been presented. The "London Woman" might have called attention to the fact that many men have been taught from their youth up to examine the mother carefully before wooing the daughter. As the old birds sing, the young will twitter. The young man may see in the mother, as in the magic glass of Agrippa, his wife of twenty years. A girl might in certain cases be excused readily for preferring to enter into the campaign without visible aid.

The opinions of the "London Woman" run

counter to the experience of the world. Even in these days of female independence, the daughter needs the advice of her mother. It is the latter who constructs the net and repairs the broken threads. She, best of all, knows the weaknesses of men. A word from her will encourage the faint-hearted; a frown will turn flippancy into earnestness. There are certain things necessary to success that no girl of conventional training can suggest or bring about unaided. Even the accomplished Miss Rebecca Sharp regretted once or twice the absence of maternal counsel. There is a freemasonry among the mothers. About to enter their daughters in the race, they feel a lively interest in the rivals. They find excitement in plots and counter-plots; they undermine the prejudices of the mother of the youth, who looks with suspicion on any forward girl who would rob her of her pride. Or go to more foreign lands, where these negotiations are simplified; it is the mother of the Circassian girl who regulates the character and the amount of the diet of her daughter, that she may be sleek and comely.

It is said that no one fears "the match-making propensities of a father." This is undoubtedly true. Men are more easily deceived in the worth of the proffered goods. Ethelberta, in Thomas Hardy's story, was not assisted materially by her father's knowledge of his kind, although as butler he had peculiar opportunities for acquiring discrimination. The male parent may judge of the worldly position of a suitor, but he has not the detective eye of his wife, the eye that never sleeps.

The English girl, it seems, is now so independent that she flies in the face of nature and rejects the British matron. She is confident of her own charms and her own judgment. She feels herself handicapped by the presence of a mother. But how does she escape, or how does she secure her private invitation? Is the reserve force attributed to the stout and judicious English woman merely a thing of fiction? Can she not insist that where her daughter goes she accompanies? Or does the daughter protest against her mother's wish? Let the latter be firm; let her be unmoved by tears or prayers. Let her remember the words of Mr. Frank Stockton: "Nothing is so terrible as a parent at bay."

Governor Flower has shown in the matter of the Buffalo strikes a firmness that is commendable, and in strong contrast with the performances of his predecessor on a like occasion. He did not hesitate to call out the militia when its presence was necessary to order, and the proclamation in which he offers a reward for the arrest and the conviction of persons violating the provisions of the penal code relating to steam railways will have a salutary effect.

The death of an ex-Governor excites little or no attention in these days of constant rotation in office, and his private career after withdrawal from the public is often death in life. How many, for instance, remember the Governorship of Myron H. Clark of New York, who died the other day. Yet his political career was marked in many ways. It was due to his firmness that the legal restriction to two cents a mile for railway passenger fares was enacted. He was the only Prohibitionist who ever filled the Executive Chair of his State. As Chairman of a Senate committee he had, previous to his election as Governor, secured the passage of the Prohibitory Liquor law, which was subsequently declared unconstitutional by a majority of the Court of Appeals. He was the last Whig nominated to a State office in New York.

Some of the gilded youth of New York propose to run a line of post-coaches next summer between that city and Newport. It will be under the management of Mr. J. Sufferin Taiter, "an English gentleman who has had much experience in such matters." This is the same Mr. Taiter who lately made a sensation in France. The line will not be established for money making, "but simply for pleasure." Now there are noblemen of England who are deeply interested in the transport of the public; but they are more practical than American citizens. They buy and control hansom-cabs, and charge a fixed price for their services. And there is a tradition that once when there was a scarcity of drivers, one of the owners, a real Marquis, sat on the driver's seat, handled the ribbons, and collected the fares.

The distinction made by our Health Officers in favor of immigrants from the British islands and Scandinavia is a compliment to the northern nations. The Italian, who comes from the land of beauty and of art; the Frenchman, who boasts of the civilization of his country; the profound and mystical German; the Russian, who vaunts himself on Tartar blood; all these are compelled to undergo a scrubbing in hot water and soap, while their clothing and baggage are disinfected. The proud Spaniard joins them. The northern nations alone escape.

The doctrine of retaliation is now applied to art, and the action of the Custom House officers at Detroit in preventing a Canadian band from fulfilling an engagement in that city is the cause of the rejection of the offer of "Patsy" Gilmore by the St. George's Society of Hamilton. His band had before this assisted in the winter festivals of the town. But in such retaliation the Canadians are the worse sufferers. There are plenty of Canadian bands; there is only one Gilmore. The people of Hamilton will miss his good nature, eyeglass, decorations and company of "world famous and artistic soloists."

It will be remembered that Miss Anne Reeve Aldrich, who had won enviable renown as a writer of thoughtful and polished verse, died in June of this year at the age of 26. Scribner's Magazine for September speaks of "the beauty, promise and even genius" of her more ambitious poetry, and prints the following poem, dictated during her short illness, when she was unable to write. She died before daybreak.

DEATH AT DAYBREAK.

I shall go out when the light comes in,
There lie my cast-off form and face;
I shall pass Dawn on her way to earth
As I seek for a path through space.

I shall go out when the light comes in,
Would I might take one ray with me;
It is blackest night between the worlds,
And how is a soul to see?

We speak contemptuously of a dog's life, and in the countries of Europe, where the animals draw carts, and in our own cities, where they are muzzled, their life is not to be envied. But how many men have traveled in this country as widely as Albany Railroad Jack, who has just returned from a tour extending to the Pacific coast and down into Mexico. It is said that in the last six years he has traveled over every line in the United States. He has the advantage over his rival, the drummer, for he is not obliged to solicit orders. He is a delightful companion, for he does not fret, he is not garrulous, he does not display hogghishness in his claims on space, and he does not weary the conductor with vain questioning.

now runs down for an evening he carries a cane or an umbrella. So, too, the singular species of the male sex that played at toughness has returned to civilization. He no longer walks as though he were a fancy man. He has abandoned his swing, his shrug. His hat is adjusted carefully to his head. He no longer seeks to impress the waiter or his table neighbor. The briarwood pipe that he smoked so defiantly in public is exchanged for a mild cigar. His manners are amiable, and it is reported that he says "sir" to old gentlemen.

The cap that made even a man of extreme intellectuality look like a deck steward on an ocean steamer has disappeared. Such caps are never seen exposed for sale in city streets or windows. They appear suddenly in a seaside village, like Jonah's gourd. They are worn by men both thin and stout, and of widely differing facial construction. And, lo, suddenly they are gone. Nor on the occasion of a hotel festivity is there from station to piazza a procession of tired beings, armed each with a dress-suit case, their offering on the altar of conventionality. The woman who now remains does not look disdainfully at the sack coat, even if it be of the pepper and salt description.

These and similar familiar sights of summer are things of the past. The return to the routine of city life is heralded by the return to orthodox garments. It would be interesting to know the fate of the discarded caps and sweaters. They are not used in winter. Are they stored away as ammunition for the next campaign, or do they serve as fees to the expectant waiters and bell-boys?

The presentation of the illuminated album by Capt. Platt, the son of the Mayor of Gloucester, England, to the Mayor of the City of Fisheries, was a graceful compliment from the old town to its namesake. The speech of the Englishman was short and characteristically blunt; but there was hearty good will in every line, and he evidently realized the character of the celebration.

By a singular irony the humane Gladstone accused of cruelty in continuing the post of Master of the Royal Buckhounds. The duties of this office are concerned with the sport of deer hunting with dogs, which is, according to many, a barbarous amusement. It is needless to say that the newspapers which bring the charge are Liberal, for the conservatism of the Tory squire is seen in its full bloom in their hunting, and it is not improbable that they would prefer national dismemberment to the abolition of "riding to hounds." Nor have the efforts of more enlightened persons been able to convince the modern Bersekers of the cruelty of their pursuit of the fox and the deer.

Antiquarians have claimed that the idea of the telephone was not unknown in England long ago, and they base their supposition on a singular passage in Camden's England. But a more curious illustration of prophecy, or a coincidence of fact and fiction, is a passage in Voltaire's "Mieramegas," which is pointed out by a correspondent of the New York Tribune. It reads as follows: "When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed about 100,000,000 of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they described two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers."

The failure of a worthy reform in a Wisconsin summer resort is complete. Summer girls organized themselves into an anti-smoke society, pledging themselves solemnly not to dance or talk with any young man whose breath smelled of smoke. One wily girl stood aloof and declined the invitation. She became in one day the belle of the village. The summer young men thronged around her, and "sometimes she had ten escorts at once." As an inevitable result the society disbanded. In this connection it is pleasant to learn that the tobacco crop in the Connecticut and Housatonic valleys is one of remarkable promise, and the present prices are the highest since the days of the Civil War.

The city of Mexico saw last Sunday a strange and memorable sight. The anniversary of the agony of Guatemozin, the last of the Aztec Emperors, was celebrated. It will be remembered that Cortez put his captive to the torture in order that he might reveal the treasure which he was supposed to possess. The Emperor bore the ordeal like a stoic. Sunday last President Diaz, at the head of the Mexican army and in presence of a great crowd, paid homage to the memory of the brave man. Speeches were made in Aztec and in Spanish, the languages of the tortured and the inquisitor.

It is said that Director Leach, of the United States Mint, is not altogether pleased with the design for the Columbian souvenir coin provided for by the act of Congress appropriating \$2,500,000 for the Exposition. The obverse carries a head of the discoverer, designed after a portrait in Chicago; but it is well known that there is no authentic portrait in existence. On the reverse is an elevation of the Administration Building of the Fair. Mr. Leach can not be too particular in his choice of a design. The coinage of a country is, as a rule, an index to the character and condition of its art, and although there has been improvement here in the attention paid such matters, our coinage does not as yet equal in beauty of design that of England or France.

The defeated and disgusted switchmen now quarrel among themselves. Nor do they seem to stand in awe of the authority of their own officers. For one of the discontented remonstrated with Master Workman Sweeney by putting the head of the dictator against a telegraph pole and then "punching and pounding it until he was pulled away." Such personal violence is, of course, to be deplored, and the demand of the assailant was preposterous; but if the episode in connection with the failure of the strike leads Mr. Sweeney to consider carefully the fact that the demands of a workman, even when they are just, are not aided by deeds of lawlessness, the "punching and the pounding" will not have been in vain.

Mothers are apt to reprove their children for lying flat and outstretched when they read. Dr. Lander Brunton, in his investigation of the secret of having ideas at will, placed himself in various positions, and found that his mental activity was greatest when he was flat on a table. "Then ideas bubbled up in his mind." The moment he raised his head his mind became an utter blank. If the doctor's theory is confirmed, office furniture will be revolutionized, and even the practice of reclining at dinner might be introduced with advantage to the conversation.

Aug 27

A BIRTHDAY OF WIT.

To express in fitting terms the lively admiration and the sense of personal affection excited by the life and the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes would require the wit, the fancy and the humanity of the autoerotic himself. The citizen who is so honored by his townsmen, the professor who is remembered so gratefully by many of his calling, the writer who delights two continents might well dispense with eulogy at this late day. Yet it would seem ungracious to allow the anniversary of his birth to go by without renewed acknowledgments of gratitude for the generous employment of the many talents given him by nature.

While it would be an impertinence on this occasion to criticize his work or pronounce solemnly a judgment, the gayety of his ripe old age may well suggest an inquiry into the character of the wit and the humor of his books. And, first, he is by no means a humorist in the ancient sense of the word. Blood he has in plenty, it is true; but choler, phlegm and melancholy, the three other humors of the old physicians, do not control him. If humor be a term applied loosely as a tag to the "talent for kindly pleasantry or jocularity," then is he most humorous. Or if wit be "that which excites agreeable surprise in the mind from the strange assemblage of related images presented to it," then is he the living definition. The humor is always restrained, as by a sense of scientific accuracy in the proportion, nor is it ever too exuberant. The wit is not malignant, it is not corrosive. The peculiar characteristic of his style is a compounding of many simples. There is the quick thrust of cold steel as in Voltaire, but no sardonic laugh follows the successful attack. The wound is quickly healed by the kindly or noble utterance that serves as a medicament. It is not improbable that even when Dr. Holmes was most in earnest and challenged the disciples of Dr. Hahnemann, he felt a secret pity for his antagonists. There is the sense of the absurdity of a wretched play upon words that was also characteristic of Lamb, and there is the art of introducing the pun as though it were fit only for mockery. There is the American shrewd common sense that finds relief in exaggeration and hyperbole and yet turns them into ridicule. There is the true democratic spirit that sees through the shams and the affectations of snobs and demagogues alike, and acknowledges the value of substantial

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The summer season along the Massachusetts coast draws to its close. Cottagers may remain far into September, but they that put their trust in hotels or boarding houses look toward the city or the mountains. The piazzas begin to be deserted. The waiters redouble their attentions. The landlord's face, now that his calculations are based on facts, is the index to the past custom. There are other signs of the yearly farewell to the shore. The expressman and the driver will soon turn to their regular employments, and the inhabitants of the village will fold their hands in hibernation.

Chief among these signs is the return of certain males who still loiter for a day to normal clothing. This term "normal" must not be misunderstood. There is here no reference to dress reform or sanitary flannels. But men who have for a season worn strange disguises now resemble their fellows and are fortunately without the distinction that excites humorous comment. A few examples will be directly to the point.

There is a young man known to all frequenters of summer resorts. He is generally thin, with effeminate manners and with a stoop. He is passionately addicted to cigarettes. His favorite amusement is to sit on the piazza in company with others of his kind, and as they blow the sickening smoke that pollutes the salt air they discuss gravely the natural and the artificial charms of female celebrities of the "comic opera." They row not, neither do they sail. Tennis is an exertion, and the exercise of quick walking is to them rude and violent. Their physical regimen is confined to a game of billiards, and when they are thus fatigued they lean on an adjacent bar. Now the favorite dress of these young men is the "sweater," the garment of athletes. They appear in it at breakfast; they wear it at dinner; it is possible that in it they lie down and sleep. The incongruity of the costume of sweater, flannel trousers with rolled up bottoms and a sporting cap is a delight to the judicious. The sweater seems to have driven out the blazer, just as hirts of silk and cotton have effaced the memory of flannel. But now the days of the sweater are numbered. The wearer is seen in the well-known costume that is dear to the dandies of the town.

The young man who is closely associated, although in a subordinate capacity, with large "dry goods establishments," is seen no longer. It was his habit morning and evening, as he went to and from business, to carry jauntily a tennis racket protected by a cloth covering. He was never noticed on the ground. He served customers in town; not balls within the lines of chalk. If he

Above all is the fallacy of charity to the imperfections and the failings of man. In Paris, where he spent glad days, described so pleasantly in his latest book, Dr. Holmes learned other things beside theories of medicine and surgical practices. Probably without direct application, and rather by assimilation or absorption, he gained the mastery of striking a blow in a few words. The blow might be aimed at the visibility of the reader; it might be the instrument of a sterner purpose; but there was no time wasted in preparation or in execution. To express clearly a clear thought is the privilege of the French. It is said that sturdy Dutch blood is mingled with English blood in the veins of Dr. Holmes; but the lighting play of his spirit is eminently Gallic.

Many of the English-speaking people find in the arguments as well as in the epigrams of the French a taint of insincerity. Their suspicion is undoubtedly unjust. It may be true that every Frenchman writes with one eye on his manuscript and one on the outside world; perhaps he is always a comedian, even when he is seriously inclined. But the mind of Dr. Holmes, although it finds expression in sentences of Gallic clearness and Gallic wit, is moved by feelings of sincerity and humanity. He is in earnest when he indulges in quips and cranks. The jesting is never idle. He is often righteously indignant when he is apparently careless, and shooting his arrows tipped with irony skyward and at random. So, too, the poet who made such merry rhymes sang the need of Divine consolation in hours of darkness and distress, or, in thinking of the chambered nautilus, enlarged his soul. It surely is not the least of his comforting thoughts to-day when he is conscious of the love and admiration of troops of friends, and realizes fully the accompaniments of honored age, that the wit and the humor which were peculiarly his were never employed save in innocent amusement, the correction of abuse, or the shaming of men and women that they might lead fuller lives.

The lover of Nature turned toward from the sea this morning with regret. The sky was leaden, and the wind was shrill; but the surf roared along the coast. Such weather drives the careless summer guest to the city; but he that loves the sterner moods of Ocean does not miss the holiday dress and the undue familiarity with the mighty element.

To-day is the anniversary of the birth of Hannibal Hamlin. He was born in the same year that first saw Oliver Wendell Holmes, and there was a difference of only two days in the date. It is well to keep in mind such anniversaries and the memory of those who have aided in the building up of this Republic. It is not mere sentimentalism; it is the proper respect paid by the patriotic of all lands to their distinguished men.

It appears that the people of Oberammergau never intend to appear in the "Passion Play" at Chicago. And therefore the talk and the printed discussions were a waste of words. Nay, more; they are indignant, and they speak of the report as a "malicious invention." This is welcome news to many who, impressed by the solemnity of the religious festival in Bavaria, were loth to see the mystery or Passion play produced at Chicago amid incongruous surroundings. The people of Oberammergau say that it will not be given in their own village before 1900. Unfortunately their service of worship is, to many idle tourists, merely a theatrical show, to be seen as one of the sights of Europe.

There is a new dictator in Venezuela, with the customary accompanying circumstances, such as the arrest of Senators, preparations for battle, and "great excitement" of the inhabitants. The governments of these South American republics is unfortunately not unlike the definition of an ideal system, i. e., absolute despotism tempered by occasional assassination. It was only the other day that the Pall Mall Gazette called upon Mr. Herbert Spencer to examine thoroughly the South American revolution from a scientific standpoint. "A mere chronicle of bloody battles, diversified by executions, gives us no clue. Is it race, or climate, or bad institutions that make the inhabitants so restless, and so unpleasantly violent in their restlessness?"

Our newspapers are even now filled with prescriptions and remedies against the cholera. As water is said to be the easiest and surest source of pollution, it is well that it should be boiled, and there is danger of contagion also from polluted ice. But Sir Richard Quain has suggested an ingenious precaution in the latter instance. In a letter to the London Times he writes as follows: "My advice is to boil ice before using it." Those who have lived in London, where ice is exhibited in restaurants almost as a rarity, will appreciate the more this use of the article.

Mr. Frank Leslie-Wilde announces publicly that she left Mr. Wilde in Europe because "the climate of America is too exhilarating and affects him peculiarly, as his nature needs repose." This is an instance that might be used in support of the theory of Buckle, that man, with his institutions, is fashioned largely by the climate. At the same time, there are towns in our own country where Mr. Wilde would not find himself excited, if the descriptions that travelers give of Philadelphia may be believed, or if Dr. Holmes is correct in his opinions concerning certain New England towns.

Mr. Bennett, in his address on "The Endowment Craze in Massachusetts" before the American Economic Association at Chautauqua, cited the following amusing instance of the extravagance of the managers of the endowment societies. One of the officers of the "Order of the Golden Lion" stated before Justice Allen of the Supreme Court that he was the Supreme Chaplain of the order, and that his duty was to open the Supreme Session with prayer. This session was held once in two years. His Supreme Salary was \$7500 per annum, and therefore his prayer cost the members just \$15,000. It is true that his qualifications for the office were peculiar. He had served diligently as a clerk in a grocery store at \$15 a week.

The Englishman by his growling may make himself obnoxious to traveling companions and foreigners, but he distributes his growls impartially and they often work good results. Just now there is discussion in the English newspapers concerning the "mystery, procrastination and compromise" in the selection of the designs of the new coinage. "In matters of art our authorities, if they are not always successful, are at least always dilatory." Other comments of a similar nature are made freely. And yet the English coinage has for years commanded the respect of foreign critics. The Mint authorities are thus encouraged by their countrymen, who believe that eternal vigilance is the price of national and public art.

The news of the destruction of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York will be heard with regret by all interested in the cultivation of the opera. Its erection was, in a measure, a protest against the abuses that had crept into the management of opera in New York and an attempt to remove the reproach that was then justly brought against the opera as a form of art. The Metropolitan may have been the scene of musical fanaticism a year or two ago, but the fanaticism was eminently sincere and was intended to make for musical righteousness; and by performances given in that house the death blow was given to the intolerable "star-system" that for years had injured music in this country.

The London Lancet discusses the recent bicycle racing in this country, and pays especial attention to the dispatch riding. While it admires the endurance of the riders, it warns the cyclist of the dangers to which he exposes himself. "The heart knows no rest from full activity, and the elastic coat of every artery in his body is in full tension. In some instances such is the tension that the man literally propels himself in what may be called blindness. His legs work automatically, and his course is directed in a manner very little different." There is no question of the value of the exercise gained in the moderate riding of a bicycle. But there is no doubt that feats of long endurance are apt to superinduce organic degeneration. These solemn words of the Lancet are well worth heeding:

"Man is not an engine of iron and steel, but an organism of flesh and bone and blood that has to be renewed from day to day and from hour to hour, and his energy is not roughly chemical, but vital in its nature; he is constructed for other and nobler purposes than mere engine labor, and if he throws himself into mere engine work he will soon become an engine so disabled that his better self will fall into death before he has reached what in others better trained would be the prime period of vital strength and activity."

Mr. Howells, the son of the novelist, has passed a brilliant examination for admittance to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. This is gratifying to his parents and friends, and indirectly to American pride. The Government of France, in all matters relating to art and science, has for years treated foreigners most generously. It has given opportunities for free instruction, it has rewarded publicly the deserving of all nations. Does not gratitude alone demand the abolition of duties on the paintings of French artists? Artists are not made or developed by such duties. The more good pictures that are seen in this country, the better will our artists paint, and the healthier will be the general condition of art.

The celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford is a and and yet a joyous occasion. Gratitude is manifested by many only by signs; and others pour out thanksgiving in words that are not heard by them, and are not heard by those to whom they speak. The discoveries made in the possible education of deaf-mutes, and the rescuing of unfortunates from the land of silence, are among the triumphs of our modern civilization.

The Emperor William will not listen to the suggestion that prayer for the abatement of the cholera be ordered officially throughout Prussia; but he believes that the widest publicity should be given to the facts in the case, and he scents the idea that any concealment of the death rate will prevent panic. It will be remembered that Palmerston once angered many good people in England who asked for a day of national humiliation in a time of pestilence. He replied to the effect that they should first look sharply to the drains and exhaust all human precautions.

Mr. James J. Corbett declares in an open letter to the public that he is ambitious, and therefore he wishes to stand up against Mr. Sullivan. "If I should win, I shall become an actor." This rash statement will surely array all playwrights, play-actors and lovers of the drama against the ex-bank clerk from California, for they are hardly reconciled as yet to the appearance of Mr. Sullivan on the dramatic stage, although he is said to be an earnest student.

Another tragedy has been added to the catalogue of Norman's Wee. The reef is made terrible to those who have never seen it by the familiar lines of the ballad of Longfellow, just as the Inchcape Rock, which furnished material for the verse of Southey, excites the imagination of foreign readers.

It seems that the retainers of Queen Victoria do not look forward with pleasure to the Highland season at Balmoral. The gillies, gamekeepers and the rest will not be allowed daily rations of beer and whisky, but they will receive money instead. The new pipers must be total abstainers, and in laying down this regulation the Queen shows great good sense as well as a maternal regard for the neighborhood. A piper in the full possession of his senses is as terrible as an army with banners; but the mind recoils at the thought of a bagpipe played without discretion, and with the garrulousness and the exuberance of intoxication.

Of all forms of revenge, that adopted by the discharged cook of Mr. Hiram Sibley of New York, is about as subtle as any we have noted. Mr. Sibley was entertaining a party of friends on his steam yacht Wapiti, and when it touched at Collingwood, Ontario, he discharged one of his cooks for some misconduct. The latter at once gave out the story that the yacht had foundered and the whole party on board had been drowned. This, of course, was telegraphed all over the country and caused consternation among the friends of Mr. Sibley. Fortunately Mr. Sibley was able to contradict the story the next day, but it is not so clear that he can find a way to punish the cook. The newspaper correspondent at Collingwood, however, would seem to have allowed himself to be imposed upon in a very easy manner.

A woman of St. Louis has just perfected a singular invention. She has applied for a patent to cover the process of making "sweet potato flour." The processes are those of peeling the potato and kiln-drying the peel so that it will keep for any length of time as a food for live stock; of drying and grinding the potato into three distinct grades of flour, and also of slicing and drying in the form of "Saratoga chips." "All these forms will keep for years in any climate." Yet useful as this "dessicated food product" may be, there are those who will regret the invention. They have in the past viewed the sweet potato as a romantic variety of the prosaic, common, everyday article of commerce that in the days of Queen Anne was given only to animals and convicts. But if this invention proves successful the glory will depart.

The ability of the conductors and drivers of our street cars to discuss with marked intelligence all problems suggested by the reading of Browning has for some time excited the admiration and the envy of the inhabitants of less favored cities. A pleasing illustration—although in lesser degree—of the intellectuality of American democracy is recorded by a contributor to the Christian Union. Mr. James Bryce, it appears, in one of his journeys in this country talked freely with a brakeman. He mentioned his name, and the brakeman said "Bryce? Did you write the 'Holy Roman Empire' and 'The American Commonwealth'?" When the author acknowledged his deeds, the brakeman looked at him in silence. "Then," suddenly extending a very dirty paw, he exclaimed in a tone of the heartiest approval, "Shake!"

29

THE NEW OLYMPIA.

There is a prevailing impression that a prize fight is a fierce exhibition of brutal strength, aided and guided by skill in the art of sparring; that men fight for money and not to settle a dispute and not for the gratification of personal vengeance; that when one of the fighters is so battered and mauled that he cannot come to time the man who is able to stand receives the purse and the belt; that such a scene is enlivened by disorder, drunkenness and often robbery. The brutality of the encounter has been described graphically by many, from William Hazlitt to Rudyard Kipling. Legislatures have declared these gatherings illegal, contrary to law, order and the public morals.

But it seems that this is all a mistake. Possibly there were such fights in the dim past, but in our own time the sport of pugilism as it is managed at New Orleans makes actually for civilization. It is a New Orleans correspondent of the Brooklyn Eagle who thus throws light on our darkness. His letter was written with reference to the approaching fights in his loved city. The performances of the week that begins September 4 will be the "biggest series of events since the days of the Roman Cestus." The members of the Olympic Club of New Orleans are devoted to the pursuit of ancient history, and they wish in these effete times to revive the Grecian spirit. "They propose to make New Orleans a sort of modern Olympia. It is believed by them that prize fighting can be made a popular athletic sport in America." In their good work they have been assisted cordially by the State. The approaching combats will be given under the authority of Louisiana, and under a special license from the Mayor of the city. The Chief of Police will preside, "with fifty men or more under him, to see that everything is fairly, honestly and orderly conducted." The men who are in charge are "solid, substantial and respected business men," and the audience will be made up of members of the better classes—"lawyers, doctors, bankers, merchants and men of that kind." The sporting men, it seems, come mainly from the barbaric East; they wear "big diamond pins and beavers," but no quiet citizen of New Orleans need fear them, for "they are kept well in order." Indeed, Eastern men are welcomed, "they are notoriously lavish with their money," and they leave behind a substantial sum. "The hotels, bar rooms, theatres and other places patronized by the visitors must have divided the handsome sum of \$250,000 by the Fitzsimmons-Dempsey and Fitzsimmons-Maher fights."

It is true that there was an effort some time ago to break up these friendly gatherings. "Some of the religious people" tried to influence the Legislature, but the testimony of "some of the best citizens of New Orleans" was so strong in favor of the shows that no attention was paid to the protest of the insignificant minority. The citizens admitted cautiously that "a little blood was spilt," but such physical relief was regarded as sanitary.

The building consecrated to these Grecian scenes is an immense amphitheatre, "laid off like an opera house—with numbered seats, private and proscenium boxes, easy chairs and every comfort imaginable." "It is constructed after the fashion of the old Roman Colosseum." But an improvement on the ancient plan is the "barbed wire fence to prevent any of that ring jumping which has spoiled so many fights." The press is first comfortably entertained. Many of the Northern newspapers will send three or four reporters, an artist, a retired pugilist to give points, and a stenographer and a telegrapher. The attention of parents is called to the peculiar advantages of the family circle. Electricity is used in the lighting of the hall and in the sounding of the gong.

There are other points of interest in this letter of refutation of a vulgar error, such as the zeal displayed by the railways, the hotel and shop keepers in assisting in this "effort to make the prize ring refined and respectable, something that gentlemen can patronize." Furthermore, the Olympics are aided in their attempt by the profound researches of Mr. J. L. Sullivan. We quote from his autobiography:

"The ancient Athenians, who so prized the profession of boxing that they would not admit to it any but free and reputable citizens, covered their hands with leather and metal in order to make murderous blows. It is hard to see how our modern critics can admire them, and yet withhold their appreciation from a native of the 'modern Athens' who covers his hands with soft gloves to temper the blows."

In their rivalry of the conduct of Mr. Zappas, a wealthy Peloponnesian, who in 1858 contributed a fund for the re-establishment of the Olympian games, the Olympics of New Orleans have overlooked the fact that in ancient times literary works were first publicly recited, although such recitations

formed no part of the festival proper. Mr. Sullivan might be persuaded to give readings from his book on an evening when he was not otherwise engaged, and Mr. Corbett could show by a recitation whether his dramatic ambitions were founded on natural aptitude. The revival should be complete.

It will be remembered that Mr. B. P. Hinchinson found New York life intolerable on account of the inferior quality of the native pie. As he is a man of wealth, he lost no time in opening a pie-and-bean house where he could eat, and, at the same time, comfort others. He is now weary of the town; he agrees with Mr. Howells that no one can love it, and he proposes to return to Boston, "the finest place in the world to live in." His taste for beans (which, according to Artemus Ward, were invented here by Gilson), will, no doubt, be gratified; whether he can approve of our pie is a more doubtful question.

Leont. Totten's latest theory is that we are to have an epidemic of mysterious disappearances. As he puts it: "The time will come when you will hear of some person who is gone and no trace can be found of him. You will not know what has become of him. You will wonder, and the first that you know some other person will be missing. You will see crowds of people flocking about the churches and asking themselves what is happening, but they cannot explain the mystery." Such phenomena are not altogether unknown at present, we believe, but often a careful study of the Canadian or South American hotel registers has had an illuminating effect upon them.

The chivalric conduct of Mr. Gladstone in accepting the sole responsibility for the arrangement of the ministry evidently touched the heart of Mr. Labouchere, or at least excited his admiration, and he compliments him by letter. But it is not unlikely that Mr. Gladstone remembers his school-boy days and looks upon the leader of the Radicals as a Greek bearing gifts.

It is reported that an American physician is now of service in Berlin in organizing students of our nation into a body of nurses in the event of epidemic cholera. So too in Paris, in the "Terrible Year," it was an American surgeon, Dr. Swinburne, who introduced an improved ambulance and gave valuable rules and regulations for the discipline of nurses. The practical side of the American character furnishes amusement at times to our foreign friends; but in time of emergency they are the first to recognize its value.

If the report sent from New York is correct in the detail then was the appearance of the once admired comedian, Harry Kernell, most pitiable. It is hardly creditable that an unbalanced mind should provoke hisses; and yet the history of the stage abounds in instances of cruelty shown by audiences to past favorites. Nor did the encouraging cheers of friends on this occasion restore Kernell's mental nimbleness, although they drowned the noise of complaint. Kernell is the latest added to the list of play-actors who either from overwork or irregular habits broke down before their time. In recent days McCulloch, Hart and Scanlan were his immediate predecessors.

Are we as a nation threatened with the danger that alarms France? Mr. Carroll D. Wright sounds a warning in the Popular Science Monthly by proclaiming a decrease in the size of families. This decrease has been gradual, it being in 1860 5.23, in 1870 5.09, in 1880 5.04, and in 1890 4.94. In the Western division, the average size of the family has risen, as would have been expected, on account of the settlement of the West in the last few years. In Oklahoma, for instance, the size of the family will increase until population becomes fairly dense, then it will follow the rule of older communities and decrease. For when population is more or less urban in character, the maximum is reached.

OPERATIC POSSIBILITIES.

The statement that unless a home is provided speedily in New York for the men singers and the women singers who have been engaged by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau there will be no opera worthy of the name in the United States this coming season is a singular reflection on the present condition of that branch of musical art in this country. The statement may or may not be found true. The fact, however, that it is entertained seriously by many is full of suggestion.

Some almost rejoice in the destruction of the Metropolitan Opera House, and see in the fire a rebuke to the fanatical admirers of Wagner. This joy is born of ignorance. The career of the house began in 1883 with one of the most brilliant seasons of Italian

opera ever given in New York. The house was backed by a powerful social faction, but Mr. Abbey lost \$250,000. This debt he paid in full. Leopold Damrosch approached the stockholders and proposed to give opera in German. The price of an orchestra chair was reduced from \$5 to \$2.50. It was finally made \$3. The seven seasons of grand opera in German began Nov. 17, 1884. Dr. Damrosch died, and Messrs. Stanton, Seidl and Walter Damrosch ruled in his stead. In 1891 the stockholders said that they were tired of German opera, and the house was rented to Messrs. Abbey and Grau. The season of '91-'92 is familiar to all lovers of music. The stockholders had renewed their contract with Mr. Abbey's firm for this season on favorable terms, and the leading singers of Europe have already been engaged. And now there is doubt concerning the rebuilding of the opera house. But the Metropolitan Opera House was not intended originally and solely for the propagation of the Wagnerian faith, and there was catholicity in the repertoire announced for the coming season.

Grand opera is an expensive luxury. It demands in these days high-priced singers, an orchestra of experienced musicians, superb scenic decorations and a ballet. Whether these demands are real is another question. The chief opera houses of Europe are subsidized, and even then the managers lose money. Any manager who undertakes to produce opera in this country looks first in the direction of New York. He cannot rely on the enthusiasm of Chicago or the well-bred interest of Boston. If he attempts a series of one-night stands the prices charged forbid a large attendance. Now, if there is no home for opera in New York, grand opera cannot be given properly in the larger cities, and the lovers of dramatic music must content themselves with the mediocre or bad productions of a migratory company, productions in which the scenic accessories are often ludicrous and the orchestra is unbalanced and untrained.

It is proposed by some that rich men of large towns should supply the means for providing local grand opera. It is said, for instance, that here in Boston a syndicate could regulate the matter easily. But a complete opera house with its human and material appointments cannot rest securely on the caprices of the rich. It would no doubt be a pleasure to learn that in this city there would be an opera season of four or six weeks each winter, in which the Symphony Orchestra would play no inconspicuous part; but would such a proposition appeal to the wealthy? It is the fashion now to enjoy orchestral and chamber concerts; such an opera season as is wished by some must in its turn be the fashion, if the pecuniary result is to be satisfactory to the stockholders.

The beginning must be more humble. The members of the great middle class are fond of operatic music. Their taste could be easily gratified. There are many delightful compositions for the stage that do not demand a large theatre, a large orchestra, singers of world renown or sumptuous decorations. These operas and operettas are found in Italy, France and Germany. They should be sung in English. The chorus could be drawn from our local societies and choirs. The orchestra could be made up of resident musicians. There are singers here of undoubted talent and natural aptitude who would make a respectable appearance on the stage. The prices of admission could be so regulated that audiences would be attracted, not repelled. This experiment at least is worth the trying.

Many will be interested in learning that Mr. Steinert, the head of the firm of Steinert & Sons, has just made valuable additions to his famous collection of the predecessors of the pianoforte. He has found a spinet made by Hans Rucker of Antwerp (1600) that is 3½ octaves in compass. The only example of Rucker's handiwork now in this country is in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. Mr. Steinert discovered and bought in Salzburg a grand pianoforte made by J. A. Stein, which is a fac simile of the one used by Mozart, now in the Mozarteum, and it has Mozart's name in the inside. There are few collections in the museums of the world equal to the one of Mr. Steinert, and it is doubtful if his collection is equaled by that of any private collector.

The news of the death of George William Curtis will awaken profound and universal regret. Not only will the loss of the brilliant and kindly essayist be keenly felt; the people will henceforth mourn the absence of the man who on great occasions voiced so eloquently their joy or grief. The country can ill afford to spare such men of devoted patriotism and blameless life.

The authorities were eminently thoughtful in deferring the seizure of contraband liquor at the Ocean House and Hotel Preston until the end of the season. The guests have thus been spared serious inconvenience. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Swampscott Selectmen "purpose rigidly enforcing the law."

In the realm of "Blue Jeans" there is a scene where the rejected lover throws his rival before a whirling buzz-saw. The playwright's attempt to create a new shudder is discounted by the fearful tragedy in Cayuga county, New York, where a thrasher, whose hand was accidentally cut, thrust the feeder who had wounded him into the machine.

Sept. 1

The attempt of the city editor of a New York paper to visit with four reporters the cholera-infected Moravia will no doubt be considered by hustling managers as a praiseworthy "piece of journalism." But the attempt was illegal, and if it had been successful no lurid story with illustrations would have made amends for the possible spreading of the disease. Nor are graphic accounts of the pestilence, with magnified representations of the bacilli, to be encouraged. The calm statement of the facts in the case is one thing; the hysterical fine writing that incites unreasonable fear is another.

The word quarantine, which is now of significant meaning, comes from the Italian *quarantena*. The monkish or late Latin term was applied by the Anglo-Saxons about Egbert's time. It was then the custom to compute periods of time by forties, and a vessel coming from a suspected or diseased port was prohibited any intercourse with the shore for forty days. Others say that the Venetians first introduced the practice and the name.

A Montreal newspaper has just decided a delicate point of etiquette. A correspondent asked: "In the case of a lady or gentleman calling at a house informally in the evening, and being told by the domestic that the family are still at dinner, which is better taste, to say they will return later on, or that they will wait outside on the verandah or steps?" The editor replied that "the first is decidedly preferable and more considerate, as well as polite." This will be a severe blow to all who have been in the habit on such occasions of stamping on the piazza or whistling shrilly while seated on the steps so that the inmates might be conscious of their presence.

The London stationers are selling "post-cards for tourists," which require only the insertion of a few words in the printed text, and the address. The text is as follows: "Dear—. Only a line or two. I am glad to say I am well, and hope you are the same. The weather is—. Write before—. Love to all. In great haste." This scheme might be extended and assume the proportions of a complete letter-writer. Such terse blanks would be invaluable to school boys, creditors as well as debtors, and business men whose families leave the town in summer.

THE EASY CHAIR.

The death of George William Curtis will be felt keenly in many ways. The voice of the orator will be heard no more. The orator, whose speech was heavy with thought and brilliant with the display of imagination, whose polished sentences were warm with feeling and strong in sincerity, whose melodious tones and graceful bearing were employed modestly as the humble instruments

in carrying conviction, or in the expression of a nation's joy or lamentation. The citizen will be mourned who in all his endeavors, in his speech and in his action, thought first of the good of the republic, and this was known to all, so that they who could not share his views granted cheerfully the honesty of the purpose. As a man, his death will seem to many a personal loss, although they never saw him; for he that sat in the Easy Chair was the reflection of the man that walked the streets of Ashfield and New York. To him the sadly abused word "gentleman" might fitly be applied. Nor would it be the mere rhetoric of mortuary eulogy to describe him as the ideal American gentleman in thought, in manner and in speech.

As an orator, a citizen and an example of manhood his place will not be quickly filled, even in these days of sudden leaps to success and of mushroom reputations. But the fame of the orator is too often merely a vague or a disputed tradition, and the record of the exemplary citizen is a tombstone inscription. Nor are the Chinese, the people of centuries, to be blamed for their jealous preservation of all things printed. The book is, after all, the life-boat to posterity.

When Mr. Curtis was one of the editors of the old "Putnam's Monthly," when he wrote "The Potiphar Papers," "Prue and I" and "Trumps," he was undoubtedly strongly under the influence of Thackeray, and for this he was then reproached. "The Potiphar Papers" was called a New York version of "The Book of Snobs." The charge was not

without truth. He took Thackeray as his model; he not only preached his belief in the "snob"—for so it was the fashion to regard the creator of Col. Newcome—but his own thoughts moved in the channels constructed by the greater man. And yet there were many felicitous touches in those earlier pages, which Thackeray himself might have envied. But "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus Eating," as well as the books mentioned, are comparatively unknown to the younger generation.

It was his habit, a habit confirmed by the practice of many years, to talk each month, seated comfortably in his Easy Chair, concerning the ever changing mental and material fashions of mankind; to point out in humorous vein the petty weaknesses; to glorify, with more animated voice, a good or noble deed; to rebuke in withering irony the meanness of snobbery in society, the crime of corruption in high places. Nothing that pertained to humanity was to him foreign. The range of subjects seemed unlimited. By his treatment of these subjects will he undoubtedly be best known. If the subjects themselves were ephemeral, the treatment was for the coming years.

Comparisons are made easily, and it is not surprising that Mr. Curtis, the essayist, was likened frequently to Addison or Steele or Lamb or Thackeray. There were traces of all these writers in his monthly essays, but the peculiar flavoring was his own. There was a savor of the soil; not strong and rank, as in the works of certain ultra-Americans, but like the smell of a virgin wood or the meadow land of a new country. He had the humor characteristic of the gannt American, but it was mellowed, free from exaggeration, kindly even when it was used in rebuke. His sentences were fragrant with flowers of speech, natural flowers, such as are still found in old-fashioned gardens trimmed with box. In these gardens of speech the figures familiar to an antique eye were seen occasionally. The men took snuff and whispered to dames with powder, patches and painted fans. The compliments were courtly. There was a clipped and trained tree in the foreground. But this love of olden days was never affectation, never pedantry. Nor as he grew older was he like the old man of Horace who spoke only of the past. Always catholic in taste, his sympathies went out the more in all directions as mankind multiplied around him. The same man who remembered the Italian singers of golden voice wrote appreciatively of Wagner, or at least called for fair play. Although he was faithful to the literary loves of his youth, he welcomed the new comers, and in some cases his heart was touched, so that there was a faint flush in his cheek when he spoke of them in public. He never preached as from a pulpit in these essays; yet what wholesome lessons were taught, lessons of abiding good to men and women.

In this essayist the man will live. For the essayist and the man were one. The cheerful, kindly, pure and Christian philosophy of the writer was the guide to the feet of the man who was not unacquainted with adversity and sorrow. In the literary world there are startling antitheses of practice and profession. Seldom is there such unity of inmost thought and outward action as there was in the daily life of Mr. Curtis.

Sept. 2.

QUARANTINE.

Quarantine was not unknown to Moses. In his day the leper was compelled to cry "Unclean, unclean." He dwelt alone. Without the camp was his habitation. And the disease of leprosy did not wane in Europe until the appearance of the plague about 1350. In Spain the houses built for lepers were sometimes in the crowded district of the town. Or, on the other hand, the unfortunates were concentrated in a more remote place, as on the Island of Samos. While the Hebrews looked on the leper with aversion, other people saw in him an object of veneration. The readers of Stevenson's "Black Arrow" will remember the terror excited by the approach of the leper with bell and clack-dish; but

there were countries where the sequestration brought such comfort and honor that men feigned the disease.

It was not until the spread of the plague in the fourteenth century that the system of quarantine was fully developed. Ignorance and superstition were shown then in civilized cities as in Russia to-day by the people at large. Then as now physicians were killed and the Jews were persecuted, either on account of the blind and cowardly rage of the populace or possibly as a propitiation. But Venice, the great commercial city, created officers of health, a health bureau and a lazaretto. "She proscribed the sale and destroyed the effects of those who had died. From this time, too, dates the period of forty days as necessary for the observation of suspected persons." It was about the middle of the sixteenth century that Fracastorius treated in a celebrated book of contagion.

According to him, a specific virus rises by exhalation from the body of the sick, extends but a short distance and attaches itself to certain substances, which thus become contaminated; this contamination remains, and may be transported unknown distance, and infect entire communities. He recognizes also that certain other substances would not be contaminated." This book was largely instrumental in correcting vulgar errors, such as the influence of the stars, occult causes, and transmission by the voice and the expression of the sick. Masaria followed by showing the safety of those shut up in monasteries or lonely houses; and it was not long before sanitary police were found in the cities of Europe and lazarettos were in the ports. In the eighteenth century John Howard advanced valuable theories founded on his observations of the hospitals of the Mediterranean.

From the year 1821 greater attention has been paid to the yellow fever and the cholera than to the plague. The cholera was an Asiatic disease, and Europe hoped to stop its march on the frontier of Russia. The sanitary cordon was tried and without avail. In 1831 the cholera did not appear in certain countries of Europe where there were no measures of restriction. Then arose the fierce dispute as to whether it was wholly epidemic in its nature. According to the interesting essay of Dr. S. Oakley Vanderpoel, "the futility of the effort to establish a uniform system of regulations for countries and seaports in different localities having different relations with countries from which malignant diseases are brought, is now acknowledged there—that which experience had long ago taught in this country." The convention of medical men and Consuls in Paris in 1850 formulated a code of international sanitary regulations, which, though changed in certain respects, remains as the inspiration of modern quarantine legislation. At the convention in Constantinople in 1865 the duty of attempting to stifle epidemics "in their exotic cradles by removing the causes by which they are propagated" was recognized.

The folly of arguing from the particular to the general has induced some men of repute to cry out against quarantine as useless and annoying. As Dr. Vanderpoel well says: "Where topographical conditions are less favorable" (that is, where the entrance of the disease would not be almost wholly by sea), "this isolation from contagious diseases is almost impossible, and consequently it is illogical to impose such conditions. The application of general principles must be founded upon the natural history, the manner of transmission and the period of incubation of the disease, and in shaping restrictive measures all incidental circumstances must be borne in mind."

If the cholera gains a foothold in this country it will first pass through our ports. There is no present reasonable cause of alarm. The officers at the harbors are vigilant, and the quarantine department of the port of New York, established in 1784, is justly famous. Our own city is well protected in this direction. But official vigilance should be aided by the personal cleanliness and the personal dietary prudence of the citizen.

The superstitious will talk again of the significance of omens when they read that the Pepperell tragedy followed a quarrel over a broken salt cellar. Such coincidences are remembered and quoted; but the repeated omens that come to nothing are not mentioned.

While the chances of the spread of an epidemic are multiplied in the tenebrous districts, it must not be rashly assumed that the dwellers in apparently cleaner and more aristocratic quarters are necessarily careful in taking sanitary precautions. There was a Duke of Norfolk once famous as "The Dirty Duke." Then often, without the knowledge of the mistress of the house, garbage accumulates, or there is a defective drain that goes unreported, owing to the carelessness or the ignorance of the servants. Nor is personal cleanliness the peculiar prerogative of the wealthy; it is they who have the more convenient opportunity.

The famous speeches of men on the battle field or the bed of death are often exaggerated, and under rigid examination they are apt to lose in floridity of rhetoric. They generally gain in terseness. Cambroune's reply at Waterloo to the summons to surrender is a famous case in point. And now the exact words used by Maj. Anderson, of the National guard of Tennessee, when the miners threatened him with death if he did not surrender his troops, proves to be simply these: "Rats; you rowdies!" There is not much verbiage in this bit of alliteration; and the speech is not as poetical as the imaginative, "Promise to mark my grave that my wife and children may find it;" but it served his purpose, for it was eminently intelligible. Besides, the Mayor had no time to prepare an elaborate oration.

It is said that the Japanese have learned such valuable lessons in the European and American schools that the manufactures of nearly all foreign nations have almost wholly disappeared from the Japanese markets, being supplanted by the Japanese products. The Charleston News and Courier applies the hint to the South. "There is no hope of industrial independence for us until we have competent industrial schools and plenty of them."

It would appear from the guarded statements of Dr. Israel, the doctor of the Moravia, that the sanitary regulations concerning emigrants are not fully carried out in the port of Hamburg, in spite of the assurances of the agents of steamships on the other side. Experience has shown repeatedly in the time of pestilence that clean bills of health and protestations of officers of ships cannot guarantee security, although the written and spoken assurances are made in good faith. Untiring vigilance is the only remedy.

Sept. 3

They that see the possible solution of the servant problem in the employment of otherwise unemployed "gentlewomen" who need money and prefer household work to bitter dependence on constant anxiety, will not derive much comfort from the first report of the Gentlewomen's Employment Association in Manchester, England. From this it appears that the "lady-helps" are most desirous of finding situations as companions, positions which are perhaps the most difficult of all to find. Employers seem to think that "lady-helps" should be willing to work for smaller wages than those paid to regular servants, or for no wages, for the sake of a home. The officers of this association believe that the immediate problem is to provide the necessary preliminary instruction for penniless women without setting them to absolute drudgery. For in the eyes of employers the labor of such women is at present unskilled.

There has been a vigorous and sensible protest in this city against the importation of high-sounding words of English use for the naming of our hotels, streets, or other public places. We neglect the Indian names, or names that refer quaintly to our history, and prefer to ransack the peerage. This same love of hifalutin and lack of true local pride is also seen in Australia. The play-houses of that country once rejoiced in homely names, such as the "Nugget," the "Montezuma," the "Charlie Napier," the "Shamrock." These names have been driven out by such titles as "The New Imperial Opera House," titles that are "grandiloquent but unmeaning and uncharacteristic."

There is a revival of history in the late decision of the Supreme Court of Mexico in the action brought by the widow of Marshal Bazaine to recover real estate in the City of Mexico. The property was a wedding gift to the Marshal from the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, and on the fall of the Empire it was confiscated by the Mexican Government. The judges decided against the widow. But not only is the Mexican tragedy brought to mind: the name of Bazaine recalls the siege of Metz, the charge of treachery, the imprisonment and the wifely devotion that made escape possible. Nor is it yet settled beyond doubt that Bazaine deserved his fate.

Now that Nancy Hanks has again reduced the trotting record, and on a kite-shaped track, it is to be hoped that she will have an opportunity of showing her speed for a mile in a straight line. Oarsmen now reject the idea of a course with a turn; why should not horses be given the same liberty and thus display their natural power to greater advantage.

Lovers of flowers will be interested in hearing of a unique exhibition of 60,000 specimens of gladiolus near the Imperial castle of Schonbrunn. An old man of 84 years is the exhibitor, Mr. Hoolbrek. The specimens were cultivated and reared out of a single gladiolus imported from the Cape. No one of them resembles the others, and the colors vary from white to red, with beautiful yellow, brown and violet tints between them.

It is to be regretted that there is not greater unanimity in the reports concerning Mr. Sullivan's railway life as he approaches the scene of the greatest effort of his life. Some say that he eats three steaks at breakfast; and others admit only one, but they add the gratifying detail that it is two inches thick. According to an intimate friend Mr. Sullivan absorbs at the same meal a "pitcher" of tea; a perceptive observer has spoken of the vessel as a "pot." Future commentators to Mr. Sullivan's treatise, which has just been published, will find here ample material for fierce discussion.

The great success of the revival of "The Black Crook" brings to mind the ambition of the author, who died some years ago. It was his one desire to write a thrilling, romantic play; and when he saw the melodramatic business cut out little by little, and the reliance of the manager resting on scanty costumes and gorgeous scenery, he was not consoled by the pecuniary success. He considered himself an abused and misunderstood man.

CHARITY AT HOME.

The church singers return from sea and mountain, and their voices will soon be heard in songs of prayer and praise. No one disputes to-day the power of music in religious worship, although some may prefer the song that comes, like the noise of many waters, from a vast congregation to the discreet and balanced anthems of a well-trained choir. It is the fashion in the greater number of Protestant churches in this vicinity to engage a quartette, although there are boy choirs or choruses in certain churches. A contract is made between the singers and the organist and the Music Committee. In return for musical services rendered, the musicians are paid a stipulated sum.

It is to be regretted that the harmony which should prevail in a church is often discord; that the people in the pews are not more charitable to the people in the organ loft. Too many churchgoers are predisposed to fault finding concerning the music. They would not admit this charge; they would prefer to be called "critical." If this criticism were legitimate, if it were founded on knowledge and taste, then it might be allowed, although it seems a pity that such æsthetic criticism should enter into church life. Again, if the selections of music are repugnant to the sentiment or the conviction of the sect; if they are frivolous in character or suggestive of worldliness, and if they are sung in a flippant manner or evidently for the purpose of personal display, then there should be earnest complaint.

But on the other hand the congregation as a body has not advanced within the last ten or twenty years equally in musical culture with the singers and the organists of the town. A congregation that has been accustomed to music which seems cheap and sentimental and grammatically incorrect to a musician will be apt to condemn much of the best music written for the church during the last century as operative or unintelligible. Religious music is by many defined as soft, slow strains that awaken no emotion, but act as an opiate on mind and body. They forget the exhortations of the Sacred Singer to the musicians: "Praise Him upon the loud cymbals; praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals;" and, "O, come let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." And they will not listen patiently to a stirring setting of the Hebraic faith in the mighty God as revealed in the Old Testament. Others are indifferent in the matter. Perhaps, like Barzillai, the "very aged man" in Samuel, they can no more hear the voice of singing men and singing women; or they regard the organist and the singers as necessary to the present church system, and they hire them with the sexton and the ushers. There is, however, constant criticism of the people in the loft. This criticism is personal, musical and generally destructive.

The fault finders forget that as a rule the singer has had greater musical advantages than the most experienced in the congregation. They forget that in rain or in shine, in time of influenza and in the carnival of the east wind, the singer is expected to be in perfect condition. They forget that the singer is obliged to sing in the morning at an hour most unfavorable to his voice. They forget to accept or invent a ready excuse for a partial or complete failure, although it may occur only once in the otherwise faithful service of a year.

It is not here necessary to inquire into the methods adopted in the hiring of church musicians or to protest against the system of paying them in quarterly installments or to discuss their social relations with the congregation. But surely there should be more discretion in the remarks of church people on the character of the music sung. Because they do not at once understand it, or because they do not like it at once, the music is not necessarily bad or irreligious. There is such a thing as education in music, and few congregations have graduated with honors. It should be remembered that church musicians are human; they are not mere machines. It is their duty to please the congregation by all legitimate means and to aid them in their worship; if they fail in this they should be released from their contract. But while they are retained they should not be harassed and tormented by idle gossip or grotesque criticism.

THE VIEWS OF A CENSOR.

The Blue Book containing the evidence given before the Select Committee on English Theatres and Places of Amusement has just been published, and there is much entertaining matter therein. One of the most interesting of the witnesses was Mr. Pigott, the Examiner of Stage Plays. He is the censor of the theatre and the occasional censor of the managers. Yet he says that, as a rule, he is on friendly terms with the men who are subject to his decision. There is no censorship in this country, although here in Boston the Aldermen have once or twice assumed the office. Our Aldermen will be pleased with one of the statements of Mr. Pigott, and it is to be regretted that they were not aware of it, as it would have propped their late position. On several occasions he appealed to managers to consider for themselves whether, "in a country and community so saturated with politics as our own, the public would care to have places of amusement turned into political arenas," and he has warned them against allowing the stage to be converted by "dull and impudent buffoons, at a loss for real wit and humor, into pillories for public men." But although there is no censorship in America, and although the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain does not extend to Ireland, Mr. Pigott claims, with these exceptions allowed, that "in no country and in no age, except during revolutionary crises, when despotic anarchy has usurped the seat of law, have theatrical entertainments been exempt from the supervision and control of the authorities responsible for the public peace."

In what cases does this English censor exert his powers? This question is best answered by giving some examples offered by him. He prevented these "scandals:"

"The dramatization at a provincial theatre of a recent murder while the murderer was actually in the condemned cell awaiting execution; the suppression of a notoriously indecent dance, imported from abroad, which had been rampant on every stage in town and country—in theatres, as in the world at large, bad examples grow and spread like weeds; the proposed representation of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play at a London theatre; the placarding of the town with the title of a sensational drama offensive to the religious feelings of the public."

This last named play, by the way, was "God and the Man," the title of one of Buchanan's novels. It appears from Mr. Pigott's testimony that he decides as to manuscripts, but he has no jurisdiction over the length of the dresses of the ballet. "I never interfere in matters of dress. I say to the managers, 'I draw the line at intentional indecency; I am not a costumer.' I know Paris well enough to know that women may be more indecent in long dresses than in short ones."

In the matter of Ibsen Mr. Pigott is adamant. The Ibsenites of London and Boston may call the censor a Philistine, but there is at least a grain of truth in his judgment:

"I have studied Ibsen's plays pretty carefully, and all the characters appear to me morally deranged. All the heroines are dissatisfied spinsters who look on marriage as a monopoly, or dissatisfied married women in a chronic state of rebellion against not only the conditions which nature has imposed on their sex but against all the duties and obligations of mothers and wives; and as for the men, they are all rascals or imbeciles."

In regard to the reception of dramas that rest chiefly on scandal or indecency Mr. Pigott's testimony may be applied to the condition of the theatre on the Continent of Europe and in this country:

"I have always found this—that the equivocal, the risky, the immoral and the indecent plays are intended for West End audiences, certainly not for the East End. The further east you go the more moral your audience is; you may get a gallery full of roughs, in which every other boy is a pickpocket, and yet their collective sympathy is in favor of self-sacrifice; collectively they have a horror of vice and a ferocious love of virtue. A boy might pick your pocket as you left the theatre, but have his reserve of fine sentiment in his heart."

Since there is a determined effort to introduce the London music hall in some of our large cities the facts concerning the prosperity and the morality of these lounging places are pertinent. The amount of capital invested in music halls in London is about \$3,253,000. In the provinces it is about \$4,881,000. Now Mr. Pigott has "not a word to say against these halls," because he regards them as "necessary entertainments; they supply enjoyment to vast numbers of people and represent enormous interests worthy of all respect." Still he is sceptical concerning any attempt to "elevate the nature of their entertainment," and he thinks the songs "might be cleaner." And so Mr. Pigott seems to prefer the coarseness and the vulgarity too often heard and seen in such resorts to the "morally deranged" characters of Ibsen. Perhaps it is just as well that we are without a censorship in this country.

"1492" AT THE PARK
 The surprise party given at the Park Theatre in the extravaganza "1492," by Messrs. Barnet and Pilouger. One entertaining work of these two gentlemen is well known to Bostonians by the performance at the Tremont and the Globe. In the first version the second act is devoted almost entirely to variety business of an inferior order. The songs and the jokes introduced therein are dull and the business is stupid, with the exception of the deeds of the quack-steering agent of the rain-raising company. A man of the experience of Mr. Rice should be unwilling to so try the patience of an audience or presume on its good nature. The other acts are more amusing, though amusing is here a mere word of comparison. The feature of the evening's performance was the realistic female impersonation of Mr. Richard Harlow, who took the part of Queen Isabella. His songs were redemanded vociferously, and his personal charms and qualifications excited general admiration. Mr. Pomini was welcomed warmly, and Miss Vaughn and Miss Hilton were applauded. Mr. Faver was occasionally amusing in a hard and laborious manner, and Mr. Seaman called forth laughter from the audience. There was dancing, both serpentine and nondescript; and the girls of the company depicted themselves with full confidence in the knowledge of their physical attractiveness. The costumes and the scenic decorations were worthy of a better play and a better company. Mr. Braham conducted with authority and discretion.

Sept. 6

The theory advanced by Professor Gruber, at an International Congress of those interested in experimental psychology, that there are persons who find mysterious associations between sounds and colors excites discussion in the newspapers, but the theory is old, much older than Professor Gruber with his "years of observation" and thoughts on "colored audition." About a century ago a pianoforte was invented which by the display of colors conveyed sounds to the peculiarly sensitive. However, Gruber and his disciples have carried their theories into the domain of the fantastic. They claim that the coming man will hear a September landscape. It was Thackeray who, in speaking of the gorgeous coloring of the trousers of a young swell, said that they shrieked "Come and look at me!"

Sir John Stainer shakes his head in considering the prevalence of the insipid modern ballads with which England is flooded; and he sees a possible remedy in the wide-spread knowledge of the German lied. But why should Sir John thus turn his back on his own country, for the old songs of Scotland, Ireland and England are often of rare and touching beauty, as well as characteristic and native to the soil. It is to be hoped that the ex-organist of St. Paul's will not lend his aid in the attempted Germanization of the musical English speaking people.

It is to be hoped that the fears of Dr. Jenkins are unfounded and that the sickness of a nurse on Swinburne Island will not cause a panic among the hospital attendants or discourage the nurses of the land from volunteering their services in case of need. The lay nurses in the hospitals of Paris, by refusing to avail themselves of the order of the Board of Health releasing them from compulsory attendance on cholera cases, have set an illustrious example of coolness and duty. They held a meeting and declared that to desert their office now would be inhuman as well as cowardly.

The apparently premature and illegal departure of Mrs. James Brown Potter from the Seythia has provoked talk, and charges of gross partiality have been made against the officers of the steamer and the harbor and the United States. But it may be said on trustworthy authority that she was not allowed to go until the quarantine officers had discharged their duty so far as the passengers were concerned; and she had special permission granted her by the authorities in Washington to leave the ship after the medical examination.

Sympathy with Miss Borden is natural, perhaps inevitable; but a public meeting called for the purpose of protesting against her treatment would now be impertinent and of possible serious injury to her, as is well pointed out by Mr. Clarke in The Journal of to-day. In connection with his letter, it is well to remember that the reproach has been made often against the French system of criminal procedure that the guilt of the accused is taken for granted, and that it is the duty of the accused to first prove innocence. The same reproach might be made justly against us as a people if a few recent trials were to be considered as examples of our methods. And yet it has always been considered a crowning glory of the English jury trial that the accused is innocent until the charge is distinctly proved.

The cultured and personified "Mr. Jack" Mr. Sullivan, prevailed in its struggle at New Orleans with the earnest and thick-necked West, represented by Mr. "Billy" Myer. But this tussle is only a side-show to the great spectacle of Wednesday evening. Meanwhile there are valuable contributions to the already large collection of Sullivan. A neighboring newspaper speaks of his "slitting of the upper portion of a pair of \$12 shoes with a jack-knife" as "the freedom of a large nature;" for few men, "even were they millionaires, would deliberately ruin a pair of \$12 shoes" simply because they hurt the feet. After Mr. Sullivan has thrashed the ex-bank clerk he proposes to purchase an estate near Dorchester; "I will have a home where I can rest and enjoy myself after my theatrical season is over." According to his own account, he intends in the future to devote himself to the raising of dogs and literary pursuits. "I am through this drinking—I mean hard drinking."

The people of Hamburg have for some time protested against the steady encroachments on their privileges by the Prussian Government, and they have excited the sympathies of the liberals of Germany. But the recent revelations of municipal slackness and cowardice will lead even the most liberal of Germans to favor the abolition of such self-government. Berlin itself is far from being an ideal city from a sanitary point of view, but such criminal negligence would be impossible in the dwelling place of the Emperor. And the system of Prussian police inspection would undoubtedly have spared Hamburg its great calamity.

MAGGIE MURPHY ET AL.

Mr. Arlo Bates, in a letter to the September Book Buyer, suggests that a collector in search of a subject "might start to gather the popular songs of the day with a view of illustrating the life of the common folk." He finds that "the modern ballad is instructing us concerning the details of 'the other half' with the most conscientious minuteness."

"We are told all about 'the organ in the parlor' of 'Maggie Murphy's Home,' which imparts to that pleasant locality an unmistakable tone of what used to be called gentility; we are made fully acquainted with the particulars of the courtship of Annie Rooney and her Joe, and with their views upon life in general and their own relations in particular; the public generally is pressingly invited to 'be there' when somebody 'tickles Paddy Flynn,' and informed that it is highly desirable to be present 'when the scrap begins,' in order to learn all about 'scrapping.' The modern ballad-monger occupies himself with the tenement house and its folk as surely as of old the wandering minstrel sang of the greenwood, the castle, and of knight and lady. The joys, sorrows, aspirations and depressions of the vulgar are served up by the vulgar for the vulgar. * * * Of course, it is not the class treated of, but the way in which it is done, which makes the thing intolerable."

But does not the sensitiveness of Mr. Bates in these matters approach superciliousness? Is not his call for an ounce of civet as unnecessary as it is loud? Are not "the joys, sorrows, aspirations and depressions of the vulgar" worthy of the consideration of those of us who do not happen to live in tenement houses? Should we refuse to listen to these songs which tell of tenement house life, even when the songs are in rude, homely language; or, as Mr. Bates puts it, "served up by the vulgar for the vulgar?"

Why should Maggie Murphy, song or girl, be dismissed so contemptuously? The girl is well known in New York, for she is one of many. She is shrewd, great-hearted, brave, witty, industrious and fond of dance and song; she loves her home enough to work for its maintenance throughout the week; and when Saturday night comes it is indeed to her "a pleasant locality." The weekly gathering is made up of humble friends and neighbors, and the policeman, her "steady," wanders in for a minute. It is a homely scene, and the guests are not chronicled in society columns of newspapers; but there is the honest joy of working men and women. The song with its frank, spontaneous melody and free, hearty rhythm is worthy of the girl.

Not only do the songs of Messrs. Harrigan and Braham amuse many people, "vulgar" or refined; they abound in realistic descriptions of contemporaneous humanity in New York. They will give to the future historian or sociologist a means of reviving an extinct life. Take the songs, for instance, that are connected with different episodes in the social rise of Mr. Mulligan. Then the songs of other authors and composers who work the same vein should not be overlooked. Their range is wide. The transgressor is punished by the laws of Nature or of man. It is true that "Gilligan's on the tear again," but he will be at work on Monday. And if he had been an habitual drunkard he never would have been made overseer of the yard in which he was once a day laborer. It is true that many of the songs abound in slang, but these ditties of New York life are free from evil suggestion and all uncleanness.

Mr. Bates asserts that "the writers of these ballads belong essentially to the same school as the authors of the realistic novel!" He probably means by this that they know thoroughly the life of which they sing. If this is a reproach, it is one that can be made easily against honored writers of all lands and from the earliest days. *S206*

Sept. 7

It is a singular characteristic of the modern man that although he may be out of a position and in need, he never solicits work. In the public notification of his re-engagement, he is "approached," or he "consents," or he "accepts." The news-item represents the employer as eager in his demands and the employed as coy and even unwilling. The hustling seems confined to the one who has vacancies to fill. This characteristic of our modern time may be observed in all ranks of life—from the stage to the bench, from the grocery store to the pulpit.

The death of Mr. Whittier will be regretted throughout the land, although he was ripe in years and his fame was secure. He lived to see many of the evils that he had so vigorously fought in verse remedied or completely overthrown. His poetry is the full expression of New England individuality. His life was simple, sweet and pure. Even in his indignation, when he spoke with the directness of a prophet of old, his wrath was tempered with mercy, and his severity was due to his sense of justice. And so, though he has joined the men who sang and labored with him, his influence and his example will abide forever among the people with whom he lived and by whom he was loved.

The committee of the Worcester County Musical Association are doing their best to make the September Festival popular in the better sense of the word. The programmes are of value, and they are at the same time of interest. Excellent singers and players are engaged. Furthermore, the prices are reasonable, and they are not controlled by speculators. Music is still, even in Boston, an expensive luxury to the great mass, and the example of our neighbors might well be followed by some of our older societies. The Cecilia Society has shown the way, and it is to be hoped that other organizations may contrive a plan to reduce the prices of admission, or at least prevent the speculation that thwarts the intention of the founders.

The New York World of Tuesday boasts that "all day yesterday the World tug ran in and out among the ships of the cholera fleet in the lower bay. Hour after hour the tug lay alongside the big Normannia." The young men of the World receive communications from the infected ship, and they show themselves in every way regardless of the law. In this connection it is interesting to remember that a section of the penal code of New York enacts that any person who holds an interview, without the permission of the Health Officer, with the passengers or crew of an infected ship detained at quarantine, commits a misdemeanor, the punishment of which is a year's imprisonment, a fine not exceeding \$2000, or both.

It is reported in connection with the details of the Dixon-Skelly fight at New Orleans that "public sentiment was nearly all in favor of the Caucasian, and the public betting nearly all on the side of the African." It is to be regretted that the education of the people of New Orleans in all things pertaining to sociology is still incomplete; but they showed commendable prudence in acknowledging the superiority of a member of the despised race. Though they were on pleasure bent, they had a frugal mind.

The swearing in of policemen as health officers is an excellent idea, and the result must be beneficial to Boston even if the cholera does not gain a foothold here. The policemen are able to detect quickly a nuisance that might not otherwise be reported, and such a nuisance will now be abated without the perhaps inevitable delay that attends complaints of the regular Health Inspectors. So, too, the use of the fire patrol in the inspection of city streets will be of undoubted advantage. It seems as though the officials are doing all that is in their power to protect our town; it now remains for the citizen to be prudent, and, above all, to keep cool.

THE POET WHITTIER.

The death of John Greenleaf Whittier was not wholly unexpected, for he was an old man. He had said good-by to the four-score years which Moses allowed to unusual strength. And yet his mental quickness, his interest in all things pertaining to humanity and his unfaltering power of expression were so pronounced that it now seems as though he were taken away in the prime of manhood. With one exception he was the last of the poets who sang so long together for the glory of New England, and in certain respects he was the one poet who was most fully possessed with the spirit of New England; the one who best portrayed in verse her landscapes and expressed most subtly as well as with the sharpest realism the temper of her people. For Longfellow was cosmopolitan; and it is easy to imagine the Lowell of later years as dwelling in comfort on foreign soil. Bryant could have chanted his hymns to nature and to death under a different sky, and Emerson, in spite of his intense love of the New England soil, was a poet-philosopher of the universe. But it is hard to think of Whittier without at once coupling with his name New England scenes and New England ideas.

His life prepared his poetry. First of all entered into his poetical equipment heredity. He came of persecuted stock, and he naturally sympathized deeply with the oppressed. Born on a farm, he knew the life of a farmer; but it was not only the routine work that he could so well describe, or the dress and the ways of life; he became the trusted friend of Nature, and to him she told her secrets. Eager for education, he made shoes, and he taught school that he himself might learn. His first published verses won the praise and the sympathy of Garrison, and his friendship with that zealous liberator, added to his natural inclinations, made him the poet of the anti-slavery party. The stern New England spirit that in his religious poetry was so strongly tempered by the optimism and the sweetness of his sect, blazed with the fiery indignation of a Hebrew prophet in denouncing the cruelty of the oppressor and in warning the nation of the wrath to come. He sang the promise

of those early days when Fremont was leader; he aroused the Northern people to a lively sense of the arrogance of the slaveholders; he exulted in memorable verse when it was proclaimed throughout the land that those in bonds were set free forever.

It has been said by them whose talk is of art for art's sake that the poet was overshadowed by the reformer; that the sincerity of the latter made him despise the polishing of verse; that in becoming the bard of an epoch he forgot the requirements of Time, the final judge. It is true that Whittier was never a juggler with words. There are provincialisms of word and accent in his poems, whether they treat of pastoral scenes or of slavery, and he was occasionally careless in his rhymes. But the individuality of the poet, as well as the New England individuality, would have suffered from the Horatian labor of the file. The rugged honesty of his excited thought could not brook the delay necessary to the cutter of verbal gems. When a dull nation needed the prick of a zealous prophet it would have seemed treachery to him to have halted for the sake of a more felicitous expression. Poetry was to him in those dark days before the war the readiest tool to serve his purpose. A national disgrace or a national crime was never merely material for poetry.

As by his glowing lines he served his country, so by his poetic illustrations of homely New England life he glorified a homely people; so by his religious verses full of sweet charity and implicit trust he appeased many a doubting spirit and brought consolation to many a mourner. The New Englander of past years, stern to severity, a man of obstinate convictions, yet not inaccessible to the demands of justice; who in the routine of his hard life was apt to neglect the cultivation of things now thought necessary; who, absorbed in wrestling from the land or the sea a livelihood, paid little or no attention to the glories of autumnal woods or setting suns, waves dashing against rocks or laughing under a blue sky; whose grim humor was often displayed in tragic situations; this New Englander finds his most kindly, sympathetic and at the same time realistic interpreter in Whittier. The poet may choose an episode in the history of New England, as in his version of the long-credited inhumanity of "Floyd Ireson;" he may treat of a pathetic superstition as in "Telling the Bees;" or he may give a photographic representation of farm life in winter, as in "Snow-Bound;" and in each and every case the graph is the faithful delineation never sundered by the cold, accurate

observer; but the glow with the warmth of human feeling and human appreciation. He sees Nature as the friend of man, even in her sterner moods; he does not use her as a subject for metaphysical speculation. Indeed, speculative as well as analytical poetry was foreign to him. Nature and man and woman as they were found in New England were his subjects. Those subjects were closely bound together. He sang of the people and the scenes near and familiar to him. A man of the people, he wrote for the people. They listened to him gladly. They understood him. They loved him.

The proper disposal of garbage is a serious question. When it is given to earth, air or sea, it often returns to plague the giver. If it is dumped into the sea, the fish are driven away, the air is vitiated, and it is not improbable that some of the refuse comes back to the shore with the tide. The system of cremating garbage is undoubtedly an excellent plan of removing the nuisance. It has been tried in England with success and there it has brought back money to the city authorities. Fire is the great purifier as well as destroyer, and as the population of the world increases the refuse of the world grows more and more dangerous if it is not deprived absolutely of its poisonous properties. The people of Lynn, who are now considering the problem, should study the English system; for the health and the comfort of the adjacent coast depend in great measure on their decision.

Mr. John L. Sullivan is picturesque in his language, even in the moment of defeat. When the concluding ceremonies of the revival of the Olympian games at New Orleans were over, the eminent play-actor and author was assisted to his room. The simplicity of the man was revealed again to his friends and admirers. There was no idle lamentation; there were no rash charges of foul play. But Mr. Sullivan then pronounced his epitaph for all time: "Poor John Sullivan is knocked out. He is a goner, and booze did it."

The members of the Southern Club of New York, in the conflict between sentiment and pecuniary gain, are not unlike their brethren of New Orleans who attended the Dixie-Skelley fight. They sympathize naturally with Cleveland; but they are giving odds on Harrison.

Comparisons are drawn between the conduct of the Czar, who in company with his wife made a personal inspection of the cholera hospitals, and that of the Emperor William, who, although he recently "announced his readiness to lead his forces to the death, defend his people at the risk of his life, and wade through gory fields for the sake of his country," nevertheless keeps away from Hamburg. There is no doubt that the action of King Humbert, who visited the hospitals during the raging of the cholera in Italy, won for him the lasting affection of his people; but the visits were supplemented by charitable deeds. It is a question whether such a visit on the part of William would be of real benefit to the sufferers or the State. A thorough overhauling of the municipal rules and regulations of Hamburg, a cleansing of the city and a new system of water works would be much more to the purpose, and it is said that William is now considering these indispensable reforms.

It is useless to argue in questions of health from individual cases. A vegetarian died the other day in London who was so firm in his belief that he would not see any doctor who was not of his own faith. It was declared after a post-mortem examination that he died practically from inanition and starvation, from a want of stimulating food, meat in some form. He was in the habit of eating only "buns and bread and butter and tomatoes." On the other hand Mr. Parrot, aged 84, put the first girder of a pier in position a few days ago. He is the Vice-President of the Vegetarian Society of England, and he has not tasted flesh meat for forty-two years.

According to the Chicago Herald, the people of the windy city are the most generous patrons of the best literature. "They are its closest critics and its most appreciative readers." The circumstance that there is no conspicuous man of letters in the city is explained by the fact that the local criticism is "not yet of that robust kind which bears fruit in the adequate recognition of local writers." But the great Chicago writer already exists, and "when he has found honor at home he will be recognized the world over." It is assuring in this connection to learn that he will not upset the idols of the past and the present, for the Chicago Herald admits that "canons of art will not be set aside. They are immutable."

Zola, who went to Lourdes to seek, remained to pray. He declares that he never saw such a marvelous display of unselfish fervor. "Poor and rich intermingle freely, and there is no show of human disdain or class pride. Lourdes is useful in this utilitarian and sordid age." This reminds one of the cry of Renan, that he wished for some inspired orator to lecture in the colleges of Paris that the souls of the young men of the present materialistic age might be uplifted.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

New Orleans was the Austerlitz of Sullivan; it is now his Waterloo. In spite of the predictions of college professors and sporting friends; in spite of the prestige of the myriad-minded man who had won an enviable reputation in the ring, the theatre and in literature, Mr. Corbett, an ex-bank clerk, not only defeated Sullivan, he absolutely routed him. The body that had excited the admiration of the sculptor was red and black and blue. The hand that had been grasped by the nobility of England was limp and without force. And yet perhaps Mr. Sullivan was never so wholly great as in the moment of his defeat.

"He nothing common did, or mean
Upon that memorable scene."

Water was poured over him; ammonia was applied to his nose; he was fanned with a towel, and when "with much trouble he was brought round," he said in "his more than ordinary boot-leg voice," "Say, am I licked?" When he was informed of the result of the last round, he shook the hand of his adversary. There was no whining, there was no cheap attempt at indifference. He remarked, as if to himself, "I went in too often." Then his undying devotion to the American flag displayed itself: "I am glad I was whipped, if I had to be whipped, by an American citizen." He even knew how to pluck a useful lesson, a warning to his kind, from the jaws of defeat. He caught sight of his co-mate McAuliffe, the well-known and "gentlemanly pugilist," who was engaged busily in drinking out of a bottle: "That's what did it. Booze knocked me out." How superior is such conduct to the sulking of Napoleon, who disparaged the ability of Wellington and complained of the inactivity or the treachery of Grouchy.

It is no wonder when such a man enters the ring, the details of his daily life are telegraphed throughout the land; that his opinions on social and literary subjects are discussed eagerly; and that when he is in actual

contest, thousands crowd the streets, hungry for news. This fight was not merely a local issue at New Orleans; the inland cities of the West throbbed in unison with excited Boston. The memories of former giants of the ring were invoked, and the leading newspapers were filled with the hastily acquired erudition of the inflamed reporters. The news that Sullivan's little nephew was taken to New Orleans that he might remember in after years the proud bearing of his uncle was accompanied by the statement that boxing was instituted by St. Bernardine in 1200 as "an innocent vent to the hot tempers of the Italians." The roll of leading members of the fancy was called from Pollux to Jack Broughton, from Amycus, King of the Bebrices to James Belcher. The deeds of the "Game Chicken" and the "Beneola Boy" were chanted in sonorous strains.

Fig and Cribb and Spring and Mendoza followed Eryt and Antæus and Epeus and Enryalus. Homer and Virgil, "Christopher North" and Thackeray were quoted freely. The managers of these newspapers knew the temper of their readers. Many a man yesterday forgot the tariff question, and the presence of cholera in his desire to learn the outcome of the fight. So it was in the early days, the days of Greece and Rome, and so it was in the days of the gentle Hazlitt. He was not only an excited spectator; he wrote an essay on "The Fight," and it may be found in his "Literary Remains" between the articles on "A New Theory of Criminal Legislation" and "The Shyness of Scholars." The essay is well worth reading. It was dedicated to "the ladies;" for the author did not think it out of character "for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave." Hazlitt tells of his journey to the ring, and the chance acquaintances who informed him concerning the approaching contest. The training was exercise and abstinence. "A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in the morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton, with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry." And what were all these preparations for? That Mr. Thomas Hickman, "The Gasman,"

and Mr. "Bill" N. on the other, who of the two was the better man. And how was this proved to the satisfaction of Mr. Hazlitt? Let the answer be given in his own words:

"Noate just then made a tremendous lunge at him and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backward or forward; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped with blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's Inferno."

And yet the Gasman fought on for several rounds, and it was not for some time that Hazlitt was moved to pity Mrs. Hickman. The moral that Hazlitt drew applies to the fallen pugilist of Boston. "Our friend had vaped and swaggered too much. 'This is the grave digger' (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, shewing his tremendous right hand), 'this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!'" And Hazlitt might well have had the sight of Wednesday in mind when he summed up the matter as follows: "The result appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed."

The interest taken in the Olympian game at New Orleans, in which the boasting of Mr. John L. Sullivan was hushed forever, reminds one of an episode of the Sayers and Heenan fight. There was an assemblage of English clergymen at the time, and they were so much more interested in the forthcoming result than in the ecclesiastical problems presented that the Archbishop was shocked. He censured in grave terms their "vulgar and debasing" curiosity, and then added that for his own part he had never entertained any doubt that "from the extraordinary endurance of the man Sayers, he would conquer the American."

Patriotism should be fostered in every way in the public schools, and Gov. Russell's recommendation that "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" should be sung in every school on the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus is a fitting supplement to the request of President Harrison that the national flag should float over every school-house. At the same time it is a mortifying fact that the tune to which these words are sung is to us without national distinction, and serves the patriotic zeal of Great Britain and Saxony.

In view of the decided disinclination of Senator Hill to meet Grover Cleveland, although the latter has gone to New York for the purpose, it is of interest to note the analysis of the Senator's character by Senator Brown. "Mr. Hill may be considered peculiar, but he will be found in the right place when the campaign ends." To the Cleveland Democrats and the Mugwumps his "right place" is a vague locality, and a more precise definition of the Senator's standing ground would be welcome.

The murder of Abigail Rogers is a grim incident of lonely New England life. For a year she had lived alone in a one-roomed house on a deserted mountain road. Her husband is said to be at Tewksbury, and her son is in the Concord Reformatory. She supported herself by knitting yarn; and her earnings, which amounted to about \$40, were undoubtedly the price of her life. From these few documents, a de Maupassant could construct a short story that would create a new shudder.

The English newspapers speak in becoming terms of the life and the work of Whit-tier, who in his intense New England spirit was to these States as Burns to Scotland, and in his reproduction of New England landscapes as Scott to his loved land. All English criticism of American poets admits a premise that is not yet established in this country, and that is the poetic eminence of Edgar Allan Poe. In spite of the opinions expressed in England, France and Germany concerning that wild genius, he is not yet given his proper rating by his own countrymen.

The Directors of the Metropolitan Opera House have decided to report to the stockholders in favor of rebuilding immediately the opera house. And now the stockholders themselves must decide whether they will bear the expense. It is to be hoped that the decision will be prompt and favorable. For although opera may be in a sense a thing of fashion, it is an accompaniment of modern civilization; and it is a form of art that should be cultivated here with every care as it is not native to the soil. The present managers are able, experienced men with capital, and they have already shown a willingness to give the people of New York opera in its full glory. Surely the New Yorkers will not fail to second such endeavors.

The death of Jerome Albert Victor van Wilder deserves mention in a passing notice. His critical articles in Gil Blas were celebrated for their radical views and their polished style; but it is as a translator that he will be long remembered. The French, as well as the Germans, wish to hear opera and songs sung in the language which they themselves use. Wilder accomplished successfully a difficult task. He preserved the spirit of the poet, and he was loyal to the intention of the composer. His translations were neither bald nor florid. Nor was he daunted by the enormous difficulties presented in the texts of Wagner; he overcame them, so that those great music-dramas can be now given to advantage in the Paris Opera House. All things taken into consideration, Wilder was without doubt the greatest of such translators.

Sept. 10

AN AID TO SONG.

The American concert-goer is accustomed to the polyglot programme. He hears English, French, Italian, German, and occasionally Swedish, as well as the dialect of Creoles. He listens often to words that are without meaning to him. Nor does he rebel when in one and the same operatic performance the different characters sing in different languages, so that an ensemble is like unto the Tower of Babel. In this artistic carelessness he is aided by many who claim that an opera or a song should be sung always in the language of the original text; and there are a few who insist that all vocal music should be confined to German. It is stated that the composer had only in view the original text, the text which he understood, when he invented the appropriate music; that when the text is translated, the music of the composer suffers on account of false accentuation or perverted sentiment; that no translator is able to deal justly with either the author or the composer.

Unfortunately for this argument, there have been translators who succeeded admirably in this difficult task. One of them died this week, and his death is a serious loss to France. Jerome Albert Victor Van Wilder was not only a thoroughly educated man and an acute writer on musical subjects; he had the rare faculty of translating from one language into another so that there was no suggestion of translation, and yet the thought of the poet and the intention of the composer were preserved. His French versions of songs set to music by Schumann and Grieg, his translation of the text of "The Messiah" and the works of Wagner are his monument. In certain cases the task was thick with difficulties; but he was never daunted, and his natural skill was supplemented by patience and sincerity. So, too, in Germany there are a few remarkable translations from the French; that of Offenbach's "La Belle Helene" being a notable example.

It is true that the translations into English which now exist are as a rule unworthy of the attention of the singer and the audience. In the endeavor to be absolutely faithful the verses are bald and often grotesque. The translator attempts to regulate the vowels for the convenience of the singer, and he warps or distorts the meaning of the original. Or in the effort to be poetical he abandons wholly the original idea. Look over the translations of opera numbers that are published for the concert stage or the teacher's use. Nine out of ten are absurd or false. The common rules of syntax are disregarded; the favorite punctuation mark is an exclamation point. The translations of the songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz are too often open to the same objection. It is therefore not surprising that singers prefer the language of the original version, even when they are not familiar with it.

But sane and reasonably faithful translations are not impossible. There are men and women, not unacquainted with music, who are capable of good work in this neglected field. The stinginess, or the ignorance, or the haste of the publisher stands in the way. He regards translation as hack-work and regulates his price accordingly. Or he is in a hurry, that he may get the better of a rival, and he will not allow the translator the necessary time. If the conventional rhymes are observed, he is content. Now no one expects that the verses of Heine will appear the same after their sea change; the subtleness of expression, the wonderful suggestion, the unique mingling of sentiment and irony, all these defy the most capable of translators. But it is possible to give to the singer a version that does not offend by its flagrant violation of sense. And it must not be forgotten that after all the words of a song are of importance in carrying the music, although it is now the fashion or the affectation to court music that is unintelligible per se or because the words are foreign to the majority. Richard Wagner knew the value of a thorough understanding of the text when he welcomed publicly an Italian version of one of his music dramas.

Although Mr. Corbett is reported to be as "lively as a cricket," it is gratifying to learn that he is, "if anything, more retiring in his disposition than he was before he knocked out Mr. Sullivan." This sensitive gentleman is now borne northward to the fulfillment of his theatrical engagements by a train covered with flags and bunting, and with large streamers on the sides; these streamers bear the legend "The Champion of the World." And on his way Mayors and village potentates turn out to do him homage.

A correspondent is reminded by the proposition of Gov. Russell that at a fixed hour on Columbus Day there should be one grand chorus, "My Country, 'Tis of thee," of Dr. Holmes's suggestion that at a given moment the whole world should shout "Oh!" It will be remembered that the only obstacle to the Doctor's plan was the probability of each one keeping silence that he might hear to greater advantage the universal cry.

It is said that the secret of the sweet expression and the habitual serenity of the Japanese women is found in their freedom from small worries. "The fashion of dress never varying saves the wear of mind on that subject, and the bareness of the houses and simplicity of diet makes house-keeping a mere bagatelle." But the European dress is worn more and more, and the Japanese are noted for the variety of their dishes. The true secret is without doubt the composure peculiar to the Orientals, and missionaries from the East who would teach the value of restfulness of mind and the wickedness of fretting would be truly welcome here.

The city of Lowell is to be congratulated on its adoption of the system of cremation as a means of disposing of garbage. The furnace to be erected will have ample capacity, and there will be an apparatus for the disinfection of suspected clothing by superheated steam. It appears that in the past garbage in Lowell has been sold to farmers in the neighborhood to feed swine, and it has been given to cows. This highly objectionable practice will be ended by the introduction of the crematory.

Mr. Mansfield's version of "The Scarlet Letter" will be seen with interest. The strength of Hawthorne's romance lies in the exhibition of a heart eaten with remorse, and yet there are opportunities for stage treatment, as the public penance of Hester, the vigil on the scaffold, and the final revelation. When a play is made out of a novel, the temptation to compare the two works so inherently different is perhaps unavoidable; and yet such a play should be judged on its own merits, without reference to its source. To the true lover of Hawthorne such a dramatization seems a rash experiment if not an absolute profanation.

It is the pernicious habit of certain grocers and vendors of fruit to expose their wares in the street, where they are often quickly contaminated by the dust and by the passers-by. Even cut melons are sometimes seen. Such exposures are always disagreeable to the thought and not without great danger to the consumer, and when there is a chance of an epidemic, the practice should be prohibited absolutely by law. The very gifts of nature in such times are the ones that should be most closely scrutinized.

The possible answer to the alleged fact that in the West the popularity of matrimony has materially declined of late years may be found in the study by E. W. Howe of Western Society. "A middle-aged man who attends a social affair in the West is looked upon as an oddity, so firmly rooted is the impression that as soon as a man marries he ought to retire from everything except business. Our idea of society is that it is an institution for bringing about marriages; after the marriages take place the contracting parties are expected to retire." It was considered odd in the East that the moment a young woman was married she should yield gracefully to her single sisters. But there has been a decided change in this respect. Marriage is no longer considered as an adieu to society, and a brilliant wife is not expected to shine for the sole benefit of her fortunate husband. Marriage is still "popular" in the effete Eastern States.

Sept. 13

With the return of the summer exiles the lorgnette is seen again in the streets. The weapon is a delicate one, easily broken, but it is savage in its possible cruelty. The bravest man quails when it is leveled at him; the proudest woman is conscious of some defect of person or of dress when so surveyed. The fact that the lorgnette is often made of window glass does not lessen its terrors.

Vacation

Sept. 26, 92

MUSIC AGAIN.

The musical season of '92-'93 will open with the first Symphony concert, and already are singers and performers on musical instruments in active training for public appearance. Manufacturers of pianofortes have engaged their champions and framed letters of recommendation which will be signed in the heat of the season. The singer is eagerly examining his physical apparatus and is testing his method. Advance notices in the disguise of foreign dispatches and personal notes are circulated freely. We shall soon have the yearly opportunity of hearing at least a dozen versions of the "Waldstein" sonata. The vestals of the city stand ready to light and nurse the sacred fire on the altar of Brahms. The name of Paderewski is heard again in street cars. Singers who are neglected or forgotten in Europe are packing their trunks in preparation for triumphs in America. Soon there will be the charging of the air with music of various kinds. Chamber concerts and recitals, symphony and popular concerts will amuse, or possibly instruct. There will also be the discussions concerning the relative merits of schools, pieces and performers. And the stray foreigner will be amazed at the solemn attention paid here to the extraction of sound from human instruments, and from instruments of wood and string and hide and brass.

It is said that we shall hear now things. The long labor of the composer will be judged in the twinkling of an eye. That which is great in its simplicity may be scouted as flippant. That which is complexity and the twin-brother of obscurity may be crowned because of its unsympathetic darkness. There will be, on the other hand,

a revival of emotion provoked by familiar and approved measures; and many who are frightened by the uncouth appearance of the modern Russian composers will purr complacently at the sight of Mendelssohn and his followers, who water the milk of their master. Originality in composition may again awaken the suspicion of the hearer; and virility of thought and expression will no doubt seem rude if not positively indecent. Much depends in this matter on the position assumed by the chief patrons and patronesses of music.

Much is expected of the combination of orchestra and chorus that has been talked of for two years, and is now apparently an established fact. Interesting works may thus be produced and variety be given to the Symphony concerts. The Handel and Haydn Society propose the performance of Handel's "Samson," a mass by Cherubini, and Mr. Chadwick's admirable "Phoenix Expirans." The Cecilia thought of asking Mr. Dvorak to make the journey from New York that he might direct his Requiem. It is doubtful whether the experiment would have contributed to the glory of art. There would have been a natural curiosity to examine the face and figure of the Bohemian; but he is not regarded in Europe as a skillful conductor, and it is said there, in a low voice, that the Requiem is dull. It is not improbable that "The Damnation of Faust" will be sung by the Cecilia. The pianists and the singers have not announced their programmes; but it would not be impossible for an experienced concert-goer to frame them in advance. When one considers, for instance, the wealth of pianoforte literature, the scantiness of the usual repertoire seems inexplicable. As for the singers, they are no doubt striving with the pronunciation of foreign languages. We shall hear German and French and Italian. It is true that we do business, dispute and make love in English; and our novelists, historians, poets and writers on political economy still prefer their native language. It is only in music that our heart and understanding are affected by words in an unknown tongue.

Sept 28 - 92
AT WORCESTER.

Opening Concert of the
Annual Festival

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise"
and the "Erl King's Daughter."

Quarantine Prevents the Arrival
of a Singer.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Mass., Sept. 27. The opening concert of the Worcester Festival of '92 was an organ and song recital. Mr. Frank Taft was the organist, and he played Bach's toccata and fugue in D minor, Saint Saens's "Benediction Nuptiale," Salome's "Wedding Hymn," Merkel's concert-adagio in E and a "Marche Symphonique" of his own for organ and orchestra, which was written for the Worcester County Musical Association and played for the first time this afternoon. Organ recitals in this country are, unfortunately, regarded by lovers of music as a bore. It is true that when such an organist as Mr. S. P. Warren of Grace Church, New York, gives his recitals, the programmes and the performance command the respect of all musicians, but, with few exceptions, organ concerts are slighted and the organ itself is regarded merely as a convenient instrument for the services of the church. Too many organists are amateurs. Too many organists are simply pianoforte players, who add to their income by playing the organ as though it were a pianoforte. They play arrangements of popular melodies; they disguise that which is purely secular by taking liberties with the rhythm, and even with the very notes of the composer. Or they improvise, and then is heard the abomination of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew prophet. The musical hearer is, therefore, apt to condemn the instrument itself. He speaks of it as heavy, elephantine, lozy. He admires its usefulness as a background or a support to a congregation indulging itself in song, but he denies its claims as a solo instrument. In this he is foolish.

Now, Mr. Taft's programme as a whole was worthy of respectful consideration. To be sure, he had no business to play an arrangement of airs from "Faust." The opera of Gounod is a masterpiece, but it does not lend itself easily to such a borrower as the organ. But we have not yet outgrown in America the desire to hear such arrangements, or disarrangements; and perhaps Mr. Taft is not to be blamed severely if he wished to please a miscellaneous audience. The playing of Mr. Taft was, however, open to serious objection. He played the toccata of Bach as though he had once heard the noble composition given by a pupil of Guilman, and so at times his phrasing was admirable, but, as if perchance his memory deserted him, he would be inconsistent. There was a lack of authority in his delivery. He was careless in the treatment of broad chords, particularly in the releasing of them.

The rhythm in the fugue was not sharply defined. In the passages of free fantasy the registration was injudicious, and the manuals were not used in effective contrast. Nor were the passages of bravura always played with clearness, with musical intelligence. In the charming little piece of Saint Saens the melody was not sung with either delicacy or governed passion; there was an apparent lack of sincerity, a want of genuine feeling; and, again, the registration was unfortunate. His symphonic march is an ambitious work with an ambitious title. In it there is little to praise. The themes are ordinary, dry, conventional; the elaboration is dull and unintelligent; the instrumentation is childish. Mr. Taft has a certain mechanical facility in his playing; he shows occasionally an acquaintance with the possible resources of the organ; but, as a rule, he plays as though his chosen instrument were a pianoforte.

Miss Priscilla White of Boston was detained in New York harbor by Dr. Jenkins, who evidently regarded not the claims of the Worcester Musical Association. The audience, therefore, did not hear the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet" or the famous soprano air from Grann's "Death of Jesus." Miss Annabelle Clark sang in her place, and at short notice. Her selections were Coenen's "Come Unto Me," and Denza's "Call Me Back." She was recalled with hearty applause.

Mr. Arthur Beresford sang "Vision Fugitive," from Massenet's "Herodiade," and "The Challenge of Thor," by West. Mr. Beresford was not heard to advantage. He was suffering from a trouble of the throat and he had just passed under the hands of the physician. The orchestral parts of the Massenet air did not arrive, and so the pianoforte was used in accompaniment. To speak in detail of his singing would be unfair. It is sufficient to say that his voice is of excellent quality and of good compass; and although his intonation was not always pure, he pleased the audience, so that in answer to hearty applause he sang Lohr's "Out on the Deep."

In the Evening.

The programme of the evening was made up of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and "The Erl King's Daughter," by Gade. The chorus of the association is said to be 511 strong. There are 170 sopranos, 147 altos, 85 tenors and 109 basses. The quality of tone is agreeable, and the intonation this evening was generally excellent. The difficulties in the choral numbers of Mendelssohn's cantata are well known to all singers, and it is surprising that in spite of Mr. Zerrahn's earnest work and watchfulness there were rough passages in the performance.

The sopranos and basses were firm and resolute throughout, but the alto and tenor parts were not so well nourished. There was greater attention paid this year to dynamic contrasts and there was more intelligence in the phrasing. The phrases were better carried out and the sentences were more carefully punctuated and rounded than they were at the last festival. But when the resources of the chorus were called upon the middle parts seemed weak, and in the polyphonic passages the parts were not well balanced, so that the thread of the discourse was occasionally lost.

The orchestra played with apparently greater care than a year ago, but the accompaniments to the chorus were at times marred by an overblowing of the brass. A simple forte thus assumed formidable proportions and the repeated motive of Mendelssohn might well have shaken the walls of Jericho. The accompaniments to the solo, as well as the second movement of the symphony, were played with more discretion. The solo parts were sung by Mrs. Marie Basia Tavar, Mrs. Belle Cole and Mr. William H. Rieger.

Mrs. Tavar is known chiefly in Boston as an opera singer of versatility. In opera she is always pampering and conscientious, although her work is of uneven merit. Thus last season, for example, she was effective as Gretchen and wretched as Donna Anna. For when a part is unsuited to a singer, the greater zeal leads to the more deplorable results. This evening she sang in English in oratorio, and the result was not always satisfactory. She was more effective in the dramatic passages than in the lyrical. There were happy moments, but there were half hours of pinched, metallic and uneven tones. There was too often a lack of firmness, and her delivery was frequently spasmodic. But it must be remembered that she has been trained in the dramatic school, and that the broad or the sudden effects that please upon the stage annoy when they are transported into the concert hall. She sang besides, in a language that is still foreign to her, and thus she was handicapped. When one considers the variety of her artistic efforts the singer must be held in respect. It were to be wished, however, that she were not so self-conscious or so ready to acknowledge applause.

Mrs. Cole and Mrs. Tavar sang the familiar duet with more vigor than sentiment, and if they "waited for the Lord," it was with impatience. Mr. Rieger deserved warm praise for his performance. He sang with finish and intelligence. He delivered the call to the watchman with unexaggerated effect, although a fire alarm without worked against him. Gade's cantata has been sung before by the association, while the cantata of Mendelssohn was given for the first time as a whole. The performance of the chorus was admirable, and the morning hymn was sung superbly. Mr. Carl Duft was excellent as the ill-fated hero, but he should count more carefully his enunciation. The hearer was unable to judge of the story or trace the temptation and the return so far as the words that fell from the lips of the singer were concerned.

Mrs. Cole sang the part of the mother acceptably, and Mrs. Tavar made perhaps as much as was necessary of the commonplace scene of seduction. The work itself is simple, sane and pleasing in

certain parts. But it is not dramatic in any sense of the term. It was a fatal day for the originality of Gade when he became acquainted with Mendelssohn.

There was a large audience, and the applause was genuine and hearty. To-morrow afternoon there will be an orchestral concert, and Miss Juch will sing. To-morrow evening Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" will be given. Messrs. Heinrich, Duft and Rieger will take part.

PHILIP HALE.

Sept 29 - 92

"PARADISE LOST."

Rubinstein's Idea of the Creation and the Fall.

A Sacred Opera With Satan as the Hero.

Its First Performance at the Worcester Festival.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 28. The concert of this afternoon calls for nothing but words of praise. Extended criticism would only be a stringing together of complimentary adjectives, and it is sufficient to say that the playing of the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, was in all respects worthy of the reputation of the Boston organization. The orchestral numbers were the overture to "Oberon," Beethoven's fifth symphony, the ballet music from "Orpheus," and the brilliant arrangement by Mueller-Berghaus of Liszt's polonaise in E major.

Miss Emma Juch sang the grand air of Balkis from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and "Sweet Bird" from Handel's "L'Allegro." She was applauded enthusiastically, and she sang as additional numbers "The Daily Question," by Meyer-Helmund, and Rubinstein's "Thou art like unto a flower." Mr. Heindl played the flute obligato to the air of Handel, and the accompaniment of the Rubinstein song was played by Mr. Schuecker on the harp. Miss Juch was in excellent voice, and her singing gave the audience great pleasure. She sang the air, which is given by Gounod to Balkis, the inflammable Queen of Sheba, as she is alone in a grove of colars remembering Adiram, the master workman, with dramatic power, with musical intelligence and with genuine passion. It is to be regretted that she sang it in German, and her action was almost an impertinence. The original French words are respectable, and there is an English translation that may be found in any music shop. It is true that there is a German version, but there is a German version to the other air—the "Sweet Bird"—sung by her, and she might have sung that air in a foreign tongue, and thus shown consistency. Although Miss Juch is, as a rule, more fortunate in selections of a broad, dramatic character than in pieces of bravura, her performance

Sept 30, 92

THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Two Agreeable Concerts of a Miscellaneous Nature.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 29. The centenary of the death of Mozart fell between the Worcester Festivals of 1891 and 1892. The concert of this afternoon was in commemoration of the centenary. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Magic Flute".....Mozart
"Ingemisco," from the Requiem.....Verdi
Mr. W. E. Bacheller.
"Che faro," from "Orpheus".....Gluck
Miss Whiting.

Symphony, E flat.....Mozart
"Non mi dir," "Don Giovanni".....Mozart
Mrs. Tavery.

Omin's song, "Il Seraglio".....Mozart
Mr. Beresford.

Cherry duet, "L'Amico Fritz".....Mascagni
Mrs. Tavery and Mr. Bacheller.

Noter No. 3.....Mozart

The work of the orchestra was in the main excellent. The rare beauty of the symphony was appreciated both by the players and the audience. The accompaniments, under the direction of Messrs. Zerrahn and Kneisel, were given with accuracy and discretion.

Mr. Willis E. Bacheller is a young American to whom nature gave a tenor voice of agreeable quality and good range. The voice lends itself easily to passages of sentiment, and it meets the demands of stronger emotion. It is said that Mr. Bacheller has studied faithfully in foreign lands, and his performance to-day showed many fruits of his labor. There was occasionally a tone that was pinched, and at times the attack was vicious, but Mr. Bacheller may well be satisfied with his first appearance. He should cultivate repose in manner, for his apparent nervousness and his restlessness disturb the pleasure of the hearer. He was applauded loudly, and in response he sang an insipid song. Miss Harriet Whiting of Boston has made marked progress. She controls her voice with skill, and her tones are pure and even. In the Gluck aria there was an absence of dramatic contrasts, and the lament of Orpheus was therefore not unlike the conventional and public grief of a well-bred and bereaved husband. In response to hearty applause, Miss Whiting sang a song that was unworthy of the occasion. Mrs. Tavery was warmly received, and after her performance of the Mozart aria she was enthusiastically recalled. Mr. Beresford, although he is still suffering from a raw throat, sang Omin's song from "Il Seraglio" in a most acceptable manner, and for a second time he chose Pinsul's "Bedouin Song." Mr. Beresford will undoubtedly prove himself to be a valuable acquisition to the ranks of Boston singers.

The duet from "L'Amico Fritz" turned out to be the "cherry duet" of the second act and not the love duet of the third act, which was announced in the programme book. Unfortunately the orchestral parts were mislaid or they did not arrive, and the accompaniment was given to a pianoforte. To speak of the merits of the duet, deprived of its fitting dress and taken from its stage surroundings, would be in a measure impertinent. It was sung with taste, although Mrs. Tavery interpolated a catch-penny note, the note described by Berlioz as "the cry of the little dog." The Mozart motet is an arrangement of a chorus written by Von Gabler's heroic drama, "Tamos, King of Egypt." It was composed in 1779 or 1780, and bears all the marks of the Salzburg period when Mozart did much hack-work and looked impatiently for a better situation.

The programme of the evening concert was as follows:

Overture, "Phedre".....Massenet
Air from "The King of Lahore".....Massenet
Mr. Galassi.

Scena, "Judith".....Concone
Mrs. Cole.

"Celeste Aida".....Verdi
Mr. Campanini.

Tarantelle.....Bizet
Mrs. Tavery.

"Le Ronet d'Omphale".....Saint Saens
Quartette "Rigoletto".....Verdi

Prelude to "Parsifal".....Wagner

Serenade.....Gounod
Mrs. Cole.

Aria, "The Flying Dutchman".....Wagner
Mr. Galassi.

Huldigung's March.....Wagner

Selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni

This concert is known in festival phraseology as the "Artists' night." It was this year as it was last year. There was good singing and there was bad singing. Opera arias were applauded to the echo, and the applause was rewarded by the gift of sentimental ditties. Mrs. Cole, for instance, sang of the noble rage of Judith, and then incited the audience to frenetic enthusiasm by addressing herself in song to "Genevieve, sweet Genevieve," or "Fair Genevieve," or "My Genevieve," whatever the apostrophe may be. The audience was in gala dress. It crowded the hall. It was impartial in its distribution of applause. It was pleased with the slovenly performance of passages of Bravura in Bizet's "Tarantelle" by Mrs. Tavery. It was also charmed by the excellent performance of St. Saens' symphonic poem that it insisted upon a repetition of it. Only the good sense of the four singers prevented the repetition of the quartette from "Rigoletto." The encore nuisance was seen this evening in its fulness. The first part of the programme was made up of seven

numbers. This part was enlarged by additional numbers, compelled by applause, to 12. The second part of the programme was not attacked until 9.45 o'clock. Now if a singer is eminently successful in the achieving of a task, and he is asked to repeat his performance immo-hately, the chances are that he will not equal his triumph. If he sings exactly as well the element of surprise is eliminated from the grand result, and the pleasure of the hearer is not as keen, or the singer is apt to choose instead a song or ballad that efface the first impression. In any case he is likely to weary himself in the service of the kindly and selfish audience. It would be an idle task to give a detailed account of the concert of this evening. Seven of the numbers of the programme were heard for the first time in Worcester, but there was no novelty that calls for extended notice or would excite the curiosity of the general public. It is sufficient to say that the audience was delighted, and the applause was without discrimination.

The concert of to-morrow afternoon will be of a miscellaneous nature, and Mr. Xaver Scharwenka will play the solo part of his pianoforte concerto in B minor. Mr. Scharwenka will conduct the Vorspiel to his opera "Mataswintha." Mrs. Corinne Lawson will sing "The Messiah" will be given to-morrow evening and the festival will close with this performance. Miss Juch, Mrs. Cole and Messrs. Campanini and Whitney will take the solo parts.

PHILIP HALE.

Oct 1, '92

AT WORCESTER.

The Last Day of the Festival—Handel's "Messiah" Ends It.

Special Dispatch to The Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 30. The programme of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Overture, "Prometheus".....Goldmark
Aria, "Il re pastore".....Mozart

Suite, "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Concerto for pianoforte, B minor.....Scharwenka
Mr. Scharwenka.

Cradle song.....Ries
Summer song.....Chaminade
Mrs. Lawson.

Vorspiel, "Mataswintha".....Scharwenka
Carnival in Paris.....Svensen

There was a large audience. Although the concert was made unreasonably long by the united efforts of the "encore fiends," the people present wore in a high state of pleasure and seemed loth to go. Mrs. Corinne Lawson sang with simplicity and with considerable technical intelligence. The voice is sympathetic, but the singer is apparently unmoved. The air Mozart, from "Il re pastore," is in the old Italian manner, with a violin obbligato, which was played to-day with taste by Mr. Kneisel. It was first sung in Salzburg by one of those unfortunates known in music as a male soprano. Miss Lawson used the arrangement by Lauterbach. In the song by Ries there was a slight wandering from the true pitch. After the "Summer" of Miss Chaminade Mrs. Lawson was recalled, and she sang "Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre" to her own accompaniment, and neither the song nor the accompaniment gained thereby.

Mr. Scharwenka was welcomed warmly. He looked none the worse on account of his enforced imprisonment in New York Harbor and his cool reception by the dwellers near Fire Island. He played in the concerto in B minor with the polished strength and chivalric grace that characterize the man and the pianist, and in response to hearty applause he played his well-known Polish dance, and thus gave the true version to the pianists of Worcester and neighboring towns of a piece that has undoubtedly suffered from its very popularity. He conducted the Vorspiel to his opera "Mataswintha," and it was the first public performance of it. The Vorspiel is a sonorous composition, richly scored, and at times impressive. It is influenced strongly by the music of Wagner. Perhaps there are no direct quotations, but the style is copied, and certain mannerisms, such as the peculiar use of the triplet and the turn, are reproduced with care.

The orchestra, under Mr. Zerrahn and under Mr. Scharwenka, played admirably, and it may be said here that the orchestral accompaniments under the direction of Mr. Kneisel throughout the week have been characterized by accuracy, taste and subordination to the singer.

The performance of Handel's "Messiah" this evening brought the festival to a close. The hall was filled to overflowing. The performance was of unequal merit. The choruses were, as a rule, acceptably given. In certain instances the delivery seemed perfunctory, but the atmosphere of the hall was not calculated to animate the singers. In certain instances the pace might have been faster. It would be an interesting experiment for a leader of marked musical instinct, thoroughly acquainted with the music of Handel's day and at the same time regardless of traditions that at the best are doubtful, to drill thoroughly a chorus of sixty picked voices and then lead the "Messiah" according to his own understanding of the intention of Handel. Bulk, size and "multitudinous mediocrity" are dear to the English and American oratorio audiences. The soloists of the evening were Miss Juch, Mrs. Cole and Messrs. Campanini and Whitney. Miss Juch sang with marked intelligence. The evidences of the hard work of past years were more apparent than they were Wednesday afternoon. Nevertheless, she gave the audience legitimate pleasure.

her experience there is an occasional crudeness in her performance that contradicts the proofs of artistic training seen often in her work. She indulges herself in cheap tricks, such as the forcing of tones in a cadence that follows a piano passage. Nor is her voice welded together. In fact, she has an assortment of voices, so that in the same aria there will be a suspicion of two or three women who sing in turn. On the other hand there are just reasons for her popularity. Many of her tones are sympathetic. She carries conviction in a ballad, even when the ballad is of little merit. Although she often pleases the musician by an admirable bit of phrasing, she seems more desirous of the favor of the general public. If she wins the heart of this public she has fulfilled a mission. And yet it would not have been impossible for her to have deserved the musical respect of all classes of hearers.

Mr. Campanini was heard to the best advantage in "Behold and See," which he delivered with the noble simplicity of the true artist. Through a misunderstanding of the arrangement of the vocal parts he was unable to take part in one of the quartettes, and the cello came to the rescue at the rehearsal and the concert. Mr. Whitney's singing in the "Messiah" is too well known to require comment.

The festival of 1892 was in many respects an improvement on that of last year. The programmes were of greater excellence, so far as the miscellaneous concerts are concerned. The singing of the chorus was marked by greater accuracy of intonation, sharper attack and more decided attention to dynamic contrasts. The work of the orchestra was admirable from the beginning to the end. And where nearly all the solo singers were conscientious to the best of their knowledge and ability, it may not be impertinent to again acknowledge the pleasure given by Miss Juch in her operatic aria; by Mrs. Lawson in the song by Chaminade, and by Messrs. Rieger, Dufft and Heinrich in their respective and, at times, thankless parts.

PHILIP HALE.

Oct 4. 92

"THERESE RAQUIN."

Zola's drama, "Therese Raquin," was given last evening at the Globe Theatre by the Potter-Bellevue Company to a large audience. The cast was the same as at the first performance, September 19, and there is nothing to be added to the criticism which followed that performance. When Zola's drama was first produced at the Renaissance in Paris, July 11, 1873, Auguste Vitu called it "a tissue of abominable horrors." He complained also of a mistake of Zola, in that the playwright tried to study and paint physical remorse, and not the remorse that arises from conviction of crime and sin against morality or religion. "The guilty man and woman do not repent," says Vitu. "they are simply afraid." On the other hand, such an accomplished writer and well-versed in the art of Brander Matthews speaks of "Therese" as "a grim and ghastly drama, full of human strength and directness and having the simplicity of genius." The name of Zola is as often, especially by those who have never read him, as a bug-a-boo to warn the unwary against French literature. However repulsive this drama may be, there is no insidious corruption of the senses; there is no calling that which is evil good. Therese and Laurent are caught out by their sin. The punishment is so utterly logical, merciless and just.

The drama will be given throughout the week, in the evening and at the matinees. Last night Mrs. Potter, Miss Vernon and Mr. Bellevue were called before the curtain after the third

Oct 8. 92

Musical Courier New York

The Worcester Festival.

THE thirty-fifth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association was held in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, Mass., September 26, 27, 28, 29 and 30. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor, and Franz Kneisel was the associate conductor. The organist was B. D. Allen. The orchestra was made up of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It is the custom at these festivals to introduce the services of the week by giving a concert that is known generally as an organ and song recital. An organist plays pieces written by himself or by others for the organ, or he arranges and disarranges airs of popular operas or operatic and concert overtures for his instrument, and thus attempts to disguise its majesty and solemnity by making it the vehicle of elephantine joviality or incongruous sentimentalism. Singers appear on the stage. They are armed with songs which they aim and discharge at the members of the committee. If they hit the heart or the head they are invited to revisit Worcester, and the next season they sit higher at the feast. The programs of these recitals are of a miscellaneous nature, and the selections range from Bach to Batiste, Graun to Denza.

The program of Tuesday afternoon, the 27th, was of a higher order than is customary, but, unfortunately, it was not carried out, for Miss Priscilla White, who intended to sing "Lo, the heaven descended prophet," from Graun's "The Death of Jesus," and the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet," was in New York harbor, under the protection of Dr. Jenkins. Miss Annabelle Clark was obliging enough to take her place at short notice, and she was heard in Coergen's "Come unto me," and Denza's "Call me back." Her voice is agreeable and she is not without temperament. She was applauded loudly and recalled. Mr.

Arthur Beresford, who was in the Mockridge Concert Company last season and is now the solo bass at Trinity Church, Boston, made his first appearance at these festivals. He was not in good condition, and he fell frequently below the true pitch. His voice is of excellent quality and generous compass. His numbers were "Vision Fugitive," from "Hérodiade," and West's "Challenge of Thor." He was recalled, and he sang Lohr's "Out on the Deep." Mr. Frank Taft played the following organ selections: Toccata and fugue, D minor, Bach; "Benediction Nuptiale," Saint-Saëns; "Wedding Hymn," Salomé; a fantasia, by Eddy, on themes from "Faust," and his own "Marche Sym-

phonique," for organ and orchestra, written for the association and played for the first time. This ambitious march is a dull affair. It is scored for organ, strings, two lutes, two oboes, two clarionets, a tuba, harp, kettledrums, bass drum, triangle and cymbals. There are instruments enough, but they are not used with skill. The sonority is not full or robust, and there is an absence of piquant contrasts and delicate effects. The themes are trite, the elaboration is uninteresting, the harmonies are conventional, and, as I have said, the instrumentation is without effect. Mr. Taft, it is reported, was handicapped in his performance by the mechanical indisposition of the organ; the couplers had the rheumatism, and there was a suspicion of pleurisy.

The program of the concert of Tuesday evening was made up of Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Gade's "The Erl King's Daughter." The joint was followed immediately by the hash that came from it. Or, as if perchance the brew of Mendelssohn seemed too strong in this prohibition town, it was diluted and called Gade's soothing mixture. What would have become of Gade if he had escaped acquaintanceship with Mendelssohn? He would possibly have paid more attention to Scandinavian themes; he, perhaps, would have chased that phantom known as "local color," and in that case Ernst Closson would write of him with more tenderness. As for the "Hymn of Praise" it does not resist the tooth of time. With the exception of the cry to the watchman and the chorus that follows the familiar duet and the second movement of the symphony, the work is more or less an "official machine," to borrow an expression from our French neighbors. The difficulties that beset the path of the chorus singer are known to all, and considering these difficulties and the size of the chorus the performance as a whole was a creditable one. The sopranos and the basses were excellent and the tenors and the altos were weak in comparison; so that in polyphonic passages there was at times a disappearance of the phrase. The quality of tone, the attack and the intonation were worthy of praise. The undramatic ballade or cantata of Gade was well sung by the chorus, and the morning hymn in the third part was given with great effect. The solo numbers of the cantatas were allotted to Mrs. Tavary, Mrs. Belle Cole and Messrs. W. H. Rieger and Carl Dufft.

Mrs. Tavary is a singer who in Europe was known by the name of Basta. She sang for a time in Munich, and it is said that the mad king of Bavaria was pleased with her, and he gave her a thumb ring. She was then a musical maid of all work. I remember hearing her in "Les Huguenots" as the "Queen of Navarre," "Valentine" and "the Page," and without doubt she would have assumed the part of "Marcel" at a moment's notice. She was painstaking and conscientious, and she showed much intelligence in her work. But in the music of Gade she was not heard at her best, and in the "Hymn of Praise" she was given to explosive delivery. Mrs. Cole sang in an accurate and phlegmatic manner. Mr. Rieger was wholly admirable, and Mr. Dufft gave pleasure by his artistic phrasing.

The concert of Wednesday afternoon was excellent from every standpoint. The program was as follows: Overture, "Oberon;" Beethoven's fifth symphony, "The Dance of Blessed Spirits" and "The Dance of Furies" from "Orfeo," and the arrangement by Müller-Berghaus of Liszt's polonaise in E major. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn, played exceedingly well. The symphony was given according to the traditions that have been observed by the German chapelmasters of the old school. There was no hint or suggestion of the Wagner-Nikisch version that is now familiar to the members of the orchestra, and which, when it was first presented to a Boston audience, provoked such acrid discussion in street cars. Miss Emma Juch sang in German the air of Balki's, "The Fiery Queen of Sheba," who, according to the Talmud and Gounod, did not spend all of her days and nights at Solomon's court in asking hard questions. She also sang the air "Sweet Bird," from Handel's "L'Allegro," and the flute obligato was played by Mr. E. M. Heindl. She was applauded enthusiastically and she sang in response Meyer-Helmund's "Daily Question" and Rubinstein's "Thou Art Like Unto a Flower." Mr. Schneck accompanied her in the latter song on the harp. The applause was deserved, for Miss Juch delivered the air from "La Reine de Saba" with superb breadth and with dramatic intelligence, and the songs by Meyer-Helmund and Rubinstein were free from exaggeration and sentimentalism.

The event of the week, as it was thought before the performance, was the production of Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost." This oratorio was composed in 1854, and it was first produced December 17, 1876, at St. Petersburg. Its first and only performance in this country before Wednesday was at the Cincinnati Festival of May, 1888.

Rubinstein calls his work a sacred opera, but when Mr. Henry Hersee turned the text into English the title was transformed into "oratorio," the form of musical entertainment that is so dear to English men and women. And yet Rubinstein had the warrant of history in his choice of the phrase "sacred opera," for the first oratorios were nothing else but sacred operas, "azione sacra," performed

with action, costume and scenery during Lent, when worldly operas were forbidden. We know from the autobiography of Von Dittersdorf that as late as 1768 such sacred operas were given, for in his description of the performance of his oratorio "Isaaco," he praises the acting of the singers—"even the boy who played the Angel was excellent. The stage setting was a grove, and by it was the dwelling house of Abraham. The costumes imitated with accuracy ancient designs."

The legend of Adam and Eve has excited the curiosity of playwrights and makers of music for several centuries. In the twelfth century the temptation of Eve by the serpent was a favorite subject in the French sacred dramas, accompanied by music. There were even then attempts at realism. There was a practical serpent, Paradise was shown by flowers and fruit trees, and the smoke of hell arose from pots and kettles. Adam wore a red tunic, which after the fall was exchanged for a shabby dress decorated with leaves. Eve was conscious in white silk.

Haydn in his "Creation" has chanted the hymn of Nature. His Adam and his Eve are sleek and smug citizens of Vienna. They exchange the connubial endearments that so irritated Charles Lamb. Even if they had fallen from grace they would never have accused each other. Adam wears a powdered wig and a sword. Eve sprang into existence with a high necked dress.

Now, Massenet does not concern himself with the labor of the Lord in creating the firmament, planets, the heavenly lights and all the other accompaniments terrestrial and celestial to the supreme creation of woman. He simply looks at Eve. The voices of Nature tempt her. Nor does she require urging. For the Eve of Massenet is a modern Parisienne. Grévin drew her. She is known to the French novelists and playwrights. She tingles from head to foot when the south wind perfumes her hair. She has vague longings in the "mad, naked summer night—night of the large few stars." She eats bonbons. After the fall she clothes herself at the Bon Marché. The music of Massenet is not nobly passionate. It is lubricious. And yet it is not improbable that the Eve of Massenet is the Eve of the legend. The early Christian fathers would approve his treatment. The wild speculations of Hadrian Beverland concerning original sin might well have suggested Eve.

Then there is the "Eden" of Stanford, which I have never heard. And there is Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," which I heard first about ten years ago in Berlin. I then thought it a tedious work. This impression was confirmed by a second hearing.

The work is long, too long. Mr. Zerrahn used the blue pencil freely, and even then the audience was soon weary. For the music of Rubinstein is a panorama. Scene succeeds scene. The angels sing "Hosanna;" Satan leads his forces against the heavenly hosts. The battle scene was almost entirely cut out Wednesday evening. The devils are hurled to the lowest depths of hell. Then Satan calls on Sin and Death, Pride, Lust and Frailty. While the rebels prophesy the coming destruction of the new world and the new pair the angels of God sing songs of praise. Then there is an instrumental introduction that is supposed to describe chaos. The Lord creates. Each creative act is followed by a chorus of wonder or adoration. The temptation and the fall are told by the orchestra in music without distinction of any sort. Adam and Eve and the serpent are punished, and the gate is closed and barred.

The chorus numbers are often unvocal and in despising the character and the limitations of the human voice the composer has gained nothing in effect. Strainings after effect are constantly in evidence. There are unnatural progressions, there are harmonies that are ugly without excuse, and when Rubinstein tries his hand at counterpoint the parts are apt to limp or wobble in their walk. The first chorus is agreeable and effective in its artful simplicity, and some of the choruses in the second part are graceful in movement and pleasant in melody, as the chorus, "All around, see, the buds are starting." The instrumentation is, as a rule, hard and dry. It is occasionally fantastic, and it is sometimes bizarre. Sonority is often noise. Piquancy is frequently eccentricity. The recitatives, with a few exceptions, such as Satan's "Appeal to Sin," are a dreary waste. The airs are without distinction. In a word the work is dull. Paradise seems a spot without at-

traction. The pleasure that led to the triumph of hell must have been greatly overrated. And hell appears to be a region where the chief inconvenience to the citizen thereof is the noise extracted from maltreated instruments.

The festival chorus, as it exists on paper, is made up of 170 sopranos, 147 altos, 85 tenors, 109 basses. This makes a total of 511 voices. Whenever Rubinstein respected the capabilities of average chorus singers, the numbers were sung with effect, although there were here and there a few slips. The sopranos, however, were unequal to the more severe demands of the composer, and in the fugal passages of "Praise ye the Mighty One" there was much falling by the wayside. The difficult battle chorus was practically omitted.

The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Corinne Lawson, Mrs. Ruggles, Miss Whiting and Messrs. Rieger, Dufft and Heinrich. The parts were acceptably taken. Mr. Rieger, as

"A Voice," succeeded in a thankless task, although he dragged occasionally in the recitatives, and toward the end of the evening he showed signs of weariness. There was a touch of realism given to the performance by the appearance of Mr. Max Heinrich in the part of Satan. Mr. Heinrich is familiar with the devil in all his protean disguises. As the "Mephisto" of Berlioz, the unpleasant villain in "The Spectre Bride," and "Satan" in "Paradise Lost," Mr. Heinrich by his intelligence and by his sympathetic treatment has won justly renown. It is understood that Mr. Heinrich will this season turn his back on the Prince of Darkness, as he has been engaged by the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, to sing in Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew." Mr. Heinrich does not attempt to conceal his joy at the conversion. He said to me the morning after the performance of "Paradise Lost:" "You think I can't sing anything but the 'Devil.' You just wait and hear my 'Jesus.'"

The Adam and Eve of Rubinstein are respectable people who are not inclined to give way to emotion or to indulge themselves in bursts of melody. It was unfortunate for the pleasure of the audience that Mrs. Lawson and Mr. Dufft were so repressed by the composer.

The afternoon of Thursday, September 29, 1892, was devoted to a "commemoration of Mozart," who happened to die December 5, 1791. The "Magic Flute" overture and the E flat symphony were well played by the orchestra. Mrs. Tavary sang "Non mi dir" with force and although her delivery of bravura passages was not always clean, and certain tones were pinched, she was not undeserving of the hearty applause that rewarded her. The third motet of Mozart, an arrangement of a chorus from "Thamos" was the remaining commemorative number. I forget, however, that Mr. Beresford pleased the audience and displayed a manly voice in Osmin's song from "Il Seraglio." Mr. W. E. Bacheller, a young American tenor, was heard in Verdi's "Ingemisco," and although he is as yet inexperienced, he has the stuff of which operatic tenors of merit are made. Miss Whiting, of Boston, sang "Che farò" with pure, even tones and without expression. Mrs. Tavary and Mr. Bacheller, accompanied by a piano, sang the "Cherry duet" from "L'Amico Fritz."

Thursday evening was "artists' night." The audience was in gala dress. It crowded the hall. The "encore fiend" was there and his name was legion. His taste was that of the "ostrich." If he swallowed eagerly "Le Rouet d'Omphale" (which was played delightfully by the orchestra) he also bolted down "Genevieve" and "My Daddy," which were given by Mrs. Cole in response to the imperious demand for more. Neither Campanini ("Celeste Aida" of course) nor Galassi ("Promesse de mon avenir" from "Le Roi de Lahore") was in the best of conditions, but their work in the quartet from "Rigoletto" and in the second part of the program was more worthy of their reputation. Indeed, the quartet, in which Mrs. Tavary and Mrs. Cole assisted, was sung exceedingly well. Mrs. Tavary sang Bizet's "Tarantelle;" at times she disregarded the rhythm, and her bravura was not free from coarseness. Mrs. Cole sang "Judith" of Concone in solemn fashion, not without effect; her phrasing of the three final measures of the cantabile in C major was a triumph of skill. She also sang Gounod's serenade. Mr. Galassi's second number was the "Dutchman's" air. The "Phèdre" overture of Massenet, prelude to "Parsifal," and "Huldigung's March" were played by the orchestra, and selections from "Cavalleria Rusticana," in which Mrs. Tavary and Campanini, took part, brought finally the end to a concert that in spite of its absurd length evidently delighted the audience.

Friday afternoon there was an excellent concert, in which Mr. Xaver Scharwenka played the solo part of his piano concerto in B minor. His performance was characterized by elegance, the elegance that is attributed to Hummel, that distinguished Theodore Kullak. Mr. Scharwenka conducted the Vorspiel to his opera "Mataswintha," and

Boston Post-Examiner

Philip Hale, the critic, is an eccentric individuality with a careless audacity in his pen thrusts that keeps his brethren and the public at large continually on the qui vive for the "what-will-he-say-next?" Such a genial good fellow is he, though, with such a positive genius for artistic ink spattering of Boston's pet programmes, that to be written down by Hale has become one of the most coveted Bostonic laurels of the long-suffering musical profession.

according to the program it was its first public performance. In ideas, in treatment of ideas and in orchestral dress it shows the marked influence of Wagner. Certain mannerisms of that composer are reproduced with singular exactness. The Vorspiel, with its sonority and rich coloring, pleased the audience. Mrs. Corinne Lawson sang "L'amero saro costante," from Mozart's "Il re pastore;" Ries' "Cradle Song" and Chaminade's "L'Été." In response to deserved applause that followed the song of Miss Chaminade, Mrs. Lawson sang to her own piano accompaniment "O had I Jubal's lyre." Goldmark's overture, "Prometheus," Bizet's suite, "L'Arlesienne," and Svendsen's "Carnival in Paris" were played brilliantly by the orchestra.

The last concert of the festival took place Friday evening and the oratorio was "The Messiah." The hall was filled to overflowing and the air was stifling. Either from the condition of the atmosphere or from weariness many of the choruses were given in a rather perfunctory manner. There was a misunderstanding about the entrance of soloists in "For unto us" before the rehearsal, and at the concert the tenor solo was played by the cello, while the other members of the quartet sang their allotted task. The soloists were Miss Juch, Mrs. Cole and Messrs. Campanini and Whitney. Campanini sang "Behold and see" with unexaggerated feeling and simple, manly pathos. Mrs. Juch sang acceptably. Mrs. Cole provoked speculation; for she would phrase with intelligence, and then she would indulge herself in a cheap attempt to win the applause of the unthinking. It is said that the English delight in her singing of ballads. She certainly finds the ballad a congenial task, and in it she is heard to best advantage. The performance of "The Messiah" was not a brilliant ending of the festival, but it was at least respectable.

The festival of this year was an improvement on that of 1891. The chorus work was distinguished by greater sureness in intonation and by a closer observance of the dynamic marks of the composers. The programs of the orchestral and the song concerts were of greater merit. It would be difficult to say of how much real value these festivals are to music as it exists in Worcester. There is enthusiasm during the festival, but it appears to be bottled up for the rest of the year; for I am told that concerts during the fifty-one remaining weeks are few in number and are not largely attended. It is certain, however, that the one week gives the people of Worcester and the adjoining towns pleasure, and the hearers have an opportunity of becoming musical by the process of generous absorption. I am unable to learn the pecuniary outcome of this festival, but it is not likely that the management will lose money.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Coming of Anton Dvorak of Bohemia.

Gossip Concerning Pietro Mascagni, Opera Maker.

"Fadette," an Arrangement of a Famous Opera Comique.

It is said that Mr. Anton Dvorak will make his first appearance at a concert in this country in the Carnegie Music Hall, New York, the 21st instant. Curiosity to see him will fill the hall to overflowing, and, to quote from the impassioned language of a New York reporter, Mr. Dvorak will "receive an ovation." The talented Bohemian composer will then be debarré from the privilege of entering the city in a triumphal chariot, as an ovation is a lesser triumph. He may enter on horseback or on foot, crowned with a wreath of myrtle. A sheep will be sacrificed, while the people cry aloud with a mighty shout, "O! O!" It is to be hoped that the "ovation" has been rehearsed with care.

Great things are expected as the result of the engagement of Mr. Dvorak by Mrs. Thurber. A well-known writer on musical matters is confident that Dvorak will be the founder or the inventor of the long looked for school of American music. He reasons as follows: Deeply moved by the beauty or the grandeur of Bohemian landscape, Dvorak expressed his feelings in music that is distinctly national. If he examines an American forest, meadow or water-fall, he will be moved again and he will express himself in music that will be purely American. This reasoning should be dedicated by the author to the memory of W. S. Jewons. Bohemia is a land of legend, poetry and music, and it was such a land years before Dvorak appeared on earth at Muhlhausen, near Kralup. Bohemians and musicians have long been synonymous. What is the old Bohemian proverb? "If I have a son, he will be a musician or a thief."

It is possible that Dvorak will not think it necessary to visit the Colorado canon or a shouting geyser that he may be impelled to write music. He may search in the library of the music school for American melodies, folk song, traditional tunes. Or he may go through the shelves of the music shops. Will any discovery whet his zeal? Here, for instance is the opening of a popular American ditty: "Mike Gilligan's a man well known in our ward, He has lived there for many a year, He was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard, 'Till they made him an overseer." The melody suits the words; the whole "machinery" is characteristic of a phase of American life; but it is doubtful if it would suggest extraordinary thematic treatment to the composer of the "Slawische Tuenzo."

Pietro Mascagni visited Vienna in September. He received an "ovation." He was "interviewed." In a word, he was subjected to the pains and the pleasures of greatness. We learn from a reporter of a Vienna newspaper that Mascagni is of "elegant appearance." He is tall and spare. He has thick, dark brown hair, and he enjoys the possession of a "classic profile." His face is pale, and "he might be taken easily for a clergyman." His eyes are large and clear, his expression is mild and amiable. The reporter records it as a remarkable fact that Mascagni speaks Italian with considerable fluency. The composer appears to have talked sensibly and modestly about the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana." "I ascribe its success," he said, "first of all to the swiftly moving and dramatic action." It was only after repeated attempts that he decided that the spoken words concerning the death of Turiddu were more tragic than any musical setting. Although Mascagni admits that he is a believer in realism, or naturalism, in the drama and the opera, he fears the result of overstepping the artistic boundary. "I have no longing after material which is distinctively realistic for the purposes of opera." Before he meditated "Cavalleria Rusticana," he thought of the Nero of the playwright Pietro Costa and the Nero of Hammerling as musical heroes; but he found no libretto. At present he is interested in "Vistiha," a Roman subject.

Mascagni is already a child of romance. His figure is seen emerging from mythic mists. It appears that he prefers to work at night. He is often crippled by sudden and shooting pains in the right arm. One of the reporters is sure that his ailment is neuritis or neuritis. While Mascagni was writing "L'amico Fritz," he dropped frequently the pen and consulted physicians, who were of no avail.

When a man becomes famous in the twinkling of an eye; when his name strikes the roof of the world, there is always a boon companion who knew him in his unknown days and nights to tell mankind that the idol is after all a human being. As the Roman conqueror had his slave to whisper in his ear, so Mascagni cannot escape from Aristide Goldbacher. This name, which sounds as though it were assumed for theatrical purposes, is attached to an individual who was in the habit of seeing Mascagni in the Cafe Biffi in Milan. According to Mr. Goldbacher, Mascagni entered the cafe every afternoon precisely at 2 o'clock. He then looked like Werther. "He was always buried in earnest thoughts," it appears that Mascagni was inclined to pour out his soul at the hour of 2. He told of his youth; how his father intended him for the law; how, as the boy rebelled, the father bought him a piano-forte for \$14; how he practiced thereon so diligently that the neighbors complained, and the worthy baker was fined repeatedly. Then Uncle Stefano appeared on the scene, a very Deus ex machina. The good uncle died, and Mascagni now weeps at the mention of his name. There were wanderings, discouragements, disasters. In 1887 Mascagni was sick unto death in Naples. A woman who sang at the theatre where he directed nursed him. He recovered, and he married her. They lived for a time at Genoa, and his salary as conductor of the city band was \$200 a month; 1890 saw Mascagni famous and rich. He can now buy freely of this world's goods. In fact, he has just bought a palace in Livorno for \$8000. Palaces in Italy are plentiful and cheap. They have more marble than plumbing.

As for other deeds of Mascagni according to the chronicle of Goldbacher, they may be found by the curious in No. 43 of the "Rivista" in choice German. The calling of Aristide Goldbacher is not therein made public. It is not improbable that he is a press agent. He has apparently all the qualifications.

In Europe, as in this country, there is a dearth of musical news. Bizet's one-act opera "Djamleh," was produced with success at the Bohemian National Theatre, in Prague, Sept. 17. Carl Faust, the composer of dances, died about a month ago. He was 67 years old.

Laura Schirra-Mapleson will sing next Monday evening at the Tremont Theatre in "Fadette," an English version of "Les Dragons de Villars," the well-known opera by Louis Maillart, generally known as Aime Maillart (1817-1871). The opera was first produced at the Theatre-Lyrique, Sept. 19, 1856. The chief parts were then taken by Miss Borchese and Messrs. Scott, Grillon and Girardot. Although it was immediately successful, it had been offered to three directors who refused it. One said it was "too dramatic;" another thought it was better suited to the Opera-Comique. The third refused it because his predecessor had condemned it. After it had been played many times at the Theatre-Lyrique, and it was an established favorite in Germany, it was brought out at the Opera-Comique with great success, and Gatti-Mario was the heroine. The original text is by Cormon and Lockroy. Rose Frigot is a young girl whose bizarre character makes her an object of distrust and aversion throughout the neighborhood. Under a disagreeable exterior she hides a kindly spirit and shrewd sense. By her aid a proscribed band is enabled to escape the dragons of Villars and journey in safety to Savoy. She saves Farmer Thibaud from a conjugal mishap. Sylvain, a villager, loves her passionately, and marriage brings the traditional close to the libretto. The English versions are known as "Rose Frigot," "The Hermit's Bell" and "Fadette." Here are the usual departures from the original version, and in the arrangements used by the Mapleson company the libretto has been rewritten by E. B. Vallontine. The original hero is declared by Hauleick, who is fastidious in such matters, as excellent from the beginning to the end. The characters are sharply drawn, the dialogue is gay and the action is lively. The music of Maillart is adapted admirably to the situation; it heightens and embellishes the scenes of tenderness and humor, and the composer shows scenic inspiration. Maillart wrote in all six operas, "Gastibelza" (1817) and "Lara" (1864) were successful at the time, but his reputation will depend on "Les Dragons de Villars."

Johannes Brahms and... not cross the Atlantic to see the Columbian Exposition and represent German music. They send their reports couched in courteous language. It is to be feared that their decision is final. Nor are they moved by the promise that the expenses of travel and board and lodging

would be paid directly or indirectly by the Government of the United States. PHILIP HALE.

AN ABUSED MAN.

All thoughtful and unprejudiced musicians and lovers of music rejoiced when Theodore Thomas was chosen director-in-chief of the musical exercises of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. The selection was a guarantee of good faith. It was an assurance that the musical features of the exposition would be worthy of the occasion. For Mr. Thomas has shown in his public career remarkable skill as a drillmaster, catholic taste in the arrangement of programmes, a desire to encourage all that is new and worthy of respect and indomitable perseverance and courage in the face of difficulties and discouragements. The American composer owes him a special debt of gratitude. Nor is it too much to say that Mr. Thomas has done more than any one man in this country in raising and broadening the musical taste of the people of the United States. To have passed him over in selecting a fit man for the place would have been an extraordinary instance of the traditional ingratitude of republics.

It is easy to forget the labors of Mr. Thomas. To-day orchestral concerts are in fashion. Here in Boston speculators welcome eagerly the announcement for the sale of tickets for the symphony concerts in Music Hall. The speculator is always found close to the heels of fashion. The caprice of the rich man or the fashionable woman increases the expense of the pleasure or the education

of the student of music. That which is true in Boston holds good in other large cities. There are reasons for this enthusiasm of fashion. There are now excellent orchestras in this country besides the organization under the direction of Mr. Thomas. There are conductors worthy of respect. But these orchestras would not now be in existence if Mr. Thomas had not prepared the way. He was the drudge, the pioneer. After his labors Messrs. Seidl and Vander Stucken, Nikisch and Damrosch reap the reward.

Many will recall easily the condition of musical affairs when Mr. Thomas first began to travel with his orchestra. The lighter symphonies of Beethoven were regarded by audiences as hard nuts to crack. The prelude to "Lohengrin" was considered radical music. The Strauss waltz, which in those days was an indispensable number, gave the genuine pleasure. Little by little the people became acquainted with modern works of all schools. The musical stomach grew stronger. The programmes were of a higher standard. Mr. Thomas never wavered in his task of educating the public.

If Mr. Thomas were at present loose in discipline, a rider of a hobby horse, or a physical or mental sufferer by the march of years, there might be a pretext for the attacks made upon him by certain people in New York. His eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. Why then is he a target for poisoned arrows? The exposition at Chicago is not a local issue. There is no question between the rival claims of Chicago and New York. Why should there be this incessant demand that Mr. Seidl, who is a successful director of the music-dramas of Wagner, should have the place of honor at the feast? Why should Mr. Damrosch, who leans so heavily on the broad shoulder of Mr. Brodsky, be boosted into attention as deserving national recognition? The present action of certain members of the New York press is the working out of old private grievances or the grinding of new axes. And so we find that the refusal of Mr. Brahms to cross the Atlantic is really due to the glaring incompetence of Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Joachim would land, without doubt, at New York if there was another chief at Chicago.

The arrangements that have been made at Chicago are worthy of the occasion. There has been an absence of all that is mean and low; there is no smell of jobbery. Mr. Thomas deserves the hearty and unquestioning support of all Americans interested in music. Writers on musical subjects show often the irritability attributed to poets. And there are such writers in New York, who are so busy in their attempt to Germanize musical America that they cannot afford to be just.

Oct 10-92

Oct 2-92

Oct 14-92

MUSIC.

Master Cyril Tyler, Soprano, Sings in Chickering Hall.

Master Cyril Tyler, an 11-year old soprano, gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. He was assisted by Miss Belle Botsford, violinist, Mr. Luigi Sartori, baritone, and Mr. Michele Guarini, tenor. The programme was as follows:

Aria "Non più andrai".....Mozart	Mr. Sartori
Souvenir de Bado.....Leonard	Miss Botsford
"Celeste Aida".....Verdi	Mr. Guarini
Etude de Concert.....Rubinstein	Miss Gemma de Cesare
"Charmant Oiseau".....David	Cyril Tyler
Toreador Song.....Bizet	Mr. Sartori
"Lullaby".....Chadwick	Cyril Tyler
Romanza.....Svendsen	Miss Botsford
Romanza (Otello).....Verdi	Mr. Sartori
"Ave Maria".....Gounod-Bach	Cyril Tyler
Duo (La Forza del Destino).....Verdi	Master Tyler is the solo soprano of Grace Church, Detroit. It is in church that he is without doubt heard to greatest advantage. For centuries the sexless voice of a boy has been regarded by many authorities as peculiarly fitted to the requirements of divine service. It is true that the Holy Ambrosius rejoiced at the sound of the voices of young men and maidens in the hymns of the church, but because Paul had advised that women should be silent in the congregation, or because the voice of woman was thought to be too sensuous, and a disturber of religious contemplation, the soprano and the alto ranks were filled by men and boys, and the custom still prevails in the English cathedrals and in the Roman Catholic churches of Europe, Gregory himself taught the choir children, and the whip that aided his instruction was shown for a time after his death. Urban IV. was a choir boy, as were Erasmus and Purcell, Frescobaldi and Attwood and other famous men. In the fifteenth century a singular treatise appeared concerning the proper education and the deportment of the singing children, or pages, as they were called in France even in the days of Charles X.

The majority of the church musicians and the clerical authorities believed that the passionate tones of a boy, tones free from earthly suggestion, were best adapted to the expression of prayer, religious hope and heavenly consolation. But early in the seventeenth century Viadana wrote in favor of male sopranos of mature years. Boys as a rule sing carelessly and without sweetness; a good natural soprano is rarer than a black swan and is not to be paid with gold. In recent days Von Dommer objects to boy sopranos on account of the sharpness, the shrillness of the tones, although he admits that the attack of boys is more sure and incisive than that of women.

Unfortunately for himself Master Tyler is advertised as an infant phenomenon. The announcement of an infant phenomenon is apt to excite suspicion or awake prejudice. Hearing such a boy as Master Tyler is often merely a gratification of curiosity. Faults in pronunciation of tone or in style are forgiven on account of the singer's youth or his facial expression of cherubic innocence. The boy, if he is shrewd, finds that trickery incites an audience to applause. If he is simple-minded, the friend, or the manager, trains him in the art of arousing enthusiasm. The spectacle of a little boy on the concert stage is not therefore an unmixed pleasure, even when he sings as well as Master Tyler.

There is much to enjoy in Master Tyler's singing. Although the tones are not of equal purity or volume, they are as a rule symmetrical, and in such a selection as "Lullaby" he moves the hearer. In bravura the result is less pleasing, and yet there was work last evening that might well have excited the admiration of women who are favorites in concert and in opera. In the first number Master Tyler was not always faithful to the true pitch; on the other hand, his phrasing was often admirable, and he sang with ease. To discuss the emotional side of his performance would be idle, for the fortunate boy is not yet acquainted with the trials, the sorrows, the passions that give intensity to a singer of musical temperament.

When he moves the audience, it is necessarily by the innocence of his delivery. In these days of nerves and exaggerated emotions it is a good thing to listen to such a child. This childish simplicity is to be preferred to the occasional display of sentiment that has apparently been taught him, and is at times at variance with the intention of the composer. There is no doubt, however, that the boy is thoroughly musical, and his career, after the change of voice, will be watched with interest. Miss Emma Juch wrote two years ago a letter to Mr. Tyler, in which she gave this sensible advice: "He certainly has a future in the musical world, provided you do not permit him to exhaust while a child the genius that is embryonic. I am sure you will appreciate the necessity for exercising the utmost care in this regard."

Miss Botsford gave the audience pleasure, although she was handicapped by the inefficiency of Miss de Cesare, who accompanied her. The two Italian gentlemen sang with an earnestness that approached fury, and in their zeal they forgot certain rudiments of the art of song. The accompaniments to the songs sung by Master Tyler were played delightfully by Mr. Van Vleet.

Master Tyler will sing in Chickering Hall Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

PHILIP HALE.

Oct 16-92

The memory of Renan, the literary man, should be cherished by all journalists, who are too often viewed askew by makers of books. Not only was he always courteous and generous in his dealings with reporters, but he was proud of the fact that at the beginning of his worldly career he was a member of the staff of the Journal des Debats. Up to the time of his last sickness he attended regularly the dinners at which the writers for that paper talked over the affairs of the day, and his words of counsel and deeds of benevolence made him a welcome and an honored guest. Nor did he sit at the feast as a mighty one of literature; he was simply one of the members of the great republic of letters.

MUSIC.

The Second Concert of Master Cyril Tyler, the Soprano.

Master Cyril Tyler, the boy soprano, gave the second of his concerts in Chickering Hall last night. He was assisted by Miss Botsford and Messrs. Guarini and Sartori. The programme was as follows:

Fantasia.....Adam	Mr. Sartori
"Faust".....De Beriot	Miss Botsford
Impromptu fantasia.....Gounod	Mr. Guarini
"Ave Maria".....Chopin	Miss de Cesare
Duo, "Othello".....Gounod-Bach	Cyril Tyler
Aria, "Traviata".....Verdi	Messrs. Guarini and Sartori
a. In winter I got up at night, b. I once had a sweet little doll, dears.....Verdi	Mr. Luigi Sartori
Romanza Espagnola.....Nevin	Cyril Tyler
Aria, "Ahi! el ben mio".....Sarasate	Miss Botsford
Shadow song, "Dinorah".....Verdi	Mr. Michele Guarini
	Cyril Tyler

The boy again gave many evidences of rare musical temperament. His singing of the simple and charming songs by Nevin pleased the audience mightily, and in fact he was recalled after the other selections. Miss Botsford displayed a good tone and smooth mechanism in the De Beriot fantasia. The Italian gentleman again defied the acoustical limitations of the hall, and Miss de Cesare showed again her passionate devotion to the loud pedal. Master Tyler will appear for the last time Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. He is well worth the hearing.

P. H.

Oct. 17-92

ABOUT MUSIC.

The First Symphony Concert of the Season.

Concerning the Arrangement of an Orchestra.

Sundry Appearances of Jupiter in Opera.

The first of the Boston Symphony concerts of the season '92-'93, under the direction of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. There was a large audience. Mr. Nikisch was welcomed warmly, and hearty applause followed each number of the programme. The programme was as follows:

Symphony in C minor, No. 5.....Beethoven
Vorspiel and "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner
Kaiser-Marsch.....Wagner

The symphony was in its proper place. When such an elaborate composition is heard toward the end of a concert the music falls on sated or dulled ears. Beethoven himself knew this. On the third page of the first violin part of the Heroic Symphony, which was published in 1806, is this remark in Italian: "This symphony is longer than the ordinary symphony. It should be played at the beginning and not at the end of a concert, after an overture, air or perhaps a concerto. If it appears too late it will not affect the hearer as the composer intended, for the faculty of hearing will have been fatigued by the preceding compositions."

The symphony was read with sane and musical feeling. There was an absence of the theatrical exaggeration that characterized the performance of Nov. 9, 1889, and provoked acid discussion, and, in certain instances, family strife. With the exception of an occasional lack of precision, it was finely played.

The chromatic growlings and moanings of the music from "Tristan" were treated with reverential appreciation by the orchestra and by many of the hearers. But the constant straining after effect and the hysterical promises of the composer that are never fulfilled seemed tawdry after the noble work of Beethoven.

I believe that the Kaiser March was last heard at a Symphony concert in January, 1886. One performance in six years is enough. This blatant galimatias, this combination of reminiscences of "Die Meistersinger" and "Tannhauser," which jostle constantly a famous chorale, is better adapted to the circus ring than the concert hall. It was that sturdy patriot, Heinrich Dorn, the teacher of Schumann, who declared in 1871 that "the barbarous vulgarity of this latest outbreak of Wagner cannot be regarded otherwise than as a insult against the sublime majesty of the Emperor of Germany."

The orchestra is now arranged so that the wind instruments of wood and brass with the pulsatile instruments form a solid body directly in front of the leader. The strings stretch to the left and the right, and the double basses, divided, fringe the back of the stage and its further sides. The grouping is to be commended. It was thought in the eighteenth century that the double basses, cellos and bassoons should be dispersed throughout the orchestra. As Kossean quaintly expressed it, "It is the bass that should regulate and sustain all the other parts, and all the players should hear it equally." We know how the celebrated orchestra of the Dresden opera under Hasse was arranged. The conductor was in the middle of the raised space, seated before a clavichord. Behind him was a violoncello as well as a double bass. The first violins were at his right hand in a line. The second violins were on the same side, out

nearer the stage. The other cellos and double basses were at the extreme end. The violas were between the first and second violins. All of the wind instruments, with the exception of the trumpets, were on the left of the conductor. The oboes were nearest the stage and the bassoons were close to the conductor. The drums and the trumpets were on raised platforms at the sides.

The famous chorus and orchestra of the Paris Conservatory are arranged as follows: Sixteen first sopranos and 16 second sopranos at the left of the conductor; at his right are 10 first tenors and 10 second tenors. Directly in front of him are 10 first basses and 10 second basses. To the left of the basses, as the hearer faces the stage, are 15 first violins; to the right, 14 second violins. The first and the second violins face each other. Behind the basses is the horn. Then come 10 violas facing the conductor. The next line is made up of 2 clarinets, 2 oboes, 2 flutes, piccolo, 4 cellos and 2 double basses. Behind this line are 4 horns, 4 bassoons and 4 cellos. Behind them are 2 trumpets, 3 double basses, 4 cellos and 2 double basses. Three trombones and 2 double basses are next in order, and the tuba and pulsatile instruments bring up the rear.

Jupiter, quondam lord of the heaven, dew, rain, snow, thunder and lightning, guardian of the commonwealth, the family and the house, will appear this evening on the stage of the Globe Theatre as a hero of comic opera. It will not be the first time that he has condescended to assume an operatic guise. There is no need of examining curiously the headstones that tell of the works which, drawn from mythology, now lie slung in the cemetery of the world together with their makers. It is well to remember, however, that Jupiter made his appearance in the first opera given in France and probably the first in Europe. For "Circe, or the Ballet of the Queen," was produced at the Palais du Petit Bourbon, October 15, 1581. The pastorate "Dafne" was not seen by the Florentine gentlemen who met at the house of Corsi until 1594, and "Euridyce" by Peri was not performed until 1600. It is true that "Circe," the work of Beaupre, Salmon and Batzarin (better known as Beaujoyeux) was not called an opera; but the work was not then used for a specific form of musical entertainment on the stage. We find the phrases "lyric tragedy," "tragedy," "lyric drama," "tragedy opera," "opera ballet," "tragedy in music," "heroic ballet," and the spectators spoke freely of "Italian comedy," "comedy in music" and "the comedy with machinery." Castil Baze, an uncertain authority, says that "opera" was not used in theatrical sense in France until about 1671.

This "Circe" in which Jupiter appeared was performed in a most sumptuous manner on the occasion of the marriage of the Duc de Joyeuse and Miss de Vaudemont, the sister of the Queen of France. The Duke lost seven teeth and fragments of his jaws while fighting for the glory of Henry III. As a compensation the King gave him the hand of Marguerite de Vaudemont of Lorraine. There were dismal days in Paris. The whooping cough had killed 10,000 citizens, when the plague came and swept away 30,000. Nevertheless, the marriage was celebrated with a splendor unusual even in that age of luxury. The King himself spent more than 1,200,000 ecus in the feasting and the entertainment. As for "Circe," it was regarded by the writers of the time as "a debauch of luxury and imagination." The performance lasted five hours and a half, a fact that undoubtedly excited the envy of Richard Wagner.

Jupiter descended in a machine in the shape of a cloud. His appearance with the chorus that accompanied the descent was evidently intended to be the sensation of the evening. The god was attired gorgeously. He wore a robe of cloth of gold, laced boots of gilded leather, a cloak of yellow satin trimmed and fringed with gold and lined with golden camlet, a golden sceptre, a golden thunderbolt, a golden crown, a golden scarf embroidered with pearls and precious stones set in gold. To add further to the dignity of his appearance a great golden eagle was fastened between his legs. Jupiter was on this occasion a tenor, and he was known to mortals as Mr. Savornin. He sang a tune, which may be found in the edition of the opera arranged by Weckerlin and published by Michaels of Paris. And in this same book, by the way, may be seen a singular picture of the hall, with the stage setting, the spectators and the King perched uncomfortably on a stool. Jupiter sang from the machine in air. When he was through he came down and joined the mortals while the cloud machine was rolled out of the hall.

It was the Jupiter in "Circe" and in such operas as the "Isis" and the "Proserpine" of Lully that provoked the sneer of Parodi.

"I have seen the Master of thunder
Listening for the call of a whistle
And waiting a workman's order
To launch a flaming bolt."

In our own time we have seen Jupiter flirting with the rejuvenated Baucis in Gounod's delightful little "Philemon and Baucis." Turned into a fly, he buzzes about Euridyce in the ingenious extravaganza of Messrs. Cremieux and Offenbach. Poor Hector Cremieux shot himself in the head about a fortnight ago, and death was instantaneous. The witty writer of opera texts, who so often described joyously the caprices and the failings of women, could not endure the loneliness of life, empty and barren to him after the death of his beloved wife.

Jupiter has given the title to other operas than the one contrived for the playful pranks of Mr. Dugès Bell. There is "Jupiter at Vienna," a comic opera by Sinister. Gaillard wrote "Jupiter and Europa" for the Haymarket, London, a century and a half ago.

"Jupiter, the Conqueror of the Titans" was sung and danced at Versailles in the gay days, in the days of eating and drinking, when there was no thought of the invention of Dr. Guillotine, the quick and certain surgeon, the healer of sore throats. In 1805 Miss Suzanne Lagier regarded "Jupiter and Leda" as a favorable subject for medical treatment and she called her work a "mythological operetta."

If Master Cyril Tyler had lived in the 16th century in England, and in a town that was to London as Detroit is now to New York, he would have fallen a victim to the press gang. For those if a chorister did not belong to St. Paul's Cathedral or the Chapel Royal and sang in a choir or a cathedral of the lesser sort, he was liable to be seized by officers armed with a warrant which authorized them to choose and take away for the service of the privileged choir any boy with good breath, i.e., with excellent voice in singing, for from 1547 until 1711 the word "breath" was often employed in the sense of "voice" or "singing voice." If the boy was a lusher, who was once impressed, he was believed, the boys were treated harshly. If they were boys, their lives were swollen with the blood of a poor bread was stale. They were forced to drink penny ale.

PHILIP HALE.

"FADETTE" AT THE TREMONT.

The performance of "Fadette" at the Tremont Theatre last evening by the Henry Mapleson Opera Company was a disappointment to all who expected to find a worthy English version of that charming opera, "Les Dragons de Villars." The work of Maillart, which for many years has been a favorite in France and in Germany, is not unknown in Boston, for it has been sung here in French and in English. The libretto used by the Mapleson company was rewritten by Mr. B. B. Valentine. He has not told the story intelligibly, and the lines intended for the comedian are stale and dull. The original version of Cornon and Lockroy has indeed suffered a sad sea change. Great liberties were taken last evening with the music of Maillart. The chanson Provençale was omitted. The delightful duo in the second act was cut and thereby ruined. The pretty opening chorus and the drinking song of the baritone in the third act were omitted. In the celebrated aria, "He Loves Me," Mrs. Mapleson sang only the first nine measures of the opening recitative. She added to those measures a waltz song that was entirely foreign to the spirit of the opera. Music was interpolated in each act and these numbers are said to be the work of Tito Malet. Not content with these omissions and interpolations, the arranger of "Fadette" used the blue pencil in numbers of skill. "Fadette" is not a good, not even a respectable, version of the opera of Maillart. It is a melody which includes a topical song of more than customary inanity. Nor does the performance of this melody call for serious or extended criticism. Mrs. Mapleson as Rose Piquet, or Fadette, showed an utter ignorance of the dramatic character of the part. There was neither hint nor suspicion of the rebellious, hot-tempered, almost savage village girl, who, misunderstood and almost despised by her companions, yet has a generous heart, a brave spirit and a rare capacity for passionate and devoted love. Mrs. Mapleson often slighted the music of Maillart, and in the interpolations, although she was applauded, she sang without dramatic intelligence and without marked musical skill. The other chief parts were taken by Miss Irene Jerome and Messrs. Jones, Seaton, Drew and Nichols. These singers were earnest in their efforts to please. Unfortunately for the success of the performance and the pleasure of the audience they were dramatically and musically incompetent.

The costumes and the scenery were in good taste, and the work of the chorus was generally acceptable. The playing of the orchestra was rough and noisy.

PHILIP HALE.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The first concert of the eighth season of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. There was a large and an enthusiastic audience. The programme was well arranged, and although the selections have been heard in former concerts of the quartet it was a pleasure to hear them the second time, particularly as they were played with the finish that characterizes the work of these admirable artists. The Dvorak Sextet was the least familiar of the numbers, as it was last heard during the season of 1886-7. The second viola and second cello were then played by Messrs. Zach and Campanari. Last evening they were played by Messrs. Zach and Schulz. The second of these delightful concerts will be given Monday evening, Nov. 7.

OCT 24-92

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Second of the Boston Symphony Concerts.

The Amiable Reinecke and the Wild Tschaikowsky.

A Programme of Strongly Contrasting Numbers.

The programme of the second Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Kling Manfred".....Reinecke
(First time in Boston.)
Concerto for Piano-forte, No. 4, in C minor.....Saint-Saens
Symphony No. 5 in E minor.....Tschaikowsky
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Carl Stasny was the pianist.

The appearance of the overture to "Kling Manfred," an opera by Karl Reinecke, in a concert hall that is frequented in the year 1892, may be likened unto the visit of an esteemed gentleman, past the zenith of life, at the house of his kinsfolk. He is greeted warmly, and is then submitted to the inspection that follows a return after the separation of years. The old gentleman is well preserved. His locks may be scanty, but they are pleasingly combed. His eyes are bright and his step is firm. His hoarding and his appetite are unimpaired. The shirt collar is perhaps not of the latest device, but its whiteness and its rigidity are irreproachable. His manners in conversation and at table are distinguished. He is always amiable. He does not interrupt; he never contradicts. He does not advance positive or extravagant opinions of his own. In fact he has no opinions, and his talk is enlivened by liberal quotations from the good fellows whom he knew in his youth, and by statements of scholars and philosophers who were of great repute when he put on man's estate. All are delighted at first. The elder members of the family revive old recollections. They commend their guest as an example to the youths of the household, who are inclined to be forward, opinionated, vehement in expres-

sion. The irreverent youngsters consider him to be a bore; they laugh in secret. They are tired of hearing him repeat tales told by Mendelssohn and Schumann. They are tempted to ask him if he never thought for himself. His very suavity irritates them. Even the elder members of the family after a week begin to think that he is too polite. So they leave him alone one evening by the fire and attend a lecture given by a Russian nihilist named Peter Tschaikowsky. They hear many things that startle and shock them; yet they are at times fascinated in spite of themselves by the conviction and the passion of the revolutionist. On their return they find the old man awaiting them. His kindly talk seems slow. They yawn in his face. The next day the guest departs, untroubled, in fact with his never-failing courtesy, his gentle voice, his self-control. They forget speedily the noisy threats of the Russian; but they remember the wise conversation of Schumann and Mendelssohn as repeated pleasantly by good Mr. Reinecke. And the young people, who follow Tschaikowsky about with a curiosity that is high impertinence, begin to think that the Russian may be something of a poseur, and they appreciate in moderate degree the self-effacement of the quondam guest.

"By the side of the Blue Sea is a great and green oak tree, girl with a golden chain."

"Day and night, a marvelous and learned cat crawls around this oak."

"When he crawls to the right, he sings a song. When he crawls to the left, he tells a story."

"It is there that you must sit down and learn the understanding of Russian legends. There the spirit of Russia and the fantasy of our ancestors come to life again."

So runs the beginning of the prologue of a story by Pouchkine. It is not improbable that he who wishes to enter fully into the spirit of Tschaikowsky must listen to the cat who dwells by the chain-girt oak which looks out on the water of the Blue Sea.

Although the fifth symphony of Tschaikowsky was heard last week for the first time in this city, it is not a composition of this year. Its first performance was in St. Petersburg during the season of '88-'89 and March 5, 1889; it was played in New York under the direction of Theodore Thomas. It was played again in New York in 1890. Brooklyn and Chicago heard it that same year. It was played in Baltimore and Cincinnati in 1892.

This symphony is kept pretty well in traditional symphonic form, except that the first part of the first allegro is not repeated, and a waltz movement takes the place of the scherzo. Few are now inclined to regret the tendency to omit the orthodox repetition. Nearly a century ago Gretry, in speaking of the sonata form, put the following question: "What do you think of a man who cuts his speech in two and repeats twice each half? 'I was at your house this morning; yes, I was at your house this morning to consult you in a matter of business, to consult you in a matter of business.' Reprises in music affect me in this way. Let us not confound, however, useless repetitions with a charming phrase that occurs three or four times, or with the repetitions of a few measures of a delightful air. Just as one may say to his sweetheart ten times in the same visit 'I love you,' so one may repeat a phrase that is full of emotion. I spoke of the long repetition that forms the half of a musical discourse."

Tschaikowsky is a name not to be mentioned without a raising of the hat; and yet it is doubtful if this fifth symphony will add to his reputation or alone carry him to the consideration of posterity. It abounds in that which is known currently as Russian color. The themes are often Russian, whether they are derived from folk melodies, and through them from the plain song of the national church, or merely influenced by such associations. Furthermore, the presentation of the themes in harmonic and instrumental setting is characteristic of the members of the modern radical school of Russia. At the same time there is a skill in elaboration, seen particularly in the first movement, that is not often remarked in compositions by the colleagues of Tschaikowsky. This elaboration in the first movement becomes over-elaboration, and fatigue is induced thereby. The slow movement is of a more popular nature. If there is again a Slavic character, there is also proof of the strong influence of the melodious Italians. The sentiment of the opening solo approaches sentimentality, but the theme is undeniably effective and is treated with rare technical skill, as is the passionate second theme of the same movement. So pleased is Tschaikowsky with his invention that he insists on calling attention to it until the hearer begins to doubt the worth of that which at first charmed him. The waltz is free from vulgarity. It is indeed dainty, and the instrumentation is delicate and piquant without any suspicion of the bizarre. In strong contrast to the refinement of this movement is the hurly-burly of the finale. Such music is unworthy of the symphony or the serious opera. It might not be out of place in pantomimic scenes where the clown is pursued by an infuriated populace, and it would undoubtedly foment the rage of howling Derwishes. In its dignity and in its madness, in its piquancy and in its passion, this symphony was played admirably by the orchestra.

Perhaps this symphony cannot be better described than by the words of Cesar Cui in his summary up of the merits and the faults of the Tschaikowsky of 1880. It will be seen at once that Cui uses freely the peculiar and traditional privilege of a sincere friend. "His orchestral music is distinguished by wealth of melody, development, harmony and instrumentation. These precious gifts are not always employed discreetly. He is, for instance, not fastidious enough in his choice of melodic ideas. One finds ordinary and even vulgar tunes jostling exquisite melodies. Depth and real vigor are sometimes missed. He delights in tripping and pleasing melodies; he is fond of dance rhythms; or he is sentimental to the point of monotony. He is prolific in the development; on the other hand, his themes are at times contrasted too abruptly. He has not learned the necessity of rigid self-inspection. Therefore his symphonic style degenerates sometimes into the merely dramatic and melodramatic."

And yet much may be forgiven in the case of the man who sang in that great cantabile with thrilling accompaniment the time-and-space-defying passion of the lovers of Verona; and who invoked with unearthly strains the awful Majesty of Denmark.

A KINDLY DEED.

If any holder of a Symphony season ticket is unable or does not care to attend a concert, and if the ticket is forwarded to Mr. B. J. Lang, Mr. Lang will see that it is used by some deserving musician who would otherwise be debarred.

There are other pianoforte concertos in the repertoire of Saint-Saëns, but to the musician there is but one, the famous one in G minor. It shows the ingenuity of the composer, and the pianoforte is treated in a distinguished manner. As a work of the distinctively modern school, it requires a player of the modern school, a player with virtuosic blood in his veins. It is a fact that Mr. Stasny showed Saturday a marked improvement in his appreciation of rhythm and articulation. He has more self-control than was seen in his performance early in November of last year. While his touch is still apparently dry and without genuine sympathy, he did not touch the tone, and, in fact, he played throughout the concerto with care and with discretion.

But it seemed as though he interpreted the work in the conscientious spirit of a professor expounding to his class the structure of a sonata in G minor. He was applauded loudly and he was twice recalled.

The programme of the concerts of next Friday and Saturday is as follows:
Suite, Dvorak; aria from "Oberon," Weber; symphonic poem, P. Scharwenka; "Loreley," Liszt, and symphony in B flat, Gade.
Miss Emma Juch will be the soloist.

PHILIP HALE.

Mascagni has known poverty and riches, security and fame. He can tell their respective worth. His late visit at Vienna was one long spun-out scene of enthusiasm, but perhaps Mascagni now feels the truth of that mysterious saying of Victor Hugo, "Success is hideous." For during a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" which he conducted in the Austrian Capital, he was repeatedly called before the curtain, "until he finally broke down in a swoon." On another occasion "his hands were seized and pressed. He was kissed and hugged by those nearest him. The cigar he was smoking was taken from his mouth and fought for as a relic of surpassing value." This last act of hero-worship brings to mind a famous episode in "The Quick and the Dead."

Oct 25-92

IN CHASE OF EFFECTS.

In these days the writer of a book, the maker of a play, or the composer of a piece of music is too often a mere hunter in pursuit of extraordinary effects. The method in the chase varies with the character of the game and the market value of it. For this hunter finds easily customers who examine his game. They are capricious and as curious as the Athenians "and the strangers when were there," who spent their time in talking; else, "but either to tell or to hear of new things." The spectator who seeks amusement in this world grows more and more fastidious; his demands tax the invention of the purveyor. The melodrama that thrilled our fathers fills us with lethargy. The ghost is an extinct hero. Were a gusty Calmet to return from the grave with a supplement to his "Phantom World," he would not find a publisher. The novel in which the man and the woman are personally conducted by the author from birth to marriage, and possibly to death, is still found in the circulating libraries of England; but the taste of to-day prefers the short narration of an episode, or the brief chronicle of that which was contemplated by the hero

or the heroine and never put into action. Analysis has driven out incident. It is true there is often a healthy revolt. The reader demands impatiently an "old-fashioned" story, full of moving incidents, of plague, battle, discovery, hot love and murder. The Rider Haggard has his day. Even in the novel-with-a-purpose or in the drama that deals with a topic of "contemporaneous human interest" the chief thought of the creator, however subtly disguised it may be, is the invention of a new effect. This effect may be gained by a peculiar treatment of a phase of the inner and religious life of a man, or again by the introduction of a practical buzz-saw with villain attached to it. The greatest effect is gained by the suggestion of a terrible thing that the reader or spectator knows is here but does not see. The final chapter of Dr. Hardy's "Tess" is a marvelous instance of this artistic power shown cunningly in self-control.

Now in searching after new or extraordinary effects, there is danger of rejecting the substance for the shadow. It is now almost impossible to create a new shudder. The writer then ransacks the mental equipment of the morbid or the diseased; he magnifies the petty into a pyramid of admiration; or, to his desire to startle, he twists and chokes the language in which he writes. So the composer of music of the hyper-modern school rejoices in the abuse of dissonances and changes the natural voices of orchestral instruments so that the hearer may praise the "novel effect." The remark of Buffon, "style is the man, is deliberately misapplied, and style is the idol to some, who worship the creature made with their own hands. Books fall about us

and upon us, thick as the autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." How many can give a reasonable excuse for their existence? How many bear the mark of sincerity? Yet the presence of the books of to-day makes one forgetful of the literary wealth of the past, whereas it should enhance the value of the ancient. Perhaps impressions were then more durable; perhaps the men had so much to say that they were not so anxious concerning the turning of a sentence. But such novelists as Cervantes, Le Sage, Fielding and the elder Dumas knew the truth of the saying of Walt Whitman as though they had read his famous preface of 1855:

"The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity, nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. * * * What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

The loose wearing of titles has been rebuked by time in Germany, and several American dentists suffer thereby. The only titles of "Doe-or" recognized in the Empire are "Doctor of Medicine," "Doctor of Law," "Doctor of Theology," and "Doctor of Philosophy." The German courts decree that a dentist who usurps the title misleads the public. The action seems ungrateful, for American dentists have relieved the German public and educated their German colleagues.

The death of Robert Franz is an important event in the musical world. His labors were diversified. The additions made by him to the orchestral scores of certain works of Handel and Bach showed the cultivated taste of the man, but they were criticised by some as unnecessary, and, indeed, irreverent in person. As a writer on musical subjects he appears as a sound and sane conservative. But it is as a song writer that he will be remembered. The German Lied, made famous by Schubert and Schumann, is in the opinion of many fixed in perpetuity by Franz. His setting of German and Scottish poets is free from the verbosity and the vague mysticism that respectively disfigure occasionally the songs of Schubert and Schumann. It is a rash thing to predict the future glory of a musician, but it is not superfluous praise to say boldly that the last word in song writing pure and simple seems in Germany to have been spoken by Robert Franz. As a man he was eminently lovable, and always cheerful in spite of cruel deafness.

The blunder made by members of the Faculty of Amherst College will assume larger proportions each day. No one questions the right of the signers of the Democratic manly est to individual opinion; but to use their influence publicly and in an official capacity is to bring reproach upon an institution that is supposed to be removed from such disturbing scenes. No wonder that the protests of graduates are many and indignant. The mistake will undoubtedly work for the Republican cause; for no sentiment of graduates and undergraduates appears to be by a great majority in favor of the present Administration.

The struggle is over, and the victory is won. The Boston are the champions in the base ball season of '92. This is gratifying to local pride, and the members of the nine deserve the words of praise that will be awarded by all lovers of the sport. And yet the season cannot be regarded as a success. There has been an apparent lack of interest throughout the country. Other sports may have drawn away the attention of the public, but the length of the season and the double arrangement had much to do with popular indifference.

The death of Albert Millaud, dramatist, journalist and wit, brings vividly to mind the contrast between the manufacturing of operetta in Paris and in this country. The keenest and most skillful of theatrical writers in France have not disdained to write the librettos for composers of operettas. Meilhac and Halv y, Millaud and Cr mieux are examples. Nor have prominent composers of grand opera refused to begin by trying their hand at lighter musical entertainments. But our musicians and our literary men seem, with rare exceptions, to slight such tasks as unworthy of their talents.

The great public is true to its first love. Mr. Jefferson may play in the comedies of Sheridan and Coleman and win the approbation of the critics, but to the people at large he will always be "Rip Van Winkle." This is shown again by the line of ticket buyers that waited impatiently yesterday at the theatre door. Whether the continual playing of one part is detrimental to the art of the actor, this is another question.

The horrible Australian tragedy in which Deeming played the bloody part will be kept in mind by a monument, in doubtful taste, dedicated to Emily Mather, one of his victims. There will be a marble column, floral urn, Bible, etc., in all nine feet high. No wonder that the Melbourne Punch asks if the poor woman, instead of having been murdered in a sensational manner, had died quietly of hunger and cold in the streets, would she have had so much interest taken in her after she was dead.

Women may be pleased to learn that the laws concerning the orthodox riding habit in England, which were as rigid as the laws of the Medes and the Persians, have been relaxed. The modern Amazon may now be as comfortable on horseback as in her boudoir. The French, however, cling to a close-fitting habit of "classic simplicity." Nothing is said by the authorities on fashion concerning the stove-pipe hat, a right of man that might well be left to him.

Oct 27-92

The opponents of vivisection in Massachusetts have gained a strong ally in Mr. Lawson Tait, the eminent surgeon. He claims in a letter to the Times that the statements of "great advances made in curative and preventive medicine by experimentation on living animals have upon investigation been found quite destitute of historical foundation." Furthermore, he challenges such men as Sir James Paget and Sir Andrew Clark to point out "a single instance in their own works where they have adopted this method of research with advantage."

The summer is loth to leave us, and it is not disturbed by nipping morning air or earlier setting sun. Proofs of this are seen in field and garden. Mr. F. U. Wetmore, the Supervisor of the State Primary School at Palmer, sends The Journal fragrant red raspberries.

3

Oct 28-92

The opening scene in Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge," where a man sells his wife, has been condemned as unnatural and extravagant. But at Alfreton in 1882 a husband sold his spouse for a glass of beer in a public house, and in a Yorkshire town two years after a bricklayer parted with his wife for 1 shilling 6 pence, a document being drawn up to bind the bargain. Nor, according to information given by the Home Secretary, are these exceptional instances, although the wife has been valued at 25 shillings.

If Dr. Welton, the headmaster of Harrow, may be believed, the only people in English society who do not object to having their boys flogged in school are the upper classes. "Seeing that flogging is abolished in the Board schools and forbidden in the middle class schools, soon we shall only be able to flog the son of a duke." The times have changed since the days of Dr. Busby, who, eyeing a scholar severely, would say, "I see wits in that ngly little boy: my cane shall bring them out."

Oct 31-92

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Third Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

A Singular Preference Shown by Miss Emma Juch.

The Secret Choice of Charles Baudelaire, Wagnerite.

The programme of the third symphony concert was as follows:

Suite for orchestra, op. 39.....Dvorak
"Ocean! thou mighty monster".....Weber
Symphonic Poem, "Fr hlingsswogen".....P. Scharwenka
"Die Loreley".....Liszt
Symphony No. 4, B flat.....Gade
Miss Emma Juch was the singer.

There is a spontaneity in the suite by Dvorak that is thoroughly delightful; that is sought for in vain in later and more ambitious works by him. There is here no groping after an effect, no vague oracular shriek from a Bohemian tripod. The different numbers are not unlike cabinet pictures of folk life. The people are presented frankly in their simplicity and jollity. Such fresh and melodious music is welcome in the close air of Music Hall. The Dvorak polka makes more for musical righteousness than symphonic-poems "in eight mystic devices and three paraphrases" or symphonies that are said to represent the struggle of Man with the Infinite.

the. Nor is the Turkish, known of old as the
tune, to be despised. Perhaps in time we may
become acquainted with the chlodenska, the
husarska, the Unrice, the skakava, the strasak,
and the batorak; for the Bohemians are a peo-
ple of many steps, and Alfred Wallon, in his
"Bohemian National Dances," writes of 136 dis-
tinct varieties in the manner of stamping, slid-
ing and leaping into the air.

It was a pleasure to hear again the *scarcely* and
beautiful symphony of Gade. To be sure it is
not great music in the modern sense of the term.
Gade is here simply a maker of music; he is not
a "tone poet," nor a "seer," nor a "revelation-
ary." He is a man of musical temperament,
who learned the art of expressing himself
early and often with grace. He has an start-
ling story to tell of his own life, but he is
not a seer, sympathetic, at times eloquent in
speech. In his eloquence he rarely raises his
voice, and he never screams. He does not
thunder, but in hand, with late repetitions. His
leave taking is neither of two women busied
in a social function, nor the parting that assumes the
importance of two dead men, although it is only
for a day. And in this symphony Gade is not so
cruelly choked by Michaelis as in certain of
his other works.

Ten years ago Mr. Philipp Scharwenka was a
somewhat of a man who lived in Berlin, where
he relished a jest and was persuaded occasionally
by an impatient pupil to give him a lesson in
composition. His laziness was then a tradi-
tional as his good nature. He sat in his
Berlin. That he is still lazy and fond of jesting
is revealed by his symphonic poem,
"Fruehling's wogen," for he sings a musical joke on
the weather. We are informed that the com-
poser has taken "a single, simple idea, the gen-
eral upheaving of the 'unholy' or animato
nature at the arrival of spring," but to illustrate
this idea he has taken many ideas from pre-
decessors and contemporaries. Nor is he last-
ing in his choice—Richard Wagner and Albert
Jungmann are held by him in
equal esteem. "Siegfried" yeast
exalts the musical fermentation of Scharwenka;
and when he feels himself possessed and gives
vent to his own exuberance he sings a sacra-
mental melody that might have been written by
Oesten or Chas. Morley. Then he is so garrulous
after he has inserted firmly in his music the cut-
throat hole! It is possible, after all, that Schar-
wenka was serious in his intent and felt a
personal interest in his interminable platitudes
and incongruous quotations, "just as a drunk-
ard who cannot articulate supposes himself
oracular."

This symphonic poem was played last week
for the first time in Boston. New York listened
to it in December, 1891. Chicago wondered at
it in the January of this year.

Miss Emma Juch sang the celebrated scene
and air of *Leza* from "Oberon" in German.
Now Weber wrote the music to an English
text for an English singer and an English audi-
ence. The German translation by In. Juch was
not made until the composer was finished the
opera with sole view to the musical illustration
of the lines of Planché. Mary Anne Paton was
the name of the singer who created the part at
the Covent Garden Theatre—the beautiful Miss
Paton, who was happier afterward as Mrs. Jo-
seph Wood (under which name she was known
to Bostonians of a former generation) than when
she enjoyed the doubtful honor of a Scotch mar-
riage with Lord William Pitt Linnnox. Nor did
Weber compose of her nationally, nor did he
sing for the sound of the German guttural. On
the contrary, he wrote his wife that Miss Paton
"sang divinely." There was not a German in
the cast that memorable night of the 12th of
April, 1826. (Not until late to December of
that year was the opera sung in German,
and then at Leipzig.) Furthermore, the
patriotic Weber, who worked so earnestly for
German art, was lost in his praises of the Eng-
lish singers. And why? Because "they were
masters of the Italian school." But this was
long before the opinion prevailed that the art of
song was merely an affair of the intellect, only
to be fully understood by German men and
women.

Miss Juch cannot plead in excuse a lack of
familiarity with our language. She sings it
with rare beauty of enunciation and pronun-
ciation. She has been identified prominently
with English opera. She sang last Saturday
evening "The Loreley" in English. The super-
b opening of the great scene with the setting of
the words "Ocean, thou mighty monster," is
known to all. Are the following words to be
preferred for power of expression or charm of
company: "Ocean, du Ungeheuer! schlangen-
grosse nactts du umschlungen rund die ga ze
Welt!" Is Juch perhaps found a meaning in
them that appeared to her, some meaning, my-
sterious, wonderful, for she chose them although she
sang before an English-speaking audience.

She sang the scene and air with vocal skill
and dramatic intelligence, so that she was ap-
plauded over and over again. In
Liza's elaborate setting of Heine's verses dur-
ing the evening her voice showed the wear and
tear that, however, unfortunately, in these days
long-continued work, but in these days when
the ignorant or ignorant declaimers disdain the
theatrical, shout or so melodiously, strike
cathartically from song to song, breathe at random
along the path of the voice out in pain, and in a
word, in a get themselves in monstrous junc-
tion, in these days when such declaimers are
so common, that they wax bold and vain would
show their teeth from the stage, is a valued
pressure to hold in a careful remembrance the
concert career of Emma Juch.

The performance of the orchestral numbers
was superb and undisturbed. In solo work
and in ensemble it was truly up to the old and
the established reputation of the organization.

Attention is called frequently by the more
informed disciples of Richard Wagner to the
case of Charles Baudelaire, the poet of "Fleurs
du mal." It is true that in 1857 the "sleepless
heart" and "sorrowful" of Mr. B. Baudelaire were
revived by two theories and the music
of Wagner, and he achieved a pamphlet, enti-
tled "Richard Wagner et l'humanité," which
is now quoted in second-hand book cata-
logues as a work of eight francs. The world,
however, was ignorant of any other views of
the case, and the music, which, by the
way, he received only from the standpoint of the
theory, in Mr. Jules Claretie is lately revealed
to the inner soul of the power, and his revela-
tion deserves a separate paragraph.

"I hear him still telling us, with a grimace
to his forehead, 'Lovers Wagner. But the
music I prefer is that of a cat using up its
tail to a window and trying to stick to
the pipes of gas with its claws. There is an
old cat in the glass which I find at the
bottom of the range, irritating and singularly
unpleasant.'"
PHILIP HALE.

"THE FENCING MASTER."

"The Fencing Master," an opera comique in
three acts, was given last evening at the Hollis
Street Theatre by the J. M. Hill Opera Com-
pany. There was a large and enthusiastic audi-
ence.

The libretto of this operetta was written by
Mr. Harry B. Smith. The music was composed
by Mr. Reginald de Koven. As these men won
a deserved success by that pleasing operetta,
"Robin Hood," much was expected of "The
Fencing Master." This expectation is not real-
ized. "The Fencing Master" is inferior to
"Robin Hood" in text and in music.

The story of this operetta was given in "The
Journal" of yesterday. It is not necessary to tell
it again. But it may be said that if the hearer
did not know it before he took his seat in the
theatre, he could not learn the plot and its
incidents from the dialogue spoken and
sung by the comedians. He would dis-
cover from the programme that the action of
the first act was in Milan. The curtain of the
second act rises on a Venetian scene with a full
moon of irregular habits, and, lo, all the people
of the first act are in Venice, where they re-
main until the end of the operetta. The
hearer is told in the first act that
two of the company will appear in
the city so dear to librettists; for when the text
writer of an operetta does not go to Persia or
India he chooses Venice with its lagoons,
bravoes, prison leads, gondoliers, Doge and
Admiral, uncounted, Lion's Mouth, Council
of Ten, etc. This town is also a draw
to the stage carpenter; and he, then, shakes
hands with the librettist, his sworn foe.
In the first act Mr. Smith shows us a girl dis-
guised as a fencing master, and several people
who apparently are at cross purposes in love
making. In the second act the same girl still
disguised and the same people are discov-
ered in Venice, occupied with the
same business. The girl is put
into prison for a reason that is undoubtedly good,
although it is known only by Mr. Smith, who
locks it within his breast. In the third act the
girl appears in the full enjoyment of liberty and
gorgeous feminine attire. The real Duke turns
out to be a base deceiver, and by one of those
sudden revolutions that occur in Central
America and in operetta another man
is chosen by the voice of the
people and the woman ex-fencing master
becomes his happy bride, in a scene of
indiscriminate marriage and rejoicing. The
story is an enigma; the dialogue is trite or dull.
The element of comedy is supplied by the in-
troduction of a comic Duke, a comic Astrologer
and a comic bravo. It is enlivened by the gag-
ging of the Duke and the Astrologer. During
the first and the second act the interpolated
jests were of a leaden nature, but in the last act
the comedians were amusing in their variety
business.

Mr. de Koven's music to this text is in the
main lacking in melody, spontaneity and scenic
sense. It is ambitious, and too ambitious. In
the first act there is not one good tune, not one
tune that lingers in the memory and is whistled
in the street. There is noise in plenty, and it
may here be remarked that neither in vocal nor
in instrumental writing does the composer show
the discretion or the artistic sense of repose or
the value of contrasts that were so noticeable
in "Robin Hood." Just as the librettist crowds
the stage and throws at the audience one scene
after another, so the composer apparently tries
one effect after another, as if he had
said to himself, "Perhaps they won't
like that, let us see how this will
like them." Gavotte follows tarantella,
and Spanish movement is followed by a waltz
of the Vienna pattern. Remembering the suc-
cess of the tinkers' chorus in "Robin Hood," he
introduces twice in the first act the chime and
the clink of metal. There are climes and there
are castanets; there is patient fishing for local
color; there is fret and there is fury and there is a
constant shifting of rhythm. But there is not one
honest tune, and there is not one skilfully con-
structed concerted number. The second act is
musically better. The barcarolle, the burlesque
serenade, the song of the bravoes and the air of
Francesca are more worthy of the composer's
reputation. The finale is again noisy
and without meaning. The most pleasing
number of the third act is "The Song
of the Musicians," and we were all informed
this week that there is a dispute concerning its
originality. There are many reminiscences
throughout the opera. By no means do I
accuse Mr. de Koven of deliberate

plagiarism; but melodious phrases and pious
harmonic progressions of the modern French
school have clung to his memory and to his pen.
It would perhaps be difficult to place a finger
on any one spot and name it; but whenever the
composer has essayed local color the hearer is
confident that the strains are not new to him.
On the other hand Mr. de Koven has shown
originality and comic force in his treatment of
"The Song of the Bravoes."

The heat and the burden of the evening fell
upon Miss Mario Tempest, who took the
androgynous part of Francesca. As pretended
man and as confessed woman she was charming
throughout, more, perhaps, from her delightful
personality, her rare physical attrac-
tions, her dainty grace, than from her
vocal performance. It is not improbable
that she was not in good condition last evening,
for, although she sang with her accustomed
skill, the voice seemed tired at times. She was
enthusiastically received and heartily applaud-
ed throughout the evening. Miss Golden gave
a peculiar rendering of a song in the third act,
and she was obliged to repeat it twice.
There are many people who like Mr. Hubert
Wilke and he, too, was vigorously applauded.
The comedians were Mr. Charles Hopper and
Mr. Jerome Sykes. They were funny in a pain-
staking and laborious manner. The other chief
parts were taken by Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks
and Messrs. Michelena and Broderick.

The scenery and the costumes were hand-
some, and the groupings were effective. The
chorus and the orchestra did good work under
the direction of Mr. Gustave Kerker.

PHILIP HALE.

Although the cynical may see in the re-
ports of Paderewski's break-down a grim
phase of modern advertising, it would not be
surprising if the reports were true. The em-
inent pianist has disregarded of late years all
the common sense rules of health, and while
he has been abstemious in the ordinary sense,
he has not eaten or slept in a sensible man-
ner. It was the eccentric doctor in Charles
Reade's "Very Hard Cash," who was always
saying, "Genius, genius, take care of your
carcass."

The older graduates of Yale will hear with
regret that the folly of the students of to-day
bids fair to bring about the abolition of the
Junior societies. Hazing under the form of
initiation was unknown to the members of
fifteen and twenty years ago. There were
literary exercises, plays and suppers, but it
was then considered that a Junior had put
away the traditional silliness of underclass-
men.

MUSIC.

The First Vocal Recital of Miss Ma- guerite Hall.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave yesterday after-
noon the first of two vocal recitals at Chickering
Hall. She was assisted by Mrs. S. B. Field, the
accompanist. The programme was as follows:
Kenneth du das Land..... Beethoven
Vient che pol sereno..... Gluck
My Love's an Arbutus..... Old Irish
Turn Ye to Me..... Arr. by Stanford. Old Scotch
With Early Horn..... Arr. by Lawson. Galliard
On the Wild Rose Tree..... Rotoli
Canzonetta..... Arr. by Carmichael.
Schneider und Melden..... Brahms
Frage..... Brahms
Des Liebsten Schwur..... Brahms
Ritournelle..... Chaminade
Vieille Chanson..... Goring Thomas
Chanson de Barbarine..... Godard
Embarquez Vous.....

This programme was interesting and well ar-
ranged. The song by Galliard, however, is not
adapted to a woman's voice. It is from "The
Royal Chase; or, Morlin's Cave," a musical en-
tertainment that was first brought out in 1736,
and it pleased the Londoners mightily, so that
it was repeated every evening for a hundred or
more performances. It was then sung by John
Beard, a skilled tenor with robust voice and
marked musical temperament. He made him-
self a favorite by singing this song, and three
years after he married a young widow, the
daughter of the Earl of Waldegrave. This mar-
riage provoked scandal, and Lady Mary Wor-
ley Montagu wrote that "Such examples are very
detrimental to our whole sex." In spite of the
creaking, the marriage was a fortunate one,
and we are told that the happiness was only
interrupted by the death of the wife. This
tenor, so highly esteemed by Handel, married
again, owned Covent Garden Theatre, and
finally left the stage on account of deafness.
According to Dibden, he was a truly remark-
able man, for "he was perfectly an honest man,
and his delight was to encourage rising merit."
Galliard's song demands lustiness and fire, and
a quicker pace than that taken by Miss Hall
yesterday.

Miss Hall was heard to best advantage in the
Scotch song, the songs by Rotoli and the four
numbers of the last group. In the song by
Beethoven her voice was not fully under con-
trol, and it was not really until the middle of
the concert that she sang with an additional charm
to the concert that she sang with an additional
skill and her taste lent an additional charm to
the fragrant melody of Bizet, and in the
"Ritournelle" she rose to an unexpected height
of passion. I say "unexpected," because up to
that point her singing had been without indi-
vidual flavor or dramatic distinction. Longing
and regret, love and the hunt—all things seemed
alike to her, as to the Brahms of Mr. Emerson.
Not the least agreeable feature of the after-
noon was the opportunity of hearing the ex-
quisite music of Mr. Rotoli to the verses of R.
W. Gilder, which begin, "On the wild rose
tree." Mr. Rotoli played the accompaniments
of the songs by him, and he was recalled with
the singer. There was a large audience, and
Miss Hall was applauded warmly. The second
and last recital will be given Wednesday even-
ing of next week.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

The Amenities of Western Musical Criticism.

Mr. De Koven Appears as the Traditional Prophet.

A Pot-pourri of Themes Both New and Old.

"The Fencing Master" draws crowds to the
Hollis Street Theatre, and, indeed, there will be
an extra matinee this week. There are reasons
for the popularity of the operetta of Messrs.
Smith and De Koven. First of all, there is the
fragrant and piquant personality of Miss Tem-
pest, who, as a female Atlas, could carry on her
dainty shoulders a world of dramatic and musi-
cal shortcomings and mistakes. The text is
clean, if it is almost inane; and the costumes,
the scenery and the groupings are well worth

The dweller in a flat to whom the janitor is
a singular being, who communicates with the
members of his race only through speak-
ing tube or elevator shaft, and shuns the
near approach of a man, will learn with con-
sternation that a Janitors' Protective Union
has been formed for the purpose of regulat-
ing the proper amount of work. It is high
time that tenants should band themselves
together, for agents, domestics and janitors
seem determined on the destruction of their
rights.

the singing. The company, in the main, above the average operetta company, and the singers and the comedians are faithful and untiring in their endeavors to furnish entertainment. It is not their fault that Mr. Smith wrote a dull libretto, that the music of Mr. De Koven, for the most part, nodded or snickered. There are a few numbers in the second act, as well as the "Alibi song" in the third act, that please the hearers at the Hollis. And it must not be forgotten that the public at large is hungry for opera in any form and is more disposed to be lenient than fastidious in judgment.

In connection with the performance of "The Fencing Master" in this city it is interesting to consider the critical attitude of certain writers in Chicago, the former home of Mr. De Koven. I understand that this operetta has not as yet been given in Chicago, but the city is a city of "hustlers" and "hustling," and a telegraphic dispatch from Washington suggested to the managing editor of one of the Chicago newspapers a column of advance and picturesque judgment. The article appeared last week, and it was adorned with a display head and two cuts. The first of these cuts represented Mr. De Koven in the act of composition; the second showed him at work on a favorite song. No description of the article could parallel the article itself; for in wealth of metaphor and in felicitous employment of adjectives it is peculiarly Western. The following extracts are then of genuine interest.

"When 'Robin Hood' made its appearance the name of De Koven loomed up in art and musical circles like a gorgeous circus poster, but now the brils coats of criticism are chewing it into pulp, and there is weeping and wailing within the inner circle of the elect. It remained, however, for the advent of De Koven's latest opera, 'The Fencing Master,' to give the elite a brand new assortment of hysterics. In Washington city there is a social organization known as the Alibi Club. Just why it is called the 'Alibi' is not known, unless the club desires to be known elsewhere. While 'The Fencing Master' still existed in an embryonic state in Reginald De Koven's brain, he became a guest of the club, which had recently come into possession of a Spanish melody which had been imported from Spain, free of duty, for the sole use and benefit of the Alibi Club, and not elsewhere. The song is said to contain the mingled melodies of Castile, Andalusia, Grenada and Santa Fe. N. B. Being an imported air, nobody was permitted to breathe it save the dilatory members of the Esmeralda Club and their invited guests. It possessed the combined harmonies of 'Gayly the Troubadour' and 'Tu Eros la Vida Mia,' although Gayly the Troubadour asserts that his piece 'lays' over it in general tout ensemble and bizarre effects. So sacred was it held, however, by the Some-Other-Place Club that when it was warbled within the classical precincts of the club room the janitor was directed to put up the keyholes with wax and cover the doorway with a tarpaulin to prevent the Spaniards from escaping. Sir Reginald's brain matter at the time he became the guest of the club was as plastic as sorghum molasses and as absorbent as a sponge. The song penetrated the pores of his art cells like an application of St. Jacob's oil and he cried for more. The melody was rewarded in all its liquid purity and absence of consonants and Sir Reginald went away charged like a storage battery with the pent-up melodies of a Castilian lover. When 'The Fencing Master' appeared upon the eastern musical horizon the melody which brought down the house and brought up the box office receipts was the Washington club's Moorish madrigal."

Even if "The Fencing Master" is artistically below, and far below, "Robin Hood," in it is seen at least a desire to escape from the rules which have for some time controlled apparently the production of that species of musical entertainment known in this country as "comic opera." The desire is vague, it is not fully realized, but it is there. The worthless operetta, with its scantily-clad Amazons who do right in the meaningless marches of the King of France, with its crowning and its slang, is by no means peculiar to America. The topical song is heard in Paris and Berlin. The music of French merry-makers is jaded or a dull echo of the laughing jingle of the past. Offenbach died and left no heir to the kingdom of opera bouffe. And he, just before his death, dreamed of conquests in the realm of the fantastic and put his hope of immortality in "Contes d'Hoffman," the moorish German operetta is an endless waltz, with blasts of brass and beating of drums. Such keen observers as Hauslick have looked patiently toward Italy, the birthplace of opera buffa, hoping to find there the successors of Puccini, Chiarosa, Laesello, Rossini and Donizetti. Hauslick has heard at the Vienna Exposition short works by the members of the younger Italian school; he admires the strength, the dramatic intensity, the passion, but there is no laughter on this Italian stage. There is misfortune; there is unhappiness; or the story is full of lust, suicide and murder. Realism is the master of the young Italians. "Verismo" is their watchword. Vienna heard "Pagliacci" by Leoncavallo; "Il Birichino" by Muzzone; "Lida" by Cilea; and "Alia vita" by Giordano. The talent of the young men was recognized and applauded; but there was one great cry: "Oh, for an hour of the young Rossini or the Donizetti of 'Don Pasquale.'"

The death of Florimond Ronzer, better known to the world as Herve, is reported. It is said that his death was hastened by a fit of ill-humor, provoked by reading an unfavorable newspaper article concerning a composition by him. But surely he should have been hardened by this time. The singular author, dramatic composer, singer, play actor, organist and conductor was born at Houlain, near Arras, June 30, 1825. His first appearance as a dramatic composer was in 1848, when he sang in his own little piece called "Don Quichotte et Sancho Panza." Pugin tells us that he was ambitious and jealous; that he claimed with truth that he was the first in France to invent the peculiar species of operetta in which Offenbach excelled. His music was not unknown in this country, and although he was voluminous, his best works alone crossed the Atlantic. "L'Œil Creve" was first produced in Paris in 1867. "Chilperic" in 1868. "Le Petit Faust" in 1869. "Mamzelle Nitouche" in 1883. It was his habit to write the text in the early and the middle years of his career. He performed in Cairo and in London. In the latter city he sang and spoke in English and with success. When "Chilperic" was a dismal failure he parodied his own parody, and setting it to music, brought out "Chilperic" two months after the production of the original.

While it was a live fountain closed a careful review of his works with these words: "His music is only musiquette, which is sometimes agreeable and piquant when he happens to invent, and this is not absolutely rare, a sprightly motif; but this music is to true dramatic music as the quadrille to the symphony or the eucassonette to poetry."

A moment ago I spoke of realism, the realism that has invaded music as well as the drama, the novel and painting. But there were realists before Flaubert, and so too there were realists before Mascagni and his colleagues. Blangini tells of one, but does anyone to-day read the memoirs of Giuseppe Marco Maria Polico Blangini? Do women sing in these practical and commercial days his romances and nocturnes? The book is interesting. It is dedicated to his pupils, and 304 of them are named, from the Queen of Bavaria to "La y Doyle." He was honored by Queens and Duchesses; and it is said, nay, he coyly admits, that Pauline Borghese saw in him more than a skillful singing master. One evening, before these titled beauties were turned to things of clay, Blangini listened to a cantata by Pugnani, the violinist. The subject was the "Sorrows of Werther." "The intention of Pugnani was to make such imitative music that by the orchestra alone he would reproduce the leading situations in the romance of Goethe, without the assistance of any text. When the piece was written he invited as hearers all the noble persons of Piedmont and the diplomatic corps. Pugnani was so animated, so hot in the direction of the orchestra, that he took off his coat and conducted in shirt-sleeves. Each hearer was furnished with a programme indicating the situations which the composer attempted to paint. The performance of this composition made a profound impression, but Pugnani carried his ideas too far. At the moment when Werther killed himself Pugnani seized a loaded pistol and discharged it. Some were frightened; others thought that Pugnani was crazy. Count Strakelberg said to

the composer, on this occasion, that the pistol shot was the most genuine touch of realism in the composition." Now, Pugnani died in 1803. A century ago we find, then, programme music with the accompaniments of analytical programme book and realism. As for the Count of Strakelberg, he was no doubt a leading musical critic in Turin.

PHILIP HALE.

For "The Morning Record"
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

First Performance of "The Healing of the Nations."

A Tone-Poem of Great Strength and Beauty.

Revival of "Judah" in Its New, Improved Version.

The forty-seventh concert of the Pan-harmonic Orchestra will be long remembered by the music-lovers of this city. The great work of our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. J. Portamento Rubato, was produced for the first time. All anticipations were realized; the success was overwhelming. The music was followed with sympathy from the very start; the genius of the composer was acknowledged gratefully throughout the work, and when, after the final exultant chord, the leading members of the orchestra stood about Mr. Rubato, who directed his noble composition, and when he was presented with a laurel wreath by the President of the association, the cheers of the audience drowned the jubilant flourish of drums and trumpets that accompanied the presentation.

The public is now familiar with the story of the origin of this grand tone-poem, "The Healing of the Nations," and yet the story is worth repeating. Mr. Rubato, the son of a celebrated Vesuvian virtuoso, came to this country broken in health on account of his unremitting application to the curriculum of the foreign conservatory of music. He was unable to work; his movements were lethargic; he was afflicted with dizziness; his food distressed him; he had that tired feeling, which is not the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. Physicians were in vain. A friend of Mr. Rubato recommended him Hood's Sarsaparilla, as "a pure, reliable blood purifier, with surpassing merit as a tonic."

Mr. Rubato followed faithfully the directions, and no one who sees to-day the robust figure and face full of virile animation would believe that a few years ago our fellow townsman despaired of his career. Grateful for the relief, desirous of showing his gratitude to Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., the proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, Mr. Rubato conceived the idea of a great musical composition, molded after the classical model, but full of the nervous realism of the end of this century, that should express in music the sufferings and the relief of humanity. It will not be out of place to give here a general idea of the nature of his work.

The first movement, *allegro con fuoco*, describes the suffering of humanity. It is a daring and successful chapter of musical realism. The themes, which are admirably contrasted as well as the episodes, are in the character of leit-motifs, each one of which portrays a disease, and the superb instrumentation, clothes each theme in most appropriate garments of color. Among the most striking of these phrases are the following: Salt rheum and eczema, the sources of so much discomfort, are depicted by a pizzicato ostinato (a continual picking of the strings) while the first horn sings a plaintive melody. The woes of dyspepsia are expressed graphically by a skillful use of the lower tones of the bassoon, punctuated by dull sounds of the kettle drums. Nervousness and neurasthenia find their mimic representation in a remarkable employment of a violin tremolo with shreds of the piccolo on the odd beat. Haydn himself did not hesitate to imitate the crawling of the sinuous worm in "The Creation," and his limitation has been much admired; but the progress in music since his day demands keener expression, and Mr. Rubato has shown his scholarship and taste by giving the ring-worm motif to the cellos and the double basses in a species of circling, never-ending canon. In painting rheumatism the fancy of instrumentation approaches the grotesque, and the use of the oboe, as well as the strange effects of brass and percussion instruments, shows the rare imagination of the composer.

The second movement, an *adagio*, is in the nature of a funeral march. Toward an original death march, without borrowing unconsciously from Chopin, Beethoven or Wagner, is a severe tax on the invention of a composer of this critical age. Not only does Mr. Rubato rise to the occasion; he invests the music with symbolical meaning. After the manner of Wagner in the famous march in "Die Götterdämmerung," the themes of disease enter, hinted or in full form, into the march. The walls and lamentations, the dreariness of inevitable and painful death mingle with the very expressions of disease in grand and sombre polyphony. Clarinets, which Berlioz compared to women, breathe forth their mournful and melancholy tones. All is dark; there is apparently no comfort; hope has fled the earth. But the march leads by a masterly transition into a scherzo, which is the complete expression of the mad, delirious joy of poor humanity at learning of the discovery and the character of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The transition is managed with surpassing cunning. The last notes of the funeral march die away; nothing is heard but isolated drum beats, muffled, full of mystery, that oppress the heart of the hearer as the sound of the clouds of earth that fall on funeral planks; then long-drawn tones of the double bass, sustained by the contra-fagott, turn convulsion of despair into uneasy expectancy. There are faint, auroral flashes of hope. One instrument after another lends corroboration; the benefit of Sarsaparilla is acknowledged, first by a few; then, as its medicinal properties are fully realized, a joyous fanfare of trumpets (for four trumpets are used in this movement) gives the signal to a scene of tumultuous merriment. Disease henceforth is without terror. The curse is removed.

It would seem, then, that a fourth movement must be necessarily in the nature of an anticlimax. The genius of Rubato has avoided this danger. The finale is a grand "Hymn of Thanksgiving." The hymn is really a theme and variations. The hymn is first announced in simple but dignified strains by the brass, and the variations that follow show richness of ideas and a consummate mastery of contrapuntal technique. It would be a pleasure to speak of these variations in detail, but this agreeable task must be deferred to a more convenient season. The trained ear will discover readily the disease themes of the first movement woven in as embroidery to the substantial subject; they, however, no longer excite terror, they serve by their very subordination to enhance the calm assurance of the certainty of the remedy. The rheumatism-motif is now turned into a galop; the immovability blood-theme is now restored to full proportion; the pizzicato of eczema is transformed into a firmly bound and soothing legato. After these ingenious variations, the hymn again appears in a fortissimo of tremendous power. The resources of all known instruments are freely invoked. A chorus of 500 sings the hymn in unison; harps and organ, gong and xylophone, the latest members of the Sax family of brass instruments, guitars and mandolins, bells and a cannon swell the tribute of the praise of nations.

The other numbers of the programme, the prelude to "Parsifal" and Beethoven's fifth pianoforte concerto (the pianoforte part of which was played by Mr. Leonidas Swett in a most artistic manner) are familiar to all, and the interpretation does not call for special words of criticism. Nor is it too much to say that these works seemed dwarfed by the gigantic free symphony of Rubato.

It is a pleasure to add that this remarkable composition will be performed at the next concert of the series, and arrangements have been made for its presentation at the World's Columbian Exposition under the direction of Mr. Rubato. The orchestral score will be published next week, with a dedication in exquisite taste to Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., proprietors of Hood's Sarsaparilla, the source, the fountain head, if the term may be used, of this glorious flow of expressive melody and realistic harmony.

MR. MILLARD IN "JUDAH."

The Trolls Theatre was crowded last evening, so great was the curiosity to see the famous play-actor Mr. Millard in the new version of "Judah." The changes are not so much in the dialogue as in the central idea; yet the deception, the lie, the remorse and the brave repentance remain unchanged.

The final scene of this play has always seemed to the judicious a weak concession to conventionality, a sop to the amiable people who wish to hear the merry sound of wedding bells at the fall of the curtain. Here, too, the playwright has strengthened his case wonderfully. Instead of yielding at once to the prayer of the deceived that he should dwell among them and so work out his repentance, Judah at first is sorely tempted; but with a mighty effort he cries out in impassioned tones:

"No, no! This health-restoring medicine was lavished for selfish ends; it served hypocrisy and lies. I shall now use it as it was intended by its makers. Not here, where its virtues are known to all, 'twould be no light a task. Far off, far off in lonely isles, where strange seas, there must I go, my loved one by my side. Hark! I hear even now the moans of sufferers who cry aloud in their despair, 'To them we'll minister, Vashiti and I.' To them we'll bear with eager hands the healing medicine. Not until the whole world knows gratefully the wonderful power of Hood's Sarsaparilla shall we return. Then can we meet you face to face; then can we rest in yonder churchyard, Vashiti and I, having worked out our repentance, at peace with all below, in the lively hope of a joyous resurrection!"

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The second of the concerts by the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Clayton Johns was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartet, E. flat, Op. 10, No. 3. Schumann.
Lalo is known chiefly in this country by the violin compositions written for Sarasate. But the career of Edouard Victor Antoine Lalo is worthy of the serious attention of all students of music. He was born at Lille in 1823, and he died in the April of the present year. His first teacher was a German named Baumann; his first compositions showed his study of the great German composers, and they were at first more appreciated in Germany than in his own country. He is one of the few French musicians who did not at once look to the operatic stage for reputation. When he first went to Paris he played the viola in the quartette founded by Armand Gautier and Jacquard, and he wrote chamber music for the orchestra and songs. He himself has told us that until he was 42 he had never thought of the stage. He then began an opera, "Fiesque," which has never been produced. "Le Roi d'Ys," the opera that made him famous, was not brought out until 1888, and he was then 65 years old.

There are two string quartettes by him; the one played last night for the first time in Boston, and op. 45, which, I believe, is still in manuscript. The quartette in E. flat is like the career of the man and like the man himself. Even his face, if the portrait is faithful, goes with the music. The career of the man was full of discouragement. He was not appreciated at first by his colleagues or the public. In later years he was, for a long time, the sport of managers. He was called "a member of the severe order of bores." He was taunted with a desire for "orchestral composition." He was accused gravely of Wagnerism. But he did not complain. He did not sink. He did better; he worked patiently, for he believed in Time, the great Avenger.

And this quartette shows labor rather than spontaneous invention. With the exception of the trio of the third movement there is no theme that attracts at once popular attention. The music is serious throughout; too serious, perhaps, for the thought is so heavy at times that it is almost obscure, and the harmonic progressions seem like unto ponderous and far-fetched arguments. It is sincere music, the music of a man who wrote first of all to satisfy his own convictions. The first movement opens clearly, but the themes are not remarkable, and the development is the answer to a self-imposed problem that seems unnecessarily difficult and hardly worth the solving. There is ingenuity, there is boldness in modulation, there is contrapuntal skill, but one searches with a lantern for music. The second movement is grimly gloomy. The gloom, however, is the depression of a life-out. Only in the third movement is there the sharply defined rhythm or the sequant melody that was the right of Lalo by his Spanish descent. The finale is the end, carefully constructed, to be sure; but to the hearer it appears simply as the fourth movement demanded by the traditions of the quartette. There is not one touch of vulgarity in the composition; there is a painstaking shunning of the commonplace, and there is very little inspiration.

It is perhaps impertinent to add that the performance of the two quartettes was admirable throughout in all the qualities that are characteristic of perfect ensemble. It is seldom that such unalloyed pleasure is given to lovers of music as was given last evening by the superb reading of the famous second movement of the quartette. The conception was so free from sentimentality and affectation, so noble and serene.

The sonata was finely played so far as Mr. Kneisel was concerned, but the passionate work of Schumann demands a pianist of marked temperament and technique.

PHILIP HALE.

"TAR AND TARTAR."

The "Tar and Tartar," a comic opera by Messrs. Smith and Itzel, was given last evening at the Globe. This comic opera, or musical farce, was first produced in Boston in February of this year, and the text and the music do not now demand serious attention. Matilde Cottrell has taken the place of Mrs. Joyce-Bell, and Messrs. Frear and Holbrook have replaced Messrs. Digby Bell and Hubert Wilke. Annie Meyers and Myra Mirella are also with the present company. The thoughtful observer of the customs and the amusements of a nation might wonder at the evident enjoyment of the people who find rich food for mirth in the lines and the interpolated gags of the "Tar and Tartar." As long as the theatre goes on, and as long as the constructors of operatic farce are not perhaps to be blamed for the perpetration of such pieces. Nor is it worth the while to quarrel with the taste of an audience. The nonsense in the present instance is at least not objectionable. Some of the tunes have a pleasant jingle. The scenery and the costumes are handsome, and the play runs smoothly from the beginning to the end.

It is now definitely determined that Mr. Dvorak will be seen in Music Hall in the act of directing his Requiem Mass, which will be sung by the Cecilia Society the 30th of this month. We have not had a composer of such prominence among us since the appearance of Rubinstein. There is always a curiosity to see men whose names are in the mouth of the world, and many will be glad to gaze at the musician who turned from the butcher shop to glorify the dances of his loved Bohemia.

A contributor to the New York Tribune sees in the transfer of Mr. de Struve from Washington to The Hague not only the appreciation of his talents by the Russian Government, but a determination to resist the encroachments of Germany. The suave shrewdness of the Russian is known to all diplomats, and it would be well employed in watching the developments in Holland. Meanwhile the departure of Mr. de Struve will be a serious loss to Washington society.

MUSIC.

The Second Vocal Recital of Miss Marguerite Hall.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave the second and last of her vocal recitals last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows:

Recit and Aria, "Alexander's Feast," Handel.
"Listen to the Voice of Love," Bononcini.
"La Chanson Marguerite," Old French.
"Die Luany," Schubert.
"Der Tod und das Mädchen," Schubert.
"To Sylvia," Schubert.
"Walpurgisnacht," Schumann.
"Volksliedchen," Schumann.
"Frühlingsnacht," Schumann.
Songs from Kinzeley's Waterables, Henschel.
Adieux de l'Hortense Arabe, Bizet.
Ave, Goring Thomas.

The programme of the second recital of Miss Hall was even more interesting than that of the first. It was a pleasure to hear the song by James Hook, who, during his engagements at Maryleton Gardens and at Vauxhall, wrote about 2000 vocal numbers; and yet his most celebrated work was his younger son, Theodore Edward, the practical joker. It is true that he was reproached by contemporaries for lack of originality, and it was said of him as of Giordani: "This modest gentleman's productions are the foundling hospital of stolen, defaced music." This song, however, seems today fresh and beautiful, and it was sung in a delightful manner by Miss Hall. Throughout the concert her singing was more varied in expression and more emotional than at the first recital, and she gave many evidences of skill and refined taste. It would be difficult perhaps to particularize, but she was certainly heard to marked advantage in the song by Hook, the old French song, and the "Volksliedchen" by Schumann.

The programme announced that Bononcini died in 1703. If the song was by Giovanni Maria Bononcini of Modena, who was born in 1640, the statement was untrue, for he died in 1678. He was the father of the celebrated rival of Handel, the Bononcini who was supported by the Whigs and protected by the Duke of Marlborough.

PHILIP HALE.

It is still not unusual for the sojourner in the count to find at table the meat that stood and wondered at him as he passed by the day before. But there is every year an advance in the knowledge of things fit to be eaten and in the skill of preparing them for humanity. These reforms are not confined to our own country.

Many of the Yorkshire farmers have taken steps to do their own killing and sell direct to the consumer, instead of selling the live meat to butchers for the gain of the latter. This will lead to the abolition of that abomination, the town slaughter house. The Pall Mall Gazette, in speaking of the reform, claims that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should join hands with the Farmers' Alliance and Sanitary Reformers to assist in establishing the rule that only dead meat shall be sold within the limits of a town. The dead meat will travel as quickly and safely and cheaply as the live, and the animals will be spared the frequent torture of a long journey by road or rail.

It would not be surprising if the friends of temperance in France were almost discouraged by the statistics concerning the drinking habits. In 1869 there were 365,875 dram-shops in France, or 1 for every 87 inhabitants. Since then, France has lost 1,630,000 inhabitants by the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, but the dram shops are now 410,000. The consumption of alcohol is now 4.40 litres per head, and the alcohol is more generally made from fruit and grain than from wine. Absinthe is a steadily-growing curse, and thoughtful observers believe that the legislature should check its sale.

In the recent trial of a case in this town questions were put concerning the cost of an education; and these questions provoked amusement. Yet there are many to-day who will not admit the right of a citizen to sell his intellectual wares at a high price unless he can show in some way that he himself paid handsomely for them. The amount of time consumed, the anxiety and the mental strain, the long waiting and the slow returns—these cannot be weighed in the balance or measured with a yardstick.

For years the villain of the sensational novel of foreign life has been the Russian Count or German Baron, and as these titled gentlemen are as thick in the great cities of the continent as blackberries in their season, certain of our countrymen believe in the realism of these novels. But it is seldom that a Prince falls victim to "Hungry Jo," and the news that Prince Alexander Galitzine was swindled out of \$500 by a New Yorker is a rare example of international courtship.

MR. PHILIP HALE, the well-known music critic, begins in this issue a series of letters from musical Boston. That they will be piquant and of interest and value to our readers goes without saying.

Music in Boston.

"THE FENCING MASTER," AN OPERA COMIQUE, BY MESSRS. SMITH AND DE KOVEN.

Boston, November 6, 1892.

THE musicalevent of the last week was the first performance in the town of the new operetta by Messrs. Harry B. Smith and Reginald de Koven. It was brought out the evening of October 31 at the Hollis Street Theatre by the J. M. Hill Opera Company. The musical director was Mr. Gustave Kerker, and the cast was as follows:

Francesca.....Miss Tempest
Fortunio.....Mr. Hubert Wilke
Torquato.....Mr. William Broderick
Pasquino.....Mr. Jerome Sykes
Duke of Milan.....Mr. Charles Hopper
Count Guido.....Mr. F. Michelen
Filippa.....Miss Grace Golden
The Marchesa di Goldoni.....Mrs. Pemberton-Hunks
Theresa.....Miss Bessie Cleveland
Pietro.....Miss Agnes Sherwood

The expectation of the theatre goer was inflamed by the fiery eloquence of the advance notices. It is true that these notices were originally written with the aid of a type-writer, but they showed the fine Italian hand of the experienced manager. Here at last was an ideal operetta. It contained no gag, amazons did not march and skirts were not inverted in the dance; the topical song was anathema. Not that the operetta was dull; on the contrary, it would revive the gaiety of nations. It was a mingling of the old opera buffa, made famous by Piccini, Cimarosa and Paesello, the opera comique of the good old days of the French, and with an ingredient of thoughtfulness that was peculiar to the librettist and the composer. Furthermore it was an American work, and Mr. De Koven was the Logroscino of this generation. As for Mr. Smith, he was either Meilhac and Halévy or Hector Crémieux. This last point was not definitely settled.

This expectation thus fomented was not realized. The

disappointment was not due to any fault of the manager, the stage carpenter, the costumer, the stage manager or Mr. Kerker and his company of men and women singers and players of musical instruments. It was due to the work of Messrs. Smith and De Koven.

We are in Milan and in sight of a wine shop, a palace and the cathedral. "Count Guido Malespina" is "discovered singing." It is a burlesque serenade and after he has sung for a while he leaves the stage without any explanation of his conduct. It appears, however, that he is a tenor, that he plays the guitar and that he is in love. The inhabitants of Milan "chant a bacchanalian hymn" and then disport themselves in a tarantella imported from Naples or Tarentum. They then plunge into a gavot, which came over from France, and they thus show praiseworthy catholicity in the choice of amusements.

"Fortunio" enters after an absence of six years. His clothes are shabby, but he announces in a stage whisper that he is "the rightful Duke of Milan," which of course paves the way to the exhibition of a powerful baritone voice. "Guido" returns and quarrels with "Fortunio." "Torquato," the old fencing master of the court, comes in, sings of his trade, and then announces the fact that his son "Francesco" will take his place. Now "Francesco" is a girl, and her name is "Francesca." Here is the familiar androgynous so dear to makers of comic opera; but in this instance the playwright has not displayed the cunning of his craft. The student of anatomy finds no material for research after the first act, and the donning of a flowing female robe in the final scene comes like an anti climax, for there is no food for speculation.

The comedians enter: the duke, who is not the gail-lard of "Rigoletto," but a spendthrift pantaloone, and the court astrologer, who has apparently devoted his days and nights to the stage habits of Mr. De Wolf Hopper. There are money lenders in this act and there is a quintet. There is also a finale which explains that "Guido" has run away with "Filippa;" that "Fortunio" goes to Venice, where he will probably be imprisoned; that "Francesca," who loves the baritone, will accompany him, and that in fact there will be a general excursion to the city of lagoons and dungeon leads. And, sure enough, in the second act everybody is in Venice, where the word "ohé!" seems to be in everybody's mouth. There is a barcarolle; there is a "marinesca" the gondola is in active use; "Torquato" turns up bobbish and tuneful as the chief of a band of bravos; our old friends sing solos and concerted numbers; "Francesca" allows to "Fortunio" that she is a woman; the Duke attempts to wed the Adriatic, but first puts the androgynous in prison, for she sacrifices herself for the baritone.

In the third act "Filippa" appears as a member of the Alibi Club of Washington, D. C., at least if the telegraphic dispatch of October 30 is to be believed, although there was a doubt left as to the identity of the club song. The Duke and a girl interchange the following pleasantries:

THE DUKE: Plain? I plain? Tut, tut! I can hardly keep my countenance.

THERESA: Keep that countenance! You don't mean to say you want to keep it.

THE DUKE: You know, my dear, beauty will fade.

THERESA: Yes, beauty will fade; but ugliness "won't wash."

The "Duke," the astrologer and "Torquato" give a negro minstrel act. "Francesca" appears suddenly in full evening dress, which she borrowed from the "Marchesa" after the prison doors were opened and her bonds were loosed. Her rapture finds vent in song abounding in roulades. "Fortunio" is placed on the throne of his father by the election at Milan, and he chooses "Francesca" as his duchess, while "Filippa" embraces "Guido."

In this libretto the burlesque leads directly and without cause into melodrama. Much of the business was omitted the night of the performance, so that the hearer was befogged. Whenever the invention flagged a character sang a song; and, again, the stage was often crowded without apparent reason. The comedians were obliged to leave the lines in search of mirth, and they were not, perhaps, to be blamed for introducing Mr. Corbett as the favorite heavy weight of "an early period in the fifteenth century." The libretto is inconsequential and insipid. Even if the libretto of "Robin Hood" was in no wise remarkable for its wit or dramatic point it was a respectable piece of workmanship, and the story was told coherently.

Nor is this music of Mr. de Koven an improvement on that of "Robin Hood." On the contrary, it is a decided step backward. It is more ambitiously conceived, and there are attempts in the vein of grand opera. In the first place, it is devoid of spontaneity. There is not in the whole of the first act one number that is remembered for its melody, its piquant or pleasing harmony, or its striking rhythm. There are numbers in the other acts that are more pleasing to the layman and the professional, such as the barcarolle, the burlesque serenade of the "Duke of Milan" and the song of "Filippa;" but unfortunately they suggest the tunes and the effects of other composers.

There is throughout the opera a constant striving after effect, and there is an absence of repose, a forgetfulness of the necessity of contrast. There is much unnecessary

noise. Firecrackers are set off at unexpected moments, and at the end of each act there is a grand explosion under a barrel. The concerted numbers are built without noticeable skill and they do not fit the emotions of the respective characters or the scenic situations. The first phrase in the greater number of the solos is not well relieved by the following sentences, and the return is awkwardly introduced. The singer is often obliged to scream, and when the voice is treated sympathetically the sympathy is conventional. The instrumentation is often thick, muddy and noisy. When the woodwind is employed to lend piquancy, it is applied apparently at random, and the brass is as at a political meeting where enthusiasm hits the sky.

When the hearer remembers the understanding of the capacity and the limitations of the human voice, as well as the discreet, refined and often clever instrumentation shown by Mr. de Koven in "Robin Hood," he can hardly believe that the composer of that operetta is the composer of "The Fencing Master." It is true that Verdi wrote "Macbeth" as well as "Otello," but there were forty years between the operas, and there was a most remarkable advance.

The personality of Miss Tempest was as delightful as ever, but there was little in the part to give her dramatic or musical inspiration. She is more fascinating in the provoking costume peculiar to her kind than in the frank revelation of operetta male attire. Mr. Hubert Wilke gave a robust and guttural performance until the blood rushed to his head and the veins stood out on his neck. His management of his tongue in bursts of song would not have won the praise of Pier Francesco Tosi and his colleagues.

The other members of the company were untiring in their efforts to please, and the comedians went through the routine of their jesting with the patient endurance and the kindly eye of a horse in a brickyard. The chorus did excellent work.

The audience of the first night was large and enthusiastic, and, indeed, the theatre was crowded during the week. The scenery and the costumes were handsome, and the groupings, though not realistic, were effective from the traditional scenic standpoint.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave a vocal recital in Chickering Hall, Friday afternoon, November 4. The program included songs by Beethoven, Gluck, Brahms, Rotoli, Bruch, Miss Chaminade, Bizet, Goring Thomas, Godard and Galliard. Miss Hall sang the "Ritournelle" by Miss Chaminade, with genuine passion, and in Bizet's "Vieille Chanson" she showed unusual skill and taste. But her singing in the main was calmly accurate and dry.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Artful Simplicity of Camille Saint-Saens.

News and Gossip at Home and Abroad.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony, A minor.....Saint-Saens
Concerto for violin, E sharp.....Ernst
Humoresque.....Humperdink
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

The novelty was the Humoresque for orchestra by Mr. E. Humperdink. Humperdink is a name that suggests Koog-Zaandijk or Zaltbommel as a birthplace, with the scenic accompaniments of dikes and windmills, but it is said that Mr. Humperdink is a Bavarian and the teacher of Siegfried Wagner. That he is a Bavarian is not impossible; that he teaches the son of Wagner is an excuse for ingenious speculation. The questions "How?" and "What?" naturally arise. Siegfried is no longer a boy, and his father did not propose that he should be a musician. The Humoresque, or Humoreske, or Humoresque, is a form of musical entertainment found in the writings of Schumann, Rubinstein, Heller and Grieg, and its name seems to be derived in accordance with the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. The piece by Humperdink is no exception, and there is no humor in the idea or the carrying out of the idea. The professional musical fester is apt to be a wet blanket. There are few who can write up to the level of such a title. It is an open question whether music *per se*, absolute music, can convey a humorous or a laughable idea. There may be an expression of the grotesque, of the bizarre; a noble strain may be burlesqued as in the "Fantastic Symphony" of Berlioz, but the amusement of the hearer is skin deep, and arises chiefly from the fact that he has been previously warned of the impending jest. Then again, humor may seem of different meaning to Mr. Humperdink, for, according to the ancients, melancholy itself, "melancholy, cold and dry, thick, black and sour," is one of the four humors, and analogous to an element and an age of man. Mr. Humperdink has seasoned his melancholy with fluid extracts of Raff and Meyerbeer (if I am not mistaken), and thus aroused a desire in the sinner at table to taste these composers in their full strength; just as frozen puddings whet the appetite of a victim of alcohol and do not quench the raging fire within. The stolidity of the purpose of Mr. Humperdink is no doubt praiseworthy, and his Humoresque shows that he is a safe and a serious companion for a young man. But such compositions, even when they find a publisher in Germany, have no place in a Symphony concert in Boston.

The A minor symphony of Saint-Saens was played for the first time in these concerts. It is a thoroughly delightful and skillfully constructed work. First of all, it is without padding, without vain repetitions. The technical skill shows perhaps most nakedly in the first movement is not that of the pedagogue, but of the well-bred man of the world who by chance finds himself in the society of scientists and enters into the conversation with intelligence and yet with modesty. His knowledge is simply a part of his pleasure in life; he does not exist for its display. Furthermore, please note the amiable ease with which Saint-Saens solves his problems. In the three movements that follow he enjoys himself. The adagio is a temporary fit of contemplation, but the mau does not withdraw from the world so completely or for so long a time that he becomes morose or unintelligible. It is a pleasant reverie finely expressed in music. There are no soul-writhings, no violent gesturing, no sullen imprecations that escape the barrier of clenched teeth. This adagio is beautiful and simple music. And in the scherzo and the finale, although there is pronounced melody that dares, although there are effects gained by appeals to the feet and by rhythmic surprises, there is not a touch of the commonplace, not a suspicion of vulgarity. The refinement of the composer is contagious; the instruments are never noisy; they do not interrupt; they each in turn say their say, and each knows how to listen to his neighbor. It is seldom in these days that we are fortunate enough to have an opportunity of finding such a combination of skill, simplicity, grace and beauty. Our modern composers, wish not only to tickle, "they must also chafe. Let a palate become accustomed to black pepper, and it will desire paprika, and then cayenne. Finally these spices, too, will refuse to create an impression," and then aqua-fortis is poured in quantity. But in this work of an eminently modern Frenchman there is a keen appreciation of the value of artistic simplicity.

This symphony was played exceedingly well, and so, in the main, was the symphony by Beethoven. The opening measures of the larghetto of the latter were not sung frankly enough; there was an exaggeration of the unanous, and nervous energy seemed at times misplaced.

Mr. T. Adamowski played the concert pathetic by H. W. Ernst. When Ernst played this concerto in manuscript in 1849, at a concert in Leipzig, there was an overture by Rietz and an aria by Flotow on the programme. It is said that Ernst then made a profound impression by his surpassing skill, but we live under a different dispensation, and Mr. Adamowski is not an Ernst. The piece itself seems intrinsically trivial, and its technical difficulties without genuine purpose. The chief theme is, like many that are found in forgotten salon compositions, bound up in old-fashioned volumes, between "The Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep" and "Gen. Persifer F. Smith's March." It bears a

strong resemblance to tunes popular in the negro minstrel "grand-oh-oh," tunes that accompany the verbal statement of a lover's floral tribute or tell of a picture with its face turned toward the wall. The concerto presents great difficulties to the performer; and Mr. Adamowski apparently realized this fact, for his playing was not of the market excellence that characterized his solo work of last year. His intonation was not always pure, and his tone was at times thin and dry. He was applauded heartily at the close.

It may be remembered that in the spring of 1891 a singer appeared in Boston Music Hall, and her name was Antonia Mielke. She was heard in the music of Beethoven and Wagner. She was kind in the private performance of "Parsifal" and when Mr. Lang invited many in May of this year to witness the sight of Parsifal, Amfortas and Klingsor in conventional concert dress and necessarily combed hair, lo, Mrs. Mielke, too, stood on the platform. Her performance filled the souls of the devout worshippers of Wagner with exceeding joy; rhapsodies were chanted in her praise; and the word "intellectuality" was on the lips of many. Even then there were doubting Thomases, who admitted that she was a peg higher in the lyric notch than those zealous and destructive claimers, Miss Marie John and Mrs. Steinbach-Johns, who came to us before her; but they denied vehemently that she was a skillful or wholly pleasing singer. Now, Mrs. Mielke sang a short time ago at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipzig, and the Signale No. 57 contains an instructive account of her performance. She sang the great air from "Oberon" and songs by Wagner, Schubert and Jensen. The critic of the Signale writes as follows:

"Mrs. Mielke, a German by birth, who also began her career in Germany, comes from America, i. e. New York, and she is so Americanized that her arrival was preceded by strong puffery. She made a favorable impression, although she did not provoke enthusiasm. Neither her voice nor her employment of it is calculated to awaken enthusiasm. The voice is indeed powerful, but it is without real fullness and sonority, and in the upper register and the forte tones sound acid and shrill, as though they had lost their original freshness in consequence of over exertion. Her handling of this organ shows more natural method than rounded technical education, as, for instance, in the wavering and agitation of the tone, the different quality of tone on different vowels, and in the tendency to fall below the true pitch."

The reviewer then applies a soothing lotion by sneaking pleasantly, but in moderate terms, of her temperament and knowledge of the proper expression. It is true that there, as here, she was applauded and recalled; but in view of the discriminating words of the kindly (suspected German) reviewer, is it not possible that the American admirers of German vocalization are more German than the Germans themselves, and are only too madly inclined to indulge in frenetic rapture at the sound of the beloved foreign gutturals?

PHILIP HALE.

"HOSS AND HOSS."

Messrs. Reed and Collier gave great pleasure to a large audience at the Hellis Street Theatre last evening by their songs and funny sayings, introduced in the very amusing farce, "Hoss and Hoss." The farce and the comedians are so well known that it is not necessary now to enlarge upon the rollicking humor of Reed and the dry wit of Collier. There was laughter from the rising of the curtain until the going down of the same. Other entertaining comedians contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, and the dancing of Miss Louise Allen was heartily applauded. The singing of Miss Celeste and Mr. Meyers was thoroughly appreciated and Messrs. Moulton and Gentry were most favorably received. "Hoss and Hoss" will be given the remaining evenings of the week and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

MRS. SOPHIE ZELA.

Mrs. Sophie Zela, a soprano, gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. She was assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin, Gardner Lamson and Henry Schuecker. The accompanists were Miss Mary Chandler and Mr. Rotoli. The programme was as follows:

Duet, "Mallika Come".....Delibes
Songs, "Bid Me to Live".....Bizet
"The Two Grenadiers".....Schumann
Romanza, "Immelin Rose" (new).....Ole Olsen
Pastorale.....Bizet
Cradle Song.....Mrs. Zela
Album Leaf.....E. Schuecker
Duet, "La ci Darem".....Mozart
Aria, "Le Cid".....Massenet
Serenade.....Mrs. Zela
Duet, "Hear Me, Norma".....Parish-Alvares
Mrs. Zela and Miss Franklin

Nature gave Mrs. Sophie Zela a rich and sonorous voice of sufficient compass and sympathetic quality. The singer is not devoid of musical instinct and musical taste; she has an agreeable stage presence, and she, indeed, is fair and pleasing to the eye. It is the more to be regretted, therefore, that her tone-production is faulty, that she is not always faithful to the true pitch and that her delivery shows insufficient or inadequate training. She was heard to best advantage in the pastorale by Bizet. She was recalled after the air from "Le Cid," and in response to hearty applause she sang a song by Randegger.

One of her numbers, the romanza, was by Ole Olsen, a Scandinavian composer comparatively unknown in this country. Olsen has written an opera, "Sitz Hvilde," a symphony, a suite for strings; but his peculiar talent is in music of an ultra-radical and blood-curdling nature, as seen in his symphonic poem, "Asgaardsreien," and the overture "Erech XIV." These latter pieces were played in Vienna in 1882 under his direction, and Hanslick described him then as brandishing the stick savagely, as though he were howling the enemies of his fatherland. Now in the song sung by Mrs. Zela he hews away at simplicity, at spontaneity, at all legitimate effect and at natural beauty.

Miss Franklin gave unalloyed pleasure by the display of her pure art, and Mr. Lamson sang with the earnestness and the sincerity that characterize him as a singer. Mr. Schuecker was applauded deservedly for his skillful performance; but why does a musician of his taste and acquirements persist in playing such an unmusical disarrangement of a charming melody as the number that he introduced last evening after the "Serenade?"

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

Boston, November 18, 1892.

THERE are composers of more than ordinary talent and marked temperament who cannot brook a string quartet. They dream of color, they weave their day thoughts in colored stuffs, they plot color even when they appear unoccupied in street cars. They have been known to compare a string quartet to cold veal.

When there are musicians who are thus chilled or bored, it is a surprising fact that tickets for the concerts of the Kneisel Quartet are in eager demand in this city, and the concerts are apparently relished keenly. It is true that the ensemble playing is worthy of the highest praise, for it is distinguished by purity of tone, precision, admirable phrasing and artistic subordination of the players, one to each other; but artistic excellence or artistic perfection does not, unfortunately, compel popular appreciation. Nor are the men and women who, as pianists or singers, are advertised as assistants so unknown that the element of curiosity to be gratified enters into the problem. Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch, Messrs. Busoni, Sherwood, Jordan and Whiting are familiar names, and their deeds are already recorded in the chronicles of the town. The factor of individuality may be eliminated. It remains, however, that while to the great majority of concert goers a string quartet is an acquired taste, like unto olives or tomatoes, the Kneisel concerts are crowded, and the hearers wear the appearance of ineffable rapture in the exercise of a solemn function.

The second of a series of eight of these concerts was given Monday evening, November 7. Mr. Clayton Johns was the pianist, and the program was as follows:

Quartet, E flat, op. 19.....Lalo
Sonata for piano and violin, A minor.....Schumann
Quartet, D minor.....Schubert

The quartet by Lalo was heard for the first time in this town, and I am not able to find any notice of its performance in this country during the last ten years. It is not a grateful composition, and it has none of the elements of instantaneous popularity. With the exception of a few measures in the third movement, an allegro con fuoco, there is no hint or suggestion of the Spanish inheritance and French atmosphere that might well have influenced the composer. Born in Lille, of Spanish ancestors, Lalo studied with a German named Baumann, and he took his models from the other side of the Rhine. This quartet is not unlike his career—a steady working against obstacles. There is little thematic beauty or originality, and on the other hand there is a shunning of the commonplace, and perhaps a too fastidious turning of the back on anything that might at once tickle the ears of the hearer. The quartet sounds as though the man himself was addressing

an audience with the sole purpose of performing a set duty prepared alike for praise or blame, careless of everything without himself. It is his face set to music—the face seen in the etching in Imbert's "Nouveaux Profils de Musiciens." Now this white haired, white bearded gentleman with a rigid stand up collar might be a retired stock broker, who lived in a pinched way because he paid every cent due his creditors, or a Don Quixote, who sought vainly his ideal in a café of the main boulevards; or a mugwump of the original pattern, who set his face against family traditions and enjoyed his temporary unpopularity. I have seldom heard a composition that was so devoid of sensuousness, or so free from any of the attributes of beauty as it is commonly rated. To be sure Thomas Hardy suggests that "it is a question if the exclusive reign of this orthodox beauty is not approaching its last quarter. The new vale of Tempé may be a gaunt waste in Thule: human souls may find themselves in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young." In this quartet, however, there is more of "the sand dunes of Scheveningen" than "the mournful sublimity of a moor, a sea, or a mountain," which is "absolutely consonant with the moods of the more thinking among mankind." And at the same time the hearer respects the composer, though he is severe, inexorable and grim. He rubs his ears and asks if this is the Lalo of the pieces written for Sarasate, or the maker of the music of "Le Roi d'Ys."

It is perhaps needless to add that the playing of the members of the quartet was excellent throughout the evening, and the masterly performance of the second movement of the posthumous quartet of Schubert made a profound impression. Mr. Kneisel played the violin part of the Schumann sonata with taste, but Mr. Johns has neither the technic nor the temperament to play such music or to participate in concerts of so high a grade. His tone is dry, his piano is cottony, his forte is feeble clattering, and he does not atone for technical shortcomings by any pronounced display of musical "native moments."

Miss Marguerite Hall gave the second and last of her vocal recitals Wednesday evening, November 9, in Chickering Hall. She sang an aria from "Alexander's Feast," and songs by Bononcini, Schubert, Schumann, Henschel, Bizet and Goring Thomas. I spoke last week of her singing as without marked rhetorical distinction, as accurate and almost phlegmatic. Her performance Wednesday evening was not as open to these objections, and she sang the songs of Schumann ("Widmung," "Volksliedchen" and "Frühlingsnacht") and "La charmante Marguerite" with genuine, unexaggerated expression. In the simple delivery of a simple melody she is admirable. When such a song as Bizet's "Adieu de l'Hôtesse arabe!" is given to her she does not grasp fully the dramatic opportunity, and the woman seen in the imagination of Hugo and made living by Bizet might as well be a New England maiden of enviable social position in a manufacturing town.

The program of the fourth concert of the Symphony Orchestra, November 12, was as follows:

Symphony, A minor.....Saint Saëns
Concerto for violin, F sharp minor.....Ernst
Humoresque for orchestra.....Humperdink
Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

The feature of Saturday evening was the symphony by Saint-Saëns, and yet it is doubtful whether the audience appreciated fully this delightful work. Its workmanship is too fine, perhaps; there are no nerve shattering effects; there is no profundity that is akin to bathos. The musician rejoices in the contrapuntal seriousness of the first movement, which is free from pedagogic baldness and severity. Saint-Saëns is too much of a man of the world to insist on his learning, just as he is too well bred to attempt to startle by sensational means. How simple and how beautiful is the short adagio! The scherzo is a charming example of French refinement and piquancy in melody, harmony and instrumentation; the finale is not merely a brilliant signature and flourish; there is something said, something that is worth the remembering. It is true that the work is free from volcanic emotion and the deep intellectuality that is the brother of dull obscurity. It is eminently sane. The thought is often expressed in epigrams. The composer does not hammer his ideas into the hearer by anxious repetition; he admits frankly that the hearer has intelligence. He is even content with suggesting in certain instances, and leaves the hearer to his own devices. There are no trombones, tuba or harp, and in the second movement the horns, trumpets and drums are silent. But when an instrument speaks it is with reason, and when it is delivered of speech its mission is accomplished and it is silent.

Humperdink is not a familiar name to students of music or concert goers. It is said that he is a Bavarian and a hard student. Like most professedly humorous pieces of music this humoresque is a cheap and dreary thing. It might not be out of place as a stopgap in the program of a German watering place Sunday afternoon entertainment, but it is not humorous in conception or in instrumentation. The suggestion of the march in Raff's "Lenore" is brought into juxtaposition with a reminiscence of Meyerbeer, but there is no point in the piece, and there is no reason why such a composition should be played in a symphony concert.

Mr. Adamowski played the Ernst concerto for violin, and although he was applauded loudly his performance was by no means beyond the reach of criticism. It is true that this vehicle for virtuosity is a severe strain on the performer, and if the ancient saw is to be commended Mr. Adamowski is to be praised for firing his arrow at the sun. His intonation was not always pure, his tone was often thin and dry, and as a whole the concerto was beyond his capacity. As played by him the concerto seemed hopelessly old fashioned, and at the same time trivial and dull. We are told that Ernst produced a great effect with it, but Ernst was a remarkable violinist and we live under another musical consulship.

The orchestral numbers were played in the main exceedingly well, although a few exceptions might have been taken to the reading of the slow movement of the Beethoven symphony; for the first theme was not given frankly, but with exaggeration in the observance and the interpolation of nuances. Mr. MacDowell will play the solo part of his A minor concerto for piano next Saturday, and the other numbers of the program will be Brahms' third symphony, the "Menuet des Follets" and "Danse des Sylphes" of Berlioz, and Liszt's "Tasso."

The pianists and singers are preparing busily their descent upon us. Mr. Busoni will give four piano recitals and Miss Marie Geselschap will play the piano, the evening of November 18 and the afternoon of November 23. Miss Geselschap should surely display temperament, for she was born in Java, or Borneo, or Sumatra or some other sultry isle washed by strange seas. Chamber concerts are as thick as blackberries in season, and Messrs. Baermann, Adamowski and Arthur Whiting are prominently identified with them. Mr. Lena Little and Mr. Meyn are to sing together; Mrs. Sophie Zéla, with Miss Gertrude Franklin and Gardner Lamson, will appear the 18th in an "operatic concert," and there are bands and rumors of bands for Sunday evening recreation.

PHILIP HALE.

The Fifth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

New Bill at the Museum—

"Kerry" and "Nerves."

Sousa's New Marine Band—Notes of Coming Events.

The programme of the fifth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 3, F major.....Brahms
Concerto for pianoforte No. 1.....MacDowell
Two movements from "La Damnation de Faust".....Berlioz
1. Menuet des Sylphes
2. Valse des Sylphes.....Liszt

"Tasso, Lamento e Trionfo".....Liszt
Mr. E. A. MacDowell was the pianist. The first pianoforte concerto of Mr. MacDowell was played as an arrangement for two pianofortes in concerts given respectively by Mr. Gerrish and Mr. Whelpley during the season of '85-'86. Its first performance with orchestra in this country was at a concerto concert given by Mr. Lang, April 3, 1888, when Mr. Whelpley was the pianist. It has been played in European and American cities (1888-1891) by Teresa Carreno. Its first performance in public by the composer was the performance of last week.

Mr. MacDowell has shown in this concerto greater fidelity to the traditions, or the fetish, or the same rules of form than in the greater number of his later compositions. This fidelity has not choked spontaneity, nor has it stiffened expression of thought. The themes are melodious and characteristic; nor are they merely agreeable echoes of the tunes of honored composers who guided his steps, or who, years ago, joined the quire invisible. Technical knowledge does not intrude itself; it is ever present, however, ever mindful of the good of the hearer, who does not wish to inquire too thoroughly into the causes of his enjoyment. The most genuine musical stuff is in the first movement; at the same time it would be vain to deny the beauty of the song of the audience, which is full of sentiment that is never sentimental, and romance that is always within the control of the dreamer. "Yours the last movement merely the dashing conclusion of the whole matter. The interest is maintained without an anticipation of a climax, and even at the very close there is a suspicion of reserve strength. In this composition the orchestra and the pianoforte are not at war with one another; they unite in a harmonious whole that is alive and glowing with color. Mr. MacDowell is a pianist, and he knows how to write for his special instrument; he also knows the resources and limitations of orchestra instruments; above all, he knows the value of discretion in instrumentation. To speak quietly and in detail of the performance of Mr. MacDowell, the pianist, might be to play the part of churchly Shimei. Perhaps the most characteristic feature of his playing is extreme sensitiveness. In a small hall, where the musical fluid travels quickly, this sensitiveness lets promptly and with effect. In Music Hall it is a more difficult task for the performer to establish intimate relations with the hearer; and a certain exaggeration, which is foreign to the nature of Mr. MacDowell, brings out the contrasts of a work in holder relief. It is enough to say that Saturday evening Mr. MacDowell gave a refined reading of an eminently poetic work. And not without good reason was he applauded enthusiastically and thrice recalled.

The other numbers are familiar to our concert goers, and need no words of comment. The concerto might well have been topped with the delightful dream-fancy of Berlioz, the "Tasso," with its bombastic platitudes spun out to a dreary length, left a bitter taste behind. It is not necessary to dismiss an audience with a roar and a crash, a jangling and a bray. Too orchestra played in the main, exceedingly well. There were ragged passages in the second movement of the symphony, and an occasional lack of precision in the concerto, but the first movement and the last of the symphony were given with infinite spirit and with genuine appreciation, and in the fantastical pranks of Berlioz, as well as in the circus pomp of Liszt, the orchestra was admirable.

The New Marine Band, under the direction of John P. Sousa, gave a concert last evening in Music Hall. The band was assisted by Miss Marcella Lindh, soprano; Antonio Galassi, baritone, and Mr. Liberati, cornet. There was a large audience, and the enthusiasm was great. Each number of the programme stood for two numbers that were played; dances, marches and arrangements of popular tunes were given to the heart's desire of the most insatiable concert fiend. The band is composed of excellent material, and it would be invidious to particularize. The men have been drilled carefully, and the precision is worthy of high praise. There is also an observance of dynamic marks, of gradations of tone that is unusual in bands of this character. The concert reflected credit on the leader and the men. Mr. Sousa does not always ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm; he has a lively appreciation of the value of contrasts, and in certain numbers, as the arrangement of the march from the "Peer Gynt" suite, were played with delicacy and feeling. Miss Lindh sang with scene and aria from "Lucia," and displayed therein more than ordinary agility. Mr. Kaffarolo played his concerto for the euphonium, an old played his concerto far away from the trumpet in his cornet solo. This band, which is well worth the hearing, will give a concert in Music Hall next Sunday evening.

Two books were published lately that may be recommended heartily to all musicians and lovers of music. One is an enlarged edition of the second volume of Louis K. Rietz's musical criticisms, translated by Mrs. Tretbar and published by Chas. F. Retzger, New York. The other, "Student and Singer, or the Reminiscences of Charles Santley," published by Macmillan & Co. Any extended notice of these interesting and valuable volumes must be deferred for a week.

PHILIP HALE.

14 March of this year, Mr. Benjamin Lee Gilman, now Instructor in Psychology at Clark University, Worcester, invited certain residents of Cambridge and Boston to participate with him in a musical experiment. His attempt was "to make an experimental contribution to the question so much debated regarding the power of music to awaken definite ideas and emotions in the listener." He proposed "to obtain the listeners' judgments in the form of answers to a question prepared beforehand on each of a number of musical selections," which appeared in a definite way expressive either to himself or others. The experiment was made in April. The report of Mr. Gilman appeared in the August and October numbers of the American Journal of Psychology, and it has just been published in pamphlet form. This pamphlet is worthy of the attention of all who are interested in music.

It was the Counselor in Immermann's "Epigonen" who said: "There is only one conversation more odious to me than that about painting; and that is talk about music." Nor was the Counselor beside himself. When the conversation concerning music is not of a technical nature, it is apt to be either the expression of aggressive individual taste or the picturing in words of personal emotions that are often deliberately invoked after the hearing of the music that is said to compel them. But it is the fashion in these days to regard music, painting, literature and sculpture as interchangeable arts: Music is worthless unless it suggests something definite; a book, or a natural phenomenon, or a painting, or a definite human passion. This process of extracting sublimations out of cucumbers was not unknown to the ancients. The good German who, in 1754, described "the allegories and figures which exist in music, particularly in the trumpet, and by which the most important mysteries of the Scriptures can be clearly demonstrated," would be welcomed as a brother by the concert-goer of to-day who professes to find everything in music except pure, absolute music.

To those who really believe that music can convey a definite and a substantial idea to an audience as a whole this pamphlet of Mr. Gilman will seem as a wet blanket. Eleven musical selections were played to an audience of about thirty. The impressions made in each case were written out by the respective hearers, and these impressions are recorded faithfully by Mr. Gilman. The results of the experiment may be best stated in his own words: "Although this programme is made up of specially expressive music, the amount of significance, imaginative or emotional, which can be made out from our replies is, it must be confessed, comparatively scanty. Further, they show us two ways in which listeners to music may easily be misled in regard to the amount of import in the tones they hear. In the first place, what is in fact a character of the given structure of tone may be mistaken for something external to it. * * * In the second place, what is in fact only a suggestion of a given structure of tone is mistaken for an element of significance in it. * * * All that is most valuable, it may more plausibly be claimed, in musical expressiveness, is unutterable. * * * It is no news that there are realms of being beyond the reach of scientific inquiry; and among them may lie all that is best in the message of music."

This pamphlet, the record of the conflicting impressions of hearers who were prepared to be impressed, is a corroboration of the statement of Walt Whitman:

"All music is what awakens from you when you are reminded by the instruments, It is not the violins and the cornets, it is not the oboe, nor the beating drums, nor the notes of the baritone singer singing his sweet romance, nor those of the men's chorus, nor those of the women's chorus, It is nearer and farther than they."

Nov. 22

Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, is a well-equipped and entertaining writer; but when in his review of Irving's production of "King Lear" he constantly alludes to the tragedian as "Daddy Lear" and thus sneers openly at earnest and sincere work, does he not step over the bounds of legitimate criticism?

Apropos of the post-mortem discussion of the Springfield affair, recent football stories that come from England are of interest. The other day an umpire who acted according to his judgment was obliged to leave the ground under the friendly protection of the police. And although football is not a dangerous game, an eleven-year-old boy named Stephenson, "a strong, healthy lad," died a few days ago from the effects of a kick on the thigh while he was maintaining the honor of his school.

It is said that the anti-snappers propose to make things lively in New York State by exhuming the record of the early political career of Edward Murphy, Jr., in case he is pushed by the Hill faction towards the Senatorial chair in Washington. But the business so dear to Jerry Cruncher is dangerous in politics, and the resurrectionist may suffer more than the owner of the family skeleton. Few of the New York politicians, even when they are now among the elect, can endure easily the judgment of this world, when all things are disclosed. Mr. Murphy has a good memory, a reckless spirit when aroused, and a newspaper at his disposal for the thorough ventilation of his views and the exposure of his reminiscences.

It would seem that experience might teach imaginative reporters to beware of trying criminal oases out of court. The hunt in those cases leads to a snark, but the snark is, unfortunately, as a rule a boojum. And yet the lamp of experience has been blown out again, and rumors shino feebly in the dark, which enable the reporters to write a column or two concerning that which might have happened or may possibly happen. The proportions of the scandal vary; but such a breach of decency remains a public scandal.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

The third of the Kneisel Quartet concerts was given last evening in Chickering Hall. The pianist, Mr. William H. Sherwood, assisted. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, E flat.....Mozart
Quartette, F minor, op. 95.....Beethoven
Pianoforte quintette, op. 44.....Schumann

Mr. Sherwood gave a brilliant performance of the pianoforte part of the quintette. It was one to be remembered for its crispness, clearness, rhythmic sense and fire. Once or twice there was a suspicion—faint, to be sure—of undue haste, but the suspicion was only for a moment.

Mr. Sherwood is a virtuoso in the true meaning of the word; virtuoso blood runs in his veins. That he should so chasten his spirit and curb desire to monopolize attention was not, however, unexpected, for he has given many proofs in days past of an artistic nature thoroughly schooled. At the same time, the exhibition of manly subordination at the proper time is not so common that when it is in evidence it should be slighted as almost foreign to the issue.

Neither is it necessary to praise in detail the playing of the members of the quartette. The characteristics of the different composers, as seen in the particular works, were admirably expressed—the serenity, the childlike innocence, the vague sadness of Mozart; the gloom, the struggle, the grotesque fancy of Beethoven; the romanticism of Schumann.

The selections themselves might well serve as pegs on which sermons concerning the changes in popular opinion could be hung. The Mozart quartettes that were dedicated to Haydn surprised, if they did not shock the amateurs and even many of the wise men of his day. When the Schuppanzigh quartette played the last quartette of Beethoven, the name of doubting Thomas was legion. Lenz calls the one in F minor, "the marvelous bridge thrown from the second style of Beethoven to the third," but to many of our own time this bridge was burned promptly by the composer, who stood safely on the ground of his later, mystical works. Perhaps Ignaz Schuppanzigh, "Mylord Falstaff," only increased the doubts of the hearers by his own performance, for we are told that his hand was so big and fat that he often played false, and he had the habit of dividing the phrase, as well as the tricks of distorting the rhythm and accenting unimportant notes.

Furthermore, Camille Saint-Saëns has shown us in the very case of the Schumann quintette how a man shifts his opinions, perhaps with his skin, in every seven years, perhaps from year to year. "The first time," he says, "I heard this celebrated quintette I was so unappreciative of its worth that I am now astonished. Later I enjoyed it, and for several years my enthusiasm knew no bounds. Now my noble rage is comparatively calm. While I recognize it as an extraordinary work, epoch-making in the history of chamber-music, I find serious faults, which almost pain me when I listen. I knew these faults long ago, but I did not wish to see them. You fall in love with works of art, and as long as you love them there are no faults; if there are faults, they are virtues. Love passes away: the faults remain. There are works which one loves until death comes. Others triumph over the changes in taste. These rare compositions are the true masterpieces; and the greatest composers do not make them every day in the week." Such a masterpiece is the Mozart quartette played last evening, and written over a century ago.

PHILIP HALE

The Panama Canal scandal is taken out occasionally in France and aired. At one time the exhibition will be in the newspapers alone; at another the Chamber of Deputies will be aroused to frenzy. This is not surprising. The wretched management, or deliberate swindle, as some say, has ruined many a family in the country towns of France. Savings have been absorbed, and in the hope of eventually regaining, industrious men and women have lost their all. Still in the present instance there is certainly as much politics as sentiment in the public denunciation.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, is not content with writing dramas that please actors, public and managers. He needs must write and lecture concerning his trade. His latest claim is that the aim of the dramatist should not be amusement; and he quotes Ruskin to the effect that "the end of art is not to amuse." But first of all the terms "art" and "amusement" should be defined. Critics who have not the fear of Mr. Jones before their eyes are bold enough to say that while his plays amuse the people they are without art.

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The first concert of the twenty-second season of the Apollo Club was given last evening, with Mr. B. J. Lang as conductor and Mr. E. Cutter, Jr., as pianist. The club was assisted by Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson, soprano, and Mr. Alwin Schroeder, cellist. The hall was filled as usual with an audience that applauded heartily the club and the soloists. Lievli's setting of Charles Kingsley's "Longbeards' Saga" was the first number of the programme. It is an ambitious work, well made from the technical standpoint, occasionally happy in dramatic force, but as a whole rather long-winded and tedious. Lloyd is one of the many Englishmen who write eminently respectable music, music that would be accepted in any of the schools, and is nevertheless without peculiar flavor. He will certainly receive the degree of Mrs. Doc., if he does not already wear the title. The other numbers were the pretty and sentimental "serenade" by Paché; "Gnomes' Song," by Mair, which was sung effectively and repeated; Hatten's "Lars' Song"; Weinzierl's "What the Birds Say," with solo solo by Mr. J. J. Herroick; and Lievli's "March of the Goths." The singing was in the main excellent. In the "Longbeards' Saga" there were one or two faint-hearted or insecure passages, but as a whole the concert was worthy of the reputation of the club. Mr. Schroeder was applauded loudly after the selections from Lindner, Cossmann, Bach and Klengel; and so, too, Mrs. Lawson was recalled, although she was not heard in the songs by Miss Chamblade to best advantage. She seemed at first nervous and her voice was not always under control in the "Resonance." The peculiar charm of her singing is almost lost in a room of the size of the Music Hall. The next concert of the club will be given Wednesday evening, Jan. 15. PHILIP HALE.

The anxiety of Mr. Robert Bonner is a modern instance of the irritation produced by the laurels of Miltiades, for he dreams of the triumph of Maud S. The mare will be trained all winter long, that she may show herself the fastest of her kind. No one will grudge such a result, for Mr. Bonner's treatment of horses has been such as to endear him to all lovers of animals. When his horses race they race from love of it and for the glory of their master; they do not make or lose fortunes for sporting men.

Tobacco is again the subject of acrid discussion. Charles Santley in his "Reminiscences" makes the remark that he never knew a good singer who did not smoke, and he cites the remarkable case of Mario, who used to smoke when he was in Italy 100 cigars a day. But the "Idlers' Club" in London takes a sterner view. The majority think that a smoker is a fit subject for police surveillance, and Dr. Parker calls the enjoyment of the pipe "the pastime of perdition," which has been abandoned by all reputable persons, and left to "ministers, editors, poets and other intellectual confectioners." Such violence in speech, however, is as bad as the excess of the Golden-voiced Mario.

There are many and just complaints concerning the lack of proper ventilation in our public halls, both large and small. The foul air that too often prevents enjoyment is generally the result of carelessness or shiftlessness. The temperature of the outside world is not consulted, or the hall is not aired immediately after use; and in consequence both the entertainer and the entertained suffer.

To the honest Gorman who listens respectfully to his Emperor, patriotism seems synonymous with taxation. Not only are the best years of the young tradesman and laborer used for military preparation, but an additional load must now be put on the back of a growing people. And all this, according to the Emperor, is to preserve the peaceful relations with other nations. It is not surprising that the Emperor's speech was "coldly received" by the newspapers of Berlin.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, November 20, 1892.

THE first of three subscription concerts was given by the Adamowski Quartet in Chickering Hall the afternoon of Tuesday, the 15th. The instrumental numbers were Mozart's G major quartet, No. 12, and Gade's D major quartet, op. 63. Miss Marguerite Hall sang songs by Arne, Purcell and Arthur Somervell. The quartet is now made up of the Adamowski brothers, Timothy and Joseph, A. Moldauer and M. Zach. They are all members of the Symphony Orchestra.

It is a pleasure to record a marked improvement in the performance of the players. The virtuoso blood of Mr. T. Adamowski has in the past been injurious to the proper balance of the quartet and to the spirit of the earlier composers. Unrest, unnecessary shifting of rhythm, an absence of reserve power and suggested strength, these were too often the characteristics of the performance of last year. Even now the ensemble is by no means perfect. The intonation of the brothers is not always above suspicion, and at times the brothers are too much in evidence. But where there is general improvement, both in conception and the carrying out, one can afford to be silent concerning little matters of detail, such as the proper execution of certain ornaments and questions of individual taste.

The quartet was more successful in the Gade composition. The serenity and the restrained passion of Mozart are still a severe tax to the players. Miss Hall sang the English songs with taste. The numbers by Arthur Somervell, a pupil of Kiel and an Englishman of rare fancy, were a refreshing novelty.

The musical feature of the week was the performance of Mr. E. A. MacDowell's first concerto for piano, A minor, at the Symphony concert last evening. It was played by the composer, who was applauded enthusiastically and thrice recalled. The concerto was played in this country in 1888 and 1889 and in European cities in 1890 and 1891 by Teresa Carreno and others, but I am told Mr. MacDowell played it last week for the first time.

Traditional form is perhaps more respected in this concerto than in the later works of the talented composer; but this respect is not merely the creature of conventionality, for Mr. MacDowell shows his respect in many original ways. First of all the music is eminently euphonious; it is singularly free from slavish following of esteemed composers who worked out their thoughts before Mr. MacDowell was big enough to sit at his desk. It is melodious and the themes are delightfully treated. They do not reappear like sulky children whipped by the schoolmaster, but with smiling faces, or even roguishly they come before the audience, for they know full well that they are welcome visitors. The instrumentation is masterly throughout, especially in the discretion, the self-restraint shown by the composer.

The other numbers of this fifth Symphony concert were Brahms' third symphony, the menuet and the "Waltz of Sylphs" from "The Damnation of Faust," and Liszt's "Tasso." The playing of the orchestra was in the main excellent. There were ragged passages in the second movement of the symphony, but the first and last movements, as well as the other numbers of the program, were played exceedingly well.

Mrs. Sophie Zela, a soprano, gave a concert in Chickering Hall the 18th. She was assisted by Miss Gertrude Franklin, Gardner Lamson and Heinrich Schaecker. Mrs. Zela is a Scandinavian, known in private life as Mrs. O. Achorn. She is a woman of musical instinct, naturally agreeable and sonorous voice, and she is fair to look upon. Her technic is not to be commended heartily, for in tone production and in management of breath there is much to be desired. She sang songs by Massenet, Olsen, Bizet, and with Miss Franklin duets from "Norma" and "Lakme." Mr. Lamson sang a group of songs, and in "La ci darem" he was "Don Giovanni" in swallow tail coat and careful tie to Miss Franklin's "Zerlina." Miss Franklin displayed to full and high advantage the exquisite purity and the honesty of her art. Mr. Schaecker, the harper, played, beside other numbers, two trivial, commonplace compositions by E. Schaecker.

Miss Marie Gesselschap gave the same evening, the 18th, a piano recital, and I did not have the pleasure of hearing her; but she will play again the 30th. Her program was an ambitious one, and she is the first of the season in playing the "Waldstein" sonata. This matter of program making is serious. Surely only in a chromo civilization would audiences listen patiently a dozen times during the winter to the "Waldstein" and the Schumann fantasia played by pianists of high and low degree. In the ideal land of the future amusements will be regulated by the

authorities, and the citizens will be more carefully protected.

There should be only a limited number of piano recitals, and surely not over one a fortnight. The inspectors of concerts should be paid handsomely. They should judge of the merits of the applicants, who must needs pass a rigid examination. The strength of the applicant might be tested by a machine, and all who succeed in moving a certain number of pounds by stroke of finger should be entered in the book as "formidable" or "dangerous," and be under constant police surveillance. Licenses should be issued, revokable for sufficient cause, such as undue force or vaulting ambition in the case of pianists, or wandering from the true pitch when singers are concerned.

I do not think it would be advisable to compel musicians to wear badges, or to give notice of their approach, say, by the sounding of a bell—the habit of the leper of the Middle Ages. But in these days of apartment houses musicians should be obliged to live in a distinct quarter, a Ghetto. An open field might be reserved in the suburbs with a row of sheds, each shed containing an instrument—piano or fiddle, or death dealing cornet. The passer-by who might through curiosity approach too near should be warned off by signs, as is often done in the neighborhood of a powder factory.

PHILIP HALE.

Philip Hale, the musical and dramatic critic, is passing a portion of the week in Norfolk, Va., having been telegraphed for, owing to the sudden death of his father. This is a serious thing and settles it at the same time, the statement so often made that Mr. Hale is the son of Rev. Dr. E. B. Hale.

The emancipation of woman does not bring in its train such appalling results in the United States as in more conservative countries. Take the case of the female lawyer; for she is now an established fact. When she appears in England she will be obliged to give up certain prerogatives of her sex, as individual taste in dress. For the forensic costume is there a solemn necessity. Will she be willing to wear the wig, which was first worn to hide the fact that the head had been shaven, for priests were once forbidden to act as advocates in court, and thus denied their former calling. No wonder that an English barrister of humor finds agreeable food for speculation, and thinks that in the future it will be well to have a room at the Law Courts for the accommodation of coiffeurs.

Inasmuch as the surprise-choir has driven out in fashionable Episcopal churches the little band of men and women singers, and inasmuch as boys' voices are at the best but brittle things and not found easily by the open road, the example of our English brethren might be followed. They, in certain instances, are now experimenting with robed choirs of young girls. Those who like the ceremony would thus be content; the task of the choirmaster would be lightened, and the musical service would be improved. Much harm has come from the misconception of Paul's statement that woman should not be heard in the church.

MR. BAERMANN'S CONCERT.

The first of a series of chamber concerts by Mr. Carl Baermann was given last evening in Union Hall. Mr. Baermann was assisted by Mr. Loefler, violin; Mr. Zach, viola; and Mr. Schurz, cello. The programme was as follows: Quartet for piano and strings, op. 16..... Beethoven (Fantasy, C minor)..... Mozart (22 variations)..... Beethoven (Trio for piano, violin and cello, op. 87)..... Brahms

This was a concert that gave both amateurs and musicians pleasure. He that smiles indulgently at the name of Mozart and professes to enjoy only the later works of Beethoven possessed his soul in patience, cheered by the thought of Brahms. He who believes that the gospel according to Johannes Brahms is not one of unmixed peace, gladness and beauty endured the working out of apparently useless problems, consoled by the great masters of the past. In the Beethoven quartet he welcomed the voice of Zerlina and too he welcomed the voice of Mozart, which charming musicisms of Mozart. When he listened to the Fantasy of Mozart he thought of the tales told by men of old concerning the wondrous improvisation of the young pianist. Even the twenty-two variations, as they were played by Mr. Baermann, were no longer merely a marvel of ingenuity or thirty-two curt challenges to the attention of the hearer. The performance was excellent. Mr. Baermann was heard to best advantage. His mechanism was distinguished by its clearness and its sureness, by beauty of tone, by careful treatment of the ornaments, by the fullness of the bravura, for the runs and the arabesques were not a flash of superficial elegance, but they contained a body which gave meaning, and they were invested with a dignity of thought. Equally worthy of praise were the purity and the nobility of the conception by the pianist of the meaning of the composer. The players that assisted deserve similar words of commendation. The audience was keenly appreciative of the high excellence of the performance. All in all, it was an evening to be remembered.

PHILIP HALE.

PHILIP HALE.—At his late residence, Grassdale, Louisa County, Va., Nov. 24, William Bainbridge Hale, formerly of Northampton and Springfield, Mass., in the 67th year of his age.

The burial was on Monday, Nov. 28, at Windsor, Vt.

—Mr. Philip Hale, of the Journal has been called away from the city, by the sudden death of his father, in Virginia.

WILLIAM B. HALE.

William Bainbridge Hale, formerly one of Northampton's prominent citizens, died in Grassdale, Louisa County, Va., on Thanksgiving Day, of heart disease. He was born in Chelsea, Vt., July 20, 1826. In 1857 he was appointed Cashier of the First National Bank of Northampton. Prior to this he was Cashier of the Conway Bank for three years. In 1864 he became its Vice President, and on the death of Joel Hayden in 1873 he was promoted to its Presidency. Mr. Hale was formerly manager and President of the Florence Sewing Machine Company and was interested in the Knapp dovetailing machine. He took an active interest in politics and was closely identified in all important public interests of Northampton. Mr. Hale was well known in Springfield. He was twice married and settled in the South in 1884. He was a man of wide reading and possessed an eloquent gift of language. He spoke readily and fluently with great effect, and was heard on educational and other important matters. Mr. Hale was interred at Windsor, Vt., on Monday last. A widow, with two sons, Rev. Edward Hale and Philip Hale, the musical critic, survive him.

News has just been received of the death of William B. Hale, formerly a prominent citizen of Northampton, at his home in Waldorf, Va. Two sons survive him, Rev. Edward Hale and Philip Hale, the latter the well-known music critic, and both reside in Boston.

DEATH OF WILLIAM B. HALE.

William B. Hale, whose death has occurred somewhat unexpectedly at Trevilian's in Virginia, where he had dwelt for a few years, was for almost a generation a prominent citizen of Northampton. He was such a citizen as any town must covet and his fellow-citizens respect and emulate. A frank, generous, honorable and earnest man, whose characteristic dignity of demeanor was never forbidding of approach or separative in any degree, he gained and held the high esteem of all his townsmen, and wielded an influence over popular opinion very remarkable at times. Mr. Hale held a high standard of life ever before him, and his conscience always ruled his course. This was recognized by his townsmen, and his decided independence in opinion and action was always respected and often followed. A noteworthy instance of this was in the great revolt of 1874 against the machine politics of the old 10th district of Massachusetts. Mr. Hale led this revolt as much as any man did, but the late Rufus D. Woods, Rev. P. W. Lyman of Belchertown, Lafayette Maltby of Northampton, E. H. Sawyer of Easthampton, N. G. Trow of Sunderland, D. H. Kellogg of Amherst and Eleazer Porter of Hadley, his colleagues on the committee of independents, all have equal honors in that exceptional campaign which elected Julius H. Seelye of Amherst college to Congress with the expenditure of one postage stamp on the part of the candidate. The result of this break was the downfall of the eminently respectable "court-house ring" which had dominated Hampshire county politics for a long time. This revolt overthrew a regular party majority of 10,000. Mr. Hale became known from that time as a pronounced independent, and when the term mugwump began to be bandied as a term of reproach, he was prompt to accept it as a title of honor. He has been influential ever since in the politics of this region, even though for several years he has had his home in Virginia on account of his health.

Mr. Hale was a native of Chelsea, Vt., where he was born July 20, 1826. He removed to Northampton in March, 1857, from Conway, where he had been for three years cashier of the Conway national bank, and became cashier of the old Holyoke bank, which was afterward known as the First national bank of Northampton. In 1864 he was chosen vice-president of the bank, and in 1873 was elected president, a position he held until the close of 1884, when he resigned to go South. In Northampton he was interested in various manufacturing enterprises as well as in banking, and for several years was president and manager of the old Florence sewing-machine company in its palmy days. He was also interested in the Knapp dovetailing machine and other industries. He was identified with the affairs of the old town of Northampton, and in 1860 as president of the young men's institute, did much in bringing about the establishment of the present large and flourishing free library. In town-meetings he was a ready and fluent speaker, and always took an active hand in debates, frequently having stirring debates on educational and other questions with Judge Bond, the late Charles Delano and others.

Mr. Hale was a man of more than ordinary ability, of wide reading, and possessed an extraordinary gift of language, which at times mounted to eloquence. He spoke in public readily and fluently, and with great effect. His manner was autocratic; often he expressed himself with impolitic vigor; his likes and dislikes were apt to be extreme; but his weight of character overbore all the traits that might have made enemies. He was never persuaded to run for office, and his transparent unselfishness increased his influence. Mr. Hale died last Thursday, in his 67th year, and was buried at Windsor, Vt., Monday. He was twice married, and is survived by his wife and two sons, Rev. Edward Hale of Boston and Philip Hale, the organist and musical critic, likewise of Boston.

LATE WILLIAM B. HALE.

He Was for Many Years a Prominent Citizen of Northampton.

NORTHAMPTON, Mass., Nov. 28.—William B. Hale, father of Rev. Edward Hale of Boston and Philip Hale, the organist, who died in Virginia a few days ago, was for 25 years a banker in this city.

During his residence here he was closely identified with all important public interests and was a leading influential Republican, but for the last five or six years Mr. Hale has been ranked with the mugwump element, speaking here in City Hall four years ago in the interests of Cleveland.

Mr. Hale came to this town in 1857, when he was appointed cashier of the First National Bank. Previous to this he was three years cashier of the Conway bank. He became vice-president of the bank in 1864 and succeeded to the presidency in 1873, on the death of Joel Hayden.

He was for a number of years manager of the Florence Sewing Machine Company, when it was at the zenith of its prosperity. He was president of the Knapp Dovetailing Machine Company for several years. He married a Southern lady and moved South in 1890. The funeral took place at Windsor, Vt., today.

The many friends of Mr. Philip Hale, the musical and dramatic critic on the Journal, will be sorry to hear he is passing a portion of the week in Norfolk, Va., having been telegraphed for, owing to the sudden death of his father on Thanksgiving day, of heart disease.

MUSIC.

The First of the Chamber Concerts Given by Mr. Whiting.

Mr. Arthur Whiting gave the first of three chamber concerts last evening in Steuvert Hall. There was a small and appreciative audience. Mr. Whiting was assisted by Mr. Loeffler, violin, and Mr. Schultz, cello. The programme was as follows:

Sonata, D minor, op. 108, for violin and piano.
Trio, B flat, op. 52, for violin, viola and cello.
Novellette, op. 21, Nos. 8 and 2, for piano.
Trio, B flat, op. 52, for violin, viola and cello.

That Mr. Whiting put the name of Brahms at the beginning of the programmes of three chamber concerts is not surprising, for he is known as a zealous worshipper in the temple erected in Boston to the glory of the son of the double-bass player of Hamburg. It is probable that he has gained admittance into the inner sanctum of the Brahms cult as in secret societies and military and naval organizations. Mr. Whiting deserves the supreme honor, for he has labored mightily in the cause. Many, who stand at the outer door and cry out with lusty voice, because it is the fashion, in no more noise, and at the same time by their untrained enthusiasm amuse the judicious stranger who looks in from curiosity. But there is a stern, uncompromising sincerity, as well as a grim determination, shown in the solemn service of this disciple that wins the respect of those who look askew at the temple and the object of its erection.

There are now two immediate disappointments to the man willing to be converted. There are four movements in this third violin sonata instead of three, and the finale, which usually in chamber music arouses cheerfulness by the thought of speedy completion, is the longest and most carefully elaborated movement. It would be foolish to deny the beauty of the finale. It would be unjust to slight the thoughtfulness of Brahms in this sonata, for the thoughtfulness is shown in the composer's regard for the hearer and consequent shortness of the first three movements. It would also be wrong not to praise highly the performance of Messrs. Loeffler and Whiting, which of itself gave pleasure when the work apparently forbade such an emotion.

After the checker problems of Brahms were solved triumphantly by the players it was a delight to listen to Schumann. When Rubinstein was moved to make the B flat trio, tunes buzzed in his ears—tunes beautiful and joyous; tunes sensuous, suggestive of the ballet; tunes solemn as though sighed by the wind across a church yard. But Rubinstein was so tickled that he accepted them at once. He worked not at their improvement. He put them to use.

Perhaps the programme might have gained if pianoforte pieces of an older school had been placed between Brahms and Rubinstein. This conjecture seems ungrateful, however, for Mr. Whiting played the novellette well. Throughout the evening his performance was crisp and full, and Messrs. Loeffler and Schultz gave valuable assistance.

PHILIP HALE.

THE CECILIA.

Antonin Dvorak Directs His "Requiem Mass."

Thoughts Suggested by the Work and the Performance.

The "Requiem Mass" by Antonin Dvorak was performed last evening by the Cecilia, under the direction of the composer, in Music Hall. This work was produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1891; it was first given in this country Feb. 24, '92, by the Church Choral Society of New York; it was sung at the tenth Cincinnati Festival May 28, '92.

Let us first of all refuse to be dazzled by the calcium light of a great reputation. No one denies the right of an honorable place in the contemporaneous record of music to Mr. Dvorak. It is now safe to say that he is a man of great musical talent, and it is possible that posterity will recognize him as a genius. He has written for orchestra and chamber clubs works of strength and beauty. He has known how to build his fame on the foundation of Bohemian folk-song. He has clothed thought in gorgeous orchestral dress. Truly is he an interesting figure. But it must be remembered that he has also signed his name to dreary and noisy instrumental stuff; and if he has written a "Spectre's Bride," he has also written a "St. Ludmila." Dvorak met with sudden and great success in England. Success, according to Victor Hugo, is hideous. And so Dvorak has since his first triumph in England developed a fatal fluency.

We have been told with iteration that the boy Dvorak was at first trained for the calling of a butcher. The thought of this averted fate should not sway the judgment. If the King of Brobdingnag was right in his opinion—and he was a sage ruler—the butcher is as worthy of the applause of mankind as is the musician. Nor, indeed, is the clever, the tool of the butcher, entirely disconnected with music and its belongings. The title page of an English book of the last century reads as follows: "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, adapted to the Ancient British Musick; viz., the Salt-box, Jew's-harp, the Marrow-bones and Cleavers, the Hum-strum or Lurdy-gurdy, etc."

It would be unwise to stand on patriotic ground. Mr. Dvorak, it is true, now lives in New York. He is the Director of the National Conservatory of Music of America. Mrs. Turner's importation of him was a business move. His position as Director is a private affair between himself and his employer. His coming to us cannot be regarded justly as a national event, such as the surrender at Yorktown or the Battle of Gettysburg.

Then, too, there are critics that may safely be assumed to be music that accompanies the solemn service of the church loses in effect when it is heard in a brilliantly lighted concert hall by an audience that rolled for the most part by other motives than those that are purely religious. There was in this case the animal curiosity to see a man whose real talents are above the level of humanity. There was the desire to hear a celebrated work. There was the wish for amusement of a high order. But no noble mourning, no pathos, no commemoration intensified the music. The affair was a concert, not a ceremony.

Comparisons between the Requiem of Dvorak and similar compositions of illustrious predecessors are, of course, comparisons of vain. Religion is not a fixed quantity. First of all, there is the religious feeling of an individual which is expressed in music that is contained in great part by the conventional expression of the age and the country. Then there is the religious feeling of the hearer, who is also in great part controlled by the conventional ideas of his age and country concerning religious music. The monk who shuddered when he heard the plain-song of that great sequence, the Dies irae, might well have thought the setting of Jommelli frivolous. A more nervous and dramatic people might be excused for finding the plain-song stupid, notwithstanding the pearls be blamed for listening eagerly to the noble Requiem of Verdi. Then, too, enters the association of ideas. To the watchers lighted by the death candle the waltz heard faintly as it is played across the street for dancing feet is ever afterward a dirge. To the men and women of the older generation in New England who sang "China" before they ever their beloved to the hill-side churchyard that simple melody is more awful than solemn requiem by Palestrina, Mozart or Cherubini.

Last evening was heard the Requiem according to Antonin Dvorak, the Bohemian. What are the impressions after a single hearing? The work is interesting in spite of a certain monotony of treatment. The monotony is not necessary on account of the text, for there is great variety of expression in that text. The monotony arises from the device of using a short and single phrase as the basis of each movement. It also comes from an exaggerated use of the wood wind. An effective use of choral recitativo against vocal and instrumental harmonies is at once remarked in the Introitus "Requiem," and, alas, unvocal passages occur in the same movement. In the Graduale "Requiem," the solo soprano has at first a severe task, and the "Et Lux Perpetua" for soprano solo and female chorus seems almost trivial. This second "Requiem" is, indeed, inferior to the first, in spite of the striving after effect. In the Requiem Mass the "Dies irae" is the one great opportunity for the display of the dramatic genius of the composer. We know not the author of the poem.

It may have been Thomas de Celano, or Matthieu n' Aquasparta, or Latinus Frangipani, or Humbert, or Auguste Bagestein; the name of the author is nothing; the poem remains—a wondrous exposition of ancient contemplation of eternity. Great composers have treated lovingly the immortal subject. The "Dies irae" of Dvorak seems inferior. As music pure and simple, without reference to dramatic expression, it shows hard work, rather than spontaneity, and yet it contains a delightful tenor solo with a singular ritornello that suggests a pastoral. The effect of the trumpet call in the "Tuba Mirum" is entirely away by the measureless measures that follow, and the alto solo with singular accompaniment does not carry conviction. There are beautiful passages in the other movements of the famous Sequentia, but they are side by side with strange and unnecessary taxations of the capability of the singers. On the one hand there are the two charming first pages of the "Quid sum miser;" on the other is the bass solo, "Juste Judex," with its distracting accompaniment. The exquisite "Inter oves" is followed by the needlessly difficult "Confutatis." The most elaborate contrapuntal writing is in the "Quam olim." It is to be regretted that Dvorak obeyed tradition and treated these words literally. Even when the fugue is as here, viewed from a romantic standpoint, it has no place in a modern work. A century ago, Bales, the pupil of Sebastian Bach, objected to the use of the fugue in religious music. There was a time when drinking songs and love ditties were set in strict counterpoint. It was the habit of the time. The men at Florence in 1600 changed the thought of the time, but it is still believed by many that the fugue per se is odorous with sanctity. Last night this movement was taken at a break-neck pace, and the orchestra covered any vocal falling by the way-side. The interest of the hearer diminishes as the work proceeds, until the effective and musical "Agnus Dei." The "Sanctus" seems too secular; the beauty of the "Benedictus" lies in the instrumentation, and the "Pie Jesu" is written with a brutal disregard for the limitations of the human voice. The strength of this Requiem as a whole is in the instrumentation, in spite of the suspicion of the monotony referred to above. The instrumentation is always inconspicuous; it is often beautiful; it is at times remarkably effective. The weakness of the Requiem is the indifference shown in the treatment of the voice, an indifference that is akin to contempt. But the human voice is not an orchestral instrument. When the voice is treated as an orchestral instrument the composer suffers as well as the singer, for his intention is rarely carried into effect.

The task given to the chorus and solo singers was great. The performance of the chorus was in the main excellent, an honor to the Cecilia and the city. It was evident that the chorus had been carefully and intelligently drilled by Mr. Lang, for in attack and in observance of the nuances there was little to be desired. It is true that when the chorus was unsupported by the orchestra there was occasional falling from the true pitch; and this was the fault of Mr. Dvorak, who wrote complacently incredible intervals and indulged himself in barbaric modulations that would try the skill of the most experienced solo singers.

Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith bore off the honors of the evening. Her voice is full and rich and true. She showed admirable mechanism, keen rhythmic sense, and a true musical instinct and appreciation. Her performance of the soprano part was a wholly admirable display of vocal art vivified by temperament. Mr. Rickotson sang with intelligence and feeling. His voice of delightful quality seems to have gained in

strength. The alto and bass parts were taken by Miss Mary How and Mr. Arthur Beresford, who did not rise to the dignity of the occasion, although their efforts were undoubtedly sincere. Mr. Whelpley was at the organ.

Mr. Dvorak was welcomed with warmth, frequently applauded, and at the end recalled with enthusiasm. It was a pleasure to see this simple, modest, kindly man of great talent directing his own music. He thought only of the music, never of himself. His heart was plain, not to be mistaken. He insisted on the observance of dynamic marks. I do not mean to say that the playing of the orchestra was without a flaw, but it is seldom that in choral works in Music Hall a conductor is so well obeyed as was Mr. Dvorak last evening. The man, as well as his music, made a profound impression.

PHILIP HALE.

MISS LITTLE AND MR. MEYN.

The second and last of the song recitals of Miss Lena Little and Mr. Heinrich Meyn was given yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mr. Otto Roth, the violinist, assisted. The polyglot programme included duets by Schumann, Saint-Saens, Goring-Thomas and songs by Gabriel Faure, Schumann, Franz, Schubert, Brahms and John.

The two songs by Gabriel Faure were sung by Miss Little. The composer is now the composer of the Maudslayi, and much of his music is worthy of the attention of musicians of catholic taste. The first of these songs, "Au Cimetiere," is a dramatic setting of fantastic words, and Miss Little sang it with intensity. The second, "Cher de Lune," is a vain striving after effect, and it is without vocal or instrumental charm. Miss Little also sang a group of songs by Mr. Clayton Johns. The first, "Upon a Winter Morning," is a text of rare beauty with music that shows an utter lack of imagination. On the one hand the lines are not translated graphically into music; on the other hand there is no contrast in mood between the desolation of winter and the warmth of human passion. The second song, "Lullaby," with violin obbligato, is simple and pretty. The "Romanian Gypsy Song" is dull, and "When Phyllis Comes" is without point. Miss Little sang well. From the technical standpoint there was little that was amiss in her performance, and she displayed yesterday more animation than is her wont.

Mr. Meyn was heard to best advantage in the selections from the "Dichterliebe," his work this year shows an improvement over that of last season. His singing is less muscular, and his stage presence is not so gladiatorial. In former days he was inclined to confound the love songs of Heine with the war songs of Koerner; and even now he at times proclaims his secret sentiments from the housetop. Yesterday he sang the songs by Schumann with musical feeling.

Mr. Roth played the Faust fantasia by Sarasate.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Seventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Reminiscences of Charles Santley, Baritone.

An Interesting Volume of Anecdotes and Counsel.

The programme of the seventh Symphony concert was as follows:

Suite, D major, Bach
Symphony No. 1, F major, d'Albert
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman," Wagner

The performance of the suite was too often ragged and untuneful. The air, as played by Mr. Kneisel, was an agreeable relief, although one might with justice have asked for a fuller tone and a broader delivery. The symphony by Eugen d'Albert was first played in the United States November 26, 1887, by the Symphony Society of New York, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. When this symphony was first heard in European cities it attracted attention, chiefly on account of the comparative youth of the composer-virtuoso. But when it was heard in January of this year in Berlin, even Otto Lessmann, the warm admirer of d'Albert, protested against its appearance in a concert hall. The symphony showed five years ago the considerable command of the composer over orchestral resources, and it is said that since the first production d'Albert has applied the file to his score. It is not worth the while to review the work at length. Having heard the symphony of the pianist, let us rather remember pleasantly and gratefully the pianist himself. Instead of pointing out Brahms, Wagner and other members of the noble army of martyrs, who at times rise above the sullen billows of d'Albert's music, let us consider the words of Charles Avison, organist in Newcastle a century ago—the Avison treated so singularly by Robert Browning. Master Avison speaks as follows:

"In these vague and unmeaning pieces we often find the bewildered composer either struggling with the difficulties of an extraneous modulation or firing the most consummate patience with a tedious repetition of some jejune thought, imagining he can never do enough till he has run through every key that can be crowded into one movement, till, at length, all his force being exhausted, he drops into a dull close where his languid piece seems rather to expire and yield its last than conclude with a spirited and well-timed cadence."

"Student and Singer, the Reminiscences of Charles Santley," is a book, published by Macmillan & Co., that should be read by every student of music. It is full of excellent advice. It abounds in entertaining gossip. Santley says in his preface that, without "any pretension to sufficient literary qualifications for book-writing," he has endeavored to follow the plan of Benvenuto Cellini; but his book will rather remind the musical reader of the fascinating autobiography of Karl Von Littersdorf, in simplicity of style and straightforwardness of remark. It may be of interest to see first what Santley writes about people known to this country, and about our town itself; for he was in this country as opera and concert singer, and many remember him with joy.

He mentions the name of Achille Errani, "the tenor, an excellent singer, and a great favorite with the Milanese." Errani aided Santley in many ways, and they afterward met in New York. Early in the sixties Genevieve Ward, the actress, was singing in London, under the name of Madame Guarrabellia. George Hovey, the famous Eccles in "Caste," at one time was a member of the English Opera Company. "No lady a hollow, unmusical voice, and knew very little about the art of singing, yet he firmly believed his forte lay in serious song. His favorite attempt was 'A Father's Love,' from 'Lurline.' I never heard it, but I have been told on good authority it was the most comic thing he ever did. I did hear him attempt the long bullo scene in Ballo's 'Furiant's Daughter,' and that was one of the most dismal things I ever heard." Clara Louise Kellogg made her first appearance in London in "Faust." "She had genius, yet, though she was successful, in almost all the parts she attempted, she did not attain the position her talents merited, but through no fault of her own." The Kundersdorff told Santley that when Carl Fornes and she were "on tour together," Fornes used, "as a specimen of his skill, to hit a penny which she held between her finger and thumb at the full length of a large room with a pistol shot." Fornes, according to the narrator, was an "eccentric man, who drew the long bow further than any other individual." He related how, through his tact and foresight, the victory was gained at Bull's Run during the American war. "But he was 'gentle as a lamb, a great actor,' and he was scrupulous in paying back small sums of money borrowed when he was hard up." "I wish some others would imitate his example." Santley speaks of a Mlle. Morens, "a hand some American, a contralto and very tall." In America he had "a charming companion" in some of the operas in the person of Adelaide Phillips, "an exceedingly good singer (although then her voice was on the wane) and an excellent actress."

"Of all the cities I visited during my stay in the States, Baltimore was to me the most sympathetic; I can hardly tell why, but it struck me as soon as I landed there." And yet Mr. Santley was in Boston, and in 1871 and 1872 he sang at concerts given by the Handel and Haydn Society, in "Elijah," "Judas Maccabaeus," "St. Paul," "The Messiah" and Kossini's "Stabat Mater." Boston he mentions, to be sure, but the Handel and Haydn Society is only referred to incidentally, and not by name.

"When we arrived at Boston the snow was so deep we had to drive to the Parker House in sledges. Two hours after, when we had dined and turned out to cross over to the Museum, the snow had almost disappeared, and the streets were nearly knee-deep in slush and water, so quick are the changes from extreme cold to a mild temperature." Santley refers with pleasure to a dinner given by the Harvard Musical Society, when his health was proposed "in most poetic terms by James F. Fields, and responded to most enthusiastically by the assembled guests." "I heard some excellent speeches, and was particularly pleased to notice that some of the speakers fell back on that senseless mock modesty so common in England, which lacks the form of stating a great number of them, would be much more fit to propose or second the toast in hand." He says regrets that he did not accept an invitation from Mr. Fields to "spend an evening at home" to hear Emerson read "his last book." And it was in Boston, alas, that he met with the only instance of inhospitality in the United States. "I should not probably remember it, but I received on all sides such hearty hospitality that this instance shows out like a dark shadow in a sunny landscape. It is comical, or I would not relate it." The story is an excellent one, worth the repeating, but unfortunately it is long, and the curious reader must consult the book itself.

It would be an agreeable task to relate Santley's adventures in Canada; but to describe his encounters with reporters; but the pages in which he tells, good naturedly, of such trials must be passed over. After he landed in New York he "mounted on a machine exercising horses and a circus van, and he 'sped over hill and over dale' freely, for the pavement of New York was like a sea, and a series of ridges and valleys." He praises the hotel he is of the Hotel Statler and Canada. The meals in New York were well served, with plenty and great variety. "I cannot say much in praise of the waiter, as, it contents, as far as I became acquainted with them, were of a very indifferent order. I the exuberance of my spirits once, after a morning concert, I ordered a bottle of viat was described as port, vintage 1831, but it turned out to be cherry brandy." This is in New York displaced him. I was in an American city that he was asked to sing in the "Surrey Club" for "Il bacio" in "L'italiana." "I had a 'real good time' in the house and felt some regret at leaving their charming surroundings. At the same time I was longed to get back to England and enjoy a little peace and quietness after the hurry and scurry of American life."

This entertaining volume is full of sage counsel to writers. Any reference to this advice, let alone any discussion, must be deferred for the present.

The concert in aid of the Free Hospital for Women will be only a benefit to a deserving institution. It will be of great value to all those interested in church music worthy of the name. Mr. Loeffer is known as a thoroughly capable choir master, and the programme is of rare excellence.

PHILIP HALE.

"CLEOPATRA" AT THE HOLLIS.

Sardou's "Cleopatra" was given a evening at the Hollis Street Theatre by the company of which Miss Fanny Davenport and Mr. Melbourne MacDowell are the leading members. The spectacular piece, or long and panoramic love duet, in which Mr. Sardou proved, to his own satisfaction at least, his superiority over the barbarian Shakespeare, is familiar to our playgoers, and has been reviewed at length in "The Journal." Miss Davenport was most successful in the third act in the scene with the slave. Her performance as a whole

was massive rather than insinuating, and the chaff which she interchanged with Antony in the fourth act was colloquial and tinged deeply with New England mannerisms. Mr. MacDowell was a robust Antony, and Mr. Eagle was simple and dignified as Kephren. The scenery and the costumes are sumptuous and alone are well worth the seeing. Curtain calls were frequent, and the remarkably effective tempest scene was applauded with enthusiasm.

Music in Boston.

DECEMBER 4, 1892.

SOUSA'S band gave concerts in Music Hall November 20, 27. The programs were varied; they included an arrangement of "Peer Gynt" and Kling's "Musical Stonebreakers." There were abundant proofs of the careful drilling of excellent material; there was an observance of dynamic marks, and there were gradations in tone, unusual in bands of this nature. Certain numbers were played with genuine delicacy, and in the stormier movements the men showed admirable endurance. I confess that I hear more gladly familiar street tunes piped and thumbed to irritation of the heels than elaborate "tone settings" of "Ben Hur," "Daniel Deronda," or "Lafitta, the Pirate of the Gulf." Miss Marcella Lindh climbed vocal ladders with ease; Mr. Galassi again apostrophized the "Evening Star," Mr. Liberati raised aloft his pitch-defying cornet, and Mr. Raffayolo performed his own concerto for the two voiced instrument ironically known as the euphonium.

The third concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given in Chickering Hall November 21. The program included the E flat quartet, Mozart (which was beautifully played), the F minor quartet by Beethoven and Schumann's piano quintet. The pianist was Mr. W. H. Sherwood. Once or twice he was inclined to take the bit between his teeth, but he recovered himself without material damage to the music. The scherzo was particularly delightful, so crisp and clean was the performance of Mr. Sherwood. This performance was more pleasing than was the shop window illustration that proclaimed the approach of the performer.

Perhaps you have heard that we are fastidious here in the matter of theatre posters. There is now at the Boston Theatre a spectacular play called "The Babes in the Woods." To advertise its merits, some one with praiseworthy taste adapted for domestic use a French affiche illustrated by Chéret. It is a charming bit of color, this apotheosis of rigolade, not to mention the rigolbochade. The Parisian in joyous frenzy laughs at the riotous girl and they spurn the spot the dull ground. Fantastic forms are seen dimly. Walt Whitman long ago wrote the text: "Onward we move! a gay gang of blackguards! with mirth shouting music and wild flapping pennants of joy!" The girl descends from Montmartre, 'tis true. Her skirt is short, but her excuse is ample, accepted immediately by the judicious. Lo, here, there was an outcry. Dr. Wm. Wesselhoeft was asked to sign a protest. "Why, madam?" "Because it is suggestive," was the answer. "Suggestive of what?" was the famous doctor's reply, and his question remains unanswered.

Now, the poster that announced the arrival of Sherwood was a more flagrant offense against good taste and the public morals. It may still be seen here. It represents the eminent pianist in a Chicago street, standing bareheaded and in full evening dress (although the time is evidently high noon). To his left is a grand piano inviting a digital caress. Behind him is a tall building of the species peculiar to Chicago, the species that so angered good Mr. Dana of the "Sun." But the drawing is such that the smiling virtuoso assumes gigantic proportions, and the building and the piano seem playthings in his hands.

The Apollo Club, under Mr. B. J. Lang's direction, gave the first concert of the twenty-second season, November 22, in Music Hall. The most important number of the program was "The Longbeards' Saga," by Charles H. Lloyd, an eminently respectable composition by an eminently respectable Englishman. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that the music is without imagination and is in fact dull. The "Saga" was well sung and so were the other numbers: "Serenade," Pache; "Suomi's Song," Mair; "Tars' Song," Hatton; "What the Birds Say," Weinzierl, and "March of the Goths," by Liebe. Mrs. Corinne Moore-Lawson sang numbers by Chaminade, Grieg and Herbert. She was not heard to advantage and she was apparently not in condition. Mr. Schroeder, the cellist, played pieces by Lindner, Cossmann, Bach and Klengel.

The program of the sixth Symphony concert, given in Music Hall, November 26, was as follows: Dvorák's "Husitska," Svendsen's "Zorahayda," Schumann's C major symphony. Mr. Schroeder played one movement of Davidoff's violoncello concerto, No. 3. I was not able to be present. I also missed the first of two song recitals given in Chickering Hall by Miss Lena Little, Mr. Heinrich Meyn and Mr. Clayton Johns.

A concert was given in Union Hall November 28 by Mr.

Carl Baermann, the pianist, assisted by Mr. Loeffler, violin; Mr. Zach, viola, and Mr. Schulz, cello. The program was made up of Beethoven's piano quartet, Mozart's C minor fantasy, Beethoven's thirty-two variations, Brahms' piano trio, C major, op. 87. The quartet, with its reminiscences of Mozart and its hints at the later Beethoven, was played exceedingly well. The fantasy was given with the freedom of an improvisation, and yet with noble chasteness, with rare simplicity, with utter contempt for self glorification.

You see we still bow the knee to Mr. Brahms here, in spite of Mr. Finck and his threatenings and slaughter. There is the enduring odor of incense; there is a perpetual flame on the altar, a flame that is tenderly nurtured by the vestals of the Back Bay. The smaller concert halls are as chapels to the great temple, Music Hall, and priests go through their solemn ceremonies in them, priests of high and low degree in the hierarchy. There are such names as Baermann, Lang and his large flock of disciples, Orth—but why go through the catalogue? It was Mr. Arthur Whiting's turn the 29th ult., and he then went through the minor office of the sonata, violin and piano, op. 108. The other numbers were Schumann's novellettes, Nos. 8 and 2, and Rubinstein's trio, B flat, op. 52. Mr. Whiting played well. He was assisted by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, an admirable ensemble player, and Mr. Schulz, who will soon give a cello recital.

The 29th was chosen by Miss Lilian Carllsmith as the evening for a song recital. Miss Carllsmith is the singer who has been heard for some years here and in other cities under the stage name of Smith. On this particular occasion she was assisted by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, pianist and composer. The program was of an all embracing nature. Boston was represented by songs of Foote, Dresel, Nevin, Mrs. Beach and Miss Lang.

Miss Marie Geselschap gave a piano recital the afternoon of the 28th. Her program was devoted to Schumann; op. 14, op. 2, op. 17, op. 12. I understood that she was more successful in the smaller numbers than in the great fantasia; I was unable to be present and therefore could not exercise "care extreme" in "hearing aright the note of gentle tone."

Dvorák, the Bohemian, the manly, child-like natural mensch, swung the stick with more temporal exactness than grace when his "Requiem Mass" was sung by the Cecilia Wednesday night in Music Hall. You have heard the work in New York and perhaps you have formed a definite opinion concerning its merits or its faults. After one hearing I record only a few impressions. The "Requiem" is unnecessarily and unpardonably unvoccal. The "Dies Irae" is on the whole a disappointment, although there are delightful passages in it. But the great sequenti is the keynote of the whole "Requiem," and if this be sounded with uncertain tone the whole mass is a vain affair.

Singularly enough it is not eminently dramatic. The is a mighty striving after effect at the beginning of the hymn and in the introduction of the "Tuba Mirum." The "Sanctus" seems trivial, and the movement more adapted for the "Benedictus" than for the awful Trisagion. The "Agnus Dei," however, atones for many unmusical commissions and musical omissions, and it closes the work in an effective manner. I do not speak of the religious quality of the "Requiem." In such matters temperaments enter; the temperament of the composer and the temperament of the hearer. Then, again, the composer and the hearer are influenced respectively in the expression and the conception of religious thought by a country and conventional ideas. Comparisons are, perhaps, inevitable.

The hearer Wednesday evening must have remembered numbers of the great works by Mozart, Cherubini and Verdi. I do not mention the older Italians, nor do I include Brahms' "Requiem," for that is a peculiar and particular composition. The performance of the chorus was excellent, if the difficulties of the task are taken into consideration. Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith, soprano, and M. J. H. Ricketson, tenor, did admirable work. Miss Mary I. How was the contralto, and Mr. Arthur Beresford was bass; they were not equal to the heavy burden laid upon them. Mr. Dvorák was recalled with enthusiasm after the final chorus.

Miss Lena Little and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, assisted by Mr. Otto Roth, violinist, and Mr. Clayton Johns, pianist, gave a pleasant song recital in Chickering Hall, Thursday afternoon, the 1st. Miss Little sang with more than her usual animation, and as a rule she sang well. Her attack was not always to be praised, for she at times abused the upward and the downward portamento. Mr. Meyn sang often with a species of military authority that warred against the intention of the composer, and he was loath to descend from his triumphal car to lay aside his heavy armor. Still in selections from Schumann's "Dichterliebe" he sang with unusual sympathy. The feature of the concert was the singing by Miss Little of a remarkable song by Gabriel Fauré, "Au Cimetière."

"The Continentals," an original American comic opera in three acts, was first performed Thursday afternoon, December 1, at the Park Theatre. The text is by Emil Schwab and the music is by Geo. H. Hayes.

I did not assist at its failure, for failure it is said to be in spite of pleasing lyrics and agreeable music. The book itself is said to be poor, and the company, with the exception of Miss Maud K. Williams and Mr. Joseph F. Sheehan, aided materially in deepening the gloom.

Nor was the seventh Symphony concert, December 3, altogether a happy affair. Mr. Kneisel was applauded loudly for his performance of the air in Bach's D major suite, but the rest of the suite was played carelessly. Mr. D'Albert's F major symphony is known to you. It was heard here for the first time. No doubt when it was first performed in Europe it attracted attention on account of the age of the composer, but now there is little kindness shown to him by the revival of this labored collection of reminiscences of Brahms, Wagner, et al., peppered with grotesque and barbaric originality. The remaining number of the program was the "Fliegende Holländer" overture. The program of the next concert, December 17, will include the eighth and the ninth symphony of Beethoven.

PHILIP HALE.

PHILIP HALE.

THE ORCHESTRA UNDER MR. DAM-
ROSCH.

The Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave yesterday afternoon the first of a series of four concerts at the Manhattan Theatre. The programme was as follows:

Third Symphony, "Eroica".....	Beethoven
Aria, "Faust".....	Spohr
Suite for Strings, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....	Greig
Song, "The Young Neri".....	Schubert
Bacchanale, "Lamhäuser".....	Wagner

Miss Emma Juch was the singer.

Mr. Damrosch in the first movement of the symphony agreed with many of the hyper-moderns in giving a sentimental twist to the theme sung by the wood-wind (Litolff El. p. 6); for he slackened the pace and interpolated trills. Such tricks characterized Wagner's leadership of this symphony, and a just outcry has been raised against them. They turn the first movement, and without any warrant, from

the heroic to the sentimental. In the finale certain liberties are not only allowable; they are necessary. Variations in rigid tempo would be unendurable. It is true that Mr. Damosch might cite in his favor the opinion of Knoinstein, who claims that only the second movement of this symphony admits the "heroic." The legato of the first theme indicates decidedly a lyric character, the second has a pronounced longing character, the third theme a sorrowing—dreamy one. That powerful effects appear in the movement proves nothing. Powerful moments may also be found in compositions of a melancholy character, but a movement in which all of the themes are of a decidedly anti-heroic character, I cannot designate heroic. The title, then, is given to the symphony only on account of the second movement, which, indeed, is of an entirely tragic-heroic character." Mr. Damosch, again, followed the example of illustrious colleagues in taking the march at too slow a pace; in view of the eminently sane reading of the symphony as a whole, it would be ungracious to dwell upon this point.

The year 1884 was the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ludwig Holberg, the Danish writer of comedies. Grieg contributed to the jubilee suite for strings, "Holbergiana." The work is well known to pianists as op. 40, for four hands. The spirit of antiquity is well preserved in form, rhythm, and yet, although there are no exotic harmonies, no apparent mannerisms, the individuality of the composer is clearly revealed. It is a curious, law-defying thing, this individuality—which defies time and space. The "Air" is thoroughly delightful music, and the "Rigodon" was fiddled yesterday in most characteristic fashion by that admirable, genial artist, Mr. Anolph Brodsky. It is a rollicking tune, which a fiddler should play almost carelessly with wings in his elbow and i eyes glistening at the sight of an approaching stomp.

It is a pleasure to pay tribute to the excellence of the performance of yesterday. Mr. Damosch was sincere and manly in his reading and direction. Even the few liberties that he took were without suspicion of personal caprice. There were a careful observance of dynamic marks in the part of the orchestra, and yet the effect of the whole was not lost in the elaboration of the detail. The choirs were well balanced, and the tone was almost always pure and sonorous. All in all it was an eminently musical performance in which the glory of the composer was preferred to sensational display that would throw a calcium light on player or conductor. The playing of the orchestra redounds to the credit of Mr. Damosch, and he in turn may be justly proud of his men.

Miss Jacob sang with intelligence. Unfortunately her voice seemed worn and tired. The air from Spohr's "Faust" is not to-day a what to the attention and the power of "The Young Nun" is not increased by its orchestral dress.

There was a large audience and there was hearty applause for orchestra and singer. The next concert will be given Jan. 13, when Mr. Brodsky will be heard in the Tchaikowsky violin concerto.

PHILIP HALL.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Temperament of Adolph
Brodsky, Violinist.

The First Appearance of the
Symphony String Quartette.

A Digression Concerning the "Foreign Interloper."

The New York Symphony String Quartette made its first appearance in this city Saturday evening in Chickering Hall. Adolph Brodsky is first violin and director of the club, Jan Koert is second violin, Ottakar Novacek (once solo viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) is viola; Anton Hokking (once solo violoncello of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) is violoncello. The club was assisted by Walter Damosch, pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, D minor (Posth.).....	Schubert
Sonata, A major, op. 100, for violin and piano.....	Brahms
Quartette, F major, op. 59, No. 1.....	Beethoven

Mr. Brodsky is a remarkable personality. He is tower and bulwark, sword and buckler to Mr. Damrosch. When he chants a passionate phrase, the most stiff-necked and rebellious of the audience bow down the head as a bulrush. Dry details of the life of such a man are then of interest. According to Hugo Riemann, this distinguished violinist was born March 21, 1851, in Taganrog, Russia. He appeared in public at Odessa in 1874, and then he excited the sympathy of a well-to-do citizen, who sent him to Holmesberger in Vienna. He studied at the Conservatory in that town, 1862-63. Afterward he became a member of Holmesberger's quartette, and was in the opera orchestra, 1868-70. He traveled as a soloist, and arriving in Moscow in 1873 studied under Laub, and two years later taught at the Conservatory. In 1879 he directed symphony concerts at Kiew, and in 1881 he again became an artistic wanderer. He was applauded in Paris, London, Vienna and Moscow. During the winter of 1885 he was appointed violin teacher at the Leipzig Conservatory. He organized in Leipzig the celebrated Brodsky Quartette. The personnel was not always the same; for instance, in 1891 the name of Novak appears instead of that of Sitt. Becker was second violin and Klengel was 'cello. In 1891 Mr. Brodsky was called to New York.

Now musical instinct, skill and experience are found in other musicians. That which separates Mr. Brodsky from many of his fellows is that subtle, indefinable, irresistible quality known as temperament. Such temperament is rather to be felt than to be analyzed. The hearer that regards music solely as a means of education or as a legitimate intellectual diversion like unto chess or an acrobatic may not find Mr. Brodsky a congenial spirit. The genteel person is pained occasionally, even if he is not absolutely shocked, when Mr. Brodsky plays. For the dominating characteristic of the performance of this violinist is its enthusiastic virility. It is a man who holds the violin. His sentiments are fresh, natural, Adamic. There is here no question of a dainty virtuosic vain of the richness of a trill. There is here no thought of the parlor player, who entertains the guests at an afternoon tea. There is here no trace of the well-trained pedagogue who solicits pupils by his object lesson. A big man of flesh and blood tells the hearer by means of his violin what composers have whispered into his ear as they leaned lovingly on his broad shoulder. He tells the story as he understood it. The story is always interesting, and the teller gives it authority; he convinces the hearer by his own personality.

This personality, individuality, temperament, or what you will, exudes from Mr. Brodsky as solo player, quartette player, or concert master. His very calmness, whether he is on his feet or supported by a chair, is more powerful than the nervous agitation of a smaller man. His calmness is the tranquil assurance of the Kraken.

When Mr. Brodsky speaks by means of his violin he often delivers himself of good things as though he were unconscious of their excellence. He has the apparent indifference of a nature. A scrape does not bother him, neither a slip in intonation. He knows his own ability. He knows that he can immediately turn the heart of the hearer to water, or excite the soul by the frenzy of noble rage.

Now this temperament is of such extraordinary strength that it would seem useless for the purposes of a quartette. A quartette cannot be made up of a kiant and three men. Brousky, however, seems able to give the reins of his temperament to his associates. His enthusiasm is contagious. His colleagues recognize at once the breadth of his views. They do not dispute with him. They put their own natural resources in his hands and they all work for a common cause.

It may be said that the performance of Saturday evening was occasionally lacking in refinement. We were accustomed here to a different treatment, to a different school. In the great republic of music there is surely room for the display of different temperaments, for the establishment of different schools, for the same liberty of interpretation. There is no room, for the ignorant or the charlatan. Because music is still alive should the magic bow of Sarasate be silent? Should German earnestness be allowed to mock Italian grace? Because Rubinstein will not cross the Atlantic should we refuse to listen to the romantic Paderewski or the eccentric and poetic Facinormann? There is no one perfect, all-inclusive performer in the world. There is no one orchestra to whom one sets the standard. There is no one supreme string quartette. Comparisons in music, even when they are made between contempo-

tantous in a corporation, a bath. If one man exerts in delicacy, another may surpass him in power. If one is impecunious in matters of detail, another may have such grandeur of conception that too particular attention to the detail would seem impertinent and self-defeating.

It is a good thing to be reminded that music, a terrib! is not merely a matter of mosaic. Elegance, sweetness, refinement, these are admirable characteristics of a performance, but they are often indispensable. But there are greater, sterner, nobler elemental qualities that cannot be denied existence. It is healthy and bracing for an audience to find itself the sport of a mighty musical wave. The Beethoven of the mighty still, the later demomons players of mighty still, the folly to attempt to reduce his gigantic frescoes to the proportions of cabinet pictures.

In judging of the performance of this New York quartetto it should not be forgotten that this is the first season of the present organization. Time alone gives finish, even when the individuals are of rare worth. There must be a long-continued touching of elbows, a sense of the strength and the weakness of the neighbor, anticipation of intention or possible vagary.

Mr. Damrosch proved himself to be an excellent ensemble player. His touch was delightfully musical, his mechanism was adequate, his sense of proportion was unerring. It is a pleasure to find a pianist who is willing to play in chamber music with the piano lid in its proper position, i. e., down, not raised.

Such interchanges of musical hospitality make for musical righteousness in this city. All schools should be represented here; all styles should be examined. True patriotism does not consist in blind adoration of domestic institutions. The hospitality that is characteristic of this city in material matters, the civic generosity that is known throughout our land, these distinguishing features of the public life of our town were shown in fullness last Saturday evening, when the visitors were welcomed heartily and were applauded with loud and honest expressions of appreciation and delight.

Such artists are in lee I welcome not only I
but throughout the land. We hear occasion
complaints concerning the importation of
foreign musicians. It is true that our hospi-
tality has in certain instances been abused, and
singers without voice and without skill have
been boosted, by ignorant male and female
"trains of art" into places they were not fit to
hold. But Charles Santley, admirable singer and
best man, has spoken of this matter in no un-
pleasant words.

"I do not share the opinion of many that foreigners have no right to come to England, take the 'bread and butter' out of the mouth of the native. I do not believe any foreign artist ever deprived me of an ounce of food. A artist has no nationality, he is the property of the world, and has a perfect right to exercise his profession in any country where he finds a public desirous of hearing or seeing him. It is not of such I have spoken above; it is of the impertinent interloper, who, unable to make a position in his own country, with audacious pertinacity throws dust in the eyes of the foolish but benevolent would-be patron of art in England."

Let us also remember that at present we must rely mainly on foreign musicians for the existence of our orchestras. At the same time the foreigner who settles here and earns his living in this country, whether he be conductor or

player, should remember that first of all he is an American. The language of this country in song and in speech is not German. It is English as understood by Americans.

PHILIP HALE

"MISS HELYETT."

MISS HELYETT," Bouchoron's pleasing comedy "Miss Helyett," with the delightful music of Audran, was given last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre. There was a large audience. The laughter was incessant, and many numbers were red-manded. Mrs. Leslie Carter's performance of the Quaker Maiden is now a little less angular, and they are many clever touches in the detail. Miss Kate Davis again furnished much amusement, and Messrs. Smith, Burnham, Herbert and Lyding were acceptable in their respective parts. Miss Lottie Collins, "the famous original creator" of Ta-Ra-Ka, etc., appeared in the second act. She brought her chief artistic equipment with her. It—or more properly speaking, they were in admirable working order and were encased in black, snug-fitting dress. Although she herself claimed that she was not "too bad," her extraordinary conduct in the street was indeed calculated to bring down the gray hairs of her respectable father in sorrow to the grave. She was most enthusiastically applauded and she called until even her exuberance was chilled by physical exhaustion. "Miss Helyett," with the added attraction of Miss Collins, will be given throughout this week and the next.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Reappearance of Mr. George Crossmith at Music Hall.

Mr. Grossmith once described himself as a "society clown." Thus did he defy the ingenious "Nares," who would not surely have allowed such a combination of words. The fool, loved by Shakspeare and the elder Dumas, was in olden times "the inmate of every opulent house, but the clown seems to have been peculiar to the country families." The recital of Mr. Grossmith last evening was not clowning, nor were his conceits the conceits of clownage; it was fooling, and of an exquisite quality. It is true that Mr. Grossmith went into the country and attended the rehearsal of a choral society; but his humor finds its chief food in town streets and houses. The foibles and the caprices and the snobbery of humanity amuse him. But his wit is kindly, without suspicion of sarcasm or envy. Furthermore, in dealing with exaggeration, he does not lose his self-control. It is a pleasure to again welcome this amiable and charming jester.

The next recital will be given Friday
ing, and the same

The Second Chamber Concert of Mr.
Arthur Whiting.

ms. Rha: so ty, G minor.
Balade, A flat.
Quartette, C major, op. 23.

The second of Mr. Whiting's compositions has the most pronounced character, is the most truly musical, and has the elements of commanding immediate popularity. The Allero and the Capriccio show more ingenuity than the invention.

The ensemble playing was in the main excellent. Mr. Whiting showed many admirable qualities as an ensemble player, and the Brahms rhapsody—for Mr. Whiting is ever faithful to his love—was delivered with keen personal relish. In the Chopin selection Mr. Whiting was less successful, and here arises the question of temperament, not technique. Imagination, romantic fancy, virile tenderness are not required even by incessant industry.

PHILIP HALE.

PHILIP HALE.

The First Appearance Here of
Messrs. Wolff and Hollmann.

Now, this violinist has been charged, and indeed lately, with the atrocious crime of virulosity. Mr. Hollmann, it would appear, is so an offender in this respect. It is true that two players are virulose, in the real and more worthy meaning of the term.

It is true that many performers, or so-called virtuosos, have deserved the censure of the judicious. They have courted by trickery, by metretreicous display, the applause of the unthinking. Such a virtuoso, for instance, was Scoppio of Cremona, who was in the habit of playinz on his violin behind his back. Such a virtuoso was Locli, who could not play an adazio because, as he said, he came from B rramo, "where the ladies are so crazy that they cannot play adazio." Such a virtuoso was Scheller, who was famous for his imitation of a scolding woman. All these violinists were men of unusual technical skill, but such were their pranks that it was not surprising to find a popular saw of olden days, "To some God gave brains; to others to play on the fiddle." These virtuosos "ran after a y after the error of Balaam for reward." "Wander ye stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

Yesterday afternoon these admirable artists were heard in the first three movements of Rubinstein's B flat trio, in which they were aided by Mr. Whelpley; and they there showed qualities as ensemble players that are not found in the virtuoso of the cheapest sort. Mr. Wolff then played the Concert romantique of Godard. He is eminently a romantic player of the Gallic school. His performance was characterized by rare purity of intonation, grace, refined and expressive phrasing. His bowing was worthy of the warmest praise; his triumph over technical difficulties was almost concealed by its modesty; crispness and sympathy were warm friends. His personality is pleasing as man and performer. The same qualities that have been referred to were again remarked in his delivery of the polonaise, and the pretty pieces of sentiment which he gave in response to spontaneous applause.

This is an age when technique runs in the street, and the display of mechanical proficiency that now excites surprise must indeed be prodigious. It is the temperament of the man that controls the hearer, who, when he has once heard that full and sonorous tone, must perforce listen as did the Wedding Guest to the tale of the Ancient Mariner. The other 'cello numbers were a romance and mazurka by the player; they do not rise above the level of well-made salon pieces that as a rule accompany the placing of the 'cello between the performer's legs. In answer to imperative applause Mr. Hiolmann played with grace and sentiment an arrangement of a Chopin nocturne.

The next recital will be at the Hollis Street Theatre Thursday afternoon, Dec. 22. These artists are well worth the hearing. It must be remembered that they are distinctly of the romantic school. It would not be surprising if a further hearing revealed their limitations. In their peculiar school they are easily of the first rank; and let us be thankful for such musical pleasure in these days when the hearing of music is too often regarded as a necessary incidental task or solemn social function.

PHILIP HALE.

Boston, December 11, 1892.

There was no singing in our musical vineyard, neither was there any shouting. The little music that was heard was imported. There were the Seidl and the Damrosch musicians the same afternoon in rival theatres; there was a concert by the Brodsky Quartet, and there was the singular female wailing that accompanied Miss Fanny Davenport's "massive and concrete" impersonation of the Serpent of the Nile, as invented and patented by Sardou.

I forget, there was a concert last evening in Tremont Temple, by the choirs of Appleton Chapel, Grace Church (Newton), and St. Paul's Church, in aid of the Free Hospital for Women. The program illustrated the development of English church music from the beginning of the sixteenth century. The concert was under the direction of Mr.

Warren A. Locke, the accomplished choirmaster and organist of St. Paul's.

Let the singer who wishes to keep in the "perfect way" refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess.

Annibal Gantez said (1643): "Women, apples and nuts injure the voice."

Solomon was the great manager of his time. "I gat me men singers and women singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." Not only did he realize that "all was vanity and vexation of spirit and there was no profit under the sun;" he went further, and he warned the layman, as follows: "Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer lest thou be taken with her attempts." Truly is this advice that should be written in letters of gold over the desk of the musical editor of daily or weekly newspaper.

The moderns give freely of their counsel. Lemaire and Lavoix think everything may be eaten that is digested easily. "Never drink strong liquor; wine taken in small quantities, grog, and some mild liquors may serve as an excellent tonic." Dr. Segond approves of the wines of the South of France; he objects to liquor heavily charged with alcohol; he insists on the value of flesh, which is more nutritious than vegetables, and he recommends dark meat in preference to white. Stéphen de La Madelaine quotes the remark of Brouc, that the voice is the hygrometer of sobriety, and he argues for temperance that is cater-cousin to abstinence. He is convinced that alcohol is the sworn foe of the singer, who should guard strenuously against indulgence in a habit that induces neglect of work and ruin of health. Rokitansky is sure that beer or wine in small quantity is safer for a singer to take before going on the stage than "nerve shattering coffee or tea," but this drink should never be a habit, only to be taken in the hour of

necessity." Nor should a cold draught be swallowed immediately after singing.

Theory is one thing and practise is another. The saws and the proverbs of antiquity show too well the perennial thirst of the singer. Musician, toss pot, malt worm, man fish, these words are unfortunately regarded as synonymous. The "glue of good fellowship" sticks more firmly than sage advice. But any exhibition of shocking examples who have won the applause of audiences in spite of the frowns of teachers and moralists must be deferred until another week. In this town the police looks after our musical interests in this one respect. The singer or player is driven by law from the restaurant at 11 o'clock at night. Alcoholic catarrh and consequent "depression of the ear" are thereby held in check. Then, too, the influence of our leading musicians is on the side of virtue. One abstains that he may have a clearer brain for poker. Another drinks freely of milk, and it is only in a rash native moment or on an occasion of national rejoicing that he betrays his passion for soda lemonade.

The Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave Friday afternoon, the 9th inst., the first of a series of four concerts at the Tremont Theatre. The program was as follows:

Symphony "Eroica".....Beethoven
Aria, "Faust".....Spohr
Miss Juch.
Suite for strings, "Aus Holberg's Zeit".....Grieg
"The Young Nun".....Schubert
Miss Juch.
Bacchanale "Tannhäuser".....Wagner

The program was not one of unusual interest, but the playing of the orchestra was excellent. The choirs were well balanced, the tone was pure, and in the stormier passages free from any suspicion of coarseness; the attack was sharp, and there was an unexaggerated observance of dynamic indications. The reading of Mr. Damrosch was distinguished by its sanity and by its reverence for the intentions of the composer. It is true that in the first movement of the symphony there was a touch of sentimentalism in consequence of slackening of pace and interpolated retards, but in his treatment of the so-called sentimental theme in B flat, Mr. Damrosch is not alone; he is one of a band of hyper-moderns. Miss Juch sang with intelligence but her voice showed too plainly the effect of hard and long-continued work and the wear and the tear of the ambulatory opera house. There was a large audience.

The same afternoon a concert in illustration of the development of the Wagnerian music drama was given at the Boston Theatre by the Metropolitan Orchestra, under Mr. Anton Seidl, assisted by Miss Fabris, Miss Stein, Mr. Fischer, "seven additional principal sopranis and contralti from New York," and women voices of the Cecilia. The program included well-known excerpts from the Paris version of the "Tannhäuser" overture and bacchanale to the flower girl scene from "Parsifal."

The New York Symphony String Quartet, assisted by Mr. Damrosch, pianist, gave their first chamber concert in this city last evening in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet, D minor (Posth.).....Schubert
Sonata, violin and piano, op. 100.....Brahms
Quartet, F major, op. 59, No. 1.....Beethoven

This concert was enjoyed mightily by a large audience. The playing of the club was marked by precision, rhythmic swing and rare dramatic feeling. The strong personality of Mr. Brodsky took possession of his associates. Perhaps, at times, the critical hearer might have asked for less explosive emotion and longed for a more sustained pianissimo, when that nuance was demanded by the composer. There was so much, however, to praise, there was such musical virility in the expression of noble conception, that it would seem ungracious to complain of a few seeming blemishes that will no doubt disappear as soon as the members of the club gain more intimate relations from the experience that time alone can give. For your ideal string quartet does not spring up suddenly like the gourd of Jonah; it is a plant of slow growth. Mr. Damrosch appeared as an excellent ensemble player, and the Brahms' sonata as delivered by him and Mr. Brodsky was a genuine pleasure.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Eighth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The "Ninth Symphony" Considered as a Stumbling Block.

Notes of Interest and Programmes of Coming Concerts.

The Programme of the eighth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 8, op. 93.....Beethoven

Symphony No. 9, op. 125.....Beethoven

The orchestra was assisted by the Boston Symphony Chorus, which made its first appearance as an organization, and by Miss Priscilla White, soprano, Miss Louisa Leimer, contralto, Win. J. Winch, tenor, and Heinrich Meyn, bass. Music Hall was crowded.

The programme book of the concert states that Beethoven was born Dec. 17, 1770. It is a pleasure to find a long-disputed point definitely and quietly settled here in our own town. To be sure the patient and accurate Victor Wilder, who had the advantage of the fruits of the labor of Alexander Wheelock Thayer, is more cautious in the matter. He only "permits" himself to draw from certain facts "the inference" that Beethoven was born the 16th of December and baptized the 17th. The facts are these: First, Beethoven was baptized in the Church of Saint Remigius in Bonn Dec. 17. Second, before the French Revolution such civil records as marriages and births were only preserved in the parish registers. "In the eyes of the church the child did not enter into life until he was a Christian, and so only this date of baptism was recorded." It was the custom at Bonn to bear the child to the baptismal font the day after its birth.

The cautious Hugo Riemann says that Beethoven was born, "in all probability," the 16th. But it seems that in Boston we are cock-sure of the 17th as the birthday.

The programme-book contains the passage from Wagner's "Beethoven," and it is printed at length, in which Wagner tells how Beethoven "in the fullness of his own plenitude" changed Schiller's word "strenge" (sternly) to "freih" (impudently), and then exclaims, "Can anything be more significant than this act of passionate violence on the artist's part? We think to see before us Luther in his wrath against the Pope."

Of course the word "freih" appealed irresistibly to the vain and arrogant Wagner. Unfortunately, however, he erred in his premises. Beethoven made no such change. In the autograph copy he wrote "strenge." A copyist made the foolish blunder that seemed to Wagner an inspiration of Beethoven.

We are all familiar with the performance of the Eighth Symphony by the orchestra under the present administration. To again explore the lack of delicacy in the treatment of the allegretto, the too frequent anticipation of the climax in other movements, the tendency to tear subdued passion to tatters, is perhaps an unnecessary task. On the other hand, it would be unjust to deny the legitimate effect of certain readings of the conductor.

But the Ninth Symphony is not so familiar to our concert goers. Its last performance in this city before the concert of Saturday evening was, if I am not mistaken, April 28, 1888, under the direction of Mr. Gerike. The singers at that occasion were Mrs. Kallisch-Lehmann, Miss Louise Meissinger, and Messrs. Kallisch and Fischer.

The difficulties of this symphony are known to all. They are so great that the question often arises, "In view of the almost inevitable failure, is the attempt of performance worth the while?"

When the Ninth Symphony was given in 1841 at a concert of the Paris Conservatory, Rossini on leaving the hall said to Ferdinand Hiller: "I know nothing more beautiful than the scherzo of this symphony. I could not have made a scherzo like it." For this speech, the tribute of one genius to another, Rossini has stood as the target for sneers; and why? Because he added these words: "The rest of the symphony is wanting in charm; the music does not 'go there.' And if we were not under the spell of a great name, would we not agree in substance with Rossini?"

Let us suppose, for instance, that an American musician, or an unknown Frenchman, should write the music of the Ninth Symphony and bring it to a conductor of to-day, and that it should be seen for the first time. Would any conductor in this country put it in rehearsal? Is it not probable that he would look with pity on the young composer and say unto him, "My dear young friend, you must first learn the art of writing for the human voice. There are no singers who could possibly bring out the effects that you demand, and I am not sure that your effects would all be worth the trouble if giant singers were trained expressly for your purpose. The passage, 'Before God the cherub stands,' with its fermata is noble, and I admit that here and there are evidences of great talent it not absolute genius. But your chief theme strikes me as unworthy, and no better than any joyous ditty of the salvation Army. Your march does not impress me. Your quick movements, if the indicated pace must be maintained, will bring rack and ruin to choral dignity or choral effect of any kind. Nor do I find the instrumentation of this finale in any way remarkable. I advise you to study the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th symphonies of Beethoven."

And yet what songs of blind adoration have been chanted at the more mention of this finale! We are told that "excellence of the highest kind without obscurity cannot exist." We are told that only an absolutely deaf genius could have heard such marvellous strains. It is true that Beethoven was so deaf that he could only see the stormy applause that greeted him when performing this symphony. This performance was in 1824. But he was deaf in 1802 when he wrote his pathetic "Will," in which he spoke of the tortures inflicted upon him by his physical infirmity. The "Heroic" symphony, the G minor, the Pastoral, the 7th, were also the work of a deaf man.

Some warm admirers of this finale say: "It is true that the vocal passages are almost unsingable, and the actual performance is almost always a terror to the ear, but you must imagine how gloriously they would sound if they could be sung."

Others agree with the painter, Eugene Delacroix: "In presence of these grand and singular productions, still obscure and perhaps destined to remain so for ever, artists, men of the profession, hesitate in pronouncing a fit judgment, but if you remember that the works of the second period of Beethoven were at first regarded as unrecognizable and are now acknowledged masterpieces, I should say that he was right, even though it were against my opinion, and I should again believe that it is always safe to bet on genius." That is to say, if out of the collection of Beethoven's compositions you happen to find anything that appears disagreeable, trivial or incomprehensible, you should nevertheless bet that it is sublime, for Beethoven was a genius. Now, this is rank tetchism.

The performance Saturday evening of the first three movements of the symphony was in many respects highly creditable to the conductor and the orchestra. There was a praiseworthy attempt in the first movement to preserve the sustained pianissimo which, as played by the orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, excited the admiration of Wagner to such a degree that he preserved the memory of his wonder in his pamphlet "Ueber das Dirigiren." The lightness and elasticity of the scherzo were admirably brought out by the strings, and the performance of the scherzo was all in all the feature of the evening. On the contrary, the adagio seemed devoid of genuine feeling, and the work of the wood-wind could not always be commended for its purity or precision. It may be said of the instrumental in matters that a sincere attempt to realize grand effects was often crowned with success. Whether the effects of the composer are really grand—that is another question so far as the first, third and fourth movements are concerned.

The finale was a vocal failure. Of the solo singers Mr. Meyn acquitted himself bravely of his stentorian task. The others made an heroic struggle. The chorus was drowned in the waves of orchestral fury. Here and there a soprano head appeared, gasping above the billows. To judge of the character of the Boston Symphony Chorus from the performance of Saturday evening would be unfair, even if it were possible. Nor would it be just to speak in detail of the singing of Miss White or of Miss Leimer. The task that was presented to the chorus and the quartette was one that strikes terror to the stoutest singer.

The programme of the rehearsal and the concert of this week will be as follows: Symphony, A major, Mendelssohn; concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, G major, Liszt; overture, "Lothar," Miss Eugenia Castellano will be the pianist.

PHILIP HALE.

"THE MESSIAH."

"The Messiah" was given last night in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor. Mr. Lang was the organist and the solo singers were Miss Juch, Miss Winant, Mr. Wm. H. Riezer and Mr. Arthur Berestord. There was a very large audience.

This concert was out of the regular course of the seventy-eighth season. "The Messiah" will be given next Sunday evening, with the assistance of a quartette made up of Miss Juch, Miss Fremstadt, Mr. George J. Parker and Mr. Babcock. The managers of the society realize the fact that "The Messiah" is a drawing card (to speak profanely), and the popular interest in its performance is such as to warrant its immediate repetition.

The musician, while he is not blind to the grandeur of many of the choruses of "The Messiah," and while he admits gladly the beauty of some of the airs, may wonder at the eagerness of the public, and wish that other great works of Handel and masterpieces of other composers might take the place of "The Messiah." But to many, the performance of "The Messiah" is a religious ceremony, in which they silently assist. Others are so familiar with the music, and the music is to them so full of association, that they can imagine no keener pleasure than the listening to the well-known strains that tell of the birth, suffering and triumph of the Saviour. The sight of such an audience as that of last evening, an audience following almost devoutly the singers, is the only answer that can be made to the just demand of the musician.

The work of the chorus under Mr. Zerrahn was admirable. The sonority and the quality of the tone, the sharpness and the accuracy of attack, the conviction of delivery—these left almost nothing to be desired. The pace of some of the choruses was taken quicker than in certain preceding concerts of the society and with gratifying results. If any one of the choruses was open to the charge of slurriness it was "Ho! Trusted in God." As a rule there was marked rhythmic swing; the musical sentences were well balanced and correctly punctuated. The performance of the chorus was most creditable to the society, and a promise of a successful season.

Miss Juch was in better voice than when she appeared a short time ago at the Tremont Theatre. She seemed at first to have been granted a new lease of musical life. Her first recitatives were delivered with intelligence, and the bravura air, "Rejoice Greatly" was given glowingly, with a suggestion of restlessness in her haste. She was most successful in "Come! Unto Him," which she sang with unexaggerated realising and vocal skill. It is true that she interpolated a trill, but she had a right to do this in the particular place in which it was introduced.

the lover. Mr. Kieker sang with dignity and with intelligence, rather than with marked sympathy or regret. Miss Whelan showed, at times, skillful purrasing; her tones were too often forced, as in the passages of exulting cadences; she was given to the tremolo, and all in all her performance was unsatisfactory. Mr. Beresford was accused from the true pitch, as in the recitative "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts." His voice was uneven, and in fact his tone-production was often at fault. Next to the delivery of the triplets in "Why to the nations' artistic; for a rolunda singing, as, indeed, in straight work, he was apt to play at vocal see-saw, and to exclaim, now retreating, and in each case without cause. He was heard to best advantage in "But who may abide." Mr. Beresford has naturally an excellent study of moral passion or injury rage. He is evidently sincere in his work. Aime and patient only superficial faults that are now perhaps only superficial.

PHILLIP HALE.

The Second Recital of Johannes
Wolff and Joseph Hollmann.

ensemble player. Mr. Wolff played, as solo numbers, a "romance" and a scherzo by Ries, a "romance" by himself, a poor thing but his own; the "herceuse," by Gabriel Faure, and a Hungarian dance by Brahms. His selections were, indeed, of a popular nature, and they were appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. His performance was again characterized by elegance and uncommon beauty of tone. Mr. Hollmann was heard in his own cello concerto, D minor. It is not a composition that calls for extended criticism; it served as a vehicle for exhibiting the player's sonorous tone. The Back air was played by Mr. Hollmann with more cunning than frankness, and yet the performance was not so exaggerated in the virtuoso as is often remarked when the air falls into the hands of the virtuosos, so-called. Davidson's "Am Springbrunnen" displayed the sweetness and the agility of the eminent performer.

Miss Cornelia Dras played Neupert's "Melodie" and Moszkowski's "Etiucelle." She does not seem to have a sense of color, marked technical proficiency, or artistic feeling. In the "Melodie," for example, the accompaniment was more prominent than the air itself. Miss Jennie Spencer, a contralto with a good voice, sang "Nou piu mesta" and a song by Matti with the title "What Will You Do Without Me, Love?" It is highly probable that at this latter song is a favorite in English drawing rooms, but the arrogance of the Inter-rose yve title is only equalled by the utter worthlessness of the music.

The next recital will be given Thursday, December 29, at 2 o'clock.

PHILIP HALE.

PHILIP HALE.

"Cry Out and Shout That
Christ Is Born Indeed."

A Lamentation Over the Decay of
Christmas Carols.

A Glimpse at Christmas Programmes
Chosen at Random.

For all sects of the great Christian Church
 here and in the country mark the day Christ-
 mas, or the Sunday that follows, by special
 musical service. There are anthems in plenty,
 and it would seem as though the task of the
 choir-master were made heavy on account of
 the difficulty in selection. But it will be found
 on close inspection that Christmas anthems, as
 many goods exposed in market, have a season
 of marked popularity; they enjoy for a few
 years a calm and steady sale; then they almost
 disappear from view. In the Roman Catholic
 and the Episcopal Churches the choir-master is
 in a certain measure restricted by his service,
 and it is his duty to see that the mass or the
 communion service is of special grandeur or
 beauty. But in the churches where the words may
 be chosen by the choir-master we have the best
 opportunity of learning the taste of the people
 and the singers in the matter of Christmas music.
 It all the lists of the music to be sung that the
 names of Schuecker, Shenley and Barnoy were
 held in esteem. Buck is still a name to conjure
 with. Henry Wilson seems, and unjustly, for-
 gotten. In churches where the quartette reigns,
 many excellent English anthems are unsung-
 able. The most popular of the more American
 composers for the church are inclined to was-
 tefulness and sentimentality at the approach of Chris-
 mas.

The old English carol cannot be said to flourish among us, and yet how characteristic are many of the carols, full of the mingling of the hearty hospitality, the strange mingling of paganism and Christianity, and in the Christmas of our days before mankind fell victim to a system of commercial interchange of gifts. Who among us sang to-day "God rest you, merry gentlemen, from every man's ill"? The "Ho, ho, ho" of the "Three Kings" was borrowed from the French, and who first invented:

1:
"Joseph was an old man.
An old man was he:
He married sweet Mary,
"The Queen of Galilee."

Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar sang of their gifts as they journeyed, led by the star. Rare Ben Jonson sang the Birth "was born to-night." Or alms-giving was encouraged by the recital of the adventures of Dives and Lazarus:

"As it fell out upon a day
Rich Dives made a feast,
And he invited all his friends
And gentry of the best."

Then there is the doctrinal carol of old, such as was sung by the simple men in Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree:"

Remember Adam's fall
O thou man;
Remember Adam's fall
From heaven to hell.
Remember Adam's fall;
How he hath condemn'd all
In hell perpetual
Thyself to dwell."

The words were often quaint, sometimes grotesque. When they were doctrinal, as in the one just named, although the opening was gloomy, yet the close, and, in fact, the prevailing ditty, was "Peace on earth." The tunes were also quaint; they were often transferred from the dance or, rather, from drinking or amorous lones; so, for instance, aasser speaks of a Christmas Carol of the birth of Christ upon the tune of "King Solomon." Carol, itself, was at first always associated with the dance; it was "that to which they danced," he that wishes to pursue this interesting subject, should consult Suetonius's "Christmas Carols," London, 1833.

The French and the Germans had their carols, too. In Normandy, the French have no words, Christmas songs. In Normandy, the Provencians, musicians wandered from house to house and played during the month of December Christmas airs peculiar to Christmas or violins or oboes. Here in Boston musicians wander in the streets and in the month that precedes Christmas. But the Christmas tunes played beneath the eaves of our houses tell only of another and a foreign street, and its name is the Bowery, the Bowery.

Mr. George L. Osgood, our fellow townsman, has caught the spirit of the English carol, and I am glad to find that carols by him will be sung to-morrow at Emmanuel Church, of which he is the choirmaster.

the choirmaster. Street Congregational Church, Attn: Frank L. Ross, pastor, "A Ship Comes Sailing Onward" will be sung. It is a fine specimen of the early German Christmas hymn, caterwauling to the folk song. Another hymn found on the same programme is the Sixteenth Century, "There came three Kings, ere break of day, All on Epiphany." Carols by Mr. Chadwick will be sung at Dr. Carols Church.

"White Joseph was a-walking" may be heard at Malvern in the Centre M. E. Church.

Thirty years ago, in the town of Northampton in this State, I viewed curiously the little Episcopal Church, for it was to that people really held a religious service there on Christmas Day, and towers. Within these 30 years there has been a mighty change in New England in the matter of Christmas celebration. The Baptist and the Romanist, the Unitarian and the Episcopalian, delight in special choirs and by orchestral instruments may seem to the musician the programs presented may seem of great unevenness in taste. But each choir master knows the taste of his congregation and the capabilities of his choir, and he is governed accordingly in his selection of anthems. Here, for instance, is a program that would be pleasing to eight congregations out of eleven, the program of the Dudley Street Episcopal Church. There is a double quartette, and Mr. John C. Warren is the organist and director:

John C. Warren is at 10.50 A. M.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning..... Buck
Caled to the lightning ear of night..... Efficient
Overture. Song of the Holy Child..... Organ and
Harp..... Ralta
Bellchime..... Coombs
It comes in the midnight clear..... Marsh
There are tenebrous compositions by Buck of
Brooklyn, Gunglsh of Philade phia, Marsh of
Portland, and Coombs, who, I believe, now lives
in New York.

14 New York.

Adeste Fideles.....	Novello
Hymn to the Pope.....	Conrad
Unfold, from 'The Redemption'.....	Conrad

POSTICAL VESPER, 4 O'CLOCK.

Gregorian psalms.....	Dictach
Magnificat, for s & o tenor and chorns.....	De Seve
Veni Creator, for solo soprano.....	Novelli
Adeste Fideles.....	Cherwin
O Salutaris.....	Haydn
The heavens are telling, from The Creation.....	

The heavens are tearing, and the mountains are smoldering, and the columns of smoke rise like pillars of fire." The composer was Ignace Paderewski, Polish (1869-1941), who was the character of the Madeleine at Paris. He was chief conductor at the Opera for three years. In 1912 his setting of Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman" failed as a musical failure. "The Flying Dutchman" is interested to-morrow. This programme will feature singers; Miss Ellen A. McLaughlin, Miss Cecelia Mooney, Mr. Samuel Tuckerman, Mr. J. J. McCluskey and a chorus of 125.

At St. James's Church

The solemn high mass at St. James's Church is at 10.15; the vespers service is at 7.30. The music will be under the direction of that admirable musician, Auguste Kotli. Miss Westervelt, Miss Flynn, Messrs Kotli and Clifford make up the quartet, and there will be a chorus of sixty, assisted by the organist, Mr. Kuzler, and a choir from the Symphony Orchestra. The mass is Haydn's 5th, the so-called "Cecilia," and the longest of his masses. It was composed for the yearly festival of the Cecilia congregation, Vienna. Haydn's "Te Deum" will also be sung. Mozart's third Mass, so-called, will be given at each service; it is an arrangement of a chorus written for the drama, "Thamos, King of Egypt." Novello's arrangement of "Adeste Fideles" will also be given at each service.

Gounod's "De Profundis," Faure's "O Salutaris," and numbers by Witska and Riga will be heard at vespers.

Haydn's Imperial Mass, which is always welcome, will be sung at the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Charles L. Capen, the organist and choirmaster of the church. Miss O'Reilly will be the organist on this occasion, and the choir will be assisted by an orchestra of 12. The special vespers service in the evening will include pieces by Wilcox, Rosvick, Costa and Silas. Miss Carrier is the solo soprano, Miss Maginnis the alto, Mr. McMahon the tenor and Mr. John B. Whoriskey the bass.

Mr. John B. Whoriskey, the bass. At St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, the mass will be celebrated in English at 10.30. At St. Francis de Sales, the mass will be Haydn's 16th (10.30); and Wober's Alma Redemptoris will be given at vespers (7.30). Haydn's 16th will also be sung at St. Patrick's Church, Dudley street, at 10.30, and Novello's "Adagio Fideles" appears in the morning and at vespers. There is an interesting programme announced at the Mission Church, Roxbury, Gounod's "St. Cecilia" for the mass (10.30), and at vespers (7.30) there will be numbers by Cherubini, Mozart, Generali, Giozza.

Mr. Chadwick's choir at Dr. Hale's church, the South Congregational, will be strengthened by the assistance of Miss Voltz, Mrs. Stoddard, E. Jot Hubbard and W. L. Whitney. Mr. Mathews will play the violin. It is always pleasant to know the taste of so distinguished a composer as Mr. Chadwick, and this programme is worth printing in full. It will be remembered that the regular choir is made up of Mrs. Mathews, Houston and Lanson.

Miss King and Messrs. Houston and	Gounod
Hymn, "St. Cecilia"	Chadwick
Carols	Grove
Chorus, "Denold a Star"	Gounod
Solo, "Nazareth"	Gounod
"Noel," for female voices	Gounod
Carols	Barby
Largo	Hatch
Air from suite in D	Chadwick
Antiem, "There were Shepherds"	Händel
Organ concerto in B flat	Macgregor and

Mr. Foote, the composer, is also organist and choirmaster. His programme at the morning service of the First Church is this:

service of the First Church is this.

Carol, "Brightest and Best".....	Chadwick
Anthem, "Like silver lamps".....	Barnby
Anthem, "O, Zion, thal testest".....	Boek
Tedeum in B flat minor.....	Sullivan
Jubilate, in D major.....	Sullivan
Hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear".....	Sullivan

The choir is a quartette of well-known singers, Mrs. Barnara Smith, Miss Carlsmith, G. J. Parker and C. E. Hay.

Howard M. Dow has long been a familiar name to all lovers of church music. He is now the organist and director of the Second Church. Mrs. Stevens is the soprano, Miss Prentice the alto, Mr. I. H. Norris the tenor and Dr. Clark the bass. Mr. Dow's programmes are always made up with a view to pleasing the congregation and displaying the ability of his singers.

The following is the programme of to-morrow:

"Sing, O Heavens"	Jackson
"I, Jesus Be the Lord"	Williams
"The Star of Bethlehem"	Adams
"A New Heaven and a New Earth" (Holy City).....		Gaul
"Re-joice Greatly"	Handel
"I, Come I'pon the Midnight Clear"	How
Christmas Hymn—Words by Rev. M. J. Savage, music by J. M. 1-9-8.	Misses Stephens, Coffin

1. M. F. O. W. Mrs. Minnie Stevens Coffin
Solo. Solo. — Hallelujah Chorus (Messiah).....Handel

Anthems by Oliver King will be sung in several churches. King was for a time a pianist in Canada. He now lives in London and writes church music of the ultra-modern English school. "The Star that Now is Shining," and "Break forth into Joy," are favorable examples of writing that appeals at the same time to the musician and the layman. They contain well defined melody, ingenious harmonies, and a full, pleasing and often dramatic organ accompaniment. "Break forth into Joy" will be sung by the choir of the First Congregational Society, Jamaica Plain. (11 A. M.) under the direction of Mr. Frank Nash. The other anthems are by Fours, C. H. Hoyt and Macfarren.

Mr. E. H. Bailey is the choirmaster of St. Thomas's Jamaica Plain, and the mass (10.30) is the fine composition of Elias that was crowned in Belgium at the international competition of sacred music, 1866.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, December 18, 1892.

MR. ARTHUR WHITING gave a concert in Steinway Hall, Tuesday evening, December 13. He was assisted by Mr. Kneisel, violin; Mr. Svecenski, viola, and Mr. Schroeder, cello. The program was as follows:

Sonata, D minor, for 'cello and piano.....	Corelli
Three character pieces—	
Allegro appassionato.....	A. Whiting
Scherzando.....	
Capriccio.....	
Rhapsody, G minor.....	Brahms
Ballade, A minor.....	Chopin
Quartet for piano and strings, op. 23.....	Foot

The feature of the evening was Mr. Foot's quartet. It is a thoroughly spontaneous and genial work. When it was first played, early in 1891, at a Kneisel Quartet concert, it made a marked impression, and the favorable impression is confirmed by a second hearing. It is fresh in melody. The development of the themes is ingenious, and there is little or no smell of the lamp. There is rich coloring; there is a feeling of proportion, and the work is in the true sense of the word a quartet, in which there are four instruments of equal importance. It was played delightfully by Messrs. Whiting, Kneisel, Svecenski and Schroeder, and the different numbers were applauded loudly. Mr. Foot tells me that he has revised his work since it was first heard. I think that the adagio, which is the strongest movement, might now be improved if it were shortened a little. But it is a painful task for a composer enamored of his own creation to apply the knife to the flesh of his begetting.

Mr. Whiting is a composer who commands respect, for his taste is refined, his technique is ample and his ideal is pure and lofty. But there is a lack of humanity in many of his compositions. He prefers to appeal to the intellect rather than to the senses. He compels admiration; he excites curiosity, but he seldom touches the heart. His melody is too often without warmth; his harmonies are too often merely ingenious. A dash of honest, manly sensuousness would be a boon to him as a composer. Of these three character pieces for the piano, the scherzando was characteristic, piquant, musical. The other two numbers seemed dry, and the result of much thinking without the assistance of sudden and irresistible prompting. Mr. Whiting's performance of his own pieces and the rhapsody by Brahms was fluent and tasteful. In the Chopin number he was less successful, for he is not of the romantic school.

But Johannes Wolff, violinist, and Joseph Hollmann, violoncellist, are pre-eminently of the romantic school. They made their first appearance in Boston, at the Hollis Street Theatre, Thursday afternoon, the 15th inst. Would that they had played in another room! Our theatres are admirably adapted for theatrical purposes, but neither the Hollis Street Theatre nor the Tremont Theatre is suitable for player of instrument, singer or orchestra. With all our boasted cultivation of music, we have here no concert hall that in all respects is the proper home of chamber music.

The violinist or the singer who appears in the theatres above mentioned is in a measure handicapped, for it is difficult for the hearer to appreciate fully the quality and the sonority of tone.

You have listened to these distinguished artists and you have already reviewed their work. It is not therefore necessary for me to go into matters of detail. I may be permitted to say that I agree in substance with the report of your own reviewer. It is possible that the players were warned in advance of the solemn attitude of the concert goer of Boston, for their deportment was free from the eccentricities which excited the ire of certain reviewers of your own town. There was little playing to the eye; there was no inaudible pianissimo; there was no hoarse cue for applause. Messrs. Wolff and Hollmann were welcomed heartily, and after their respective selections they were imperatively recalled. Mr. Wolff played the concert romatique of Godard, a polonaise and sundry sentimental pieces. Mr. Hollmann was heard in the A minor andante and finale of Goltermann and in two compositions of his own, a romance and mazurka of conventional pattern and little merit.

Miss Alice Mandelick pleased both layman and musician. Her voice seemed sympathetic and well trained; her personal appearance would have atoned for musical sins. She sang songs by De Koven, Moszkowski and Vogrich. The song by Vogrich is a panorama. Maidens, camels, fierce Bedouins, the desert—they are all there and they were exhibited by the singer, while Mr. Hollmann accompanied the exhibition with his 'cello obligato.

Mr. Whelpley was the pianist. He assisted the visitors in the first three movements of the Rubinstein B flat trio. Sandwiched as he was between the violinist and the 'cello later in the program, he had a difficult task; but he played pieces by Schumann, Handel and Raff modestly and with musical intelligence.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Ninth Symphony Concert was in reality a pianoforte recital given by Mrs. Eugenia Castellano in music hall Sunday evening, with the assistance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Mr. Puff had already beaten the drum of her announcement. He had proclaimed to the listening crowd that the 84-year-old was hardly over "five feet tall and that her father is a Major in the Italian army." It seems that she owes her musical education to her mother, Teresa Castellano Bordoni, Scamozzi, Martucci and Van Westenhout. She made a triumphal tour through Italy when she was twelve years of age. Filippo Filippi was in the habit of seeing her when she had played to him, and he was then accustomed to exclaim, "Divine, divine! As much like it except Rubinstein." Van Westenhout, the florid, refuses to play his own compositions in her presence. The signora was born in Naples. She is the youngest of five children. She is almost 16 years old. Her small hands are incapable of the management of pious, buttons, needles, etc. Her temperament is intense, warm, affectionate, but without eccentricity, noble and well balanced. There is nothing left to the imagination by Mr. Puff. She has strong white teeth, and in her short red petticoat her 15 years spring to 12. Truly the young girl brought with her "a golden mine of press notices," to borrow an ingenious phrase from the Wolf-Hollman circular.

We are also told that the signora was "discovered" in New York by the conductor and several members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They heard her play and were at once persuaded. It was announced that week that Mrs. Castellano would appear in Boston with the orchestra, and that the battle ground would be Liszt's second concerto. It appears that the orchestral parts of the concerto were incorrect, and therefore the pianist was heard in pieces that were chiefly of the salon order.

When Mrs. Castellano walked across the stage of music hall she seemed an apparition from the fantastic world created by E. F. A. Hoffmann. She might have just come from playing to the student Anselmus. She is of near kin to Ruth Krespel, and is a pupil of the melancholy Johannes Kreisler.

Her personality fascinates. Her looks are arranged carefully, yet are they elfish. She is apparently unconscious of all except her music; yet she absorbs the attention of the hearer. In calm respect her performance showed a blown maturity. And there was ever present a sense of volcanic passion that would become imperious in the course of the revolutions of the earth, and suddenly finding a vent would

swirl all before it. The music box is dangerously near the closed door of the furnace.

She did not do much with the Chopin numbers. She played the nocturne in E minor (op. posth.). She played it as though it were an exercise. So too her delivery of the B minor scherzo was chiefly welcome on account of mechanical dexterity. Yet in this very scherzo she showed the inconsistency of a passionate woman; for there would be moments of unexpected warmth and hysteria, and when an outburst was expected the woman would be shy and cold, prosaic, intent only on her task. Now the concert study by Martucci, a brilliant show piece, was in a sense ennobled by the temperament of the player.

Miss Castellano was recalled, and, defying the traditions of the Symphony Concert, she followed the example of Messrs. Pachmann and Reichmann and acknowledged the applause by a second performance. She played the "Momento Capriccioso" by Van Westenhout; it was correctly informed. Again there was a storm of applause, and again Mrs. Castellano played. Her selection was a delightfully quaint and musical gavotte by the same Van Westenhout. The audience and the orchestra were pleased exceedingly, and during the course of this entertainment flowers were presented to the pianist.

Miss Castellano is in many ways a remarkably interesting pianist. There is no denying that she is well worth the hearing. But whether she is merely a clever machine that at times seems inspired by human thought and human passion, or whether she is a musician of temperament who chooses the pianoforte as the instrument of the expression of her thought, can best be determined after she has been heard in a program that makes more exacting demands, that does not merely call for digital dexterity. I am strongly inclined to believe that Miss Castellano is a musician by birth, and that she will prove easily to an audience her right to frequent and respectful hearings. With her strange and yet winning personality, with her undoubted proficiency, she can afford to dispense with Mr. Puff and his associates and the society of patrons and patronesses.

The orchestra played Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Yvetot," Wagner's "Waldweben" and Mendelssohn's 4th Symphony.

The program of the next concert, Dec. 31, will be: Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini" by Volkmann's Symphony in B flat, and Liszt's 13th, which was dedicated to Baron Stuckrad, who put the composer's scapegrace nephew into the army, is not a work that commands the affection or even the honest admiration of the common hearer.

PHILIP HALE

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The word "faultless" smacks of extravagant hyperbole, and yet that word might be applied justly to the performance of the Beethoven sharp minor quartet, op. 131, by the Kneisel Club last evening in Chickering Hall. The performance was indeed a remarkable exhibition of ensemble playing, and the perfect on of the reading and the execution lent a foreign charm to the work itself. For though musicians and judges of music may go into raptures over the quartettes of Beethoven's third period, the op. 131, which was dedicated to Baron Stuckrad, who put the composer's scapegrace nephew into the army, is not a work that commands the affection or even the honest admiration of the common hearer.

The Kneisel Quartet was assisted by Mr. Nikisch, who played the pianoforte part of the Brahms Quartet in A major, op. 26. The composition is dry. The themes are ordinary and serve only for contrapuntal treatment. There is much straining, much groaning; there are continual promises of things that never arrive. The work was played with infinite care and with apparent sympathy. Mr. Nikisch gave a then performance of his part and with the exception of an occasional preponderance of the pianoforte, the ensemble was excellent. If the pianoforte cover had been closed, as it should have been, this occasional lack of just proportion would not probably have been noticed.

The Harvard Church, Brookline, has long been celebrated for the excellence of its music. Mr. G. A. Burdett, the choirmaster, is an enthusiastic and his enthusiasm is controlled by a cultivated taste. The choir is a quartette. Mrs. Hayman, Miss Becker, an alto of unusual promise; H. A. Thayer and F. Smoot. The choir spirit of Mr. Burdett may be seen at once by looking at this program:

1. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Bach
2. "The Wreath of the Past.....	Alcibiades
3. "Gloria on the listening ear of light.....	Gounod
4. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
5. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
6. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
7. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
8. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
9. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley
10. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....	Shelley

Children's carol service, 4.30 P. M.:
1. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
2. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
3. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
4. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
5. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
6. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
7. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
8. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
9. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....
10. "Gloria, organ and cello, and from suite in D.....

The morning service is at 10.45.

At St. Paul's, Boston, the service will be at 10.30. The choir of men and boys is under the direction of Mr. Warren A. Locke. The "Te Deum" is the one in E by H. W. Parker, now of New York. The "Benedictus" is by Gounod, but the "Sanctus" is in E flat, and is not the well-known "St. Cecilia" number. The "Agnus" is by Barby (E flat), and chief among the other numbers is King's. "The star that now is shining," in which the hymn "Angels of Jesus" is cleverly introduced. The introit, "O Jerusalem," is by Dr. H. S. Cutler, an honored name.

Mr. George L. Osgood commands the men and boys at Emmanuel Church, and under his direction the choir, assisted by Mr. Thompson, the organist, who is known in more flowery paths of music, will sing Spohr's Venite; Serpy's "Te Deum"; King Hall's "Benedictus"; the "Hallelujah" chorus, and the "St. Cecilia" service of Gounod. I have already spoken of Mr. Osgood's carols.

The choir of the Central Congregational Church is a chorus directed by that excellent organist, Mr. Everett E. Truette. The program includes the "Hallelujah Chorus," two numbers by Truette, Buck's "Ave Maria," Barnby's "Blessed Be the Lord God of Israel," and Schubert's "The Lord is My Shepherd" for female voices.

Mr. Kising is the director of the Park Street Church choir. The quartette is made up of Mrs. Bragbury, Miss Tucker, W. H. Heinrich and A. W. Wellington. There will be selections from "The Messiah" at 10.30 ("And the glory of the Lord," "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley," and "Ho Sanna Feed His Flock"). Gilbert, with a carol-anthem, follows Handel, and then comes Barnby with his "Blessed Be the Lord." The anthems at evening are by Tournay, Gaul and Hopkins.

Mr. Samuel Carr, the director of the music at the Old South Church, has called in the aid of violin, Mr. Kuniz; harp, Mr. Schaecker, and cornet, Mr. Luricain. The double quartette for this occasion is made up of Mrs. Pappot, Miss How, Miss Folsom, Miss Rollwagen, and Messrs. Want, Babcock, Fessenden and Winch. The morning musical service (10.30) will be as follows:

Prelude for organ, violin and harp.....	Gaul
Christmas Anthem, "The Holy Child".....	Shelley
Christmas Anthem, No. 9 in C.....	Locke
Christmas Anthem.....	King
Ave Maria.....	Gounod

Voice, violin, harp and organ.

In the evening (7.30) selections from "The Messiah" will be given.

Mr. Norman McLeod is the director of the choir of the First Baptist Church. Anthems by Crowe, Best and Barnby will be sung at the morning service (10.30), and the offertory will be Gounod's "Nativitas."

At the Community Avenue Universalist Church Miss Elizabeth Hamlin will sing Shelley's "Holy Child," with violin obligato by Mr. Roberts; Mr. Endicott will sing Schaecker's "Star of Bethlehem." The anthems are by King and Shelley. Mr. Roberts will play an air by Bach.

At the Warren Avenue Baptist Church the choir will be assisted by the Beacon Orchestral Club, and the composers of all schools will be represented, from Handel to Brumenschein, from Rossini to Tschalowsky. Mrs. H. E. C. Wright is the soprano and Mrs. Jordan is the organist.

In the morning service at the Church of the Aube Mr. S. E. Whitney's communion service in C will be sung as well as an anthem by MacLaren and the "Hallelujah" chorus. This evening at 7.30 will be Christmas evensong. The musical numbers will be Stainer's "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in B flat, Barnby's "Blessed be the Lord," and Stanford's effective B flat "Te Deum."

The programmes quoted were drawn at random, as from a grab-bag. It will be seen that churches such as the Immaculate Conception and King's Chapel, where men of large experience direct singers of acknowledged reputation, are not included. The excellence of the Christmas music at such churches may be taken for granted, but in a hurried glance at the programmes of Christmas music, a better idea of the general condition of church music, so far at least as the text is displayed in selection, is conceivable, may be gained, if churches of less musical renown are represented. Many programmes of interest have been necessarily omitted. It would be a pleasant task to give the complete list of the music to be sung both here and in adjacent towns, with the names of the organists and the singers who have labored faithfully in the service of their congregations.

The stranger that is within our gates to-morrow will hardly go amiss, if he enters a church at random. He may listen to Italian rondades or solemn English harmonies; but the sentiment, the burden of the song, is one and the same.

"A Child this day is born,
A Child of high renown;
Most worthy of a sceptre,
A sceptre and a crown."

Glad tidings to all men,
Glad tidings sing we may,
Because the King of Kings
Was born on Christmas Day."

PHILIP HALE

The eighth symphony concert was given last evening. The program was out of the common run. In honor of the anniversary of the baptism of Beethoven it was as follows:

Symphony No. 8 Beethoven
Symphony No. 9 Beethoven

The solo parts in the choral symphony were taken by Miss Priscella White, soprano; Miss Louisa Leimer, alto; Mr. Wm. J. Winch, tenor, and Mr. Heinrich Meyn, bass. The chorus is known as the Boston Symphony chorus. It includes certain singers from other vocal societies, such as the Cecilia, &c.

The eighth symphony seems to be a favorite with Mr. Nikisch. Last evening its performance did not call for special remark. But of course the colossal ninth is seldom given, and so there was a crowd of listeners. So far as the orchestra was concerned, there was much to praise in the performance. The famous sustained pianissimo in the first movement, the passage mentioned by Wagner in his book, "Ueber das Dirigiren," was not sufficiently steady in subdued tone. The drummer in the scherzo might have displayed a more sensitive ear in the tuning of his drums, and in the adagio there was a tendency to fret the cantabile whenever it fell to the first violins.

On the other hand the reading was eminently virile, and in the first three movements there was a well-defined rhythmic pulse. The strings in the scherzo were excellent; the wood-wind in the adagio was not always tuneful and its performance was occasionally ragged. But in the main the first three movements were well given, the reading was intelligent and magnetic, and the players as a rule met the demands of the conductor.

Neither the solo singers nor the chorus were effective in the finale. I grant cheerfully that in connection with this choral part of the symphony "effective" must be used in a comparative sense. I have never had the good fortune to hear the finale sung with great effect in German or American cities. The most successful attempt that I remember was in Berlin about ten years ago, when Franz Wüllner directed the Philharmonic Orchestra, assisted by the famous Riedelschenverein, of Leipsic. The worst performance that I remember was in the same city in 1883, under the direction of Joachim.

Mr. Foote was patient and intelligent in rehearsing the Boston Symphony chorus, but there was not enough heroic stuff or iron endurance in the singers themselves. The sopranos appeared to best advantage, but it is not surprising that the task was too much for them. The very qualities that at times war against enjoyment of the singing of Mr. Meyn in a small room served him well in the finale of the symphony. He was heard, and he kept up with the orchestral procession. As for the other solo singers of the evening—the rest is silence.

* * *

I understand that the authors of the comic opera "The Continentals," which was brought out at the Park Theatre the 1st inst., are busily at work in the revision of the text.

The "Bostonians" will play a two weeks' engagement at the Tremont Theatre, and the first night will be the 26th. It is proposed to produce "The Knickerbockers" during the second week of the engagement.

Mr. Ferruccio Busoni, who played with such flattering success in a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Philadelphia a week or two ago, will give four piano recitals in Music Hall in January.

* * *

I regret that I must defer the calling of the roll of celebrated violators of dietetic rules. The list is a long one and is studded with shining names. PHILIP HALE.

An Open Letter.

BOSTON, Mass., December 16, 1892.

Editors Musical Courier:

I HAVE read the entertaining article, "Will Mr. Hale Explain?" which appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER of the 14th inst. It is stated in the said article that between October 8 and November 1 my opinions concerning the merits and the faults of the Worcester Musical Festival of 1892 suffered a singular change; or, as you express it, my "critical mood was mysteriously altered." From this premise, and from other premises that are really of secondary importance, you weave ingenious arguments. I regret that I cannot agree with you in the premises.

* * *

It is true that I wrote articles concerning the Worcester Festival of 1892; and they were published in the Boston Journal September 28, 29, 30 and October 1; in THE MUSICAL COURIER of October 8, and in the "Musical Herald" of November. In your article of last week the statement made that in my article in the "Musical Herald" I contradicted opinions expressed in the preceding article in THE MUSICAL COURIER; that I approved of the directors' tastes as "illustrated in" the Festival; that I spoke "of the soloists in a way implying that they were satisfactory from his (my) critical standpoint."

But it was in this article which appeared in the "Musical Herald" that I wrote as follows: "It is true that there was not one 'single choral novelty of thorough importance' presented at this festival." In this same article I spoke of the uneven work of Mrs. Tavary; I mentioned the vocal trickery of Mrs. Cole and the joints of her voice, "joints as plainly visible as in an adjustable fishing pole." In this article I recommended the abolition of the organ and song recital. In the article in THE MUSICAL COURIER of October 8 I spoke of the improvement in chorus work and in the programs of the orchestral concerts.

* * *

It seems to me that the charges brought against me in THE MUSICAL COURIER article of last week are vague. Would it not be more to the point if you would kindly place the alleged contradictory statements of fact or opinion in a parallel column of THE MUSICAL COURIER? If you are not provided with the documents in the case, I will gladly send the numbers of the periodicals that contain the articles in question.

* * *

It appears to you that in the "Musical Herald" of November, and in the article above mentioned I made "a masked and badly masked assault on Mr. Irenæus Stevenson, of the 'Independent.'" I fear that you have only heard one side of a story. Let me, therefore, tell you a tale of contemporaneous human interest.

* * *

It was early in October that the postman brought me an envelope stamped "The Independent." This envelope contained a proof of an article with the heading, "Music. By E. Irenæus Stevenson." A paragraph was called into speedy notice by a blue pencil line and "October 13, '92," was written in blue pencil above the heading. I say it with mortification, but before October—it was about the 10th—I had never heard of Mr. Stevenson. My ignorance was not a fault; it was a misfortune. I did not meet him at Worcester the month before, indeed I do not think he was there, and so he was able to discuss the festival coolly and without prejudice. I am sure that if he had been there I would have been conscious of his presence.

I have not been in the habit of reading the "Independent," the "Churchman," or the "Christian Register." I am told that they are excellent papers, high-toned and with agreeable matter for the household; but I had not associated them with musical criticism. I glanced at the marked article and saw that Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson was not only serious; he took himself seriously. I do not even now know whether he is a professional musician or a layman. He may play neatly the piano. He may in the sacred privacy of his boudoir indulge himself in song. I read his article, however, and recognized a Macedonian cry. He first assaulted me by enticing me to read his piece about the Worcester Festival. I said to myself, "This Mr. Stevenson asks for publicity. It would be churlish to refuse his petition." And so I quoted from his article, because I thought I should thus please him. If he had been ashamed of his article he surely would not have sent me a proof of it.

* * *

Mr. Stevenson complained of the "archaic nature of the programs." Let us first define our terms. Let us consult the "New English Dictionary," edited by J. A. H. Murray, Oxford, 1888. The first definition of "archaic" is this: "Marked by the characteristics of an earlier period; old fashioned, primitive, antiquated." The second and last definition is this: "Esp. of language: Belonging to an earlier period, no longer in common use, though still retained either by individuals, or generally for special purposes, poetical, liturgical." Mr. Stevenson evidently had the first definition in mind. Now, I agreed with Mr. Stevenson, and wrote that "his objections are not without weight," so far as the choral selections were concerned.

But I could not agree with him in applying the word "archaic" to selections from the orchestral works of Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Bizet, Massenet, Svendsen, Goldmark and X. Scharwenka. Nor could I feel with him a wild yearning to hear in the place of such selections "the new symphonies by Rudoff and Klughardt."

I thought that his remark, "The marked weakness in solo talent was a matter undoubtedly of economy," was an indecent sneer at such singers as Miss Juch, Mrs. Lawson and Messrs. Campanini, Reiger, Heinrich, Dufft and Galassi. I simply said that I did not agree with him in certain of his statements. Is such conduct "a badly masked assault?" Perhaps I was rude in speaking of him as "Mr. E. I. Stevenson," and not as "Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson," but my rudeness was without intention.

* * *

I thought no more of the matter until one fine day in November I received a letter from Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson. I have always supposed it was from him, although it was written in the awful dignity of the third person. As far as I could make out, he taunted me "with the license of ink." The illegibility of the manuscript was such, however, that I am not positive. It is possible that I might use his letter now as a certificate of merit. I did not an-

"THE BOSTONIANS."

Large and applauseful audiences at the matinee and evening performances of yesterday greeted the return of "The Bostonians" to the Tremont Theatre. At the evening performance the chief parts in "Robin Hood," the delightful comic opera by Messrs. Smith and De Koven, were taken by Miss D'Arville, Mrs. Davis and Messrs. Karl, Macdonald, Barnabee and Cowles. The pleasing melodies that are now familiar to many have lost none of their charm, and they were repeated again and again by willing, perhaps too willing, singers; in consequence of this good nature the performance was protracted unduly. Miss D'Arville shows a constant advance in her profession, and Mr. Karl's voice last evening was in excellent condition. Mr. Barnabee amused his friends as usual, and Mr. Cowles's sonorous bass was appreciated heartily. The chorus and orchestra did excellent work under Mr. Stanley's baton, and all in all it was a thoroughly admirable performance of the pleasing operetta. There will be an extra matinee Wednesday, Jan. 4, and the first production on any stage of "The Knickerbockers" by Messrs. Smith and De Koven will be Thursday evening, Jan. 5.

An audience that applauded a few days ago a pianist of merit is rebuked sterily by many of our leading amateurs for the expression of honest enjoyment. They that applauded wished to hear the young woman again and again. But it seems that they were wrong: First, because there is a vague tradition which runs against enthusiasm; 2d, because the pieces played by the pianist were out of the common run, and therefore unsuitable. Let us not take our amusements too seriously. When a hearer really finds pleasure in a modern concert should he be obliged to conceal his emotion?

Sentimentalists are still mourning the decay of Christmas. The burden of their complaint is that the festival never really existed among us, because we did not indulge in the generous cheer of the early English—peacock, beef, unlimited ale, destructive mince pie, etc., etc. Surely, a material complaint for the mouth of a sentimentalist, and that draws its origin from the pagan rather than the Christian side of the festal day.

It is proposed in England to organize a "Budding Genius Support Society (Limited), with a directorate empowered to make modest annual grants to carefully chosen young persons of literary or artistic promise, the recipients contracting, in return for their freedom from the 'wearing necessity' of earning their daily bread, to repay to the society the lion's share of their earnings during, say, the first five years after their genius has obtained general recognition." This would be all very well; but there is a simpler scheme. Many who are rich and idle long for a literary career. They write for no reward and cheapen literary values. Many who have a career are without money and time. A "Career Brokerage Company" would remedy these evils.

Dec 28-92

The recent change in the distribution of the stock of the Boston Theatre brings to mind the natural advantages of the building for the performance of opera. It may be said without exaggeration that no theatre in this country is better adapted from the scenic and the acoustical points of view for such performances. We have in this city one of the chief orchestras of the world. Mr. Nikisch is an essentially dramatic conductor, and he has had experience in opera. There are dramatic singers now comparatively idle who would come here gladly. It is not unreasonable to wish or expect a winter season of opera under such conditions, particularly when the people of this city have shown again and again their eagerness to listen.

There is another club in this city of clubs; for although the "Gridiron" has as yet no local habitation, officers have been chosen and the purpose of the organization has been explained. The "Gridiron" is to act as a lodestone, which will draw unto itself "men of brains and experience and standing, expert and connoisseurs in their particular field of art and industry." These men are not to be out on the gridiron and then "roasted," to use a popular expression, as is the habit of certain well-known foreign clubs; but they are to be lured by the promise of Boston hospitality, which promise is always fully realized.

Let all young authors who go a-hunting after style take courage by reflecting on the early career of Guy de Maupassant. He began life as a clerk in the French Admiralty. A record is kept of the conduct of all clerks. Some Paul Pry lately invaded and ransacked the office, and found this note again the name of de Maupassant: "This young man wants style in his reports."

ver the letter, for, even had I understood clearly his meaning, I saw no use in continuing a discussion that was then founded solely on a difference of opinion. I confess that I was always pleased with the conduct of the man who, when he received a long letter of uncalled for abuse, replied as follows: "Dear Sir—Your favor of the 4th is at hand. I observe that you spell which with a 't.'"

For a man who calls loudly in the "North American Review" for "honest, blunt, sincere, well considered, terse, critical writing," Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson is a singularly sensitive plant. The good old Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, was fairer in his methods when he contradicted the Gnostics of his day. It is true that little is known of his early history, and here a parallel suggests itself; he also "expressed himself in metaphor, and his doctrines were in a pictorial state." But when the bishop set an antagonist he did not at once shriek out "Foul play!" in a febrile voice if he himself was hit in a sensitive place. Irenæus, the Little, has also been guilty of that Charles Reade called the sham-sample swindle. He first states what he imagines an imaginary opponent said, and he then attacks the creature of his fancy.

"Thank you for reprinting the paragraph from a late number of the 'Independent.' I might not have seen it, for Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson neglected to send me a proof of it. I should not have replied if you had not called for an explanation. I really did not until a few days ago realize the importance of Mr. Stevenson in the musical world, and thought until then that my charity in quoting him had been misapplied. I now realize my error. I am told, indeed, on excellent authority that this is the same Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson who once offered a play to one of the managers in New York with the assurance that he (the manager) would be glad to receive a piece that would need no alteration, no retrenching. Against a man thus armed a triple brass of what avail are ordinary weapons? Against such would even the Immortals strive in vain. But perhaps this Mr. Stevenson is not the Mr. E. Irenæus Stevenson who displays his fine line of fall and winter woods in the "Independent." It would, then, have been better if I had agreed with him quietly in November. For who can follow the movements of such a one as George Chapman described in the preface to his translation of the "Iliad": "A certain wood-sucker that hovers up and down, laboriously engrossing all the air with his luxurious ambition and buzzing into every ear my detraction."

Yours truly, PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, December 25, 1892.

THIS is the seventy-eighth season of the Händel and Haydn Society. The works announced for performance are "The Messiah," Cherubini's D minor Mass and Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew" and Händel's "Samson." "The Messiah" will be given this evening. It was given Monday, the 19th inst., and Miss Emma Juch, Miss Emily Winant, Mr. Wm. H. Rieger and Mr. Arthur Beresford were the solo singers.

* * *

You may wonder at the extra performance of "The Messiah" in the same week with the customary commemoration of the Nativity. The business sense of the management was vindicated by the result, for there was a great audience. Many stood up throughout the evening, and followed the music with rapt attention. To hundreds of subscribers to the course the singing of "The Messiah" is a religious service. The music is to them inspired, whether the old version of the so-called original is used, or the revised version, according to Robert Franz or Robert Knauth. These enthusiasts would welcome gladly the oratorio in its entirety, with the purification of the sons of Levi and all the other contrapuntal acts and statements.

Now, the musician might desire the opportunity of hearing "Theodore," which Händel is said to have preferred to "The Messiah," or extracts from even less familiar works, as the Chandos anthems or "The Triumph of Time," if particular attention must be paid yearly to Händel. But the fact that "Tis Diocletian's natal day," or that "the matron lowly bowed and bore away the prize," does not excite even a languid interest in those of our town that are addicted to the oratorio habit.

It is surprising that in this region of emancipated women "Samson" is even put in rehearsal. You remember, of course, the lines that must aggravate the sweet sex, even when they are sung indistinctly by "Micah":

It is not virtue, valor, wit,
Or comeliness of grace,
That woman's love can truly hit,
Or in her heart claim place.
Still wav'ring where their choice to fix,
Too oft they choose the wrong;
So much self love does rule the sex,
They nothing else love long.

But the sentiments of the Israelites expressed with the malignity of "damnable (and fugal) iteration" are still more intolerant.

To man God's universal law
Gave power to keep his wife in awe;
Thus shall his life be ne'er dismayed
By female usurpation swayed.

These numbers will without doubt be omitted when "Samson" is given here in April next.

* * *

The "Handel and Haydn" seems to have renewed its youth in its old age, for Monday evening the choruses were sung admirably. Mr. Zerrahn was appointed conductor of the society September 5, 1854. He has swung his stick at many a performance of "The Messiah" here and in towns where he is appointed to regulate the sporadic musical enthusiasm of the citizens. I doubt if in his long and honorable term of service he has had greater reason to plume himself on the proficiency of a chorus than on last Monday evening. The quality and sonority of tone, the sharpness of attack and the sense of rhythm were all above reproach.

In the contrapuntal walks the different parts delivered their sentences and punctuated them effectively. Now, in choruses of such size it is not unusual to notice a brave attack which leads to a dull and plodding pace as the middle ground is passed over, and as soon as the goal is in sight there is a pricking up of ears and a confident shout. Such a vocal phrase is like unto a badly stuffed sausage, which bulges at each end, while that which is between is dry and unnutritious.

The solo singers were applauded generously. Mr. Rieger gave a rigid reading of "Thou shalt dash them," but the rest of his work during the evening was, as a rule, worthy of praise. Miss Juch indulged herself in queer phrasing in "I know that my Redeemer," but her interpretation of the air was commendably free from sentimentalism; she sang "Come unto Him" in a thoroughly delightful manner. Miss Winant mouthed considerably.

Mr. Beresford strayed from the true pitch, and in the singing of roulades he was guilty of exaggerated accentuation.

* * *

W. H. Sherwood was the pianist at the second Adamowski chamber concert, Tuesday, December 20. The program was:

Quartet, F major, op. 59, No. 1.....Beethoven
Sonata for piano and cello, A minor, op. 36.....Grieg
Trio, D minor, op. 49.....Mendelssohn

The Grieg sonata was first played here during the season of 1883-4 by Arthur Foote and Wulf Fries. To me it is not an attractive work, although the stanch admirers of Grieg think it one of the most "classical" of his compositions. It would be absurd to deny the marked individuality of the Norwegian composer, but this same individuality is often content with repetition of phrases or sentiments that pleased it in earlier days. Even Ernest Closson notices the resemblance between the first movements of this cello sonata and the piano sonata op. 7; and the first theme of the andante is the same as that of the Huldigungsmarsch of "Sigurd Jorsalfar" four hands, op. 22.

The mists of the North envelope certain of Grieg's works, and his harmonies are too often like the savage rocks that, now and then appearing, excite curiosity and admiration; as they become familiar they annoy. I admit all that is said in his favor; he is "a type," he is "a creator," he is "the musician of a people," &c., but I fain would be conscious of the flowing of redder musical blood in his veins. His melodies are too often cold, born under the sky of the far North; yet they are often beautiful in their coldness; and they might be compared by a florid and tropical reviewer to the "fulle cruele und ful evele Wommen of Nature," who, according to Sir John Maundeville, live in the isle which lies "toward the Northe, in the See Ocean;" they have "precious Stones in hire Eyen; and and thei ben of that kynde, that zif they beholden ony-man, thei slen him anon with the beholdynge, as dothe the Basilisk."

Mr. Joseph Adamowski played with intelligence, so that it is the more to be regretted that he on this occasion showed his tendency to stray from the pitch. Mr. Sherwood's performance was admirable from the technical standpoint; it was lacking in sympathy and it was not always governed by a sense of proportion in the relations between the instruments. The progress made by the quartet was shown in the delivery of the Beethoven quartet. The allegretto vivace might have been taken at a quicker pace with advantage to the music, and sentimentality entered without right.

* * *

MUSIC.

The Third Recital of Johannes Wolff and Joseph Hollman.

The third of a series of recitals by Messrs. Wolff and Hollman was given yesterday afternoon at the Hollis Street Theatre. The programme was again made up, for the most part, of salon-pieces, pure and simple.

Mr. Wolff and Miss Marie Geselschap were heard in Goldmark's op. 11, and Mr. Hollman played Bruch's "Kol Nidrei." With these exceptions, the selections were of a light and a popular nature.

It would be a pleasure to hear either Mr. Wolff or Mr. Hollman in a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Wolff has played in concerts of the leading orchestras of Austria, Russia and France, and he was then applauded by the judicious and the discriminating, as well as by the concert-goer, who is always grateful for the opportunity of hearing music of any kind, provided that the hall is comfortable and the concert long enough to insure him a return for the price of the ticket. But for some reason or other, it is more than likely that our concert-goers must content themselves with these recitals where surroundings are in certain respects unfavorable.

It is not necessary to repeat the words of praise that have been already written in these columns concerning the performance of these virtuosos. Mr. Wolff again charmed his hearers by the sensuous beauty of his cantabile and by the brilliant accuracy of his bravura. The audience was particularly pleased with the "Serenade" by Szabadi, and the arrangement of the well-known andante from a string quartet by Tschaiakowsky.

Mr. Hollman again displayed his noble tone, and he played, perhaps, with more artistic self-restraint than was shown by him at the last recital. There was not so much muscularity in evidence; the dynamic contrasts were not so exaggerated. The players were applauded most enthusiastically.

Miss Geselschap was unfortunate in her solo selections. They were by Liszt. The first was "Spelz-o," written during the season of '38-'39, when the composer was in Rome with the painter Ingres, for Cicerone. It purports to be a musical setting of Raphael's picture, "The Marriage of the Virgin." Ramanin wrote several pages concerning the "ineffable beauty" of this composition of Liszt, and triumphed in rhetoric over the Western orator who succeeded in getting the words "eagle" and "bugle" into the same sentence. We are told, for instance, that the "holy general feeling of the picture" is expressed by "the Thema, the melodious measures of which move exclusively on the same diatonic foundation," that the music expresses "unbroken faith, etc." But Hanslick was nearer the truth when he said that music could not express marriage, "not even the marriage of a piano manufacturer with a female pianist." It was the attitude in Punch who put a painted plate on the piano rack and "played" it; and in this he only followed Liszt.

Mrs. Antonie Beaumont, a soprano, sang a canzonetta by do Pescu, who was an organist and cellist at Antwerp until he was obliged to leave that town because he indulged himself in the habit of beating brutally his choir boys. She also sang Schubert's "Gretchen." Mrs. Beaumont was nervous; and it is possible that she did not do herself justice.

The next and last recital will be given Thursday, Jan. 5, at 2 o'clock.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Clapp, the eminent dramatic critic, maintained in a paper read in New York, Wednesday, before the Goethe Society, that the theatre of to-day is ruled by the masses, and that the masses are not an intellectual class. He therefore assigns the triviality of stage entertainments of to-day to the audience. But how was it in the days of the Elizabethan dramatists, when the common people heard and applauded plays stuffed with classical allusions and "mighty lines." Was the common audience, whose low manners are so graphically described by Taine, more highly educated than the audience of to-day?

Another volume of Flaubert's correspondence has been published, and has raised a storm of reproach. The author was "bitter" and "jealous," etc., etc.; at least, his letters show these unpleasant failings. But why should private correspondence be printed? The most amiable of men may take advantage of a confidential letter to one of his family to let off steam. The most prudent is at times reckless within an envelope. Man is a composite animal; he cannot always have the wisdom of the serpent or the reticence of the tortoise.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Tenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The First Appearance of Mr. Schnitzler, Violinist.

Several Antidotes Against Severe Pianoforte Poisoning.

The programme of the tenth Symphony concert was as follows:
Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
Concerto for violin No. 4, D minor.....Vieuxtemps
Symphony, No. 2, B flat.....Volkmann

Mr. I. Schnitzler, a member of the orchestra, was the solo violinist of the evening. From the technical standpoint his performance deserved warm praise. He played fluently, without extravagance, with musical intelligence. It is true that occasionally, and then chiefly in bravura, he strayed from the true pitch; but in cantabile his intonation was pure and his delivery was frank. Mr. Schnitzler made a very favorable impression, and he was applauded loudly and deservedly. Whether Mr. Schnitzler, as violinist, has that great gift or rare acquirement known as temperament real or feigned is another question. He would in all probability always command respect, possibly hearty admiration. I do not think, however, that he can wind his fiddle strings around the heart or hypnotize the hearer. It is true that the music played by him does not lend itself to such interesting and dangerous experiments.

For the D minor concerto of Vieuxtemps is a serious work, dignified, and at times almost noble. Vieuxtemps himself hesitated about playing it in public, for, although it was finished in 1850, he did not produce it in any concert in Polish or Austrian city that year. Not until he was in Paris in December, 1851, did the great violinist so highly esteemed by Schumann, Berlioz and Wagner allow it to go upon a programme. On that occasion Berlioz wrote a glowing account of the performance and praised highly the work itself. "The composer is here almost jealous of the virtuoso; and yet what a brilliant task he has allotted him. * * * The ideas are spontaneous, numerous; and they are always clothed with an instrumental dress that heightens the effect. The scherzo is indeed singular; it is a difficult task for the leader of the orchestra and for the violinist to arrive at the end without a slip."

Vieuxtemps, by the way, was born the 17th of February, 1820, not the 20th, as stated by the programme book. Many biographers, with Fets at the head, say the 20th. Vieuxtemps, in his autobiography, is clear that it was the 17th, and his friends Kadoux and Kupperath, in their lives of the great violinist, follow his own direction.

It may be of interest now that Hollman, the violinist, has played in Boston, to listen to the opinion of Vieuxtemps concerning him. Vieuxtemps finished his first concerto for violoncello in January, 1876. Hollman sought counsel concerning the proper interpretation of the work, which was first played by Joseph Servais. It is recorded that Vieuxtemps spoke as follows concerning the former cellist: "Hollman is the Dutch cellist, with his powerful tone, his bow of steel. He plays my concerto superbly, with vigorous tone, incredible strength, but not with the magic charm of Servais. The latter is more refined, more delicate, more remarkable in expression and in variety of color. The other, however, is young, zealous, industrious, an enthusiast. * * * I could fashion him into a great antagonist, with whom it would be dangerous to contend."

The orchestra gave Saturday evening a brilliant performance of the "Benvenuto Cellini" overture by Berlioz. The overture has made the swing of the pendulum. In early days it provoked such men as Louis Ehler to rhapsodical praise; and now many thoughtful French and German search in it in vain for one great musical thought, and prefer "Le Carnaval de Venise," the companion piece. The believer in programme music may here find, possibly, the full expression of the mad, artistic and adventurous life of that singular genius and cut-throat, Cellini, who boasted of his descent from a Captain in the Army of Julius Cæsar. The concert-goer who seeks merely amusement listens to a concert overture where there is much ado about nothing, and he may console himself with the remark of Ehler, that the mistakes of a giant are more interesting than the truisms of a dwarf.

The Volkmann Symphony is pleasing music, and it was played in a charming and sympathetic manner. The second and third movements were particularly delightful, and the solo passages of the andantino were treated con amore. It is true that the symphony is not "great" or "profound" music, but it is a pleasure to hear occasionally music that does not prescribe to itself very preposterously. "It has become the fashion to write overtures to subjects like Lear, Faust, Manfred and Hamlet—subjects that, if one be not a great man, must further in the most dangerous manner all unhealthy and improper tendencies. What demands do we not make that we may be able to enjoy in such cases, and—pardon the inversion—with what a measure of delight is not our enjoyment exacted from us? What have we to do with spiritual dramas, in which form musicians exhibit before us their soul suffering? I will openly assert that I discover more genuine intention and expressed art sense in Strauss's 'Beautiful Blue Danube' than in all the caricatures of puffed-up, modern romantic music."

The pianists are upon us. Again will there be various interpretations of Beethoven and Chopin and conflicting opinions. The concert-goer who wishes an antidote against pianoforte poisoning should first of all read diligently Louis Faguerre's treatise on "The Evil Influence of the Pianoforte on Music as an Art."

He may then find comparative relief in the following definitions and sayings, borrowed for the most part from the French.

A "pianoteuse" is a female pianist who spends her time in torturing the ears of the neighbors by playing without style, without taste and with the imperturbability of a country girl of marriageable age, a great repertoire of light music which under her untrained fingers stabs the hearers.

"The pianoforte is the galling gun of peace." A horse that trots irregularly is said to "play the piano-forte."

"Piano-morous" is instrumental "endemic cholera."

"Society," said Fiorentino, "appears to me to be divided into two classes: Some play the pianoforte, others submit to it."

"The pianoforte," said Stuart, "is untiring and ferocious. Once open, it never shuts its lid; it is like unto the oyster."

"I do not like the pianoforte," cried an unfortunate husband, "but the hunting horn is a hundred times worse. I do not like the pianoforte, and yet I am happy; for if I loved the pianoforte, my wife would play the horn from morning to night."

"When he is at the pianoforte, you think it is Vulcan lording it over the anvil and iron and brass. He prides himself on striking with full force, and you would swear that he was forging ebony and ivory."

Alphonse Karr invented an ingenious plan.

"An island should be discovered and used as a Botany Bay for all pianists and young people who have 'pianistic' hopes. Unless the pianist is of the very first rank he should not be allowed under any pretext to leave the island. When, however, he is remarkable and really wishes to give a concert he should enter Paris in a close carriage. The moment the concert is over he should be packed immediately in the same vehicle and be transported at lightning speed to the Isle of Pianofortes."

"An elephant driver once came with his animal to a country town. He advertised as follows:

"GRAND PIANOFORTE RECITAL!
An elephant, the first prize of the Conservatory, will play a concerto of Chopin."

"The ticket office was stormed. The hall was crowded. The elephant appeared. He touched the pianoforte with his trunk, uttered his cry, and left the stage. The public was indignant. The elephant driver spoke as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, please pardon us. The elephant was in the best of humor; out an unfortunate accident deprived him of his nerve. As he looked at the keys of the instrument he recognized the teeth of his mother.'

Playing the pianoforte is sometimes called by irreverent Parisians "playing dominos."

But let us not forget that it was Alphonse Karr who said: "Complaints against the pianoforte are often as noisy as the instrument itself; it is as necessary to quell the one as the other."

PHILIP HALE.

MR. BAERMANN'S CONCERT.

The second of Mr. Carl Baermann's chamber concerts was given last evening in Union Hall. There was a large and applauseful audience. The pianist was assisted by Mr. Loeffler, violin, and Mr. Schulz, cello. The programme was as follows:

Trio, B flat, op. 121.....Rheinberger
Ballade, G major, op. 37, No. 3.....Chopin
Nocturne, G major, op. 25, No. 11.....Chopin
Study, A major, op. 25, No. 11.....Chopin
Trio, D major, op. 70, No. 1.....Beethoven

The personality of Rheinberger is so genial, his conversation is so kindly, so shrewd and so witty, that his pupils and friends would find the characteristics of the man in all the works of the composer. Unfortunately for his enduring fame, Rheinberger is a composer of uncommon fluency. He exudes counterpoint. The most unpromising theme suggests to him at once a contrapuntal maze. Perhaps he dreads the labor of rejection and revision. Perhaps he forgets that problems of interest to him may weary the ordinary hearer. The fact remains that his later compositions, vocal and instrumental—and the last opus number is about 170—are often words, words, words, without particular meaning. The trio played last night—and it was played in admirable manner—is not as open to this reproach as numbers that follow it; there are indeed many passages of spontaneous beauty where the skill of the maker is forgotten in the charm of the effect; but, with the exception of the second movement, the head of the composition and the most prominent as he looks over the composition and explains it to the students. The term "chapel-master music" is applied as a rule to the laboriously thought-out work of the conservative pedant. But there is the new "chapel-master music," the work of the thoughtful musician who has been influenced, even though unconsciously, by the romantic school. There is a strong vein of romanticism in Rheinberger. He is at the same time loyal to conservative traditions. The result of this mixture of feelings is music that often delights and as often wearies. The music is always respectable, but when one remembers the well-known piano quartette and certain of the organ sonatas, the promise of early years does not seem fully realized.

The skillful musicians were heard to equal advantage in the Beethoven trio which charmed the men and women who met in the rooms of the Countess d'Erady when this century was a child. The ensemble was indeed excellent. The conception and the carrying out of the conception were alike thoughtful, dignified, free from extravagance of every kind, and from the technical standpoint there was almost nothing to be desired by the captious.

Mr. Baermann as a pianist is, perhaps, more thoroughly at home in works of the classical school, so-called, than in the compositions of the romanticists. Yet there was much to be praised heartily in his performance of the Chopin numbers. The ballade was given with breadth, and at the same time with genuine feeling. The nocturno was free from the sentimentalism that is too often injected into it by spasmodic seekers after the rubato.

The second of the Wolff-Hollman recitals was given Thursday afternoon, the 22d. It was in many respects a disappointment. The program was not of real interest, and the "supporting artists" consumed valuable time. Mr. Wolff and Miss Cornelia Dyas played Grieg's sonata for piano and violin, C minor, op. 45. Miss Dyas was not equal to the task. The solo numbers chosen by Mr. Wolff were for the most part sugar and water, and his own "Romance" is a poor thing. Nor did Mr. Hollman's cello concerto strike me as a composition worthy of second thought.

Miss Dyas played light pieces by Neupert and Moszkowski in cut and dried fashion, and when the opportunity was offered she showed her preference for the domination of the accompaniment and the submersion of the air. Miss Jennie Spencer, a contralto, with a voice of good quality and extended range, sang "Non più mesta" and Mattei's "What will you do without me, love?" When a woman sings a song with such a title, it is not necessary to describe her manner of singing it.

This concert was one of the real old-fashioned kind that in these days should be as extinct as the dodo. I hear on good authority that Mr. Wolff and Mr. Hollman realize this fact, and regret that they are sandwiched between singers and performers who are not of their rank.

The ninth symphony concert was distinguished by the first appearance in Boston of Miss Eugenia Castellano, the pianist. It was announced that she would be heard in the second concert of Tchaikowsky; but for some reason or other Miss Castellano did not play with the orchestra. She played three solo numbers: Chopin's E minor nocturne (op. posth); Chopin's B minor Scherzo, and Martucci's Étude de Concert. When she came before the public it was difficult to tell at first whether she was child or woman; it was also difficult after the first two numbers to pronounce any safe judgment concerning her merits as a pianist.

She did not make much out of the nocturne. She played it as though a teacher stood by her side, and yet at the same time she suggested, even when she did not reveal, a strong temperament. In the scherzo she proved herself a woman; for she showed feeling, yes, passion, in unexpected, almost incongruous passages, and when she might have palpitated with emotion, she preferred to be prosaic. That she owned well trained fingers and supple wrists was at once apparent. After her brilliant performance of the study by Martucci, she was applauded as a mistress of bravura; yet not alone from admiration of her digital dexterity.

The hearer was curious to study further her musical equipment. She was recalled enthusiastically, and in response she gave a brilliant performance of a brilliant piece of the music box order, "Momento capriccioso," by Van Westerhåut, if I am not mistaken.

Again there was a universal shout, and Miss Castellano, who had already defied the solemn traditions of the symphony concerts by playing after a recall, concluded her recital by a delightful delivery of a charming gavotte in the ancient style. It is to be hoped that this interesting pianist will soon be heard in a concert where a more elaborate or rather diversified program will afford a better opportunity for judging of her temperament; there can now be little or no dispute concerning her admirable mechanism.

The orchestra numbers were Lalo's overture, "Le Roi d'Ys;" "Waldweben," from "Siegfried," and Mendelssohn's fourth symphony. The orchestral performance was in the main excellent. The tempi of the first two movements of the symphony were open to criticism. The allegro was taken at a break neck pace, and the andante con moto was sluggish.

Mr. Schnitzler, a violinist of the Symphony orchestra, will make his debut here the 30th and 31st in the D minor (No. 4) concerto of Vieuxtemps.

"The Knickerbockers," a comic opera by Messrs. Smith and De Koven, will have its first production on any stage Thursday, January 5, at the Tremont Street Theatre, during the engagement of "The Bostonians."

PHILIP HALE.

who forget that Chopin was a man and not a more dreamy wanderer in cuckoo clon land. The peculiar characteristics that ennoble the performance of Mr. Baermann are more sharply defined in his playing of Beethoven, but the safety and the purity of his playing of Chopin may be surely commended, even if there was perhaps an occasional absence of that almost indefinable quality that is, after all, a matter of temperament. If Mr. Baermann were a supreme interpreter of Chopin it is not likely that his rendering of Beethoven would give such rare enjoyment.

PHILIP HALE.

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MUSIC.

The Third and Last Chamber Concert of Mr. Arthur Whiting.

The third and last chamber concert of Mr. Arthur Whiting was given last evening in the hall. Miss Gertrude Edwards and Messrs. Kneisel, Svecenski and Schroeder assisted. The programme was as follows:

1. Major, for violin and piano.....Bach
2. "Ich Herz is schwer".....Bach
3. "Mahnung".....Brahms
4. "Ich auf, ich auf, ich auf".....Brahms
5. "Ich auf, ich auf, ich auf".....Brahms
6. "Ich auf, ich auf, ich auf".....Brahms

7. Sonata, op. 87 (new).....Dvorak

The sonatas by Bach for violin and piano are almost unheard of here, and Mr. Whiting is to be commended for reminding us that such beautiful work exist. Bach was a violinist as well as a pianist. His first public position was that of violinist in the private orchestra of the brother of the Duke of Weimar. The sonatas for violin and piano were written probably during the Cöthen period (1717-1723).

Learned Doctor Spitta explains at wearisome length how the influence of the organ was felt in Bach's compositions for the violin. But the powder from the doctor's wig is apt to fall upon his desk and thicken his ink. It is just as easy to show how Bach's fondness for the violin affected his organ works, and a bearing in mind of the fact that he was a violinist and wrote for the violin would assist one the organ student in the grasping of preludes, fugues and toccatas for the myriad-piped instrument. How fresh and charming is this sonata of a century and a half ago! The anxieties are not without strong romantic feeling, and the harmonies are often singularly modern. About ten years ago Heinrich Urban of Berlin made a wager that there was no harmonic figure in Wagner that could not be found in Bach, and he was right.

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The Return of Ignace Paderewski, Pianist.

Sickness Has Not Shorn Him of His Strength.

Mr. Paderewski played the following pieces yesterday afternoon in Music Hall:

Fantasia and fugue, A minor.....Bach-Liszt
Sonata, A flat.....Schumann
Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2.....Schumann
Etude.....Paganini-Schumann
Variations and fugue, No. 1.....Paderewski
Nocturne, op. 15, No. 2.....Schumann
Prelude, op. 28, No. 1, 2, 3.....Chopin
Mazurka.....Chopin
Bacchante.....Liszt
Valse, op. 34, No. 1.....Liszt
Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt

He is with us and among us again—this thin, mysterious man from Poland—this man with the glorified hair and the eyes that see everything and baffle conjecture. The Delilah of sickness has not taken away the strength of the Samson of the piano. A year ago strange tales were told of him. He lived on lmons and mineral waters; he cultivated and enriched his technique at dead of night. To be sure he wore an earthly mask, for he played at billiards and told stories of cosmopolitan interest, but there was a secret, only to be hinted at in whispers. He was the prey of Death forgot its task at the sound of the magic strains that dripped from his transparent fingers. Paderewski bore within his breast the soul of the rash Hindoo that sang the unearthly Raga of Heepuch. The chant was like unto the lodestone; but the chant consumed the singer while he sang, and he wasted away, and he was no more seen.

Yesterday he stepped lightly on the stage. His face no longer looks as though it were illuminated by a lamp of porcelain shade. He seems no longer a neurotic subject for analysis. It was only occasionally that he repeated the offence that provoked indignation in Paris, and played to the ladies. Some learned professor has asserted that woman is the more susceptible to art impressions. Paderewski is a child of this generation, and he is as wise as though he had listened to the grave counsel of the Sacred Elephant.

Not until he played the "night piece" of Schumann was there spontaneous applause. To be sure, there was a hearty welcome, such as always greets a gladiator, bull-fighter or anyone about to perform a rare physical feat. There was also the applause of esteem that follows the seconding of a well-considered motion. But the audience was comparatively cold after the performance of the arrangement of the Bach organ-lugue and the Weber sonata. There were good reasons for this comparative coldness. Any arrangement of a Bach organ-fugue is apt to weary. Even a piano-fugue has no real home in a concert hall. Listen to Louis Chéri: "It is a bad habit to play Bach piano-fugues in a concert. The well-tempered clavier, belongs in a well-tempered apartment, and not in a hall heated to the degree of an incubator. Counterpoint masterworks of this kind, like the dainty carpet garden-beds composed by gardeners, are best enjoyed in proximity, because in the first the moods, and in the second the leaf-tapestry, may thus be the more easily recognized. From a distance and treated as points of view they appear irrational."

No, no. This playing of a fugue before a large and mixed audience is like exposing to public view the alconic weakness of an erring brother or the pecked anatomy of a kindly-disposed and maiden aunt.

Nor did Paderewski's brilliant performance of the Weber sonata arouse wild enthusiasm. It is true that Marx thought the sonatas of Weber to be in some respects superior to the sonatas of Beethoven, and Amaro found they "blossom like an enchanted garden of romance." But we are a nervous, excitable people, and the dramatic power of Weber seems a conventional statement to the hearer of to-day, so far as piano music is concerned.

With the piece by Schumann the pianist began to weave his spell. And now what now praise of eulogy may be coined to preserve the impression made by wondrous art? The fault-finder, to be sure, was not without occupation. It would be easy, for instance, to quarrel with Paderewski's reading of the Chopin nocturne, to accuse it of affectation on tempo, just as his interpretation of the Bach fugue was open to the charge of effeminacy. But it is better to acknowledge gratefully the bounteous gifts bestowed upon us by this man who is alive with temperament. One objected to the reading of the first prelude of Chopin, but he forgot that he objected in keen enjoyment afforded by the performance of the pieces that followed. In the Liszt rhapsody there was the true gypsy frenzy, and dark form, were seen fiddling wildly and beating the cymbalum.

As before, the audience was loath to leave the feast. The pianist was applauded furiously, and he, with infinite good nature, played the "Spinning Wheel Chorus" arrangement from "The Flying Dutchman." And while he played it men and women stood near him, examining him curiously, as though he were a wild man from Borneo.

PHILIP HALE.

That statement was the hero who was chosen originally by the librettist, and his name appears in the libretto score published by G. Schirmer. For several reasons Peter was dropped, and Wilhelm Kieft governs in his stead. It would be an idle task to examine the text of this operetta from a historical standpoint. The libretto of operetta has many secrets. The Kieft of history was a "small, lousy, bustling, fiery, avaricious" man, with "prominent sharp features, deep-set restless gray eyes." Domine Bogardus spoke of him from the pulpit as a "vessel of wrath and fountain of woe." Although the name of the ship that brought him across the Atlantic was the Heron, the passenger was strictly temperate. The Kieft of the operetta is Mr. Barnabee.

Now the absurdities and incongruities of operetta may be excused, yes, highly praised, when honest laughter is raised by grotesque situations or by logical conclusions that flow from insane premises, or even by a delicious non-sequitur. The kingdom of operetta has its own laws, which are made or broken by the reigning monarch. The system of social conduct, the views concerning science, the military tactics, may be those of another planet; if the hearer's ribs are tickled the librettist is to be commended rather than condemned for turning everything topsy-turvy. But Mr. Smith in this libretto did not make the most of his opportunity. He had an excellent subject. The story of New York under the Dutch is one of the few episodes in American history that lend themselves easily to the comic opera. There is a chance for the complications of intrigue; there is an excuse for attractive and contrasting costumes; there is a field for character-drawing. Mr. Smith started out with excellent intentions; he soon struck a snag disguised as prophetic satire. His wit was not keen enough to avoid the danger.

It is true that in certain respects the book is better than others of his composition. This, however, is faint praise. There are better ones; there is very little of the cheap vulgarity that is found in other librettos by him. After he had started out, and started bravely, he lost control of himself. After the first act the book is dull. Now this is the gravest of faults. Not only is the book dull, it is also obscure. The characters stop occasionally to explain the action, but their explanations are confused. In the third act the bottle is introduced to give the lines an artificial spirit, and the humor is forced. An attack is made on the patriotism of the audience by prophetic, praise of our national flag. It was done in a vein of burlesque, it might pass; but it is conceived in all seriousness, and last night the ambitious bit of clap-trap fell flat. Mr. Smith has again shown his ignorance of construction and his lack of rich humor and effective satire. In the hands of an older man, the idea of the operetta might have been carried out with great success.

Nobody would have quarreled with Mr. Smith if he had turned Kieft into an Offenbachian character.

Music in Boston.

Boston, January 1, 1893.

THERE is no need of rummaging the cupboard of antiquity. The thirst of singers and musicians was recognized centuries before certain gentlemen of Florence met at the house of Giovanni Bardi and invented the opera. The saying, "Cantores amanti humores," was unchallenged by Roman moralist, monk, troubadour, or mastersinger. The good burghers who attended the feast given by Grangousier cried out: "Let us sing, let us drink and tune up our roundelays!" The Frontin of Molière ordered 100 bottles of Surène, for there were eight musicians and nine singers in the party. In Regnard's "Sérénade," opera singers are described as "wretched acquaintances; they take you into the tavern and you always pay the bill."

Listen to the wisdom of the ancients.

"It is the key of the cellar that tunes the voice."

"A raging thirst does not make a man sing alto."

"The cock crows best when his throat is wet."

"He drinks like a flute player." The variations are endless: "Bellringer," "trombone player," &c. But there was a tradition that flute players were specially endowed by nature with thirst; just as it was long believed that oboe players always went mad.

"To drink like a musician."

"A young man with a good voice was asked to join a parish choir. 'No, no,' he answered, 'I am already too much disposed to drink.'"

"When the bagpipe is full it sounds the best."

"After drinking, you wish to sing; after singing, you wish to drink. He that does not love song and the bottle is a hideous monster without tongue and ears."

"Gute pfeiffer, brave säufer."

"To 'intone' or 'sing a mass' was a euphemism for 'soaking.'"

"*Vivere musicæ*" was the same thing as to live clothed in fine linen, and faring "sumbustiously" every day. But the times have changed, since Plautus wrote: and he borrowed his expression from the Greeks.

Glarean, theologist, musician and poet laureate, the author of the "Dodekachordon" and the friend of Erasmus, admitted that he lived like a court musician. "I eat and drink well and I owe everybody."

Hearken unto the advice of Annibal Gantez to a young musician of the seventeenth century who purposed a concert tour. It is advice worthy of Polonius: "Drink some-

times with your comrades; for as you catch fish with a hook, so you can gain a musician's friendship with a full glass. *** Beware, however, of acquiring the reputation that many singers enjoy, subjects to wine: although one may say that all musicians are drunkards, remember that all drunkards are not therefore musicians."

And so, whether it be Parisot himself, "Menestrel le Roy" in the fourteenth century, or the Rev. Arthur Bedford in the eighteenth, or Stephen Gosson in the sixteenth, the opinion expressed is the same: pipers and other musicians, players and singers, are too often "peevish cattle, that live by merry begging, maintained by alms, and privily encroach upon every man's purse."

In view of these attacks on a long-suffering class, of which he was an honored member, what wonder that learned Georges Kastner in his "Parémiologie Musicale" defends his colleagues in terms of eloquent indignation.

And yet the memory of certain scapegraces of the past is dear to even the temperate student of musical history. Of course the conduct of Joséphine Mainvielle-Foder was worthy of all commendation, for she drank freely of milk, and when during the siege of Hamburg there was no cow in town, a sortie was improvised and a cow was captured. To keep the animal from hungry mouths it was hoisted by stage machinery into a loft, where it was cared for tenderly. At the same time what a glorious career was that of Desmatins, who in her time sang many parts, from Venus to Iphigenia, and died when the eighteenth century was a child. In her younger days she was a scullion, but when she shone as an operatic star of the first magnitude she was served at table by domestics on their knees. Eating and drinking fattened her. She then took vinegar and lost her voice. Her flesh gained steadily, and she sought the aid of an heroic cathartic. A surgeon cut her open and removed nine pounds of fat. To describe the singular rule to which this superfluous flesh was put might shock the sensitive. It is sufficient to say that Desmatins strangled the fancy of Atreus at the famous banquet.

Then there was the imperial beauty with the siren-like face La Pelissier whose excesses were so outrageous that even Castil-Blaze hid his face at the very thought. She never ate peas when they were below 60 frs. a plate.

me of James Howell's description of the French familiar letters of the seventeenth century. They have a kind of simpering and lank, hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words and affected compliments only; I cannot positions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the Reader to carry away with him, that he may enlarge the Notions of his Soul." Miss Geselschap played accurately, but feebly and without color. As for Messrs. Wolff and Hollmann, there is nothing new to be said. I should like to hear them under more favorable conditions.

The program of the tenth symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Benvenuto Cellini".....Berlioz
Violin concerto, No. 4, D minor.....Vieuxtemps
Symphony, No. 2, B flat.....Volkman

Mr. Schnitzler, who was the violinist, is a new member of the orchestra. He played with fluency and musical intelligence. He seems, however, to lack temperament, and in his bravura there were occasional departures from the true pitch. The orchestra gave a brilliant performance of the Berlioz overture. The Volkman symphony pleased the audience, and with reason. It has been called "small beer;" but small beer is very soothing and grateful, after deep potations of rebellious liquors or after spiced and Eastern food. So, at least, have heroes of Shakespeare and Thackeray willingly admitted.

PHILIP HALE.

Or go back and read the biographical notes of appealing frankness concerning the singers in Brussels during the season 1705-1706, published in "Le Théâtre de la Monnaie," that monumental work by Jacques Isnardon. Is it possible that such people were able to sing when they appeared on the stage.

The Cinti-Damorcau mixed her drinks. They were coffee fortified with rum, malaga-pale ale in the last act. She was abstemious, however. So was Dorus-Gras, who lived chiefly on mutton and beans. The Stoltz ate hugely of macaroni. Messrs. Neukomm and d'Estrée claim in a recent number of the "Ménestrel" that Patti, as a young girl, was passionately addicted to champagne, and that on one occasion she boxed Ole Bull's ears because he would not act as "Ganymede." But let us not come too near our own time.

These are only a few noteworthy names in the black list. Although time and space protest, let us not pass over the deeds of Don Emanuel Barbella, violinist and composer, whom J. G. Naumann met in Naples. Here is the chronicle of Meissner, whose account is a singular contrast to the dry bones offered by Fétis: "Not before his sixtieth year did this man have a dwelling of his own. He lived, worked and slept in the rooms of his acquaintances or in public squares. Adventures that he did not attempt to

conceal had stiffened his neck beyond remedy. And yet he professed the greatest reverence for the Virgin, who, as he claimed, had rescued him by descending from heaven when he was in danger of assassination. In gratitude he took a solemn oath never to wear any colors but blue and black. An expert fencer, he fought every night in the streets. When the fit of composition came upon him he hurried to his nearest acquaintance, even though it were a tavern girl. Then would he borrow pen, ink and paper—for he owned nothing—and he dashed off his sonatas." Other details concerning the life of Don Emanuel must be omitted here, for this is a squeamish age. It would appear that Barbella was a man of "temperament;" and yet Dr. Burney found that his fiddling compelled sleep.

These shocking examples are presented as New Year's reminders, incentives to sobriety and decency. There has been but little music here during the past week. The program of the Kneisel Quartet concert Monday evening the 26th included Beethoven's C sharp minor quartet, op. 131, and Brahms's piano quartet, op. 26. The ensemble, particularly in the Beethoven number, was almost faultless, and Mr. Nikisch proved himself to be an excellent pianist in chamber music. In the Brahms's quartet, the piano was at times too much in evidence. But in view of the virility and the musical intelligence of the performance it seems ungracious to refer to a slight bar to enjoyment that might not have been noticed if the piano cover had been closed and not raised to its full height.

The third of the Wolff-Hollman recitals was given December 30 at the Hollis Street Theatre. The program was again made up chiefly of salon pieces. Mrs. Antonie Beaumont, a soprano, made her first appearance and without popular success. She sang a canzonetta by de Fesch and Schubert's "Gretchen." She was nervous and her singing suffered thereby. To speak in detail of her performance might be unjust. Thursday she gave no overwhelming excuse for her appearance. Miss Marie Geselschap played Liszt's "Sposalizio" and "Waldesrauschen;" she also was heard with Mr. Wolff in the op. 11 of Grieg. The "Sposalizio" might be omitted from the programs of today. Stavenhagen plays it, to be sure, and Best arranged

it, or disarranged it for the organ. But Liszt's pictures and statues and saints preaching birds remind

BASTA-TAVARY.

She Will Sing This Evening in Music Hall.

A Sketch of a Woman of Marked Versatility.

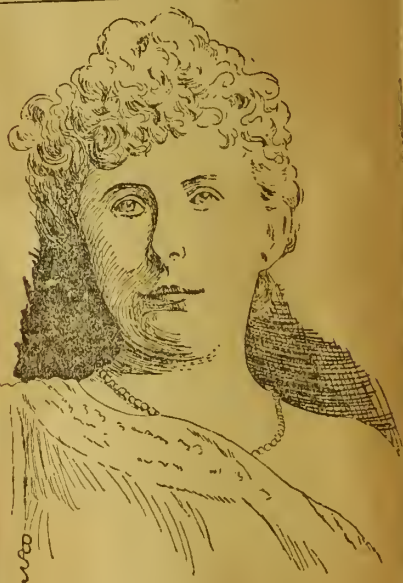
From Cologne to Munich—From London to New York.

The outside of the throat of a singer is more interesting to many than the tones that issue and create waves of air. Tamagno washing his socks aroused as much attention as Tamagno the slayer of Desdemona. I am told that there are people who awake at deal of night and wonder whether Paderewski wears a wig. It is the old story. Boswell is read and "The Rambler" is forgotten. The documents consulted most curiously are "human documents," and there was such cultivation of curiosity before the Goncourt Brothers invented the phrase.

The singer baffles curiosity while she excites it. The field of her triumphs is seen through the colored glass of her imagination. She knows not disaster. She is always the favorite pupil of her master. But in her answers to definite questions she defies chronology, and mocks time and space.

When a singer appears and applause rends the air questions follow the applause. "Where was she born? When was she born?" And often, alas, "Why was she born?" would be a more appropriate question. "Has she a mother?" This is a needless inquiry. A well-conducted singer always has a mother as well as jewels. The mother is devoted to her, lives for her, protects her, but in many cases she does not look like her. And so it was in Venice when Benedetto Marcello threw his vitriolic satire in the face of the voluptuous queens of the operatic stage.

Mrs. Basta-Tavary sings in Music Hall this evening. It is not her first appearance in the town, but it is her first appearance in a symphony concert. Questions that may be asked this evening can now be answered. Here is her picture.



BASTA-TAVARY.

The Basta was born in Cologne in 1859. "Are you sure?" Madam, I have it on the best of authority—the singer herself. Do you think that she would deceive the public and her manager in such a matter of trifling importance? Then, I would not contradict a woman. Besides, a singer's birthday is a movable feast.

I do not know her maiden name. She is of Russian parentage, and her mother was a singer before her. The Basta was one of the innumerable pupils of Liszt; and she might have thanked his picture and gypsy music in the choir of the globe. Fortunately she turned from the error of her ways and studied singing, first with Marchesi, then with Lamperti. She learned dramatic action with Bozzini, that great glory of the French operatic stage. Let us see. Rogge died in 1876; so she must have been with him before she said good-by to 17. She made her debut at La Scala in Milan as Lucia. She sang soon afterward in Berlin. In 1882 she appeared as Carmen in Cologne. And then she went to Munich.

I first saw "Frau Basta" in August, 1882, in the Royal Theatre at Dresden. She was not a member of the company, but she was "visitor" from the Munich Opera House. She sang Isabelle in "Robert the Devil," and she told Robert with great emphasis that she loved him. Now Robert was a short, fat man named Kloss. He had a sweet voice and was once a trombone player.

Two days after I heard her as the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute." The Queen of Night, you remember, is a woman with a high voice and a high temper, and she has an unpleasant habit of appearing when you least expect her.

August 23 of the same year Mrs. Basta lost her reason and kept her bravura as the unhappy Lucia.

In September—it was the 30th—1884, I assisted at a representation of Halevy's gloomy opera, "The Jewess." There on the stage was my old friend as Eudoxie, the part created by Dorus-Gras. The Princess or the Queen in French opera of the Meyerbeer period had always taken singing lessons so that she could sing for hours and sound days in directing vocal exercises.

Presto. The 4th of October she was Carmen. The German Carmen, as a rule, has studied Spain only in the geography of school. But I forget, I record simply; I should not pass judgment.

In November, '84, she was the jealous woman in "Norma," who is jealous and imperious in solo and duet. Voel was the tenor; and, by the way, was there ever such a contemptible stage hero for two respectable women to fight over as the Roman consul of Rome?

Basta was the Susanna in "Figaro's Wedding," a month later. And in January, 1885, I said good-bye to her for a season. It was the 4th, and as Oscar, the paco, in "Gustav III," she was plump and pleasing.

Now the poor, mad Bavarian King, the friend of Wagner, was found of Basta in his musical, pathetic fashion. He liked her as Eva. It is said he was so pleased with her that he gave her a brilliant and solid thimble; that he commanded a picture of her in the character of Eva to be painted for his own collection.

And then Basta wandered. She sang in the Russian language in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Augustus Garis heard of her, and she sang a three years' engagement for London. In Covent Garden she swore vengeance against Don Juan.

The Marie Hauk Opera Company sang "Carmen" at the Boston Theatre Nov. 30, 1891. Basta went timidly across the stage in skin of Don Jose. I rubbed my eyes. It was the Basta. But according to the programme it was Basta-Tavary. It was the same Basta, however. The face is one not to be mistaken. Hearing that engagement she sang Margaret in "Faust," Senta in "The Flying Dutchman," Donna Anna in "Don Juan" and Martta in Liszt's opera. Since that engagement she has sung in concerts at frequent intervals and music. Last fall she was engaged by the managers of the Worcester Festival of '92.

Mrs. Basta-Tavary will sing this evening "Non mi dir," from "Don Giovanni," and the air from "L'Amlehauser," Act II, scene 1.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 9-93

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Eleventh Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Concerning Bizet's Music to "L'Arlesienne."

Basta-Tavary Sings Arias of Two Centuries.

The eleventh symphony concert gave much pleasure to a large audience. The programme was interesting, although there was no novelty; it was well contrasted and it was of reasonable length. The performance of the orchestra was almost always acceptable and often brilliant. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, B flat (B and II No. 12)..... Haydn
"Non mi dir," from "Don Giovanni"..... Mozart
"L'Arlesienne," No. 1..... Bizet
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3..... Beethoven

The feature of the concert was the excellent performance of Bizet's charming suite made by him from his incidental music to Daudet's play. The second suite from this music of 24 numbers was all published after Bizet's death and was arranged for concert use by Ernest Guiraud.

The account of this suite that is published in the programme book is unsatisfactory. In the first place Bizet's name was Alexandro-Cesar Leopold, and not "Charles," etc. Bizet's godfather preferred the name "Georges," and the composer of "Carmen" is thus named by the world.

The operetta "Docteur Miracle" was written in competition for performance at the Bouffes-Parisiens under Offenbach as manager. Bizet took the first prize ex aequo with Lecocq, and the two operettas were played alternately.

In the Entr'acte of the programme book there is a quotation from Zola in which "L'Arlesienne" is spoken of as a "failure," and here is no mention of the final success of Daudet's piece. It is true that when the play was first brought out at the Vaudeville, Oct. 1, 1872, it was a failure, and there were only 14 or 15 performances. But it was given at the Odeon in 1873, and then played 63 times. In 1887 at the same theatre it had 42 performances.

The simple play of Daudet is not so well-known to concert-goers that a sketch of it in explanation would have been impertinent. A young farmer, Frederi, is madly in love with a girl of Arles. He is about to marry her when it is discovered that she is an infamous woman. The unfortunate young man tries to forget her. He makes love to Vivette, a charming girl whom he has known from infancy, but the revelation of the cursed Arlesienne paralyzes his love-making and keeps alive his sorrow.

One night, while the peasants were celebrating the festival of Saint Etienne and dancing the farandole, he throws himself out of the loft of the farmhouse and breaks his skull on the pavement of the court.

The original music to this play was written for the orchestra of the Vaudeville, which was thus curiously made up. Seven first violins, two second violins, two violas, five cellos, two double basses, one flute, one oboe, one cornet, two horns, two bassoons, kettle drums, harmonium and pianoforte. The harmonium was behind the scene and it was played by Bizet and at times by Guiraud. The orchestra was directed by Constantin.

The suite now known in the concert halls of the world was rewritten by Bizet for concert use. He changed the instrumentation and arranged it for a full orchestra. The suite was first played in its new form at a Concert Pasdeloup, Nov. 10, 1872. It was admitted to the honor of Conservatory performance in 1875. When the drama was revived the second instrumentation of Bizet was used by Coimane, who directed the orchestra at the Odeon performances.

The programme book says that the Prelude opens with "a stern, march-like theme." Now this "march-like theme" is a march tune, and one that is well known throughout France. It is an old Provencal Noct (or Christmas song), the "Marche del Rei," the march of the Kings, the words of which are attributed to King Rene. The melody is two centuries older than the text. It is often called the March of Lorraine.

The second part of the Prelude is composed of two distinct ideas that play a great part in the drama. The first is the "sweet and sympathetic theme, veiled by the sonority of the saxophone with a shadow of mysterious melancholy." And now comes an excellent illustration of the fact that music is an individual affair. A certain strain means one thing to one man, another thing to another man. The author of the programme book thought that Bizet drew "his inspiration from an idea akin to Mephistopheles's: 'Ought, spread thy shade over them; Love, close their souls against prying remorse; and ye, flowers of subtle odor, complete the perturbation of Margaret's heart!'" In other words the music suggested "guilty passion." The andante is "morbid, if you will, but it is of an unearthly beauty." Alas for human conjecture! This theme is the music of the innocent, Frederi's pure and sweet brother, whose reason slumbers until it is awakened by the tragic death of the passionate young man. To a third or fourth hearer, unacquainted with the story and the fitting music, the phrase might mean something else, might awaken thoughts of a landscape, regret, a picture, or what-you-will.

The second idea in the second part of the prelude is the passion of Frederi, a strong, terrible lament, which cries out in agony and with convulsive sobs.

The exquisite adagio accompanies the meeting of Balthazar, the old shepherd, and the grandmother of Vivette. They had loved each other in their youth, but she became the wife of another, and he then shunned her. They met for the first time in many years, although they had not been widely separated by distance, at the betrothal of Frederi and Vivette. Listen to this speech of Mere Renand: "And when I heard your dogs bark, and I recognized afar off your great cloak, it took all my might to keep me from running to you. Now our sorrow is over, and we can look at each other without blushing. Balthazar, would you be ashamed to kiss me, now that I am old and wrinkled? Press me close to your heart, my brave good man. I have owed you this kiss for 50 years."

Camille Bellalguie protests against the separation of the music from the drama: "As if one could detach the colors from the canvass; as if the supreme beauty of these melodies, these rithmies, these chords (for sometimes they are only chords) did not consist in rigid adherence, so to speak, to the situations, the words and the gestures."

The suite was read and played in a most sympathetic manner. There is only one serious criticism to make in regard to the reading and that concerns the treatment of the "Innocent music" in the prelude. The languid, melancholy, unearthly air was taken at such a quick pace that the phrase seemed hurried, nervous, restless; its character was destroyed and there was little effect of any kind. With this exception the performance of the suite was one long to be remembered. Particularly delightful was the interpretation of the Intermezzo, generally known as the "Menuet des Vieillards," or the "Menuet Valse," in which the phrase which forms the middle part is thought by a fanciful French writer to "express well the gentle and resigned tenderness of two aged lovers in the drama, who interchange souvenirs full of subdued emotion." What Bizet thought of it is another matter; he was no doubt chiefly busied in writing good music.

The Haydn symphony was well played in spite of occasional traces of ultra-modern proclivities of the conductor, and the "Leonore" overture was read in a highly dramatic fashion. All in all, it was a most agreeable concert, and one of reasonable length.

A sketch of the career of Mrs. Basta-Tavary appeared in the Journal of last Saturday, and there is now no need of calling attention to what she has done or left undone. She is fond of the "Lotter-aria," from "Don Giovanni," and she sings it on all occasions. In the sketch published Saturday I forgot to mention that in March, '92, Mrs. Tavary was Donna Anna in the poor performance of "Don Giovanni," by the Abbey, Schoffel & Gran Company at Mechanics' Hall. Saturday evening she showed herself to be a singer of experience. The recitative was lacking in breadth, and there was, on the whole, an absence of the "grand style." On the other hand, much of her detail in the large etto was admirable. As for the bravura passages that follow, I confess that I sympathize with Berlioz and detest them, unless the performance is a triumph of the vocal art. Mrs. Tavary's delivery was uneven, and that which was good and that which was bad were close together. Breathing and consequent phrasing would be worthy of the highest praise; and then a pinched tone or a meaningless explosion would offend. She did not rise to true Wagnerian dramatic intensity in the "L'Arlesienne" air; that is to say, she did not follow the traditions. Whenever I heard this air sung by a stout, red-faced mistress of the Wagnerian art in Berlin, Dresden or Munich, the song was one long, heaven-defying howl. Then great was the enjoyment of the audience. Mrs. Tavary is to be thanked for her moderation.

There will be no rehearsal and concert this week. The programme of the rehearsal and concert Jan. 20, 21, will be as follows: Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring," and Raff's Forest symphony. Mr. Henri Marteau, a young

French violinist, will be heard in a concerto for violin and orchestra.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 10-93

A CHAMBER CONCERT.

A chamber concert was given last evening in Stelbert Hall by Messrs. Perabo, Giese and Listmann. The programme included Raff's trio No. 3, op. 153; Dvorak's violin concerto, op. 53, and Rheinberger's sonata for piano and cello, op. 92. The novelty was Dvorak's concerto, which was produced in 1891 at the music festival in Berlin. It was then played by Carl Halir. The concerto was played in Chicago by Max Bondix in the same year. The slow movement of this concerto, with its broad, sustained song, seems on one hearing to be the most effective and the most musical portion of the work. The other movements seem dull in themes and in the treatment of the themes. Mr. Listmann showed his mastery of technical difficulties, and Mr. Perabo played a sympathetic accompaniment.

Raff was unfortunate in these respects; poverty obliged him to write many pot-boilers, and his fluency was often fatal to his reputation. Take the trio played last evening. There are notes in plenty, in superabundance. But is there one theme that haunts the memory; one effect that clings to the hearer after the last chord is struck? There is a constant promise of something to come, but there is musical procrastination, akin to the procrastination of the character in "The hunting of the Shark," who "frequently breakfasts at 5 o'clock tea, and dines on the following day." The trio was carefully and, indeed, tenderly played; but the movements are long, with the blessed exception of the second, and they are without genuine interest. Nor in spite of the excellent playing of Mr. Giese and Mr. Perabo did the Rheinberger Sonata awaken a lively interest.

When such admirable artists come together, it is a pity that the numbers of the programme are so ungrateful.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 11-93

MR. WILLI HEINRICH'S CONCERT.

The many Irish and admirers of Mr. William Heinrich were anxious to hear his translation of Wilhelm Mueller's "Die Schoene Muellerin," the poems that are immortalized by the music of Schubert. Mr. Heinrich kindly consented to sing this song-group, and the result was a delightful concert last evening in Stelbert Hall. The story of the unhappy love of the wanderer for the maid of the mill was told in a graceful manner by Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor and the piano-forte accompaniments were played by Dr. Louis Kelterborn. Mr. Heinrich's translation is conspicuous for its simplicity and knowledge of the singer's needs. It was a pleasure to hear these famous songs in English and interpreted by such an enthusiast in his profession as Mr. Heinrich. The audience was loud in its expressions of delight.

It is said that Stockhausen was the first to sing this song-cycle in its entirety. He first sang them in German cities about forty years ago. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Heinrich learned many of the secrets of his art from this same Stockhausen.

Jan 11-93

Music in Boston.

"The Knickerbockers," a comic opera, by Messrs. Smith and De Koven.

BOSTON, January 8, 1893.

"THE Knickerbockers," a comic opera in three acts, was produced by "The Bostonians" for the first time on any stage Thursday evening, the 5th, at the Tremont Theatre. The operetta is the work of Mr. Harry B. Smith, whose text was "suggested by Irving's 'Knickerbocker's History of New York,'" and Mr. Reginald De Koven, whose music was suggested by many famous men, predecessors and contemporaries. Although a snow storm raged the theatre was crowded.

The cast was as follows:

William the Testy.....H. C. Barnabee
Miles Bradford.....W. H. MacDonald
Hendrick.....E. Hoff
Antony Van Corlear.....E. Cowles
Schermerhorn.....G. Frothingham
Priscilla.....Jessie Davis
Katrina.....Camille d'Arville

The name of Peter Stuyvesant appears in the printed copy of "The Knickerbockers" as the hero. Thursday night there was no Peter, but "William Kieft" appeared upon the scene. "William the Testy." Various reasons are given for this change. Some claim that "Peter's" game leg seemed to Mr. Barnabee, who now spreads his name as Henry Clay Barnaby, an obstacle to success, a hostage to fortune. This can hardly be, for Mr. Barnabee first succeeded in convincing people that he was a humorist by singing and performing "The Cork Leg," until they admitted his proposition. And what possibilities there are in a wooden leg? Others say that the sight of Peter on the stage of a theatre would have distressed many worthy people of your town.

"Peter," or "Wilhelm," it is all the same to us here; the Governor of New Amsterdam is merely an apparition of comic opera, first cousin of "Lorenzo XVII," of Piombino, and brother to "General Bombardos." About this character history, science and common sense may dance fantastically. It is not necessary to ask concerning accuracy of detail or to demand a show of authorities for introducing scenes and characters. The question is this: Is the text amusing? This is a fair question, for the authors call the operetta "a comic opera." Is there a sense of the ludicrous? Is there logical absurdity of Gilbertian flavor? Is there side splitting burlesque? Is there biting irony?

Mr. Smith had an admirable opportunity. The Kieft of history would lend himself easily to the purposes of comic opera. Before The Herring took him as passenger his

portrait had been affixed to a Dutch sea-fight. His avarice, cunning, pig-headedness and vile temper brought him the endless complications in New Amsterdam. The morals of the time were lax. Kieft, as Governor, warred against drinking during divine service and after 1 A. M. was rum was used as money. There were Indians in those days, and they were butchered, women and children, by the white Christians. There were the Yankees. In this episode of American history—viz., the occupation by the Dutch—is rich material for comic opera.

Mr. Smith made a good start. He saw the possibilities of an intrigue: the opportunities for character drawing; contrasting costumes and entertaining scenery. He made good use during the first act of the "Governor's" temper. The pipe scene in the second act, where the proclamation against smoking is openly defied, is effective. But the book as a whole and in most of the detail is a failure.

Do not ask me to tell the story. I have read it, I have heard it, and I cannot pass an examination concerning it. Here are impressions: A Puritan maiden, "Priscilla," is in New Amsterdam. Why she is there, the Lord only knows. "Hendrick," the son of "Burgomaster Schermerhorn," purposes to marry her. "Bradford," a Puritan, drops from the clouds. He wears a moustache and a chin-beard, and resembles closely the prosperous pirate of the dime novel. There is talk of a Yankee spy. "Priscilla" is arrested.

In the second act "Priscilla" is seen in male attire. If comic opera cannot exist without these lightning changes of sex, care should be exercised in the choice of the victim. When such a delightful piece of humanity as Camille d'Arville is in a company, why should she not have been chosen for the sacrifice? "Bradford" is now in the service of "Kieft." The stale traditions of operetta are followed. Women make love to a woman, and there are the usual scenes of quartet jealousy. The Puritan army is announced. In the third act there is the camp of the Dutch. The Governor plays vigorously on a bottle. "Bradford" appears with Puritan drummer girls and tells in a fine burst of prophetic and vocal frenzy of the glories of the Star Spangled Banner. Then the unmarried couples are properly united.

There is prophetic satire. The "Governor," who is a male Malaprop, often remarks on the probable feelings and opinions of his future blue blooded descendants. Whenever there is an opportunity the person that happens to be left on the stage sings a song.

The first act is not without entertainment. There are lines that are worthy of a keener wit than Mr. Smith's. The second act drags. The third is hopelessly dull. The story is clean. There is no offensive buffoonery. There is no topical song. But there is a lack of construction; there is no sense of logic in serious or grotesque treatment. After the pieces were set on the board the player made a few conventional moves and then abandoned the game. And yet the pieces were of interesting character in themselves, and might have furnished rare amusement.

If the voice of the people is the voice of God, Mr. De Koven received Thursday night the visible and the audible tokens of Divine commendation. Number after number was repeated. It was a friendly audience before the rising of the curtain. The singers are favorites of the Boston public. "Robin Hood" had been played for ten nights with overwhelming success. Seats for the first performance of "The Knickerbockers" commanded a high premium. The appearance of each singer before the mouth was opened was applauded furiously. The demand for repetition was in certain instances anticipated by Mr. Studley, the musical director. The zeal of his house had eaten him up. Whether the singer was willing or not, there was no appeal from Mr. Studley's imperious stick. The first performance of "The Knickerbockers" was a great popular success.

Mr. De Koven's music is often tuneful, heel inciting and ear tickling; for it suggests frequently the tunes of other men. When it is not suggestive it seems to me commonplace and at times awkwardly strung together. No, do not say that Mr. De Koven deliberately borrowed

stole the music of "The Knickerbockers." I do not say that it is possible to point out one musical sentence by him that is note for note the sentence of another composer. In nearly every tune that has won popularity or made an effect there is a salient feature that calls attention. Take "Maggie Murphy's Home." It is the upward leap of the octave in the fifth and sixth measures of the chorus that gives character. This leap tempts every man with a voice.

In "The Knickerbockers" there are plenty of these pegs which serve Mr. De Koven. One peg was made by Audran; another by Sullivan; others by Suppé, English ballad writers, ancient and modern, and Planquette. It is probable that Mr. De Koven was unconscious of foreign prompting when he wrote. He no doubt believes that his tune leap with appropriate harmonic and clad in becoming orchestral dress from his brain, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jupiter.

The numbers are chiefly of the ballad order; the concerted numbers are as a rule curiously tacked together, and they are not unlike the grand finale that closes the olio of a negro minstrel performance—the finale that includes both comic and sentimental business. The spinning song in the second act, the "allegro à la valse" in the finale of the first act, as well as the song of the cuckoo clock in the third act, are perhaps the most effective numbers.

The performance was excellent throughout from the vocal standpoint. There was not a hitch in the music or in the business. The operetta was handsomely mounted. There were calls after the second act for the composer, the author and the stage manager. The calls were answered, and Mr. De Koven made a short speech in good taste. He was thankful, and therefore he thanked everybody in heaven above and in the earth beneath. The stage manager was the one that appeared to best advantage. Poor Mr. Smith behaved properly, for he seemed shy and ashamed of his work. I have no doubt but that many maidens and matrons were disappointed at the sight of the celebrated American composer, and unconsciously echoed the famous lines of Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, on a famous occasion:

"Great Scott!" cried she,
"Can this be he
Who slew the great Goliath?"

You may notice that I have said nothing about the merits of the comedians. There was little for them to do, and action has never been the distinguishing characteristic of these excellent singers. Camille d'Arville was graceful and a pleasure to the eye. Mrs. Davis indulged herself as usual in shrugs and grimaces without meaning. Mr. Frothingham spoke Dutch with the fine, fruity German accent of a variety theatre favorite. Mr. Barnabee's make-up was admirable. When he began to talk he was Mr. Barnabee, who is regarded by hundreds of New Englanders as the greatest living comedian. And Mr. Barnabee is too polite to contradict them.

Monday evening, the 2d, a very delightful concert was given by Mr. Carl Baermann, assisted by Mr. Loeffle violin, and Mr. Schulz, 'cello. The program included Rheinberger's trio, op. 21, and Beethoven's trio, D minor, op. 70, No. 1. Mr. Baermann played as solo number Chopin's G minor ballade, G major nocturne, op. 37, No. 4, and the A minor étude, op. 25, No. 11. The ensemble was remarkably good. Mr. Baermann is more distinguished as a player of Beethoven than as an interpreter of Chopin, but in his solo numbers he showed self-restraint, and his performance was free from sentimentalism and exaggeration.

Mr. Arthur Whiting gave his last chamber concert Tuesday evening. He was assisted by Messrs. Kneisel, Svecenski and Schroeder. The E major sonata of Bach for violin and piano was nobly played by Messrs. Kneisel and Whiting. The novelty was Dvorák's piano quartet, op. 87. I have the greatest respect for your Bohemian friend, and I trust that his presence in New York will of itself incite American composers to write national music, though I confess that I do not see why such a result should attend a change of residence. At the same time I do not think this quartet is destined to live to a ripe old age.

There are some charming passages in it, but there is also the idea that a stalwart foreigner in a neurotic state grew impatient and threw folksongs and dances about and laughed wildly at the consternation of good people who thought he was perfectly tame. Miss Gertrude Edmands sang with beauty of tone and vocal skill five songs of Brahms. Three of them led me at once to sympathize with Mr. Finck, and I thought of subscribing the next morning to the "Evening Post." These songs were "Mein Herz ist Schwer," "Die Mainacht" and "Steig' auf geliebter Schatten."

Tuesday afternoon Miss Margaret H. Elliot gave a song recital. Miss Elliot, I am told, was for some time a choir singer in Philadelphia. She studied with Marchesi, and on her return from Paris she was heard at Bar Harbor. Boston people were then interested in her; hence the recital of last week, when she was assisted by Mrs. George H. Stoddard. The recital was almost in the nature of a private musical and tea party and it does not call for criticism.

The last remark holds true of a recital by Mr. Karleton Hackett, who is a bass singer and a pupil of Viannini, of Florence. Mr. Hackett, who is now twenty-five years old, returns soon to Italy to prepare himself for the stage.

The last of the Wolff-Hollman recitals was given Thursday afternoon. Miss Alice Mandelick, of New York, again pleased the audience, and Miss Geselschap, pianist, was recalled after her performance of Godard's "En Courant." Mr. Hollman played his "Carmen" fantasia.

A large audience in Music Hall gave Mr. Paderewski a hearty welcome Wednesday afternoon. The program was the same in the main that was reviewed in THE MUSICAL COURIER last week. The pianist was heard here to great advantage in a Paganini-Schumann étude, a mazurka

MUSIC.

Paderewski Gives His Second Recital, and Music Hall Is Full.

This is the programme of the second pianoforte recital, given in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, by Mr. Ignace Paderewski:

Prelude and Fugue, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Sonata, 1. flat major, op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven
Nocturne, B flat.....Field
Capriccio.....Brahms
Momento Capriccioso, op. 12.....Weber
Soiree de Vienne.....Schubert-Liszt
Sonata, B minor.....Chopin
Nocturne.....Paderewski
Spinning song.....Wagner-Liszt
Polonaise, E major.....Liszt

Given this programme, Paderewski at the pianoforte and a great audience, and what was the result? Complete fascination and applause that was often tumultuous. The hypnotic power of the pianist was so strong that the hearer did not wriggle or twist in his seat even when the music was so did not appeal to him. The hearer listened patiently to two sonatas in one recital, and one long pianoforte sonata is enough to vex the soul of a hardened concert-goer. The most hearty and spontaneous applause followed the performance of the "Soiree de Vienne," the Paderewski nocturne, the "Spinning Song," the polonaise. After the superb performance of the superb polonaise of Liszt there was again a universal shout. And Paderewski, courteous as ever, played again.

Is there anything new to be said of the delightful characteristics of Mr. Paderewski's performance? Nothing. The well of eulogy is dry. The most sincere admirer of the pianist can only show him the well and say, "I have already given you the contents."

But the effect of the individual Paderewski on his audience is still a subject for discussion. It is easy for the carper to indulge himself in little peevishnesses and to exclaim, "It is the fashion to hear him," or, "His hair is a glittering magnet," but a fashion generally dies with the season that gave it birth, and we are all accustomed to Paderewski's hair by this time. If, indeed, nervous prostration had turned his hair blue, a deep navy blue, or even a sweet robbin's egg color, and if this fact had been advertised judiciously before his coming, crowds might now storm the doors of Music Hall. The individuality of Paderewski is not to be destroyed by the dictate of patrons and patronesses, nor is it dependent on a barber's shears.

And yet it might be of interest to apply in this instance the proposed experiment of Heinrich Puder; although "experiment" is not the word of Puder, who believes that we should all be much better citizens and keener music-lovers if we sat in concert halls with our backs to the performer and in Egyptian darkness. Would not the magic tone of Paderewski still be potent, would not the lightning of his bravura dazzle the eyes that saw him not?

Lightning suggests thunder, and this reminds me that Paderewski pounded at times yesterday. He is not often guilty of this offence of the age, and why dwell on the subject? He played the prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn with sentiment that was free from sentimentality and yet hinted at the beginning at the power of the close. The sonata by Beethoven was also played delightfully, and it was a pleasure to hear in a concert hall a pretty nocturne by John Field. Mr. Paderewski is doing his duty by Weber this season. We are too apt to forget that the composer of "Der Freischütz" was once an admired virtuoso, as was Meyerbeer, and, by the way, Weber's "Momento Capriccioso" was dedicated to his friend "Meyer-Beer," composer and "Professore di Cambalo." But the brilliancy of such virtuoso-pieces seems tarnished in these days, in spite of the polish of the pianist. Mr. Paderewski's performance of the remaining numbers of the programme is well known. It is enough to say that he was at his best.

The next recital will be given Saturday afternoon, Jan. 21.

PHILIP HALE.

Second Concert of Mr. Damrosch's Orchestra.

The Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Walter Damrosch, gave the second of a series of concerts yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre. The programme was as follows:

Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
Concerto for violin, with orchestra.....Tchaikowski
Mr. Brodsky.
Overture, "Lusitana".....Dvorak
Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Theme and Variations, from Suite No. 111.....Tchaikowski

There was no decided novelty introduced in this concert, although the two last movements of the violin concerto are not over-familiar to our concert-goers. The programme was interesting and well contrasted, and yet either Dvorak or the Wagner number might have been omitted. Music that lasts two hours is a strain on the hearer, unless his attention is diverted, as in opera, by costume, scenery and action.

The symphony was finely played. The detail was elaborated with care and skill and yet the effect of the whole was as carefully considered. The themes were exposed frankly, without a fection or sentimentalism. There was an acknowledgment of the claims of the different voices, but there was no discovery of a hidden subject to excite the surprise or the admiration of the hearer. The reading of the conductor and the performance of the orchestra were a mirable, worthy of the highest praise.

and the barcarolle by Chopin (which latter piece he played superbly) and a thunder and lightning Hungarian rhapsody by Liszt. The audience, which was comparatively cold after the Bach-Liszt fugue and the Weber sonata, warmed up after the Schumann "Nightpiece," and at the end of the concert there was again the enthusiasm of last season.

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The eleventh Symphony Concert gave much pleasure to the audience. The symphony was Haydn's B flat (No. 12 B. and H.), and with the exception of undue haste in the allegro vivace, it was finely played. The delightful suite "L'Arlésienne" was played with keen appreciation of its worth, although the charming and melancholy saxophone solo in the prelude was hurried and thereby almost ruined. A dramatic reading of the "Leonore" overture, No. 3, closed the concert.

Mrs. Basta-Tavary sang the "Letter" aria from "Don Giovanni" and "Dich, Theure Halle," from "Tannhäuser." Her performance was a singular mixture of good and evil. In the larghetto, for instance, of the "Letter" aria she showed excellent taste and a degree of vocal skill that is uncommon in these concerts. There were ragged passages in the allegretto that followed, and in the "Tannhäuser" aria there was a lack of dramatic intensity.

* * *

The many friends of Mr. Carl Zerrahn mourn with him the death of his most estimable and accomplished wife.

PHILIP HALE.

In the other selections the characteristics of the compositions were appreciated. "Siegfried's Idyll" was played as an idyll, and not as a profound musical composition abounding in intellectuality and mysticism. The variations were given with brilliancy. In this last number there was a comparative lack of true sonority. The position of the orchestra, which was practically in another room, had undoubtedly much to do with this effect, or rather want of effect. Throughout the concert the solo passages were well delivered, and the ensemble was in the main excellent.

The violin concerto of Tchaikowsky is a favorite of Miss Powell and Mr. Bernhard Listmann. Mr. Brodsky must be fond of it, for when he played in Vienna in 1881 he chose it for his letter of introduction. On that occasion the great Eduard Hanslick wrote a savage article against the work itself. "For a while the concerto is in proportion, musical, and not without genius, but then barbarity becomes master and leads it to the end of the first movement. The violin is no longer played; it is yanked about, it is torn asunder, it is beaten black and blue. I do not know whether it is possible to conquer these hair-raising difficulties, but I know that Mr. Brodsky martyred his hearers as well as himself. The canonetta, with its tender national melancholy, almost reconciles, almost wins us. But it breaks off abruptly to make way for a finale that puts us in the midst of the brutal and watched in lity of a Russian church consecration festival. We see wild and vulgar faces, we hear curses, we smell bad trandy." Then the earned and acute Dr. Hanslick draws a comparison that if it were translated literally in this column it would offend more readers out of ten, for we have discarded certain forcible words from the public vocabulary.

Now, I do not believe in "honey-daubing" criticism; at the same time I think that the violence of the doctor was as much inspired by the desire to write a readable article as by any just indignation. The concerto is certainly characteristic; Hanslick admits the fact, it seems absurd to complain that it is neither this nor that, but it, alas, is Russian. It is surely a work that often entertains, sometimes appeals directly by its beauty, and often excites. It is undoubtedly too long, and it does not contain the elements of long life, for it is without nobility or tragic force, its beauty is feverish and melancholy without serenity. It is emphatically a work of our own time and of Russian character. Mr. Brodsky was born in Russia, and he played the concerto with full and complete sympathy. He passed from the sorrow to the frenzy of a strange people. He scratched, he caped, he mourned, he yelled with exultation. Should the concerto be played as though it were a work of Spohr? Mr. Brodsky was applauded enthusiastically by the large audience. It was a great day for Russia. But the next time, O, admirable and manly artist! you stand before us, bow in hand, let us hear a tune of Italy or France or Germany.

The next concert will be Friday afternoon, Feb. 10, and Mr. Plunket Greene, an English bass of European fame, will then make his first appearance in this city.

PHILIP HALE.

NORDICA.

She Tells the Story of Her Artistic Life.

The Illustrious Career of a Quondam Choir Singer.

The Roamings and Adventures of Lillian B. Norton.

It is possible that the theory of Emile Henn is true, and that neither birthplace nor of a location gives individuality to artistic work, but it certainly seems as though the

Maine girl is fortunate in her birth State. Her sister of a sister State may be as highly endowed, she may work as zealously and be as deserving of success; and yet the girl from Maine seems born with one great characteristic that is not defined easily by singing world or courteous phrase: the proper expression must be borrowed from the great dictionary of slang, and slang is language in the making. The characteristic, then, of the Maine girl is the faculty of "getting there."

The Journal reporter was therefore not surprised when Madame Nordica told him Saturday afternoon in her parlor at the Brunswick that she was born in Maine. The town is Farmington, well known, the home of "Little Blue" School. "Yes, I was born in Farmington, and when I was a little baby I was brought to Boston, which was my home until I went to Europe in 1878."

Here is a picture of Madame Nordica.



LILLIAN NORDICA.

But it does her injustice. Neither cold photograph nor colder cut can reproduce beauty that challenges the colors of the cunning painter. And even he would despair of preserving the changing fascinations of a mobile face. The one photograph liked by the original libels her sumptuous figure with its flowing lines that dainty stuffs caress. Snappleness is turned by photographic art into carboar rigidity.

Madame Nordica wore an exquisite tea gown. It was evidently of Parisian invention, and a fantasy of Worth; a cream brocade of violet pattern. The throat of the singer was encircled tenderly by a collar of point lace, which once adorned a golden-haired Venetian of tragic memory. And now let the singer speak, nearly in her own words. The music of the voice that lent a charm to the recital of prosaic detail must be imagined by the reader.

"When I was old enough to take singing lessons I studied with Mr. John O'Neill. It is true that I went into the New England Conservatory, but my lessons with Mr. O'Neill were mostly private lessons. He laid the foundation; he 'placed' my voice; he taught me in oratorio, and I owe him much. It was in '75 or '76 that I had my first church position; it was in Grace Church, Temple street. Mr. Benson was the organist. There was a chorus choir of 100, and we used to sing extracts from masses, the 'Inflammatus' from Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' etc. In 1877 I was the soprano at Dr. Putnam's church in Roxbury, now Mr. De Normandie's. The organist was Charley Ford—he was an excellent musician, and such a delightful man—and Mrs. Flora Barry was the alto, Mr. Stickney the tenor—he is dead, I hear—and Mr. Babcock the bass. The people were all very kind to me. I did not read fluently then, and I remember they would send me the hymn tunes early in the week. I should not have so much trouble now."

"My first appearance in public in concert was in Bumstead Hall in 1876. It was a pupils' concert. I sang the entrance aria of Leonora in 'Il Trovatore.' Do you know that the Boston Journal then gave me the first notice of my performance? I sang in the Christmas Eve (1876) performance of 'The Messiah.' I divided the soprano solos with Mrs. J.W. Weston. I sang 'There Were Shepherds' and 'Rejoice Greatly.' The other singers were Nathaniel Phillips, William Wynch and Myron Whitney."

"In 1878 I went with Gilmore's Band to Europe. I sang, for instance, at Paris in the Trocadero, which was hardly finished. I think I was the first to sing there. My selection was 'Vanno, Vanno,' from 'Roberto, il Diavolo.' I did not go with the band to Germany, for they played in the open, and, of course, I did not wish to thus expose myself. Ran ogger came over to Paris from London and wanted to teach me oratorio. But I was crazy to sing in opera. I thought of nothing else. I dreamed of nothing else. I studied in Milan with San Giovanni, and it was he that fitted me for opera."

"You know how hard it is in Italy to get a hearing. I was lucky. Scovell, who is known as the Chevalier Scovello, took a little theatre in Brescia, managed it and sang tenor. There was no salary to speak of, but we all had a chance to sing. I made my debut in 'Traviata,' an opera that suits me well. Scovell was the tenor. If the critical in the audience had laughed or acted in the usual Italian manner when they do not care for a singer, Scovell would have closed the theatre, and there would then have been no opera. So they were polite, and contented themselves with reading newspapers, which they drew from their pockets when he began to sing."

"I then sang in 'Faust' at the fine opera house in Gotha, and in Novara I played Alice in 'Roberto.'"

"I think it was in '80 that I went to St. Petersburg and sang in Italian. The company was excellent. Masini, Cotogni and Scacchi were the chief singers. We all sang in concert at the Winter Palace the Sunday before the Czar was assassinated. He was always punctilious in his courtesy toward musicians, and he made it a point to find out the nationality of a singer or player. Of course the tragedy put an end to festivities, and I sang in Dante and in Koenigsberg. I also sang at Kroll's in Berlin. Mierzwinski was the tenor."

"It was the 21st of July that I made my debut at the Paris Grand Opera in 'Faust.' The 25th of December I first sang in 'Hamlet.' I have played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Lassalle and Maurel. The men are perhaps equally fine singers, but to me Maurel has the greater individuality, and his Hamlet is the finer creation. It

was about this time that I married, and I did not sing again in opera until 1887 in London."

"In '87 I was at Covent Garden, engaged by Col. Mapleson. I sang in 'Traviata,' 'Ricoletto,' and 'Faust.' Soon afterward I engaged with Augustus Harris, and I appeared in 'Leaves of Grass,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'L'Africaine.' I have sung steadily ever since. I began to study the music of Wagner, and I may as well tell you that I am very fond of it. I sang in 'Lohengrin.' Hans Richter has helped me, and it was at one of his concerts that I took the part of Brunhilde in the finale of 'Die Götterdaemmerung.' Here is the flattering opinion of my performance written by Richter himself in the programme book. I am proud of it." And yet the singer spoke with the modesty of the true artist, even when she showed the Journal reporter the glowing tribute paid her by Fuller-Maitland of the London Times.

The widow of Wagner invited Madame Nordica to take the part of Elizabeth in 'Tannhaeuser' at the last Bayreuth festival, but the singer was tired out and needed rest. When she was in Paris last summer Madame Nordica saw much of Gounod, and studied with him the great aria from the 'Reine de Saba,' which she sings to-night. "Gounod is growing feeble," said Madame Nordica, "but his enthusiasm for Mozart is not quenched, and we spent hours in singing the music of that master."

"I go, under the management of Mr. Ellis, as far west as San Francisco. I shall go back to London in time for the operatic season. I have been asked to sing in Mascagni's 'Rantzau' in London, and I am to create the soprano part in a new cantata by Dr. Mackenzie; this cantata will be afterwards given at Chicago. I believe I am engaged for the next Worcester festival, and I understand that Gade's 'Psyche' will be then sung. In October I expect to sing in Chicago in opera, as a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company."

"I call London my home, and my name in private as well as on the stage is Madame Nordica, the name given me by San Giovanni. I live at 11 Clarence terrace, Regent's Park, and I am very happy with my black poodle, Turk, and my terrier Taffy. Yes, I have canary birds, and I have the dearest English thrush that sings until midnight."

The neighbors of Madame Nordica are known to the world. There is George R. Sims, the dramatist, and the poet who first unconsciously brought fame to Mrs. James Brown Potter. There is Henri Rochefort, the journalist and

duellist of the abnormal head, the bitter foe of Napoleon the Little. Rochefort, according to Madame Nordica, urges himself in the singular habit of appearing every afternoon at 3 o'clock at the window of his drawing room in the scanty costume that is consecrated to the comfort of sleep. Near by dwells Archibald Forbes, the journalist.

"What do I eat and drink while I am in operatic training? You may not believe me, but I am a light eater. When I am to sing I usually eat a plain dinner, with beefsteak or roast beef, at 5 o'clock. I eat so little, however, that I take beef tea during the performance. When the curtain falls I am too tired to eat, and I usually drink a glass of iced milk. Yes, I know I go against the advice of all singing teachers, but I find that iced milk agrees with me."

Mirabile dictu! Here is a woman that has only kind and appreciative words for her associates. Madame Nordica is a warm personal friend of Emma Calve, who in '81 was happy in Brussels when she received only \$140 a month, and now she commands her price. Emma Calve is another of her intimate friends. Madame Nordica spoke in high terms of Oudin's merits. It seems that the real name of Geraldine Ulmer's husband is not Ivan Caryall, but Ilkins. Of no one, however, did Madame Nordica speak in warmer terms than of Scacchi, the famous contralto, who is now associated with her and who sings to-night at Music Hall. Who does not know Scacchi?



SOFIA SCACCHI.

And yet these facts, concerning an artist that is a mixed throughout Europe and North and South America, may be of interest. Her husband is the Count Luigi Lelli, a member of an old and aristocratic family of Ferrara. Their home is a beautiful villa in Turin. They have one child, a boy of about 15 years. Sofia Scialchi made her debut at Bologna. Her most famous parts are Arsace in "Sémiramide" and Orfeo in Guck's opera of that name. She was trained for the latter part by Signor Augusto Rotoli, now of this city, and she was the gold-mother of Signor Rotoli's first son, Romano, whose untimely death is still mourned by many. It is to be deplored that Madame Scialchi is not

to be heard this season in either of the operatic parts that made her famous.

MUSICAL MEN AND WOMEN.

A Miss Osborne has sung with marked success in Leipzig at a concert given by her teacher. She has, it is said, an even, flexible and sympathetic alto voice, which is exceedingly well trained. It is further stated that she is beautiful, and beauty in all vocal exhibitions is half the battle. She sang in costume in scenes from "Orpheus" and "Femors," and showed dramatic talent.

Onurczok, the Bohemian fiddler, is playing in Italy, and Reisenauer, the pianist, lately delighted Copenhagen. Pauline L'Allemans sang with so much success in Altonburg that old Duke Ernst gave her a golden medal. Calvé acted the part of "Carmen" to the satisfaction of the Parisians, but she was condemned un- sparingly for the liberties she took with the music. Altema will henceforth only appear at the Vienna theatre at rare intervals, and then as a "visitor." Ramuntz von Zur Muehlen sang an air from "Lacine" at a Philharmonic concert in Berlin, and the audience was pleased mightily, nor did it make a wry face because he went outside of Germany in his selection. Lili Lehmann-Kallisen is strong enough to sing in concerts in Germany this season. Mrs. Joachim has postponed her visit to the United States. Johann Kruse has filled the gap in the Joachim Quartette made by the death of that fine musician, de Anna. Meiba is singing in Brussels and old Aradji is leading the orchestra for her at the Alhambra. Schumann's "Ma- jor" will be given at the Brussels Conserva- tory, and no loss a player actor Saint-Saens is in Algeria at work on the unfinished opera of Guiraud. Clotilde Kieberg is giving concerts in Switzerland and Germany. Kacoul Koczalski, the 7-year-old wonder child, is now pianist to the Shah of Persia and Chev- alier of many orders. He played the other day in Leipzig his favorite and waltz op. 4, and 16. The monotrel suggests that the works of his youth were no doubt destroyed by his nurse when he was naughty. It will be remembered that Verza, the author of the story that was dramatized for Mas-

cagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," sued Mascagni and the publisher Sonzogno. The suit is settled. Sonzogno agrees to pay immediately to Verza \$40,000, and \$1200 each year until the sum of another \$40,000 is completed. Judie is singing to enthusiastic crowd in Aus- tria in the streets of the cafe-chantant order. A French reviewer of the history of the opera- bouque thus describes Emma Nevada: "Her features were irregular and her pronunciation of French was imperfect. She had a thoughtful face. The purity of her upper tones balanced the weakness of the middle register. She was not engaged to sing in the 'Pearl of Brazil,' but David's opera was put in rehearsal because Miss Nevada had been engaged." Vladimir Pachmann, who is in London, has

been sued for divorce by his wife, who was heard two seasons ago in this city. She is now playing the piano in Canada under her maiden name, Maggie Oakley, and in April she will join the Albani Company in England. Mr. Kach- mann is represented as "surprised and highly indignant," but it seems that he is too busy to defend the suit. Eugen d'Alort, his wife, Therese Carono and Moritz Rosenthal will ap- pear in special representations at the Paris Grand Opera in January and February; the tenor will then go to Monte Carlo (it is to be hoped for merely vocal purposes), and he will return to London in time for the Covent Garden season. Lasalle thinks of a concert tour in Germany.

They say that our old friend Hans von Bue- low has pains in his head, and he indulges him- self in unusual eccentricity. He will not eat in public, and he corresponds incessantly with a girl in Berlin who sells newspapers near the ad- Potsdamer bridge. It is a pleasure to the ad- mirers of Bue low to be assured that the young woman sent the learned doctor her photograph for a Christmas present, and "prizes his friend- ship very highly." The maiden seems to a ju- dicious observer, who is at present an onlooker in Berlin, "an intelligent but very ordinary, and neither pretty nor educated, sort of a girl." Her admiration for him is purely platonic. Santy conducted the first performance of his mass at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, the last week in December. Zsige de Lussan is the sole owner of a new opera, "Fauchetto," by Mos- cower. Cowen is in Genoa superintending the rehearsal of his new opera, "Signa." "Wa- mta," a story of New England life set to music, will be produced at Easthampton, Mass. Feb. 10. The libretto is by George L. Munn and the music by Ralph L. Baldwin. Author and composer have in Easthampton, Lillian Durall will sing in "Mugno" and "Faust" at the Boston Theatre during the week beginning March 13.

THE NORDICA CONCERT.

The concert given by the Nordica Operatic Company last evening in Music Hall was "one of the real old kind." There was an audience that crowded the hall; there was en- thusiasm; there were floral tributes that were awarded at the proper moment, and there was some good singing. The orchestra, made up of members of the Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Sapiro, played the "William Tell" overture. Mr. Del Puente then gave his celebrated version of the foreword's song, which was followed by Figaro's air from "The Barber of Seville." Mr. Lockstone played a pianoforte accompaniment to the latter number, and by his performance added his

name. Mr. Fischer, however, the Cardinal's air from "The Jewess" with fine effect; his trill, however, seemed strangled. He added a pretty and simple German song. And then an announcement was made, viz: that Mrs. Scialchi, who in New York this morning, and begged the indulgence of the audience. The name of the hotel where she stop was men- tioned, no necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Mrs. Nordica sang the aria of Arsace from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" exceedingly well, and she fully deserved the generous applause. In re- sponse to an imperious recall, she sang Delibes's "Girls of Cadiz" with vocal skill and with finesse. Mr. Sapiro's "Tou- can" storm at Vesperti, was played by the orchestra. The "Toucan" included a vesper hymn, percussion thunder and piccolo hunting; there was also a quotation from Wagner's "Waldweon." Mrs. Scialchi was greeted with hearty applause. Although she was evidently not in good condition, she pleased the audience mightily by her singing of the cavatina from "The Huguonot," and Gounod's song "Marche Rite." The sextet from "Lucia" was performed by a quintette, and at the start there was vocal discussion concerning the true pitch. The sextette was redeavored, and the second performance was better. Mr. Want of this city assisted in this number.

Then followed scenes from the third act of "Faust," in which Nordica, Scialchi, Miss Camp- bell, Campmann and Fischer took part. All of the singers were loudly applauded, but the feature of the second part of the entertainment was the superb singing of Nordica. She has im- proved of late in her delivery, and there was no trace last evening of harsh and metallic tones that even two years ago marred at times her performance. The mezzo-sopranos of Fischer has lately been studying Italian, and a tuncful pronunciation is as present neither in French nor Roman, the audience was spared the eury- thmy of a polyglot quartette.

These singers who should be on the operatic stage are obliged in this country to sing operatic selections without costume, scenery and action. Mezzo-sopranos wore eyeglasses and sat close to a harp. He and Martha sang amicably from the printed book. Faust wooed in evening dress, and Marguerite listened in a gorgeous robe. And yet it was a pleasure to hear once more the tones of France and Italy.

PHILIP HALE.

The First Pianoforte Recital of Ferruccio Busoni.

Mr. Busoni gave the first of four pianoforte recitals last evening in Union Hall. The pro- gramme was as follows:

Prelude and fugue, D major, for the Organ. (Concert arrangement for the Piano.) First time... Bach-Busoni
Sonata, C minor, op. 111.....Schumann
Toccata, op. 7.....Beethoven
Mazurka, Nocturne, Impromptu, Barcarolle.....Chopin
Lo spozialito, Gondoliera from "Venezia e Napoli."
Tarantelle from "La Morte de Portici".....Liszt

Mr. Busoni commands the respectful consid- eration of musicians and lovers of music. His performance is fluent. In his musical speech he does not hesitate for a word, and his sen- tence is polished and well balanced. While there is abundant evidence of thought in pre- paration there is no pedagogical display in pub- lic. Intellectuality is here the kindly dispo- sition of technical proficiency. But neither into technicality nor technical proficiency seems intimate with temperament.

The performance of this pianist is brilliant; but his brilliancy is that of the Northern Lights. His performance is crisp; but the crispness is that of January snow, when the stars in heaven are cold, and even the wind does not leave its hiding place.

Sparks fly from his fingers of steel; but, to borrow the expression of Mozart, he does not turn rebellious groups of notes into flowing oil.

He plays with authority, but the hearer, while he recognizes the many admirable character- istics of the performance, sits unmoved and is always able to praise without hysterical exag- geration.

Perhaps we have all been mastered by illus- trious examples of the other school. It is possi- ble that sanity now seems coldness and intel- lectuality is an authorized thing. Mr. Busoni's playing of the Beethoven Sonata, for instance, was a noble piece of work, but did not the no- bility approach austerity? On the other hand, did the eminent pianist catch the secret of Chopin? Where, in the performance of last evening, was the suspicion of color, or perfume, or strange obscurity, at times relieved by shaded waxen tapers?

Mr. Busoni's arrangement of the Bach fugue is ingenious, even if in certain respects it is an enormous liberty taken with a composer who cannot leap from his grave to formulate objec- tion. The organ fugue itself is full of bravura of Buxtehude pattern. Haupt did not care for it and advised his pupils not to play it. It is a favorite concert piece of Best and Guilman. However ingenious the arrangement for piano- forte may be, the piece serves chiefly to excite the wonder of admirers of digital display; nor was Mr. Busoni's interpretation of the slow movement just before the giving out of the sub- ject of the fugue in probable accord with the character of the organ passages.

The concert would have been of more reason- able length if the numbers by Liszt had been omitted. The musical stuff of the said pieces does not call loudly for admission to our concert hall. The Schumann toccata might have fol- lowed the Chopin numbers and made a fitting close, for Mr. Busoni played it with great effect. The next recital will be Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SEIDL CONCERT.

A concert of selections from operas of Wagner was given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. The Metropolitan Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Anton Seidl, was assisted by Miss Emma Juch, Miss Nina Rath- bone ("her first appearance in America") Miss Amanda Fabris, Miss Gertrude Stein and other

singers. The orchestral numbers were the pre- lude and "Elsa Entering the Cathedral" from "Lohengrin," the "Siegfried Idyl," and the Prelude to "Parsifal," as well as the "Glori- fication" from the same opera. Miss Fabris and Miss Stein sang the duet from "Lohengrin," and Miss Juch sang "Elsa's Dream." Miss Rathbone was heard in Isolde's "Lament and Death" and in the "grand scene of the Valky- ries." The quintette from "The Mastersingers" was repeated in response to furious applause. There was a large audience.

Monday evening, airs and concerted pieces, from French and Italian operas were applauded loudly. Yesterday it was the turn of Wagner. There are wandering operetta companies in this country; there are theatres where stock companies perform in operetta; there is an operatic season in New Orleans, a town that still boasts of its French civilization; but Wag- ner and Gounod and Bizet, Rossini, Verdi and Mascagni and the young Italians are now known in the North only by judicious concert selections from their operatic works. German and Italian and Frenchmen thus enjoy the equality of the grave; for surely a concert version of a glowing operatic scene is a dead thing in spite of the effort to revivify the corpse. The people, how- ever, hunger and thirst after opera. It is not surprising, then, that these two operatic con- certs provoked enthusiasm.

The chief features of the concert of yester- day were the display of the magnetic indi- viduality of Mr. Seidl by means of his instru- ment, the orchestra, and the thoroughly artis- tic performance of Miss Juch. There is so much crude vocalization, there is so much spasmodic declamation which in these days passes for sing- ing and is applauded, that it is unfortunately a rare pleasure to hear such an experienced and intelligent singer as Miss Juch, a singer who is not only thoroughly competent, but who has style, the style that envious years can never wholly take away.

Miss Kathbone came here indorsed by the widow of Wagner, but such indorsement is now questioned, for, under Cosima's management, the glory has departed from Bayreuth. Physi- cally, Miss Rathbone has all the qualifica- tions for the portrayal of Brunhilde, or any heroic female of mythology. From the vocal standpoint there is little to be said in her favor. The voice itself is neither sonorous nor meas- uring, and in quality it is not unlike a stopped horn. Miss Fabris and Miss Stein sang the duet with intelligence, and Miss Stein displayed a warm and sympathetic voice of good com- pass, as well as dramatic feeling.

The orchestral numbers gave great pleasure. The cellos were perhaps at times too much in evidence and their quality of tone was not al- ways agreeable. Mr. Seidl played on a respon- sive instrument, and his intentions were almost always nobly seconded. The kettle-drum man, by the way, proved to the hearer that the drum is not per se dull or clattering, but that in ju- dicious hands it gives out musical sounds. It is to be hoped that Mr. Seidl will soon revisit us.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The concert of the Kneisel Quartet Monday evening in Chickering Hall was subject to only one criticism—it was too long. Chamber music that is prolonged for two hours or over is too much of a good thing. The performance of the accomplished musicians was above reproach. Mr. Busoni was the pianist in the Volkmann Trio op. 5, and gave most valuable assistance. The work itself is thoroughly delightful, and it is doubtful if the composer surpassed it. The themes were so fresh, the color is so fine. The Schumann quartette op. 4 No. 1, was superbly played. The novelty was a quintette by Brahms for clarinet and strings. Mr. Goldschmidt was the clarinetist, and he played with care and, as a rule, acceptably. The quintette is melodious, characteristic and rather bound together than

made up of strongly contrasting numbers. It was received with loud applause, and is well worth a second hearing. Indeed there are ama- teurs who call it the greatest of Brahms's cham- ber music.

The Appearance of Eliot Hubbard as a Tenor.

Mr. Eliot Hubbard gave a song recital yester- day afternoon in Chickering Hall. He was as- sisted by Mr. Arthur Foote, pianist. The pro- gramme was as follows:

The Rhine reflects in its clearness, } Franz
Lieber Schatz, sei wieder gut, }
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen, }
Wilkommen, mein Wald, } Mr. Hubbard.
Melodie and Prelude... Siojowski
The Meadow Rue, } Mr. Foote.
The Jasmine, } Chadwick
Seythe Song, } Johns
Before the Daybreak... Nevin
Love me, if I live... Foote
Prelude from Suite (Op. 10)... MacDowell
Little Caprice (Op. 27)... Foote
Serenade de Ruy-Bias... Delibes
Amoroso... Chamade
Aria from "Le Cid"... Massenet
Mr. Hubbard.

Mr. Hubbard has for several years been classed in the catalogue of singers as a bar-itone. Last summer he went a journeying in search of vocal information, and he now re- turns to us as a tenor. It is true that he has en- larged the compass of his voice, but the quality of his voice is about the same as it was before he changed cloths. The lower tones are still throaty and at times husky. In the middle there is suggestion of baritone quality and tenor range. The upper tones are now more freely delivered and they are the most musical.

Mr. Hubbard has improved in certain respects in his performance. He is no longer guilty of a continual see-saw between explosive utterance and melodramatic whisper. He pays more attention to legato. His attack is more incisive. In his desire to correct errors he has unfortunately gone to the other extreme; his singing yesterday was monotonous; it was generally without color and without dramatic distinction. He was, perhaps, most successful in the three songs by Franz, and the songs by John. Foote and Mendels.

In the first two songs by Franz the singer seemed nervous, and his voice trembled as "the white rue" of the song set to music by Chadwick. He sang the songs by Franz in German, for which there was no excuse. Antou Seidl, who is justly regarded as the high priest of the Wagnerian cult in this country, believes in singing Wagner's music dramas in the language of the country where the dramas are sung, and Tuesday he gave a delightful object-lesson in this particular at the Boston Lyceum. Why should an American singing to America's affect enjoyment of a foreign tongue, particularly when that language is German, which, according to wise old James Howe, sounds "as if one had bones in his tongue instead of nerves." The French songs might also have been sung in English. The whole program should be taboored.

The songs by Chadwick and Foote were heard for the first time. Of the group of songs by American composers, the familiar "Scythe Song," by John, is easily first in simple charm and musical appreciation of the text. Mr. Chadwick's two songs are without dramatic or lyric beauty. The delightful text of "The Jasmine," with its delicate soundness, inspired cold music without impassioned chant, without glowing, or even warm accompaniment. Mr. Nevins' song rambles about and brings nothing home. Mr. Foote was unfortunate in his selection of words, for Cowen anticipated him in musical treatment of "Love Me, if I Live," and all that is good in Mr. Foote's song may be found in the older and better setting.

Mr. Foote played his solo numbers in an unsatisfactory, amateurish manner. His touch was unsympathetic; his technique was not always adequate. He could not, therefore, fittingly express musical feeling.

The singer and pianist were applauded loudly by a large audience, and Mr. Foote's song was repeated.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 20
MUSIC.

The Second Pianoforte Recital of Ferruccio Busoni.

Mr. Busoni gave his second pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in Union Hall. The programme was as follows:

Two-act and fugue, D minor.....Bach-Tausig
Sonata, B flat minor.....Chopin
B-flat capriccio, op. 12.....Beethoven
Variations on the name "A. Abegg," op. 1.....Schumann
Perpetuum mobile.....Weber
Concert Etude.....Schlezer
Three Etudes after Paganini's Caprices)
1. Tremolo, G minor
2. Allegretto, E flat
3. La Campanella, G sharp, minor.....Liszt
Polonaise, E major, No. 2

This was a concert of marvelous bravura. If it excited the unbounded admiration of the hearer, it also fretted his nerves and dulled his ears.

The lightning dazzled and the thunder crashed for an hour and a half. There was only a moment of rest, an opportunity to gain breath, and even then the pianist, by his melodramatic treatment of the funeral march in the sonata by Chopin, perplexed and again excited the hearer, who longed for the contrast of melancholy and darkness.

The concert was a long display of the digital dexterity and the heroic endurance of Mr. Busoni, who was indeed in Hercules' vein. The weakest nocturne of Field, the most simple, slow movement of Mozart, or a plain choral of Bach would have been a blessed relief.

Look at the numbers after the sonata. There is the Beethoven rondo, "the race over a lost grocer," a posthumous work numbered by the publisher Diabelli. There are the variations on Abegg, the name of the girl whom Schumann met at a ball in Mannheim. Meta Abegg was her name, but Schumann invented in his dedication a "Paganini, Countess of Abegg." The composer used the letters for musical treatment as he took the letters of the town of Asch. The German names of the notes of the scale lend themselves to such a purpose, and so we find fugues on Bach, Hesse, Fesca and Gade. There is the "perpetuum mobile," a name first given the rondo from Weber's C-major Sonata by Alkan of Paris. Weber's own idea was to call it "L'infatigable," and he used to play it in C-sharp. Then follow four brilliant etudes and the Liszt polonaise. But there is not one contrasting piece of quiet beauty or noble serenity among all these appeals to wonder.

And yet it seems ungracious to speak of the lack of variety in the flow of the supreme merits of the technical performance of Mr. Busoni. No pianist has displayed in this city during the last three years greater technical proficiency in pure bravura. Nor do I think it is a rash statement to say that no one has in this respect equaled Mr. Busoni. Comparisons naturally suggest themselves, although they are vain, and, as a rule, they depend on the individuality of the maker of comparisons. The man of severe taste naturally does not measure with the yardstick used by the man of warm temperament. It is also true that there is no one greater pianist; for one excels where another, equally gifted, fails.

Here is Mr. Busoni, for instance. I doubt if any performance of the famous arrangement of Bach's organ toccata and fugue could be more noble or more heroic or more in keeping with the character of the original as conceived by Tausig than the performance of yesterday. Or what could have been finer than Mr. Busoni's playing of the first movement of the sonata? Seidom are demonic energy, breadth of idea, sweep of inspiration and ignorance of technical difficulty so mingled together. And yet his delivery of the funeral march was a disappointment. The luxuriant tramp of the procession to the grave that demanded and was satisfied was portrayed with a certain fitting rigidity; but the trio was affected, and in spite of straining after effect it was without effect. The grief seemed insincere. As though an orator who should voice the lament of a nation over a fallen hero should forget the mourning and even the occasion of mourning in his anxiety concerning his rhetoric. On the other hand, I doubt if a finer performance of Liszt's "La Campanella" has ever been heard in this city.

10
Jan 20 1893
Music in Boston.

THIS is the program of a chamber concert given in Steinert Hall the 9th inst., by Messrs. Ernest Perabo, Fritz Giese and Bernhard Listemann:

Trio, No. 3, op. 155.....Raff
Violin concerto, op. 53.....Dvorak
Sonata for piano and cello.....Rheinberger

Now is this a program to heat rhetoric? To be sure the accomplished space filler might weave easily endless digressions. He might first of all discuss the origin of the word trio. He might review Raff's pamphlet on the Wagner question, or he might doubt the supreme excellence of Francisello, the first famous cello virtuoso, the player admired by Quanz and Franz Benda. But it would be difficult for him to make an article of general or specific interest if he confined himself strictly to the program and the performance. In such a case the reviewer envies the ungrammatical terseness of the Western critic, who wrote the following notice of a concert that once appeared above the horizon of his town, like unto a meteor, but not like unto a comet, for comets return, I believe, at stated intervals. This man, unknown to general fame, wrote as follows:

"Signor Assoferetti with two prima donnas gave a most enjoyable concert last evening at Huskin's Hall. They all done noble, and the audience went home well pleased with its evening entertainment."

The violin concerto by Dvorak was heard here for the first time. I do not know whether it has been played in New York. It was played in Berlin in 1891 by Carl Halir, and in the same year in Chicago by Max Bendix. It is unfair to judge of such a work when the orchestra is represented by a piano, for I suppose, of course, that Dvorak wrote an orchestral accompaniment, although composers do strange things in these strange days. As played at this concert the concerto did not make a marked impression, although Mr. Listemann brought the whole force of his great technic to the task appointed. The slow movement seemed the most effective and the most musical portion of the work. In spite of the excellent ensemble—and you know full well the musical ability of the players—the trio and the cello sonata seemed dull.

Now we are fond of music in Boston. It is the recreation of the rich and the sport of the fashionable. Indeed, we are not unlike the wicked dwellers in the land of Uz, whom Job described in sour language: "They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth." And, alas, the final clause is true: "And in a moment go down to the grave." But our musicians and our audiences delight in following the beaten track. We live musically in Germany. Far be it from me to deny the supremacy of German instrumental music; but why should we not at times hear the works of other nations?

I confess that I should like to become acquainted with certain compositions played lately in chamber concerts in Paris: Lefebvre's piano quintet; a suite for string quartet by Glazounoff; Theriot's variations for piano and two cellos, an aria for viola and piano by Emile Bernard, Gabriel Faure's piano quartet, a sonata by Cesar Franck for violin and piano, and the new trio by Saint-Saens. It is likely that one hearing would gratify the curiosity, but why should certain names, particularly the names of the modern and even the ultra modern Russian school be only names to the student of music, and of no more interest to sleek, smug concert goers than the men preserved in Homer's catalogue of ships, the heroes who came from "the town Gortyna wall'd about, Lictus and chalky Oloossone."

I confess, too, that I should like to hear the symphonic nightmares of Russia, although they might not outlast one Russian night: Simon's "Nightly Review;" an orchestral suite by Arensky; an overture by Ewstaheff, that pleased the Parisian musicians the other day. I yearn after Dargomij's "Kazatchok;" "Balakireff's overture, "Lear," and Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" and "Antar." Or why should we be ignorant of the great orchestral works of Cesar Franck, whose memory is revered by the most enlightened musicians of France? To be sure, in this town we have been introduced to Mr. Humperdink and Mr. Philipp Scharwenka, but they have not consoled us.

Mr. William Heinrich, the blind tenor, sang his own translation of Schubert's "Schöne Müllerin" in Steinert Hall the 10th inst. The songs were connected and explained in a simple and graceful manner by Mr. Howard Malcolm Ticknor, the accomplished musical and dramatic

critic of the "Beacon." The accompaniments were played by Dr. Kelterborn. This concert gave much pleasure to the audience, and Mr. Heinrich richly deserved the hearty applause. He has shown rare industry and conscientious zeal in the pursuit of his art in the face of circumstances that would apparently compel even a brave man to hide his talent in a napkin.

Ignace Paderewski, pianist and hypnotist, played the following pieces in Music Hall, the 12th inst.:

- Prelude and fugue, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Sonata, E flat major, op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven
Nocturne, B flat.....Field
Capriccio.....Brahms
Momento Capriccioso, op. 12.....Weber
Soirée de Vienne.....Schubert-Liszt
Sonata, B minor.....Chopin
Nocturne.....Paderewski
Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt
Polonaise, E major.....Liszt

The enthusiasm excited by this Polish apparition is still a subject for discussion. The musician takes off his hat at the mention of the name Paderewski, and the woman who is vaguely "fond of music" sits palpitating through the performance of fugue or sonata which, played by another individual, would compel yawning or drive her from the hall. Born in France, Paderewski might have been the great emotional preacher at Notre Dame, and he would have turned the Nanas and Lolas to sackcloth and a low diet. Born in America, he would surely have gained a fortune and the eternal gratitude of woman as a medical specialist. Instead of which, as Judge Boompoiner remarked, he has taken to playing the piano.

Do you read the pamphlets of Heinrich Pudor, the ex-director of the Dresden Conservatory? They that lament the decay of humor do not know these "expectations," to use the coarse term of Heinrich's opponents. God forbid that certain of his theories should ever come into effect! Suppose, for instance, that, according to his advice, anyone musically inclined should sit at the piano and make his own music, and thus portray his feelings. Society would be convulsed. Father would be arrayed against daughter; and the lover would shun the adored one. But it would be interesting to try a Pudorian experiment. Pudor believes that we could judge more honestly concerning music if we sat in a concert hall with our backs to the performer and in black and total darkness. Let us suppose that Paderewski played under such conditions. Would he then sway his audience? Could he then put his fingers around the heart of woman and press it ever so gently? It is taken for granted, of course, that the hearer hears for the first time; she has not seen him.

Or is Paderewski like tobacco smoke? Must he be seen to be enjoyed?

Here is a problem for all seekers after the curious. The experiment might be simplified by putting the pianist behind a screen. As for myself, I believe firmly that the strength of Paderewski is not in any edict of fashion or shade or arrangement of hair. His power lies in the fact that he plays remarkably well and at the same time emits magnetic fluid. His individuality is not revealed by facial contortion, by singular dress, or by grotesque movement. It is revealed in his play, in the rare combination of virility and womanly attributes. I go further. I believe that if he came upon the stage dressed in pajamas, rubber boots, a stove pipe hat, and with a spread umbrella, he could control his audience the moment that his fingers caressed the cold piano keys and warmed them into glowing life. His costume would be forgotten, or one would say, "They dress that way in his birthplace."

The Symphony Orchestra of New York, with Walter Damrosch as conductor, gave the second of a series of concerts at the Tremont Theatre the 13th inst. There was a large and applauseful audience. The program was the same that was arranged for the last concert of this orchestra in New York. Mozart's G minor symphony; Tchaikowsky's violin concerto; overture, "Husitska," Dvorak; Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl," and the theme and variations from Tchaikowsky's third suite. The performance of the orchestra was as a rule excellent in solo passages and in ensemble. The delivery of the symphony was particularly worthy of praise: it was so frank, so careful and yet so free. The "Husitska" overture might have been left out, for the program was too long. The overture is no doubt good panorama music, with its Hussite hymn and musical painting of the shock and the fury of battle; but personally I do not care for such program music, whether it be Jannequin's "La Bataille," Steibelt's "Britannia," with its tone painting of "Advice from Captain Trollope," or Kotz-

wara's "Battle of Prague," with roar of cannon and groans of the wounded.

Mr. Brodsky was applauded furiously after his realistic performance of Tchaikowsky's concerto for violin. The concerto is the Russian Muse of to-day. She weeps and wrings her hands. She tears her robe and shows her flesh. Or aflame with vodka, she dances a bestial dance with a greasy peasant, who spits at the sight of an ap-

proaching pope with eyes that bulge with lust. No wonder that her sisters of Italy, France and Germany cover themselves and look askew at the wanton! For in the very tumult of their passion they do not forget the eternal laws of beauty.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 21 '93

HENRI MARTEAU.

The Career of an Eighteen-Year-Old Violinist.

A Sketch of the Soloist of To-night's Concert.

Applauded Throughout Europe, He Visits the United States.

Henri Marteau, the eminent violinist, who plays this evening at the Symphony concert in Music Hall, arrived at the Parker House late Thursday night in company with Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Aronson. A representative of the Journal called on Mr. Marteau yesterday and obtained from him the following account of his life, the most complete account that has as yet appeared in an American newspaper. Besides his native language, Mr. Marteau speaks German fluently. As he has at present but a scanty knowledge of English, the languages spoken during the interview were French and German. Mr. Marteau is a young man of simple manners. He is frank and direct in speech, modest in bearing, and of winning personality. Here is his picture taken from a Parisian photograph; and it is an excellent likeness.



M. HENRI MARTEAU.

Henri Marteau was born at Reims, France, the 31st of March, 1874. His father was an amateur violinist, a man of wealth and the President of the Philharmonic Society of the town; his mother was a pianist and a pupil of Clara Schumann. When Henri was about five years old Ernest Camille Sivori, the famous pupil of the only Paganini, visited his parents, and as the boy heard him play he exclaimed, after the manner of Correggio, "And I, too, will be a violinist!" Sivori himself chose a violin fit for such tiny hands.

The first teacher of Henri Marteau was Bunzl, a Swiss and a pupil of Molique. After three years' precocious Henri went to Paris and there he studied with Hubert Leonard, who was fond of him.

Henri's first appearance in public was in Reims in April, 1884, when he made his debut before an audience of 2500. He then played with the orchestra Leonard's concerto No. 5. In 1885 or 1886 (Mr. Marteau told the Journal representative that he was not sure of the year) he made his appearance at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin. In December, 1887, he played the Brahms concerto (No. 1) in Vienna. In 1888-9 he made a tour in France and played pieces by Bach, Gounod, Mendelssohn, Sarasate, Schumann, Viextemps, Leonard. In March, 1889, he was at Monte Carlo, where he played the Mendelssohn concerto and pieces by Ernst and Elgar. In June, 1889, he was applauded in St. James Hall, London.

Marteau revisited Berlin in November, 1890, and appeared at the Singakademie. He played the Mendelssohn concerto; the Paganini capriccio, a minor; a mazurka by Wieniawski and a romance by Viarot. He gave concerts in Dresden in January and February, 1891. In one concert he was associated with Amalie Joachim. His concert selections were Bach's chaconne, Saint-Saens' third concerto, a sonata by F. W. Kust (1739-1795) and pieces by Liszt, Gounod, Leonard, Viextemps, Wieniawski.

It was in April, 1891, that Marteau played for the first time in France, the violin concerto of Johannes Brahms. This was at Angers. In November of the same year he played it in Geneva. In December, 1891, he was at Antwerp.

It was in 1892 that Marteau was a first prize of the Paris Conservatory. He entered as a pupil of Gerold. His associate in the honor were Jaffe, Boucherit, Tracol and Belville. The piece selected by the committee, of which Massenet was Chairman, was Viextemps's fifth concerto, a minor. The glowing tribute then paid by Arthur Rougin to Marteau deserves a separate paragraph.

"As for M. Marteau, who was a pupil of Leonard before he entered the Conservatory, he is a finished artist. His performance is characterized by delicacy and elegance, his style is crowd and grand, his phrasing is exquisite, his technique is above reproach. There is nothing wanting in color, heat or fire. In a word, his performance is almost perfection."

Mr. Marteau will play this evening in Music Hall Bruch's first concerto and a piece by Gounod, who took a veritable interest in him, selecting him to perform the violin obbligato in a piece composed expressly for the Joan of Arc cantata at Reims in 1885 entitled "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," and which Gounod dedicated to Marteau. Massenet is now writing a concerto for Marteau, and Brahms, Amoroise Thomas, Bruch, Richter (under whose conductorship he has performed in London and Vienna) take the greatest interest in his career.

When Leonard died Marteau became the owner of the favorite Italian violin of his master.

Marteau is engaged for 50 concerts in this country. He will go as far West as Chicago. He was anxious to play the Brahms concerto here, for he studied it under the supervision of the composer, but it was thought best that he should make his first appearance in the popular concerto of Bruch.

Jan 23 '93

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Twelfth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Henri Marteau, Violinist, Plays and Conquers.

In Memoriam—Julius Eichberg, Violinist and Teacher.

The programme of the twelfth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture—"In the Spring," op. 36.....Goldmark
Concerto for violin No. 1, G minor, op. 26.....Bruch
Mephisto Waltz.....Liszt
"Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," for Violin and Orchestra, Gounod
Symphony No. 3 ("Im Walde"), op. 153.....Raff

Goldmark once delighted in musical pictures of strange lands and strange men and women that swooned alike under a blazing sun. He dreamed of Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, and her wild desire to see the court of Solomon. He was an Oriental, studying devoutly the Kama Sutra. He wandered in Shushan in the third year of the reign of the King Ahasuerus, and he sat at the feast in the court of the garden of the King's palace, "where were white, green and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble; the beds were of gold and silver upon a pavement of red and blue and white and black marble." He, too, coveted the beauty of Tamar.

And so his music was full of sandal wood and pungent incense, camels and nodding palms, long-bearded men that knew the languages of the animals, women that were courted by the Barmecides. And the hot sun struck fiercely his notes and turned them into mingled blood and wine. That was the Goldmark of "Sakuntala" and the "Queen of Sheba." The Goldmark of the "Spring overture" is an excellent and amiable musician who writes pretty and agreeable music. His name might be Schmidt, Schulz or Mueller. I prefer the Goldmark of the inexorable desert, the bird haunted forest, the player to the graceful movements of heavy-eyed dancing girls.

The music of this concert was largely descriptive and romantic. Spring means something to an Englishman or a dweller on the Continent. There is no spring in staid New England. There is a dangerous leap from winter to summer, and the realistic music of accompaniment is a cacophony of coughs.

The "Mephisto Waltz" is an indolent setting of a lewd text. This episode in Lenau's "Faust" is coarse and brutal; musical embellishment does not better it. Liszt's music is not without strength; the strength is the strength of Diogenes. The beauty is momentary and infrequent; morbid, it is akin to the charm of a poem by Baudelaire on "Carion" or "Spleen."

The symphony gave great pleasure. There was no need of following Raff's directions for proper enjoyment. The music may have meant this or it may have portrayed that; the success of the portrayal is immaterial; the music itself, particularly in the first three movements, fascinates and holds the hearer.

The performance of the orchestra was admirable from the beginning to the end. In solo passages and in ensemble there was almost nothing to be desired. In beauty of conception and in perfection of performance the concert of Saturday evening was the finest of the present series.

The solo violinist was Henri Marteau. The story of the career of this remarkable young man was told at length in the Journal of Saturday, and there is no need of referring to his triumphs in France, Germany and England. Besides we have heard him.

Marteau does not need the rare charm of his personality. He could be older by many years, for in his performance there is no suggestion of the wonder-child. He could conquer without the aid of his handsome face with dangerous dimples; without the impression made by his manly, nervous and aristocratic bearing. Were he the Gwynplaine of Victor Hugo, the hearer would not notice the carved and eternal laugh. The urliest of singers charmed thousands by the passion of his song, and the greatest Arsace was hideous to the view.

But when such physical attractions and such modesty of bearing are added to supreme musical gifts and acquisitions, then indeed must the violinist be irresistible.

This young man was fortunate, it is true, in his teachers. There was Hubert Leonard, who succeeded Charles de Beriot. There was Gerold, the pupil of Alard. Marteau has also enjoyed the counsel of colleagues and composers.

But Marteau has one thing that cannot be given by the most experienced teacher. It is not to be learned in private lesson or in long-established conservatory. Intimate knowledge of tradition is here of no avail.

For this young man has the sacred fire of genius.

Destiny promised him at his birth that he could go forth into the world and by his violin draw all hearts unto him.

Nor is he merely an emotional player, of rare technique and lastidious ear. He plays with breadth and he is not dominated by a heroic role. He is master of the situation. He sounds the entire gamut of human passion.

His strength is never brutal. His virility is never muscularity. His tenderness is not effeminacy.

He does not play to the eye. He does not call attention to a difficulty. The good old cantor and organist Karl August Haupt—now at rest—would have seen in him the living exemplification of his advice to a pupil, "When you come to a trying passage you should persuade the hearer by your ease and accuracy that it is the simplest passage in the composition."

There are excellent violinists that honor this town by choosing it as the home of their adoption. Wandering stars of the first magnitude have brightened our sky for a night. But an audience in Music Hall has not been so thoroughly captivated by a violinist since the apparition of Martin Melton Sarasate.

And yet the joy of greeting a master is lessened by the thought of the departure from us, the same week, of one of the most revered musicians of this country. Many in this city remember the beauty and the purity of the performance of the violinist. Hundreds acknowledge gratefully the sound and wise instruction that came from him.

Set oration or solemn funeral line would be distasteful to Julius Eichberg. It was his custom on an afternoon, when he was through with the exhausting labors of the day, to sit at ease in the club, where he was loved and respected from the time of its foundation. There would he talk on subjects musical, on topics of the day. There would he tell of musicians of the past. There would he give kind and unostentatious advice, which is now doubly precious. There would he parry jest and speak in epigram.

His use of English was most felicitous. One adjective would color a terse and witty sentence. He was a master of sarcasm, which, however, was only used in denunciation of that which was hypocritical, mean or impure. He scorned pretence and affectation. He was the champion of the unrecognized deserving, and of the humble, and of the oppressed.

His learning was never openly exposed. It crept into his conversation almost secretly and shame-faced, for great was the modesty of the man.

To the very last he was faithful in the discharge of his duty. He had exchanged the passing glory of the virtuoso for the enduring honor of the teacher. Although fatigued, he did not complain. That noble head was not bowed; those piercing eyes were not dimmed. The wit was nimble. The heart was great with kindness.

Now that he has left us there seems to be less music in this world, and nature itself seems less kindly. But surely such energy, such courage, such nobility and purity of life are not now extinct.

"O strong soul, by what shore
Tarest thou now? For that force
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being, is practiced that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm."

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 24 - 93

"THE LION TAMER."

Mr. Francis Wilsou and his company appeared last evening at the Globe Theatre in "The Lion Tamer." The theatre was crowded, and laughter was hearty and incessant.

This "comic opera" was performed here last evening for the first time. The story of it is taken from "Le Grand Casimir," which was produced at the Varietes in Paris, Jan. 11, 1879, and given in that year 113 times. Dupuis was Casimir, Baron was the Grand Duke and Celino Chaumont was Angelina. The libretto was written by Prevot and de Saint-Albin and the music was by Charles Lecocq. This operetta was revived in '84, '87 and '88. In 1884 it was played in this country by Theo's company and in 1885 by Jadic's troupe.

In Mr. Wilsou's version, the French story is followed in the main, but the idea of the circus procession in the second act is taken, I believe,

from the scene of the entrance of the "Cirque Blackson" in the "Voyage de Suzette," a review that ran 250 nights at the Gaites in 1890. The text and lyrics are by Cheever Goodwin. Lecocq's music has disappeared, and in its place we have the tunes of Richard Stahl, Julian Edwards and Edward J. Smith.

There is no need of considering the musical merits of this operetta. The tunes do not haunt the memory, and they are not worthy of the endeavor of a whistler of ordinary ability. Of those tunes, such as they are, the conservators' chorus is the best. There is, not, however, one ear-tickling or dance-compelling melody in the two acts.

The story, on the contrary, is coherent, natural and amusing. It serves admirably the purpose of an eccentric comedian. The delightful personality and the quaint drollery of Mr. Wilsou here find an excellent opportunity for display.

If the king and the princes of old were now on earth and the good old days were back again, Francis Wilson would sit at the right hand of the chair of state. Henry III. would dismiss the insolent, the brave, astute, learned and melan- choly jester, and seek advice of Wilson. Or, if the Grande della Scala would invite the Merry Monarch and the Lion Tamer to Verona. If the people of Lilliput wish to preserve the character of their island they will at once call this charming master of revels to the throne. Per- haps he is already their king, sojourning in- cognito among us. Happy people, who claim him for a ruler!

"Bubbling joy
Without alloy
They know the whole year through.
No sighing
Nor crying,
But laughter never-dying
Is all you hear
The live-long year
In the Isle of Lilliput."

Mr. Wilson's art—for art it is—defies analysis. It is spontaneous, happy-go-lucky, unpremeditated. You witness the explosion, but the train of gunpowder is not in evidence. His laugh is honest and contagious. Grotesque walk or ab- surd posture seems natural, a very part of the man. And in the wildest prank there is a flavor of intellectuality. You are tempted to look in the dictionary for the words that are coined by him; for they are delivered with conviction. His moods and tones should be considered thoughtfully by all contemplators of grammars for the use of schools. Clean, sweet and ir- resistibly funny is the performance of Francis Wilson.

Miss Glaser is sick. The part of Angelina was played acceptably last evening by Miss Cecile Essing. The other leading parts were taken by Miss Laura Moore and Messrs. Plunkett, Mack, Lake, Guise and Pruett. The "Bouncing Brothers of Barbary" were heartily applauded and the caged lion gave a fine exhibition of his- trionic power. The piece was well mounted, and the director was the experienced do No- vellis. Mr. Wilson returned thanks after the first act, and he was called before the curtain at the close. His welcome was an evidence of the affectionate regard in which he is held by the people of this town.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 20-93

MUSIC.

The Third Pianoforte Recital of Fer- ruccio Busoni.

Mr. Busoni gave his third recital last evening in Union Hall. The programme was as follows: Fantasia and fugue on the name "Bach".....Liszt
Sonata, op. 103.....Beethoven
Prelude.....Chopin
Nectarine, C minor.
2 Etudes, op. 25.
2 Lullabies.....Liszt
1. St. Franziskus of Assisi.
The Sermon to the Birds.
2. St. Franziskus of Paola.
Walking on the Waves.
Mephisto-Valse, No. 1.

Mr. Busoni was, in certain respects, unfortu- nate in his selections. It is not now necessary for him to convince the public of his ability to perform a chosen and Herculean task. His re-nown as a pianist, as well as a composer, is international. European cities have welcomed his appearance on the concert stage, and Ameri- can audiences have marveled at his technique and high artistic purpose.

The pieces by Liszt would have shown fully his bravura and his endurance. To play the gigantic sonata of Beethoven immediately after the Liszt fantasia was to challenge delib- erately the endurance of the audience.

It is useless to argue now concerning the character of the sonata in question. The work may be, as some claim, the sonata of all sonatas. It may be, as others believe, and I am of that number, "more or less of a monstrosity." I will agree, however, that such a work needs preparation on the part of the hearer, fasting and purification. In a small room, with a few well-disposed listeners, when this sonata is played by such an artist as Busoni, there would probably be intellectual enjoyment; for ques- tions might be asked, certain passages might be repeated, there would be room for discussion. In a concert hall and with an audience com- posed of musicians, amateurs and seekers after amusement, the sonata is apt to seem intermin- able, and, in spite of occasional grandeur and beauty, unintelligible as a whole.

The impressions made by the preceding re- citals of Mr. Busoni are still unchanged. He is a pianist worthy of the greatest respect. His brilliancy is hard and dazzling. His technique is most always above reproach. His aims are serious and sincere. But he seems removed from human passions. His performance is cold and too often adjusted by the inexorable rules of mathematics. Tenderness or love is not expressed by his song. There is no warmth, no sensuousness in his treatment of impassioned music. He has not soared in Dreamland. When he is mystical, he stands upon a pillar, as the saint of old, far above the hopes, the delusions, the emotions of mankind. Even his mysticism is expressed not in vague and haunting rhapsody, but in set and formal phrase. He wanders through the garden of Cupid, and the flowers that send out sweet or maddening odors and the trees that are stirred faintly by the languid breeze are turned as in the twinkling of an eye to the metallic vegetation seen by Baudelaire in his wild dream.

The Germans use often the word "formida- ble" in connection with a pianist of great tech- nique. Mr. Busoni is certainly a formidable pianist. He can startle; he commands esteem; he can excite wonder. He has not yet shown in these recitals that he can woo, comfort or exalt the soul.

PHILIP HALE.

THE ADAMOWSKI QUARTETTE.

The third and last concert of the fifth season of the Adamowski Quartette was given yester- day afternoon in Chickering Hall. Mr. Nikisch was the pianist. The programme was as fol- lows:

Quartette, G major.....Haydn.
Suite for violin and piano, op. 11.....Goldmark
Quartette, B-flat major, op. 41.....Saint-Saens

These compositions have been heard in this city, and they require now no special comment. It is gratifying, however, to find musicians who are willing to cross the German frontier and examine with appreciation the chamber music of the French.

It is to be regretted that in certain respects this final concert of the fifth season of the Adamowski Quartette sank below the level of the two other performances of the year. Last sea- son, as well as this, there was a marked im- provement in the ensemble, and the final cou- cert of the fourth season was a worthy close. Yesterday there was at times false intonation. There was occasional coarseness, as in the finale of the Haydn Quartette. There was an absence of proportion, as well as carelessness in phrasing. The pianist played with the cover of the piano high in air, and in the suite, as well as in the Saint-Saens quartette, he was too much in evidence. His touch was seldom sympathetic and his tech- nique was not always clean and precise. Mr. Nikisch has shown such admirable qualities as an accompanist, and he has made such an ex- cellent impression as an ensemble player on other occasions, that it is hard to account for the omissions and commissions of yesterday.

Mr. Timotheo Adamowski is a violinist of marked natural gifts. He is an emotional player by birth. During the last two years he has shown frequently the results of careful and patient study. Yesterday, while there were many excellent qualities in his performance, his intonation was at times impure, as for in- stance in the second movement of the suite; and his force degenerated into coarseness. Mr. Joseph Adamowski strayed occasionally from the true pitch, and he was too self-assertive.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 26-93

The Second Concert of the Seven- teenth Season of the Cecilia.

The programme of the Cecilia concert in Music Hall last evening was of a miscellaneous nature. There were familiar part songs by Tchaikowsky, Sullivan, Barby and Dvorak. The novelty was a set of "Musical Illus- trations" by Bruch of Heyse's story, "Sichen- trost." The first two solos in this cycle were sung with feeling by Mr. Heinrich Meyn; the duets were sung by Messrs. Wm. Heinrich and Mevin, and the violin obligato was played by Miss Maud Powell. Bruch's music to Heyse's story is, as a whole, laborious and dull. The most pleasing number was the chorus, with its violin finale. The programme was not suffi- ciently diversified. Its color was gray. Miss Lang's graceful setting of Mrs. Moulton's "Love plumes his wings to fly away" stood out in delightful relief, and it was heartily ap- plauded. Mr. Heinrich was recalled after his solo numbers, "It Was a Friar," and "Sere- nade" by Richard Strauss, as well as after his solo in the part song by Sullivan. Miss Powell played in the Bruch Cycle with taste, and she displayed her skill in Sarasate's "Zigeuner- weisen" to the great pleasure of the audience. Her intonation was, at times, impure. She was recalled.

The singing of the chorus was, as a rule, excellent in quality of tone, in balance of the parts and in phrasing. The "Salamaleikum Chorus," with baritone solo from "The Barber of Bagdad," brought an end to the concert.

PHILIP HALE.

Jan 25-93

Music in Boston.

JANUARY 22, 1893.

MR. CHARLES A. ELLIS, the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is now interested in a company of men singers and women singers. The organization is known as the "Nordica Operatic Concert Company." The members are Nordica, Scalchi, Helen Dudleys, Campbell, Campanini, Del Puente, Fischer. The first of the series of concerts was given in Music Hall, the 16th. The next concert was in Montreal, and San Francisco will be visited before faces are set toward the East.

These Nordica concerts are divided into two parts. At first songs are sung by members of the company. The second part is devoted to an act of an opera; there are no scenic accessories. It is unnecessary perhaps to add that the songs are familiar to the audience.

Take Monday evening, for instance. What did our old friend Del Puente sing? Why, the Toreador's Song, of course, and he sang it badly. I am prepared to commit blasphemy; I do not believe that he ever sang it according to the intention of the composer, and I do not believe that he ever had the remotest idea of the character of "Escamillo," from the time (1878) he declined the part and told Mapleson that the music must have been intended for one of the chorus. Del Puente always roared the refrain, "Toreador attento!" But the direction is piano, the ac- companyment is pianissimo and the stage direction is "avec fatuité." "Escamillo," is not a thick necked butcher

with a set smile. He is the top of the arena. He struts in peacock fashion before the gypsy girls. He is as silly as he is conceited. "When the orchestra remembers quietly the toreador's phrase, the silhouette of "Escamillo" appears. "Escamillo" sharply defined with conquering gesture and amorous sly glance." I wish that I had seen Bouhy in the part.

There is no need of speaking of such a concert in detail. The feature of the evening was the superb singing of Nor- dica. Nordica, by the way, will return to London in time for the operatic season. They have asked her to sing in Mascagni's "Rantz," and she told me that she had doubts concerning the success of the opera and therefore had not given a definite answer. She will create the so- prano part in a new cantata by Dr. Mackenzie, and the work will be heard later at Chicago. Nordica seems happy, and she calls London her home. Yet there must be some annoying circumstances in her London life. For instance, Henri Rochefort, ex-dealer in journalistic vitriol and ex-fighter of duels, is her neighbor at Clarence Ter- race, and he persists in showing himself at the window of his drawing room when he is clothed only in his nightshirt. Possibly it is a moment of a systematic day or a regularly recurring religious observance, for on the stroke of 3 p. m. Rochefort appears and views mankind and the sky. Nor- dica is anxious to sing in the music dramas of Wagner.

At this same concert Mr. Sapio's "Tone Picture, Storm at Vespertide," was played under his direction. The com- position was made after the familiar recipe in the modern musical cook book: "Take a piece of 'Waldweben' the size of an egg and let it dissolve slowly; use plenty of oboe and flute, season with drum and cymbal thunder and piccolo lightning."

The Nordica concert was heard by a vast and applause- ful audience; and so, too, the Boston Theatre was crowded the Tuesday afternoon following, when Anton Seidl took his stick in hand. Excerpts from Wagner followed close on the heels of selections from Gounod, for "Faust" was the opera chosen by the Nordica company for concert treatment, and "Mephistopheles Fischer" wore eye glasses and sang in a hastily acquired and dialectic Italian, to the great amusement of Campanini, who winked occasionally to his friend Rotoli in the audience.

The Seidl concert gave genuine pleasure. The orches- tral numbers, selections from "Lohengrin" and "Parsi- fal" and the "Siegfried Idyl," were played in a most sympathetic manner, and the women who took part in the "Grand Scene of the Valkyries" deserve hearty praise. Miss Juch sang delightfully. Miss Rathbone and Miss Stein made favorable impressions. The pleasure of the audience was greatly increased by the fact that the lan- guage of the stage was English.

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The Kneisel Quartet gave a concert the evening of the 17th. Mr. Busoni, pianist, and Mr. Goldschmidt, clarinet- ist, assisted. The program included Volkman's trio, op. 5; Schumann's A minor quartet, op. 41, No. 1, and Brahms' quintet for clarinet and strings. I am told on good au- thority that the concert was one of unusual excellence, and that the quintet is a thoroughly charming work, full of melody and color.

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Among the social events of the week was the song re- cital of Mr. Eliot Hubbard, who for some years was known in the catalogue as a baritone. When Jean de Reszke was here—at least so runs the story—Hubbard sang before him and de Reszke at once exclaimed: "My boy, you are not a baritone; you are a tenor, &c." This story can be, of course, filled out or varied to suit the taste of the reader. At any rate, this is true: Hubbard went to

Europe, disappeared from view, came back to America, and sang lately the tenor part in an oratorio given in a coast town.

Now this boosting up of the voice is not always a painless or a safe operation. In olden times when singers were made and not born, and when a pure soprano was the triumph- ant result of cruelty, just as human bats, bottle men and unfortunates with masks of flesh or sculptured grins were turned out by the dozen by Comprachicos, the mortality was great. Among the Copts 25 per cent. left the world. Among the Italians and the Spaniards the death rate was high. The Chinese, according to Amiot, were more skillful.

There is a famous instance of the danger of converting a baritone to a tenor. Johann Aloys Miessch (1765-1813) started out in Dresden as a baritone, but he dreamed of the conquest of tenors and tried to join the glorious com- pany. His endeavor led to inflammation of the lungs, and he nearly lost his life as well as his voice. Later he studied under Caselli; he became famous, and was the teacher of the Schröder-Devrient.

The quality of Mr. Hubbard's voice is practically un- changed. He has added to his compass, and the upper tones are the purest and the most musical. His program included new songs by Chadwick and Foote, which are with- out distinction. Mr. Foote played piano pieces by Sto- jowski, MacDowell and himself.

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Ferruccio Busoni gave two piano recitals the 17th and the 19th. The recitals were in certain respects remarkable. The program of the first was as follows:

Prelude and fugue, D major, for the organ (first time), Bach-Busoni
(Concert arrangement for the piano.)

Sonata, C minor, op. 11..... Beethoven
Toccata, op. 7..... Schumann
Mazurka, nocturne, impromptu, barcarolle..... Chopin
"Lo spozialzo"..... Liszt
Conchigliera from "Venezia e Napoli"..... Liszt
Parantelle from "La Muette de Portici"..... Liszt

The program of the second included these pieces:

Toccata and fugue, D minor..... Bach-Tausig
Sonata, B flat minor..... Chopin
Rondo, op. 129..... Beethoven
Variations, op. 1..... Schumann
Perpetuum mobile..... Weber
Concert etude..... Schlozer
Three études after Paganini's caprices..... Liszt
Tremolo. Allegretto. La Campanella..... Liszt
Polonaise, E major No. 2..... Liszt

You see at a glance that these programs are chiefly made up of pieces that demand digital dexterity, and, indeed, I have seldom heard such a thunderstorm of bravura as during the second recital. In this age when technic runs in the street we are not easily surprised when we meet it even in swollen and abnormal proportions. I have never heard the Tausig arrangement of Bach's organ D minor toccata and fugue or the Liszt-Paganini "Campanella" more brilliantly played. Mr. Busoni's bravura is almost aggressive.

He does not indulge in shallow virtuosoship, he does not offend the fastidious taste, for he is almost always an artist in every sense of that much abused word; but the glittering brilliancy of his performance, the strength of his attack, the nonchalance shown in the brushing away of difficulties, and a certain austerity of thought disturb the hearer, who begins to doubt the humanity of the pianist. And the hearer would fain hear one simple, haunting song. He longs for color, perfume, strange suggestion.

In loftiness of thought and in supreme excellence of performance Mr. Busoni's playing of Bach and Beethoven has not so far been equalled here this winter.

Paderewski gave another recital Saturday afternoon. The hall was crowded, and we are told that "the receipts were in excess of \$4,000." The only hearty and spontaneous applause of the afternoon followed the cheapest numbers of the program: "The Midsummer Night's Dream" fantasy of Liszt and an Hungarian rhapsody by the same. Paderewski's fine performance of Händel's D minor suite, Mozart's A minor rondo and Beethoven's sonata, op. 28, was not appreciated by the audience. I tell you the tale as 'twas told to me, for I was not in the hall.

Marteau carried all before him Friday and Saturday at the Symphony rehearsal and concert. Applause that was furious and long continued, flowers and tender glances from the more impressionable of Friday frequenters, the warm congratulations of the conductor—the young man had all of these, and he deserved them all.

He played the first concerto of Bruch and Gounod's "Vision de Jeanne d'Arc." His tone was large and beautiful; his technic was sure; his bowing was a model for older violinists, and his intonation was delightfully pure. No one who has appeared at these concerts as soloist during the past three years has provoked such enthusiasm.

The orchestra played exceedingly well these selections: Goldmark's "In the Spring" overture, Raff's "Im Walde" symphony and Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz, a dirty musical representation of a dirty scene.

The death of Julius Eichberg is mourned most sincerely by even those that knew him not, for the fame of the man

himself was not confined to the circle of friends or of pupils. To those that knew him well the horizon seems more contracted since he has gone before; the delight of music and the pleasure of friendly talk by open fire seem not so certain—not of real worth. His friend of many years and once his associate voiced to-day the grief of the town. I quote from Mr. B. E. Woolf's memorial lines in the "Evening Gazette":

His noble head, crowned with its mass of silver hair, and his strong, intellectual face at once characterized him as a man of superior mind. Sweet of disposition, a polished man of the world; gentle of heart, witty and revelling in genially humorous satire; brimful of interesting personal reminiscences of the famous musicians and artists with whom he had come in contact in his earlier years, he was one of the most charming of companions. He was as tender of heart as a gentle woman and to the last preserved the simplicity and the buoyancy of youth. His conversation bristled with epigram and his nature bubbled over with kindness. His worth as a man and as an artist was very high, and in both these aspects of his life his aims were pure and lofty.

The Apollo Club (male voices) gave a concert the 18th. The feature of the concert was the first production of "The Boatman's Hymn," a chorus with piano accompaniment and incidental baritone solo. The composer is Miss Margaret Lang, the daughter of Mr. B. J. Lang, and the solo was sung by Mr. T. E. Clifford. Mr. Kneisel, the violinist, assisted the club.

Mrs. Von Stosch, the violinist, visited friends last week. She was not heard here in public.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Thirteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

Hamlet and Ophelia According to Mr. MacDowell.

The Enthusiastic Tribute Paid to Ignace Paderewski.

The programme of the thirteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, B flat major, Op. 38..... Schumann
Concerto for pianoforte, A minor, Op. 17..... Paderewski
Two pieces for orchestra, op. 22..... MacDowell
Nocturne, Op. 37, No. 2..... Chopin
Waltz, Op. 34, No. 1..... Wagner
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"..... Wagner

Mr. Paderewski was the pianist.

Mr. Paderewski was greeted warmly when he appeared on the stage, and at the end of the concerto he was applauded with unbridled enthusiasm. Recall followed recall. There was a similar scene after the numbers by Chopin. There was again seen the amazing triumph of temperament. And yet Mr. Paderewski never appeared to less advantage in Music Hall than at the concert of Saturday evening.

His concerto does not wear well. When it was played by him last season, there was much of its material that seemed effective. Saturday evening the former favorable impression was not renewed. The pianoforte part appeared to be often meaningless, or merely a means of exhibiting bravura. The instrumentation seemed at times unnecessarily noisy and raw. The romanza seemed rambling and inconsequential, and the finale not without the pomp and the tinsel of a spectacular theatre-piece. Mr. Paderewski played with fire and brilliancy; but he frequently forced the tone, or to speak plaiusly, he pounded, and without necessity.

When the concerto was first played here by Mrs. King in March, 1891, the impression then made was this: "The concerto makes severe demands upon the player's technique than mine." The bravura work is dazzling, and it would be more effective were it not almost incessant. There is little or no depth of feeling, there is but very little feigned or genuine passion. Everything lies upon the surface, to be looked at, to be praised, to be forgotten. The concerto is like a long-continued setting-off of fireworks: rockets soar airward and die in fiery agony; pinwheels revolve and throw out dazzling sparks; colored lights and Roman candles, flower pots and mines amuse and hold the attention; set pieces compel one to admire the art of the maker; the last spark is the more intense. This impression was strengthened by the hearing of Saturday evening.

Mr. Paderewski was not in his happiest vein. His performance of the nocturno was mannered and artificial; it was without poetic feeling; it was almost wholly devoid of the marvelous pedal coloring which seems peculiar to him. Nor was his playing of the waltz as frank as on former occasions.

The virtuoso dies with his generation. His fame is a bubble. When garrulous old men shake their heads and prate of the eloquence of the jury lawyer of their youth, or of the beauty of the actress whose eyes are now dust, or of the virtuoso who thrilled them, the young sit in the seat of the scorper. "The leaf falls, out the forest remains." That which is printed has a chance of survival, and the respect of the Chinese for paper and type is not without foundation. Mozart, the virtuoso, is a myth; Mozart, the composer, dwells among us; we know his plain and lovable face; we listen eagerly to his words of humor and consolation. But who can foretell the life of a contemporaneous composition?

Mr. MacDowell's symphonic poems are called "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," and they are without a textual programme. The hearer when he knows that the music is about the Prince of Denmark, can imagine what he pleases. He may find the wicket King therein, or Polonius; the ghost may walk the wind-swept platform; or Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may enter arm-in-arm. It has been said that everyone is convinced of his ability to play the part of Hamlet, and no two hearers would probably agree concerning Mr. MacDowell's musical delineation of the hero. Let us rather rejoice in the musical beauty of the pieces without entering into vain discussions concerning the meaning of this or that passage. These symphonic poems are not by any means the strongest of the works of MacDowell, but how full they are of romantic beauty, of charming effects, of passion under artistic restraint, of haunting melody. With what skill are the colors prepared! This man is a born musician. Music was not to him an acquired taste, like tomatoes or olives. He best expresses his thoughts in music. It is his natural means of communication with his fellows.

These poems are "sleep-chasings," to borrow the phrase of Walt Whitman. Hamlet is seen as in a dream, from which the sleeper wakes, moved, excited, but not disquieted; and he would fain dream the dream again. Personally, I prefer the "Ophelia," and yet the "Hamlet" is in height of imagination the nobler work. When I hear such programme music as this, I do not hanker after conventional and rigid molds, into which music is poured that answers the definition of Leibnitz, viz: "Music is an occult exercise of the mind, unconsciously performing arithmetical calculations."

Hearty and honest applause followed these symphonic poems, and yet the seeming triumph of the evening was the temperament of Paderewski. The individual is nearer to the public than is a work. It is the actor in "Hamlet" that provokes discussion and rivets the attention. And yet the musical feature of the concert of Saturday evening was the introduction of the symphonic poems of Mr. MacDowell.

The orchestra gave a robust performance of the Schumann symphony. The effect was marred at times by the untunefulness of the wind instruments. The concert was protracted to a late hour, and many left the hall before the opening measure of the "Meistersinger" overture.

PHILIP HALE.

MR. BUSONI'S RECITAL.

Mr. Busoni gave the fourth and last of his series of pianoforte recitals in Union Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large and appreciative audience. The programme was as follows:

Chaconne for violin solo. (Concert arrangement for the piano.) (First time)..... Bach-Busoni
Fantasie, op. 15..... Schubert
1. Etude-fuge..... Busoni
2. Scene de Ballet..... Liszt
Nocturne, C sharp minor..... Chopin
Fourth Ballade, F minor..... Chonin
Waldeuschen..... Liszt
Lucrezia Borgia, Fantasie No. 1..... Liszt

Mr. Busoni's arrangement of the celebrated chaconne of Bach is eminently successful in this respect: The arrangement seems as though it were thought out originally for the pianoforte. There are eminent authorities who claim that the violin does not lend itself gracefully to polyphony, and this claim is not without foundation. Whether such an arrangement as this one by Mr. Busoni is justifiable is a question that invites hot discussion. But this is certain, that his treatment of the violin solo is respectful, dignified, sympathetic and effective. The piece was played with breadth and fire in noble and heroic vein throughout.

The supreme characteristics of Mr. Busoni's

performance were sharply marked in the concert of yesterday. Brilliancy was equaled by accuracy; technical difficulties were forgotten by the hearer. Such was the confidence of the player, a confidence that is built on sure foundations of skill and knowledge. His performance of the slow movement of the Schubert fantasie was of unsurpassable serenity, purity and grandeur. In this one movement Mr. Busoni rose to a height that has not been reached by any pianist of the season.

The etude-fuge and the "scene de ballet" are not only effective concert pieces; they show the thoroughness of the composer's education as well as refined taste, sense of proportion and originality.

This series of recitals is now over. Mr. Busoni has shown uncommon abilities in the interpretation of works by Bach, Beethoven and Liszt. In the rendering of Chopin, he has been less fortunate, for he has not given any vividness of the peculiar poetic, sensuous, morbid temperament that alone meets the strange, and perhaps unreasonable demands of that hectic and nervous composer.

PHILIP HALE.

The First Vocal Concert of Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich gave the first of two vocal concerts yesterday afternoon at the Melonaon. They were assisted by the Kneisel Quartette. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, G Major, op. 18..... Beethoven
Pax vobiscum..... Schubert
Grupp' aus dem Tartarus..... Schubert
Die Forelle..... Franz
O wert Thou in the Cold Blast Mother, O sing me to Rest..... Franz
Schlummerlied..... Franz
Ach Wennich doch ein Jmmchenwur..... Franz
Night Hymn at Sea..... Goring Thomas
Armour Villageoies..... Goring Thomas
Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich.
Die Allmacht..... Schubert
Andante from Quartette, D major..... Tschalkowski
Scherzo from Quartette, No. 1, A minor, op. 41..... Schumann
Kneisel Quartette.
Serenade..... Mackenzie
Bird and Rose..... Hurrocks
Finch and Robin..... D'Albert
Gipsy John..... Clay
Mr. Heinrich.
To Sylvia..... Schubert
Ach weins nur der Königswesst..... Schumann
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair..... Haydn
Mrs. Heinrich.
Two Duets from Magic Flute..... Mozart

Mr. Heinrich is known in this country and in England as a musician of imagination, taste and knowledge. He is quick to catch the intention of the composer and able to interpret that intention. It is possible to quarrel occasionally with his vocal art; but he is a man of rare temperament. He has dramatic instinct. He can put himself in the place of the composer.

On this occasion he was assisted by the Kneisel Quartette, an organization of widespread and deserved reputation. When the names of such artists as the members of the club are on a programme, the concert-goer may rest assured of the artistic merit of the performance.

And yet, in spite of the facts that Mr. Heinrich proposed to sing; that his wife was announced as a colleague; that the Kneisel Quartette was willing to assist—in spite of these facts, there was but a handful of hoarers in the Melonaon yesterday.

To explain this neglect of an excellent concert, or even to attempt to explain it, would be a thankless task. The attempt might even be regarded as an impertinent. Music, whether it be vocal or instrumental, chamber concert or grand opera, symphony or operetta, is to many merely a caprice or a thing of fashion. Applause falls on the unjust as well as on the just, provide I always that the unjust is favorably introduced.

The programme of yesterday was polyglot, and the accompaniments were played by Mr. Heinrich. Mr. Heinrich sang with as much care and with as much spirit as though he were surrounded by hundreds of applauding listeners, and his talent was appreciated thoroughly by those that were fortunate enough to be present. After Schubert's "Die Allmacht" the singer was twice recalled: the honor was deserved, for the performance was noble in its breadth and dignity. Mrs. Heinrich sang with taste. Her voice is sympathetic. The Kneisel Quartette played delightfully the allotted numbers.

The second and last recital will be given Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Heinrich will sing songs by Franz and Schumann; Mr. Heinrich will be heard in songs by Schubert, Brahms, Handel, Clay, Mackenzie, Stanford and Schumann, and there will be duets by Goring Thomas, Rubinstein and Mozart.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, January 29, 1893.

MR. FERRUCCIO BUSONI gave the third of his piano recitals in Union Hall the evening of the 24th ult. Here is the program:

Fantasia and fugue on the name "Bach".....Liszt
Sonata, op. 106.....Beethoven
Prelude—
Nocturne, C minor.....Chopin
Two etudes, op. 25.....Chopin
Legendes—
"St. Franziskus of Assisi—The Sermon to the Birds".....Liszt
"St. Franziskus of Paola Walling on the Waves"
"Mephisto" valse, No. 1.....Liszt

When the nine year old Busoni, a wonderchild, appeared in Vienna in 1846 as a pianist and a composer, Eduard Hanslick preached a short sermon on the dangers that attend the exposition of musical precocity. The learned Doctor spoke of the countless little stars that blaze for a season and then fall forever below the horizon. The fancied Paganini is found among the second violins of an orchestra. The future rival of Patti ends in the chorus. It would appear that Herod's slaughter of the Innocents was nothing to the hecatombs of tender victims offered on the altar of parental greed or ambition.

Hanslick found in the young Busoni "genuine musical feeling and an uncommon memory." The compositions of the boy were "short and good, and yet not so good that they excited the suspicion of the teacher's assistance." The doctor patted the boy on the head and charged him to beware of becoming accustomed to "easily won and flattering applause."

It was in 1890 that Busoni won the composer's prize given by Rubinstein to the best pianist composer appearing in an international contest. And then he was made professor at the Imperial Conservatory at Moscow. Was Busoni chilled to the bone in sad and cold Russia? Did he

there become enamored of the monotony of the coloring of a vast Russian landscape?

This same pianist is in certain respects the most perplexing of the performers that now appear on our concert stage.

His purpose seems exalted and noble. The means of carrying out his purpose seem unlimited. Technical difficulties vanish at the touch of his fingers. The metallic brilliancy of his bravura dazzles the eye. An isolated note is like the crack of a whip. An arabesque is as delicate as the frost tracery on the window pane. Chords crash under his hands as waves that dash on an Atlantic cliff. The fugue revolves gladly in obedience to the stern look of the master. The austerity of the many sided Beethoven finds a sympathetic interpreter. The pomp and ceremony of a Liszt polonaise are magnified when Busoni is the narrator.

At the same time this man of Italian blood sings a melody of Chopin as though it were the invention of a straight laced mastersinger. He seems to abhor all that is sensuous in music, so that he may justly and even reverently be called the Saint Anthony of the piano. He appreciates that which is intellectual, mystical or solemn. His head is in the clouds, or above the clouds in rarest air. Does he care for the simple and human emotions of erring, striving, hoping, despairing men and women?

His personality is attractive. He has the face of the artist. His manner is dignified and modest. There are no facial contortions. There are no physical manifestations of the conquering of a severe task.

* * *

And now abideth technic, personality, temperament—these three; but the greatest of these is temperament.

* * *

The definition by Leibnitz of music is not accepted in these days of mysophobia, paranoia, neurosis and paresis. What concert goer of to-day would hold music to be "an occult exercise of the mind unconsciously performing arithmetical calculations."

* * *

As the men of a former century, as Joachim Raff et al. down to the Parisian aesthetes, see color in sound, so to the concert goer the trombone is "purple red to brown violet" and the oboe "pure yellow to deep green."

* * *

Color is all very well; and materialism in music is perhaps necessary, but temperament is indispensable. But what is temperament? If a pianist were asked this question he might reply to the questioner as a celebrated author of Boston when once asked by a colleague to define "style." "Style?" said the simple man. "Why style is that which I have and you lack."

The pianist, whoever he may be, moves some one hearer, or at least pleases him. Here enters the element of subjectivity that must enter into any final estimate. This element has been so clearly expressed by Mr. John Addington Symonds that his words are worthy of quotation: "The mind of one individual, qualified by certain idiosyncratic properties, and further qualified by the conditions of his race and age, is brought to bear upon the product of another human mind, itself qualified by certain idiosyncratic properties and further qualified by the conditions of a certain race and century." Let A stand for the artist or author, and let *b* and *c* represent his temperament and his milieu. Let D stand for the critic (or hearer), and let *e* and *f* represent his temperament and milieu. The relation between the two involves a blending of *b*, *c*, *e*, and *f*, "so uncertain in combinations as to preclude scientific critical exactitude in the latter's estimate."

But what hearer in listening to a pianist deliberately takes account of the "moral, political, religious, æsthetic, sensuous sympathies and antipathies playing an inevitable part?" He listens to pianists that are foreigners alike, of his own age, but surrounded by a transported and foreign atmosphere, of different accidental mental equipment. Grant that there is no difference in degree of technic, that the degree of intellectuality is the same. One pianist holds not merely one hearer in his hands, but a mighty audience thrown together at a stated moment. Another compels respect and admiration, but he keeps the hearer at arm's length. So we say vaguely: A has temperament; B is without temperament.

Agur, the son of Jakeh, confessed that three things were too wonderful for him; yea, four which he knew not; and yet temperament was only hinted at by Agur. The successful jury lawyer is full of it; it dripped from the pores of Benvenuto Cellini; and do you suppose that the "farmer's girl boiling her iron tea kettle and baking shortcake" whom Walt Whitman would have looked at "every afternoon of his life" was without it?

* * *

Now, I do not believe that Busoni is wholly without temperament, for some of his compositions reveal it. Nor do I believe that he is "color deaf." Perhaps with noble, almost ascetic purpose he wishes nothing earthly in his music. Yet he might ponder the praise awarded by Bellaigue to De Greef, the Belgian pianist. "Here is one who

plays without dryness and without hardness, who takes hold of the keys without attacking them, as so many attack with aggressive violence. He manipulates, he shades off and tones down the sonority produced, just as a painter treats his colors; and we forget that those frightful keys of wood and ivory which so often rebel against all expression and all poetry stand between the strings and the pianist's fingers."

Mr. Busoni is now one of the first pianists among us. In brilliancy and in intellectuality he need fear no present rival. Is temperament to be cultivated? If such a thing is possible and he cares for it, there is no reason why he should not incite affection as well as compel respect.

* * *

With the exception of this recital of Mr. Busoni, the concerts of the past week do not call for extended notice. The evening of the 23d ult. Mr. Leo Schultz, the second 'cello of the Boston Symphony orchestra, gave a concert in Steinert Hall. He was assisted by Mr. Campanari, baritone; Mr. Kuntz, violin; Mr. Mahr, violin; Mr. Hoyer, viola; Mr. Faelten, piano; Mr. Schuecker, harp, and Mr. Kelley, organ. The program included the Schumann piano quintet, pieces for 'cello by De Swert, Bruch and Poppert, the Chopin Allegro de Concert op. 46, and songs by Marcello and Schulz. These songs, "The Love Star" and "The Fisher" for baritone, with piano and harp accompaniment, are said to speak favorably of Mr. Schulz's talent, and his playing of the 'cello numbers was loudly applauded.

The quintet was admirably given, I hear, and Mr. Campanari sang as ever, with fire and conviction. I regret that I was unable to be at this concert, for Mr. Schulz is well worthy of the respect of all musicians as artist and as man. It may not be generally known that he is a master of mimicry, and his imitation of Liszt in the act of performing a Hungarian rhapsody is a masterpiece of breadth as well as detail.

* * *

Monday evening, the 23d, Francis Wilson, appeared at the Globe in "The Lion Tamer." You are familiar with the work and the performance. There was plenty of fun and there was no music. And yet Wilson has strained many nerves in his search after tunes. Stahl and Edwards and Hubbard Smith have tried their hands, but there is not one good rollicking tune in the whole operetta. Miss Glaser has not yet recovered from her throat trouble, and the part of "Angelina" was taken acceptably by Miss Cecile Eissing.

The third and last concert of the Adamowski Quartet was given the afternoon of the 24th ult. in Chickering Hall. Mr. Nikisch was the pianist, and the program was made up of a Haydn G major Quartet; Goldmark's suite for violin and piano, and Saint-Saëns' piano quartet, B flat major, op. 41. The ensemble was not of the excellence

expected on such occasions, nor was it altogether worthy of the well-known participants.

The intonation of the first violinist was at times impure; the piano was too much in evidence, and in the piano quartet there was frequently a lack of precision.

* * *

The echo of the applause that greeted Martean has not yet died away. There are violinists, however, who look at him askew. They can find nothing tangible to attack in the performance, but they mutter sentences such as "He ought to study," or "He needs maturity." This reminds me that a well-known concert goer was asked what he thought of Martean, and this was his reply: "You know I am not a musician, but Martean must be a great fiddler, for I noticed that none of the fiddlers in the orchestra applauded him heartily."

* * *

The Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, gave the second concert of the seventeenth season the evening of January 26 in Music Hall. The club was assisted by Miss Maud Powell, violin; Mr. Wm. G. Heinrich, tenor, and Mr. Heinrich Meyu, baritone. The program was of a miscellaneous nature, and many of the numbers were familiar to the audience. Of the numbers already known, the "Legend," by Tchaikowsky, is perhaps the finest and the most impressive.

The musical illustrations by Max Bruch, of Heyse's story, "Siechenrost," are labored and dull, although the chorus, "Siechenrost's Death," with the violin finale is not without beauty. A novelty was Miss Margaret Lang's setting for female voices of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's "Love Plumes his Wings to Fly Away." Her music is melodious and effective; her use of the lower tones of the alto voice is skillful and the composition shows not only musical feeling, but dramatic instinct as well. Miss Powell played the obligato to the Bruch cyclus, and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," and she and Messrs. Heinrich and Meyu were applauded loudly. The singing of the chorus was excellent in all respects, but the program was not diversified. There was a prevailing melancholy, so that the hearer who entered cheerfully departed in doleful dumps.

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The Cecilia will give a concert in Salem, February 9. At the next concert of the regular season "The Damnation of Faust" will be given, and Mr. Max Heinrich is engaged as "Mephistopheles." The "Wage Earners" concerts given by the Cecilia are thoroughly appreciated.

The Handel and Haydn Society give next Sunday the D minor mass No. 2 by Cherubini and Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans." This latter noble work was first brought out at the Springfield festival of 1892, and you have heard it in New York, but it has not yet been given in Boston. The solo quartet, as announced, will be Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Poole and Messrs. Campanari and Fischer.

Paderewski again triumphed gloriously at the Symphony concert last evening, so far as the public was concerned. He was heard in his own concerto, and in Chopin's nocturne op. 37, No. 2, and valse op. 34, No. 1. He was recalled again and again; yet he has been heard in Music Hall to greater advantage. In the concerto he was occasionally guilty of unnecessary pounding, and his performance of the nocturne was artificial in the extreme. The orchestra gave a robust, and, at times untuneful version of Schumann's B flat Symphony.

The other orchestral numbers were MacDowell's orchestral poems "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," and the "Meister-singer" overture. "Hamlet" was played in New York, I believe, in 1887 at a Van der Stucken concert. "Ophelia" has been heard in American towns, and the two pieces were played in Breslau and Weimar. These tone poems are fortunately without a program. There are the names "Hamlet" and "Ophelia"; weave your own fancies when you hear the music.

Each hearer must decide whether the "Prince of Denmark" or MacDowell is the same as the creation of his own imagination, but all can agree in this: In MacDowell we have the born musician who finds the best and the fullest expression of thought in music. In his music there is poetry. In these poems are seen passion, grace, melancholy tenderness, imagination and a rare gift of expressing in exquisite language, pure and noble thought that is at the same time intensely human.

Mr. Carl Pilueger, the tenor, has resigned his position at the Arlington street Church, a position which he has honorably filled for several years.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Fourteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The Second Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society.

"Phoenix Expirans" Set to Music by George W. Chadwick.

The programme of the fourteenth symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolan".....Beethoven
"The Skeleton in Armor".....Ballad for chorus, quartette and orchestra. (First time in Boston).....Foote
"A Song of Destiny," for chorus and orchestra.....Brahms
"Columbus March and Hymn." (First time in Boston).....Paine

Mrs. Barnard-Smith, Miss Carlsmith, Messrs. Geo. J. Parker and Clarence E. Hay sang the quartettes in Mr. Foote's ballad. The chorus was the Boston Symphony Chorus.

It may be said that Mr. Foote was unfortunate in his choice of a text, for Longfellow's poem does not appear to allow of rhythmic diversity in music, at least as far as Mr. Foote is concerned. The question is not whether the choice was judicious. The composer might have told of "Sir Patrick Spens," he might have dreamed over James Clarence Mangan's "Vision of Connaught," the superb and mystical poem of the time and the years of Cahal Mor of the Wine-red Hand; he might have taken from Percy's Reliques, "John Barleycorn" with its stirring lines,

"John Barleycorn has got a beard,
Like any other man."

Mr. Foote preferred "The Skeleton in Armor." The question is this, What did he do with it?

He that proposes to put music to a ballad full of panoramic incidents must, if he wishes to gain dramatic effect, treat the detail dramatically or choose two or three salient scenes and create as many moods, sharply defined and contrasting. If he consider carefully every point of the story, he is apt to lose sight of one great climax; or he is apt to fritter away by italicizing so many sentences; or the work is prolonged unduly. The ballad then becomes as jejune and foolish as Dr. Johnson's celebrated burlesque:

"The tender infant, meek and mild,
Felt down upon the stone;
The nurse took up the squealing child,
But still the child squealed on."

Mr. Foote avoided these dangers, it is true. He also avoided, alas, dramatic intensity in his treatment of a few contrasting scenes. He employed a quartette for the expression of the wooing and the peaceful married life. He used the allegro in different degrees and with various modifications. In spite of the effects the ballad is undramatic. The music seldom suits or intensifies the words.

A realer of imagination and well-trained voice could make a more vivid impression by reciting this poem of Longfellow. In Mr. Foote's setting the music often obscures the words and at times was against the palpable meaning of them.

The questioner, the narrator and the skeleton that answers are all one and the same musical person. This one musical person is not a triquid. The skeleton that once skated, led a wild life, asked the consent of Hildebrand, bore away the mail, and then, after years of quiet enjoyment, allowed his soul to go skyward by falling upon a spear, has the same voice in the episodes of his existence.

Is there horror in the first inquiry? No. Is awe inspired by the narration of the coming to life? No. Is the "dead man's curse" effective? No; for tempo, notation and leading of voices deny the possible existence of effect. And so throughout the catalogue of incidents. Once, it is true, Mr. Foote succeeds in giving comparative pleasure—in the pretty and conventional treatment of the low lutes beginning, "Once, as I told in glee," the quartette, pp. 10-14.

The music is undramatic. The voices are at times treated so that their walk is stiff; at other times they are soled that the resulting harmony is dry, noisy and without effect. There is occasionally a sense of awkwardness in the reading, as in the eleventh and twelfth measures of the fifteenth page.

Nor can the instrumentation be praised. It is either thin or thick. The voice parts are too frequently doubled by instruments. The different choir of instruments are not effectively used against each other. There seems to be little attention paid to the peculiar characteristics of the instruments.

Throughout the work there is a certain fever, but it is a slow fever. There are hints of dramatic effects that are postponed indefinitely. There are false prophecies concerning the arrival of a climax.

It is true that the ballad was not well sung. The chorus no doubt contains excellent material, but the parts are not well balanced; the intonation is not above reproach; the attack is not decisive. The ballad was conducted Saturday evening by its composer; it is therefore fair to say that it was read in accordance with the wishes of the composer. And yet his judiciousness in the voice and pianoforte edition were not followed. The ballad is peppered with these indications. But Saturday evening there was not one pianissimo observed, and p p p seemed as unintelligible as an hieroglyphic. There was a monotone of forte that was of close kin to fortissimo. There was little rhythmic sense. The musical sentences were not read as sentences, and there was always undue importance given to the first beat. Even the experienced singers of the quartette sang without full appreciation of the character of 9-8 movement.

Mr. Foote's work was applauded heartily, and he was recalled two or three times.

Prof. Paine's "Columbus March and Hymn" was written by official invitation for the opening ceremonies of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago and performed there for the first time in October of last year. It was written with a view to performance in an immense hall, with an orchestra of 200 and a chorus of 5000. To judge of its merits when it is given under different conditions might be regarded properly as unfair. These general statements may, however, be made. First, nearly all of the compositions known to the French as "official machines" may have served their purpose on the occasion for which they were written; they have seldom been of permanent worth; they have seldom preserved alone the name of the composer. Again, Prof. Paine had contributed to the musical reputation of his country by his music to "Elihu," and by orchestral works before the Columbian Exposition was a fact. The invitation extended to him by the managers of the exposition was a deserved tribute of respect and admiration. The acceptance of the invitation was the graceful act of a composer who knew full well the difficulties of the undertaking. To write a march that should be worthy of his reputation and of the occasion and at the same time be not devoid of the elements of popularity, that was indeed a task.

It would seem from the performance of Saturday evening that if Prof. Paine erred in the fulfillment of his task, it was in the desire to gain instantaneous popularity. Whatever may have been the effect produced at Chicago, this march cannot be classed among the most dignified, original and thoroughly musical works of the eminent composer.

The "Song of Destiny" has been heard in Music Hall under more favorable conditions. The Boston Symphony Chorus in its present state is not able to give such a work with proper effect.

There will be no public rehearsal and concert this week. The programme of the rehearsal and concert of Feb. 17-18 will be as follows: Symphony, E major, op. 55, Tchaikovsky; concerto, G minor, for pianoforte, Saint-Saëns; the Symphony, A major, No. 7, Beethoven. The pianist will be Mr. George M. Nowell.

PHILIP HALE.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN.

The D minor mass (No. 2) of Cherubini, and "Phoenix Expirans," a hymn for chorus, solo voices and orchestra, by Mr. George W. Chadwick, were sung last evening by the Handel and Haydn Society in Music Hall. The solo singers were Mrs. Lillian Nordica, Mrs. Clara Poole, Mr. Italo Campanari and Mr. Emil Fischer. Mr. Carl Zerrahu and Mr. Chadwick were the conductors, and Mr. B. J. Lang was the organist.

Mr. Chadwick's work was composed for the fourth festival of the Hampden County Musical Association, and it was first given under his direction in Springfield May 5, 1892. The quartette on that occasion was made up of Mrs. Moore-Lawson, Mrs. Julie Wyman, Messrs. Mockridge and Max Heinrich. The hymn was lately sung in New York by the Church Choral Society under the direction of Mr. E. H. Warren, and the solo singers were Mrs. Toedt, Mrs. Morris, Messrs. G. H. Clarke and F. F. Powers.

Who wrote this strange poem, this singular

mixture of eroticisms and mysticism? No one knows. It is said to be a hymn of the 12th or 13th century, and Mr. Chadwick proudly found it in Archbishop Trench's "Sacred Latin Poetry."

Let us for a moment consult the wisdom of the ancients concerning the phoenix. There is never but one at a time in this world, and he is rarely seen by men. The bird was first remarked at Heliopolis in the reign of Sesostrius. One was brought to Rome in the 800th year of the city. It has been mistaken for the Arabian bird that buildeth its nest with cinnamon. Paracelsus wrote of the phoenix mystically. It sometimes lives 1500 years before it burneth itself and generates another from its ashes. Plutarch tells us that the brain of the phoenix is pleasant eating, "but that it causeth the headache." No one now living is acquainted with man or woman who has seen this bird.

It is a pity that the English version of "The Dying Phoenix" by Dr. J. L. Hayes was not included in the programme of last evening. The amorous poet calls for branches, and sweet smelling spray to deck the funeral pyre:

"For as the Phoenix dies
I from the flames shall rise."

And pray, what have such lines as these to do with the worship of the church or with religious contemplation?

"Let flowers, with perfume rare
Refresh the ill the air;
Good christs, wet with dew,
And fruit with golden hue,
Quench this consuming fire,
Nor let me thus expire."

If pain love may be,
Or love pain may be,
I do not care to know,
This thing alone I know:
Mild is the pain to me,
Sweet is the love to me."

Surely we are not far from the mountains of myrrh and the hill of frankincense mentioned in "The Song of Solomon." It is the voice of the Sulamite in the harem of Solomon, who, waiting for her shepherd lover, yet exclaims, "Stay me with figs, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." This poem, "Phoenix Expirans," may then have a mystical meaning, such as was attributed to "The Song of Solomon" in the second century after the birth of our Lord. It may be compared to the erotic-mystical religious poetry of India and Persia, which first came into existence, according to Renan, in the twelfth century, and was a reaction against the rigidity of Mohammedanism. It is not the ingenious speculation of Mr. Krehbiel more to the point, "that the unknown author, if he was indeed a monk, was a lover of Ovid and his fellows, and, having like inspirations, perpetrated a pious fraud and gave his pretty ideas a churchly garb?"

Whatever the real history of the poem may be, the beautiful verses inspired Mr. Chadwick to write beautiful music. This music is rich in sumptuous and seductive harmony; it abounds in fresh and entrancing melody; there is a highly flavored individuality in the treatment of voices and instruments. Nor is this music without dramatic intensity, without dignity, without solemn impressiveness. Take for in-

innerle ser wird mich Schlummer..... } Brahms
elk led
ul n Kirchof
Mr. Heurleib

she displayed taste. The feature of the concert was Mr. H. in his superb delivery of Schubert's "Omnipotence."

The program of the fourteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Coriolan".....	Beethoven
Ballad, "The Skeleton in Armor".....	Foot
(First time in Boston.)	
A Song of Destiny.....	Brahms
"Columbus March and Hymn".....	Paine
(First time in Boston.)	

The Boston Symphony Chorus and Mrs. Barnard-Smith, Miss Carlsmith, Messrs. Geo. J. Parker and Clarence E. Hay assisted.

Mr. Foote's ballad is for chorus, quartet and orchestra. It is a musical setting of the familiar poem by Longfellow. The choice of a poem was unfortunate, perhaps, in that the lines do not readily suggest variety of rhythm. In Mr. Foote's composition there is a superabundance of the ternary.

This ballad is thirty-six octavo pages in length. To elaborate the detail of the poem might be a frittering away of any grand result. The detail is not elaborated in this case. On the other hand, there are no contrasting moods suggested clearly, there is no definite creation of a Stimmung. There are subdivisions, as allegro deciso and andantino, and so on, but there are no sharply drawn scenes of dramatic contrast. The chorus is questioner, narrator and answerer. The quartet is used for the story of the wooing and the death of the wife—for the scenes of comparative tenderness—but these scenes are without particular distinction.

The ballad is, first of all, undramatic. There is little evidence of imagination; there is little evidence of a sense of dramatic fitness. The very start is a disappointment. Why should the appeal to the skeleton be so hurriedly delivered? Why should this appeal be given to the chorus? Is there any horror expressed in the description of the awakening of the dead?

It would be an idle task to go through the ballad sentence by sentence and point out the inappropriateness of the music, for the music cannot be reproduced in this article, and verbal statements would seem purely dogmatic. But here is a striking instance of a failure to grasp the possibilities of the situation. The skeleton says:

Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse.

Surely "the dead man's curse" should be brought strongly to the attention of the hearer. It would not be necessary, perhaps, to stop the rush of musical thought and prepare "the curse" with the deliberation of a barn stormer in the scene in "Richelieu;" but without such interruption harmonies could be used; instrumental color could be so applied that the necessary shiver would strike the hearer. Mr. Foote, on the contrary, arranges the voices in such a manner and employs such notation that the sentence does not come even clearly to the hearer; but the sentence, without dread import, is like an inarticulate gargling in a commonplace throat.

Neither is the rhythm always above reproach (see, for instance, page 15, where a false construction is given to the meaning of the words "Chanting his glory Bright," nor are the voices used skillfully to gain effects by simple means.

The instrumentation is, as a rule, dry and uninteresting. The voices are followed too often by instruments, and support becomes a distraction. There is little variety; there is little color.

Mr. Foote conducted the performance of his work. It is therefore fair to presume that it was given in accordance with his own wishes, particularly as he prepares the Symphony chorus for its work in public. On this occasion there was a marked disregard of the printed indications of the composer. There was hardly a pianissimo that was observed, there was a monotone of forte in passages that called for delicate treatment; forte was often fortissimo, and the climax was generally anticipated.

The chorus sang weakly and without discretion. In full passages there was not the sonority that comes from a well balanced chorus, competent, sure that the cause in which they engage is just. The enunciation was so defective that the hearer, even with the help of the program book, was often unable to detect the whereabouts of the singers.

The cantata by Brahms, has been heard here before, and the performance last evening was inferior to those that have preceded it. The symphony chorus is not yet prepared for committal work with our orchestra. The parts are not well balanced, the intonation is not always sure; the attack is lacking in decision, and last evening there was a decided lack of definite information concerning the meaning of the dramatic marks.

Perhaps unfair to judge of Professor Paine's march on the hearing of it in Music Hall. It was written for a small occasion, for an immense hall and an orchestra of 200. I am correctly informed, and for a chorus of 5,000. The march made last evening a favorable one.

There were signs of hard and honest work in plenty, but there were few strains of marked originality, and there were passages of triviality, pure and simple. Works written for such occasions are seldom of permanent worth. They serve their purpose and are speedily forgotten. Professor Paine has written music that honors himself and the land of his birth more than does this official composition composed expressly for the glory of the United States.

PHILIP HALE.

The First of the Pianoforte Recitals of Xaver Scharwenka.

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka gave yesterday afternoon in Bumstead Hall the first of three pianoforte recitals. The recitals are devoted to the pianoforte literature of the so-called romantic school. The program yesterday was as follows:

Fantaisie, op. 49, F minor.....	Chopin.
Two Mazurkas, op. 7, F minor; op. 33, B minor.....	
Nocturno, op. 15, F sharp major.....	
Scherzo, op. 31, B flat minor.....	
Ballade, op. 23, G minor.....	
Three Preludes, op. 28, G major, E minor, F sharp major.....	
Andante Spianato et Polonaise, op. 22.....	
Nocturne, op. 22, F minor.....	
Valse Caprice, op. 31, A major.....	X. Scharwenka.
Etude, op. 27, E flat major.....	
Tuena and Variationen, op. 48, D minor.....	

Mr. Scharwenka played in Bumstead Hall. The acoustic properties of this hall are excellent. The seats are well arranged. There is an amphitheatre; the sloping seats lead finally to a central space; a pianoforte is placed in this central region; the pianist stretches the body of the composer on the pianoforte and then operates, to the joy or the sorrow of those present. The hall is in certain important respects admirably adapted for recitals and chamber concerts, and it seems a pity that a small sum of money is not spent in making the walls and the ceiling decent and agreeable to the eye.

When Mr. Scharwenka first appeared in Berlin as a pianist and during the concert tours of the succeeding ten years he was praised warmly and justly for the beauty of his touch as well as for brilliant technique and intelligent delivery. It was in '79 that Scharwenka first played his B flat minor concerto in Vienna and made a sensation. Ten years after, and twenty years after his first appearance at the Singakademie in Berlin, he again played the concerto in Vienna at an orchestral concert that he himself organized most generously for the benefit of a fund of the Conservatory of that town. The leading authority of Vienna was then forced to write as follows: "Scharwenka has been for a long time a distinguished teacher; as such he is now honored and demanded. The professor appears to have killed the poet. Whatever is now played by him sounds methodical, measured with compasses, dry."

When Scharwenka played in Boston with the Symphony Orchestra in 1891 I could not understand this criticism of Edward Hanslick, for the pianist, though he was sorely handicapped, then displayed brilliancy and fire, and I remembered the Scharwenka of '82-'83-'84, the handsome, courtly cavalier of the concert stage, whose playing was then full of romanticism which inspired men and touched women. Perhaps Scharwenka renewed his youth in '91, when he first faced a Boston audience. However this may be, I have not heard him here or in other cities since that day appear to such advantage, and after his performance of yesterday the opinion of Hanslick no longer seems unjust.

It would be an idle task to review in turn the performance of each of the selections. The pianist was heard at his best in the three preludes by Chopin and in his own nocturne and valse caprice. In the prelude in F sharp major he showed the poetic spirit, imagination and a fine, sympathetic touch. His own compositions were played with dash and piquancy. The first three of them please, but they are, for the most part, echoes of Chopin and Schumann. The greater number of the pieces by Chopin were given rigidly and without effect. There were even technical omissions and commissions during the course of the concert. Mr. Scharwenka was evidently not in the vein. And yet at times a pearly run or a dazzling flight of octaves brought vividly to the mind the pianist of former days.

The next recital will be given Thursday afternoon, Feb. 16, and Mr. Scharwenka will then play pieces by Schumann and Mendelssohn.

PHILIP HALE.

THE NEW YORK SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The New York Symphony Orchestra gave two concerts yesterday, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. The first was in the afternoon, at the Tremont Theatre; the second was in the evening, in Music Hall. The programme of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Symphony No. 2.....	Brahms
Concerto for violin, No. 5.....	Vieuxtemps
Mr. Henri Marteau.	
Selections from "Tannhauser".....	Wagner
a. Wolfram's song, "Black ich immer," Act II.	
Mr. Antonio Galassi.	
b. Introduction, Act III.	
Orchestra.	
c. Wolfram's song to the evening star.	
Mr. Galassi.	
Albunblatt (arranged for violin, by Wilhelmj).....	Wagner
Mr. Marteau.	
Tristan and Isolde (two excerpts arranged for concert performance by Walter Damrosch).....	Wagner
a. Love scene, Act II.	
b. Tristan and Isolde's death, Act III.	
(First time in Boston.)	

In the evening the excerpts from "Tannhauser" were repeated, and the overture to the same opera was added. The miscellaneous programme of the first and second parts was as follows:

Overture, "William Tell".....	Rossini
Concerto for violin.....	Mendelssohn
Mr. Marteau.	
"The Wheel of Ophelia".....	Saint-Saens
Polonaise "Mignon".....	Thomas
Reverie (dedicated to Henri Marteau).....	Benberg
Polonaise.....	Wienlawski
Mr. Marteau.	
Intermezzo, "The Dragon's" from "Carmen".....	Bizet
"March of the Toradors".....	Suite No. 1.....

Without the appearance of Mr. Marteau the concert of the afternoon would not have been of lively interest. Bringing Brahms to Boston is not unlike carrying owls to Athens or coals to Newcastle. As Germans claim to have discovered Shakspeare, so here in Boston was Brahms invented, the enthusiasts are worthy of credit. Brahms is administered to our concert public in large and small doses, in cantata, symphony, chamber music and song. Another composer would have been welcome on this occasion, simply for variety's sake. The symphony was, on the whole, well played; it was read intelligently, and with the exception of a few slips, the performance of the orchestra was admirable. The selections from "Tannhauser" were unfortunate. The introduction to the third act is dreary enough in the operatic performance, and with possible excuse, for it is supposed to hint at the sad pilgrimage of the unhistorical knight to Rome. As a concert piece it is pointless and dull, of little musical interest or worth. The song of Wolfram is also a dreary thing in the tournament scene; in concert it is simply unendurable. Mr. Galassi delivered his numbers with dignity, but his performance in the afternoon was marred by loose intonation. In the evening concert he was more fortunate, and his voice was more like that of the Galassi of old.

Mr. Marteau chose for his second appearance in Boston the fifth concerto of Vieuxtemps, the concerto that was written at the request of Leuward as a test piece for the students at the Brussels Conservatory who competed for the violin prize. The concerto was last played here in a symphony concert by Mr. Roth in the spring of 1890, if I am not mistaken. It is a fine and scholarly work, and at the same time it is a lexicon of technical difficulties. Mr. Marteau played it in the main exceedingly well and he was applauded heartily by the large audience. It was a rare pleasure to listen to his performance of the "Albunblatt" of Wagner.

But the great triumph of Marteau was reserved for the second concert. His simple and artistic delivery of the andante of the concerto, as well as the delicacy and renae spirit displayed in the finale, aroused enthusiasm. His marvelous performance of the poisonaise was something long to be remembered. The experienced members of the orchestra and the dazed audience vied in manifestations of delight. This young man, who had already played two concertos and three pieces during the day, then in response to repeated recalls played the last etude of Paganini in a truly astonishing manner. No such violin playing has been heard in this city since Sarasate appeared in Music Hall. Marteau's feats of bravura were not merely the clever tricks of a well-trained prodigy. In the most extravagant flight, there was intelligence; beauty of tone was preserved; the fire of the performer did not consume the composition; the humor was never high vulgarity. It is a good thing that this boy comes among us and shows by his prowess and his individuality that there is such a thing as musical genius; that the fiddler, as well as the poet, is born. It occurs to many in the course of their life to indulge themselves in musical diversion. Others after due consideration turn to music as a trade. Patience and excellent instruction do much even with poor material. There are good violinists, there are solid violinists, there are estimable violinists. Marteau is a genius who expresses himself by means of a violin.

The playing of the orchestra was almost always excellent, often wholly worthy of loud praise. Mr. Damrosch's conception of the Hercules business in Saint-Saens's delightful tone-poem was vigorous, and the contrast between the coquetry, the female arrogance of Omphale and the sullen rage of the hero subdued by woman's wiles was strongly marked. The delightful intermezzo from "Carmen" was given with full appreciation of its worth. The other numbers gave satisfaction, and only in the first movement of the Mendelssohn concerto was there an apparent lack of precision, or a momentary want of sympathy with the solo violinist. Miss Maconda was recalled after her correct and somewhat perfunctory delivery of the poisonaise from "Mignon."

The first Damrosch Sunday night concert in Music Hall with the assistance of eminent soloists will be given April 23.

PHILIP HALE.

The Sixth Concert by the Kneisel Quartette.

The sixth concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. Arthur Whiting was the pianist. Mr. Jules Jordan was the singer. The programme was as follows:

Trio, B major, op. 8.....	Brahms
Songs with piano:	
a. Spring Night.....	Schumann
b. Whither.....	Schubert
c. The Post.....	
d. The Carrier Dove.....	

Quartette, E major, op. 80.....Dvorak
If the indexes of Mr. Wilson's "Musical Year Books" are trustworthy, the trio of Brahms, i. e., the original version, has not been heard in public concert in Boston since it was played during the season of '83-'84 by Miss O'Brien and Messrs. Loeffler and Mueller. When the trio was first played in Vienna (1870) the musical authorities found much to censure, although they admitted gladly the evidences of genius. There were barrow wastes, harmonic and rhythmic crudities, as well as indisputable proofs of "musikgeist." Brahms did not revere his jugoes. He did not seek. He put his trio on the anvil of correction and hammered lustily and long, until he had formed a noble thing of beauty. The incongruous ingato of the first movement was omitted, and he introduced a new subsidiary theme carefully elaborated. The scherzo, which is perhaps the finest of the movements, was slightly changed, but the finale of it was made new. Only the first measures of the adagio were allowed to remain; the second theme was dropped and another introduced; no allegro now interrupts the solemn strains. So, too, the finale was strengthened, and made more passionate. In its new form it was first played in Vienna in 1890, twenty years after the decision of the court. Here is, indeed, a lesson for modern composers who seem loath to obey the Horatian maxim.

If Brahms had always written in this clear and noble style, if he had been always willing to acknowledge the force of Epiphany, his songs would have drawn men to him at an earlier

It is a pleasure to admit the strength of the work in its present condition, and it is also a pleasure to admit the performance of it last evening was in the main excellent. At times Mr. Whiting's touch seemed hard and dry, and his roving snatched at austerity; there was an occasional surmountance of pedal, but on the other hand played, as a rule, fluently and intelligently. The performance of Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder was worthy of their reputation as chamber players, and there is no higher praise than this.

The quartette by Dvorak was first given in Boston at a Kneisel concert in February, '80. In comparison with the trio by Brahms it seems a pleasant and unimportant work. It gives momentary pleasure, but it appears to be superficially thought out, and, at times, carelessly put together. The third movement contains an unmistakable echo of Schumann. The quartette was nicely played.

Mr. Jules Jordan is well known as a composer and an experienced musical conductor. He sings as though he were a composer, or conductor, or a man of musical feeling, and not as a singer. He displayed last evening, intelligence, appreciation and certain musical qualities. Nature was not extravagant in her gift of a voice, and art has not yet made good the natural deficiency. The tones in the evening were not sustained. There was a constant tremolo that often suggested, though without reason, a falling from the true pitch. However honorable the musical intentions of the singer may be, the instrument of expression is now feeble and inadequate.

The seventh concert will be given the 27th. PHILIP HALE.

Y. Critic Feb 16 Boston Letter

NOTICE THAT *The Critic's* reviewer, who wrote interestingly regarding the new work, "Famous Composers and Their Works," did nothing about one of Boston's writers on music whose article considered one of the four chief articles in the entire work. It is not any slip on the part of the reviewer, for through one of the unfortunate exigencies which arise in the publication of a description-book in parts (unfortunate especially for the author), the Mozart article is as yet unfinished in the printed portion, and therefore gives no clew to its authorship. As a fact it was written by Mr. Philip Hale, one of the most accomplished musical critics in Boston and a gentleman whose writings on musical subjects are bright as they are valuable. He is one of the few men of those who, after vigorously condemning certain features in a musician's playing, has received honest letters of thanks for so accurately pointing out errors. Such an acceptance of criticism reflects credit on the true artist and the critic as well. In this new book, besides writing the Mozart article, he has collaborated with Prof. Bizet and Glinka.

Boston Post

"Philip Hale is a sort of cantant terrible of the Boston musical world and vastly entertaining."

For instance, his Boston gossip in the latest issue of the Musical Courier.

He talks plain English and you don't have to refer to a musical dictionary to find out what he is talking about. He actually lends color to the delusion that music is not such a serious matter as it seems to the technical fellows who go about with a figurative tonometer in their brains that registers the exact number of vibrations of each note and the exact quality of each sound. Oh! we have loads of musical "shop-talk" in our musical criticisms for the general public.

It makes the general public weary.

Allusion was made in this column to the excuses of the users of tobacco. In the delightful letters of James Howell there is a singular passage that relates to tobacco and its remedy in a sad result of violent football, "Many years ago" (this letter is dated 1630), "My Lord Willoughby and he (My Lord of Sunderland) with so many of their Servants played a Match at Football against such a number of Country-men, where My Lord of Sunderland being busied about the Ball, got a bruise in the Breast, which put him in a swoon for the present, but did not trouble him till three months after, when being at Bever-Castle a quame took him on a sudden, which made him retire to his Bed-chamber, My L. of Rutland following him put a Pipe of Tobacco in his mouth, and he being not accustomed to Tobacco, taking the Smoke downwards, fell a Casting and Vomiting up divers little Imposthumated Bladders of congealed Blood, which saved his life then, and brought him to have a better conceit of Tobacco ever after." Football players who do not smoke would be naturally more susceptible to the influence of this remedy.

Summer exiles who have accustomed themselves to Swampscott will learn gladly that the Selectmen of the town are discussing the matter of drainage, and would fain unite with the government of Lynn in the bonds of sewerage. It is to be hoped that the desire and talk will bring forth action, and before the break of summer. All the salt in the water that dashes against the rocks of Galloupe's Point, or runs up the pleasant beach, will not prevail against an exposed drain, which discourages strolling lovers, and threatens children who play beside it, unconscious of their doom.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales will visit the World's Fair, and will form one of a party personally conducted by Mr. W. W. Astor. He will have his own steamship, and he will spend several weeks at the Hotel Waldorf, but nothing is said about a visit to Boston. The Prince did not journey in such Arabian night fashion when he saw us in 1860 as plain Baron or Lord Renfrow. He was then a subject for poem and paragraph, epigram and caricature. It was in "Vanity Fair" that Stedman's "Prince's Ball" appeared; and it was in this same paper that Boston was greatly chaffed as follows: "But ah! Let us approach the subject reverently! *** Boston smooths her hair, adjusts her trinkets, looks into the mirror over the left shoulder, looks into the mirror over the right shoulder, gazes into the mirror vis-a-vis, pronounces herself perfect and flies to the hall door ready to meet him. *** She seats herself on the front stoop, she peruses the Atlantic Monthly, she salutes Mr. Everett, who is airing himself on the Common, and shows him to baby. She grows impatient. The Incog will visit New York, but whether he will visit Boston is a question." But would the visit of the Prince today make such a commotion?

Feb 16-93 DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Vocal Recital of Mr. Sidney Woodward in Chickering Hall.

Mr. Sidney Woodward gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. He was assisted by Mrs. Kathinka P. White, soprano, Miss Mary N. Binz, contralto, Miss Myra L. Pond, Miss Florence F. Williams and Mr. Chas. L. Capen, pianists, and Miss Georgia D. Leonard and Mr. Augusto Rotoli, accompanists. There was a large audience.

Mr. Woodward has a tenor voice of agreeable quality. The voice lends itself easily to the demands of expression. There are also many excellent qualities in Mr. Woodward's delivery. He sings as a rule with ease; his tones are firm and sustained; his attack is decisive, and he does not often abuse the portamento; he knows the meaning of the word legato; he phrases intelligently; he holds himself in control; and his enunciation is admirable. He made a favorable impression at the very beginning by the modesty and the intelligence displayed in his version of Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the impression was strengthened by his pleasing singing of songs by Bradsley, Adams, Helmund, Newcomb and L. Koven. But Mr. Woodward is not yet ready to give in public the romanza from "La Favorita" and his performance of it last evening cannot be praised. He should beware of catch-penny explosions, and final and unmeaning fortissimos that win applause injure the voice and corrupt the taste. His singing last evening was comparatively free from such faults, and it was only at rare intervals that an evil tendency was noticed.

Mrs. White sang an air from Saint Saens's "Etienne Marcel" and songs by Schubert and Dessauer. Miss Binz was heard in selections from Rossini and Saint Saens. Miss Pond played a Liszt rhapsodie, and Miss Williams, assisted by Mr. Capen, played two movements from Mendelssohn's G minor concerto.

PHILIP HALE.

Feb 7-93 The Second of Mr. Scharwenka's Recitals in Bumstead Hall.

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka gave the second of his piano recitals in Bumstead Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large audience, and the pianist was applauded frequently. The programme was as follows:

Kreisleriana, Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6.....Schumann
Fantasiestücke.....	
(a) Des Abends.....	
(b) Ende vom Lied.....	
(c) Warum.....	
(d) Aufschwung.....	
Romanze, op. 28 (No. 2).....	
Nachstück, op. 28 (No. 4).....	
Vogel als Prophet, op. 82.....	
Novelette, op. 21 (No. 1).....	
Carnaval, op. 9.....	
Praeludium and Fuge, E minor "Notre Temps" (No. VII).....	Mendelssohn
Lied Ohne Worte, op. 38 (No. 3).....	
Rondo Capriccioso, op. 14.....	

Mr. Scharwenka as an interpreter of Schumann was heard to best advantage in "Vogel als Prophet" and in certain scenes of the "Carnaval." His performance of the first named piece was a happy combination of poetic feeling and elegant expression, and it was delightfully free from sentimentalism or any affectation. So, too, in certain scenes of the "Carnaval" there were revelations of the characteristics that distinguished formerly Mr. Scharwenka, the virtuoso. But in the other selections from Schumann there was a frequent abuse of each pedal; there was untidy or positively unclean playing; and although there were agreeable moments, there were long stretches of time when that which was romantic and impassioned was delivered in a dry and perfunctory manner.

The third and last recital will be given Thursday afternoon, the 23d, and the programme will be made up of selections from the compositions of Liszt.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, February 11, 1893.

SUNDAY evening, the 5th, the second concert of the seventy-eighth season of the Händel and Haydn Society was given in Music Hall. The works presented were Cherubini's mass, No. 2, D minor, and "Phoenix Expirans," a hymn for chorus, solo voices and orchestra, by George W. Chadwick. The quartet was made up of Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Poole, Messrs. Campanini and Fischer. Miss M. L. Hastings and Mr. Geo. W. Want, of Boston, assisted in the sextet in the mass. Mr. Zerrahn was the conductor of the mass, and Mr. Chadwick directed his own composition. The mass was first given by the Händel and Haydn in 1883. Mr. Chadwick's hymn was heard here for the first time Sunday evening.

Here is a singular contrast: the solemn, austere music of Cherubini, a grand setting of consecrated words, and the impassioned music of Chadwick, that may preserve an amorous mystical poem of mediæval days. Did the late Dr. John Lord Hayes, of Cambridge, the translator of "Phoenix Expirans," really believe in the sacred character of the hymn that he put into English? Did Archbishop Trench hesitate in admitting the hymn into his collection of "Sacred Latin Poetry"? To be sure, the soul is invited to "burst its bonds" and "soar to the heavenly dome," and the "Daughters of Zion" are invited to look on the "drooping soul" of the poet before it "bursts and stretches;" but what in the world have the other lines to do with church or religious aspiration?

If love pain may be,
Or pain love may be,
I do not care to know;
This thing alone I know:
Mild is the pain to me,
Sweet is the love to me.

Now, this poem is called "mystical and contemplative." Orthodox commentators may find therein an allegorical significance, as they do in "The Song of Solomon," and in certain erotic volumes of India and Persia. Is not the "Kama Sutra" classed in the catalogue of Hindoo theological works?

Whatever the nature of the "Phoenix" of the unknown mediæval poet may be, the text inspired Mr. Chadwick mightily. The music of Mr. Chadwick in turn aroused the

audience; it provoked the most remarkable scene that I have witnessed in this town during the last three years. The great chorus of the Händel and Haydn had given a very respectable, in certain points an excellent, performance of Cherubini's mass. There was occasional false intonation, and at times the attack was weak, but in consideration of the difficulties and the length of the work there was much to praise, especially in the matter of phrasing, in the matter of dynamics. The performance, in a word, was intelligent, even if the body did not always respond to the spirit. It is true that the performance of the quartet was as a rule unsympathetic, ragged and untuneful.

The audience had listened patiently to creed and prayer; it had followed the word "Amen" through its contrapuntal turns and twists; it had shown endurance and cool interest. Nor was it the fault of Cherubini, nor was it the fault of the Händel and Haydn Society that the audience was for an hour like unto the church of the Laodæcians. What has music consecrated to the solemn service of the Roman Catholic Church to do with an unadorned concert hall, with blazing gas, with singers in concert dress, with an audience largely careless as to the meaning of the words? This mass of Cherubini needs the pomp and the ceremony of the Church, the rose window, the gigantic crucifix suspended in the air, the face of the Virgin Mother, mild, "steady candle flame" and "good, strong, thick, stupefying incense smoke!"

What particular significance had Cherubini's sublime pedal in the "Crucifixus" with the wondrous, ever shifting harmonies, as though with the ever revolving years and the disappearance of generations the tragedy of Calvary stood out, a bloody fact, not to be sung, however, nor described, but reverently remembered by men and women on their knees as they repeat sotto voce the confession of faith? What significance, pray, had these inspired measures to a smug and otherwise amiable citizen who abhors the Scarlet Woman and all her works?

The mass was over and Mr. Chadwick faced the musicians. The Latin words alone of the "Phoenix" appeared on the program, and many a hearer was therefore left in ignorance as to the purport. It was Sunday evening, remember; it was at a Händel and Haydn concert; the words were Latin, and yet suddenly there was a mighty and universal shout, for the audience was taken possession of by glowing, sensuous, dramatic music, conceived by the senses and cunningly and skillfully directed, so that it grew to irresistible intensity. And what was it all about? Nordica asked, in impassioned strains, for citrons and golden fruits, flowers, sweet smelling spray, a funeral pyre and other things.

For, as the Phoenix dies,
I from the flames shall rise.

The chorus approved, as in the Greek tragedy; at first with possible hesitation; then it shared the frenzy of the chief singer; the instruments surged; there was a tremendous crash of glorious music; Nordica was borne triumphantly on the wave. The hearer was taken off his feet. His nervous system was thoroughly alive. He forgot time and place. He, too, must exult.

The orchestral measures that followed were not heard, for tumult was at its height. Even the exquisite effect of the harmonized and unaccompanied church tone that ended the number was almost lost.

The applause was long continued. The last eight pages of the number were repeated—a great mistake, for the psychological or the physiological moment did not again arrive.

Mr. Chadwick may well be proud of this singularly attractive work. It shows imagination, dramatic force, technical skill. The melody is fresh and warm, the harmony seems natural, even when it is most carefully sought; the instrumentation is rich and free. There is dignity when there is occasion, there is solemnity when it is called for, and throughout the work there is the virility, there is the red blood, of manly genius.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Heinrich gave the second and last of their song recitals Tuesday evening, the 7th. Mrs. Heinrich sang songs by Franz, Schumann, Brahms; Mr. Hein-

rich chose songs by Schubert, Brahms, Händel, Clay, Mackenzie, Stanford, and there were duets by Mozart, Rubinstein and Goring Thomas. The audience was larger than at the first recital, but it was not as large as the reputation of the singers deserved. Mrs. Heinrich sang with delightful simplicity, with artistic control. Refinement is the one great characteristic of her performance. Mr. Heinrich is admirable, yea, he is most impressive in such songs as Schubert's "Am Meer." In the delivery of a scene of strong or strange emotion he has few equals; but when a song depends almost entirely on bel canto for effect the hearer listens to Mr. Heinrich's accompaniment rather than to his voice.

We have had another "grand operatic concert," and it was the Nordica Company, Wednesday evening, the 8th, in Music Hall. The hall was crowded, and there were flowers and enthusiasm, familiar tunes and the overture to "Zampa." Mrs. Nordica sang the well-known air from "Hérodiade" with breadth and dramatic intensity. It may seem ungracious when there was so much to praise heartily in her performance to point out a tendency seen on this occasion for the first time this season to force her tones and thus deliberately attempt to impress the audience. She can well afford to dispense with the old-fashioned idea that a high note at the end is an ornament to a simple song.

Mrs. Scalchi sang "Addio mei sospiri," by Bertoni, and in response to furious applause she added the gavot from "Mignon." The people are fond of Scalchi to-day, just as they were in London in 1886, when Hanslick was obliged to hear the "Flower Song" from "Faust" three times in succession, although her delivery of it was like unto "a dialogue between an oboe and a trombone." Perhaps it is her swing or her stride, or that which is vaguely known as her "stage presence," that delights the audience. This two voiced singer is the Ada Lewis of grand opera. Del Puente sang "Eri tu," and Campanini sang "Adelaide" with orchestral accompaniment.

Mr. Fischer sang "Ruddier than the cherry" in a realistic manner; that is, he was clumsy in roulades and untuneful in delivery. If this realism was intentional it deserves high praise. When "Acis and Galatea" was sung in London in 1731, 'for the benefit of Mr. Rochetti, at the desire of several persons of quality,' "Polyphemus" was represented by Richard Leveridge, who was then sixty-one years old. It is said that Leveridge sang without taste and his manners were coarse. At the age of sixty years he offered for a bet of 100 guineas to sing a bass song with any man in England. In 1726 he opened a coffee house, where joyous ditties rent the night air, and then he was supported by annual subscription.

Mr. Fischer made a much more favorable impression by his simple and manly reading of Lassen's "It was a dream." The concert closed with excerpts from "Cavalleria Rusticana," which without scenic accessories and the rush of the action make but little effect. The power of

is an alcoholic nightmare. It is probable that Mr. Scharwenka was not warned of the character of the decorations, and that he thoughtlessly looked skyward as he took his place at the piano; for his spirit seemed saddened and subdued, and he played in pedagogic vein, as one that buckles himself resolutely to a task. He was most successful in the preludes by Chopin and in his own compositions. The other numbers were played for the most part in a stern and rigid manner, although there were occasional flashes of the brilliancy that characterized the performance of this virtuoso who exchanged the fleeting fame of the concert hall for the enduring honor that is the reward of the faithful teacher.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch conductor, gave two concerts Friday, the 10th. The afternoon concert was at the Tremont Theatre and in the regular course. The extra evening concert was in Music Hall and was of a more popular nature. I confess that the concert of "popular nature" was more to my taste than the concert which included Brahms' second symphony and the fifth violin concerto of Vieuxtemps, though they are admirable works, and they were in the main admirably played. The selections from "Tannhäuser" were dreary. The introduction to the third act and Wolfram's song, "Blick ich umher," are without point or interest on the concert stage.

Mr. Galassi also sang the "Song to the Evening Star." In the afternoon his phrasing was dignified, and his intonation was impure. In the evening he was more successful. The orchestra in the evening gave an exceedingly good performance of Saint-Saëns' "The Wheel of Omphale," and the other numbers were overture to "William Tell," two numbers from "Carmen" suite, and the overture to "Tannhäuser." Miss Maconda sang the polonaise from "Mignon" with good effect.

The evening was chiefly remarkable for the overwhelming triumph of Marteau. At the concert in the afternoon he had played Wagner's "Albumbblatt," besides the concerto by Vieuxtemps. At night he was heard in the Mendelssohn concerto, and at the end of the finale he was loudly cheered, but after his marvelous performance of the familiar polonaise, by Wieniawski, the audience rose at him. Recall followed recall, and this remarkable young man played in most remarkable fashion a caprice by Paganini, the twenty-

fourth, if I am not mistaken. His tone was beautiful and sympathetic; his bravura free from trickery and controlled by taste; his bearing manly and full of authority. No violinist in Music Hall has so moved an audience since Sarasate stood in front of the statue of Beethoven.

Mr. Gardner Lamson has been busy of late. He has sung in Ogdensburg, Providence, Salem and towns near Boston.

Ethelbert Nevin will settle here again in March or April. He is now in Pittsburg. Among the fruits of his recent work in Paris and Berlin is a ballet, "Echo and Narcissus." The ballet will be of a classical nature, posturing instead of kicking, and there will be no scene for the Fuller. There will be a chorus and the evolutions and gesturing will be accompanied by voices as well as by instruments. Then there is a piece or suite for orchestra and piano, in which the one will play a nocturne while the other plays at the same time a scherzo. His song "Rappelle-toi" is scored for strings, harp and two horns, and I understand it will be heard this season at a concert of the "Cecilia" or "Apollo."

Mr. Pflueger's place at the Arlington is not yet filled. There is a strong effort now made to engage Mr. Jas. H. Richetson, of New York.

Mr. Herbert Johnson occasionally takes the part of Columbus in "1492" at the Columbia Theatre.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell Allen will give a concert in Steinert Hall the 25th. The New Bedford "Standard" says that she is one of the finest pianists in this country—at least so the advance notice reads.

Miss Elizabeth Hamlin will sing the solo soprano part in "The Damnation of Faust," which will be given at the next concert of the "Cecilia." Mr. Geo. J. Parker will be the "Faust," and Max Heinrich the "Mephisto."

PHILIP HALE.

The pamphlets by Dr. Heinrich Pudor which treat of musical subjects contain much that is extravagant, much that is nonsensical; and yet this singular man deserves attention, for many of his opinions incite discussion concerning the present tendency of music. Dr. Pudor is the foe of materialism which is to-day unquestionably of marked influence in matters of art. According to him, "these great orchestras, gigantic tubas and enormous drums are signs of materialism in music. Our perception is so coarsened to-day that it demands musical mortar-shots out of the muzzles of eight trombones to shake us out of our mental numbness. You must see and hear a singer like Mierzwinsky or an actress like Sarah Bernhardt, who, as Messalina, allows herself to be strangled for a quarter of an hour, and therefore 'plays in a masterly manner,' if you wish to understand thoroughly this modern roughening of the most sensitive heart."

Let us give these words a local application. Here in Boston we are impressed by the element of bulk, which element often enters into the reason of success or failure of a musical performance. The amateur argues that a chorus of 500 must be more worthy of a hearing than a picked chorus of 50. The larger the orchestra the greater is the public attention. The grotesque or thundering orchestral effect provokes the applause storm, just as the prolonged howl of an athletic singer on a final high note awakens the finer feelings of the average hearer. Nor need the singer be athletic; the paradox of a lank, neurotic woman emitting tones of high pitch and brilliant intensity fascinates even the unevolved. For the yearly enjoyment of these pleasures, music festivals are organized, where, as a rule, the pecuniary success and the volume of sound are in direct proportion.

Another instance of materialism in music is the hero-worship of an audience. We are all the slaves of alleged great names. Here is an instance: At the last concert of the Handel and Haydn Society the quartette was made up of Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Foote, Messrs. Camuanini and Fischer. "Satevna-to-vo-da" abilities of these singers may be or may have been, their reputation is certainly widespread. Now, the performance of this quartette, as a quartette, if the mass by Cherubini was unworthy of the occasion. There had been little rehearsal; the voices did not blend; and the most careless of the audience must have noticed the frequent untunefulness, the lack of precision and the want of sympathy. The engagement of the quartette cost the Handel and Haydn Society pretty sum of money; it is I am informed correctly, the amount paid to the four singers was in the neighborhood of \$1000.

There are certainly three or four church quartettes in this town that could have given more satisfactory performance. The members have sung together for a long time and are in sympathy. Their opportunities for rehearsal were without number. The music was not beyond the power of the individual singers. They would have sung for a smaller sum of money. The managers of the Handel and Haydn Society appreciate undoubtedly these facts. What is their probable answer? "Unless we engage well-known singers, drawing cards, the public would not be so eager to buy tickets of admission." In other words, the people wish to see as well as to hear. They know that the choir will supply volume of sound enough to impress the ear, and they are slow to believe that men and women whom they see daily in the street can sing as well, and under certain conditions better than men and women whose names have the fascination of a lurid billboard. Nor could they be persuaded that a picked chorus of 10 at the very utmost, a carefully trained quartette of singers of local repute, and an orchestra of ordinary size under an intelligent conductor might give an unusually good performance an oratorio, mass or cantata.

Boston, however, is not an exception to an established rule, nor are gigantic music festivals with renowned solo performers an invention of this century. There was a famous instance in materialism in music in the seventeenth century, and it is surprising that Dr. Pudor does not quote it. The Elector of Saxony organized a grand concert at Dresden in 1615. The cantata performed concerned the bloody deed of Jülich. The orchestra was enlarged by strange instruments.

Rapinski played a double bass which was dragged all the way from Cracow on a cart eight miles. The instrument was 27 feet in inches high, and the player stood on a stool ladder.

This machine did not satisfy the ambition of Mr. Grundmaus, the conductor, and he stretched great cables to the arms of a windmill. The men then made formidable sounds by rubbing notched pieces of wood across the giant strings.

The prima donna was Bigozzi of Milan. She sang so much, so bravely and for such a long time that she died three days after the close of the festival.

Mr. G. Scoppio of Cremona was perhaps the most celebrated violin virtuoso of that day, and he delighted the audience by holding his end behind his back and then playing with astonishing ease the most difficult pieces.

A student named Rumpier displayed a sonorous baritone voice, and the windmill mentioned above was used as an obbligato.

The crowning success of the day, however, was the performance of a double inquiry which told in music of a fight between the Assyrians and the children of Israel. The vocal force was such that the Assyrians represented by singers from adjacent towns grew angry with the Dresdenites who took the part of the Hebrews, and the huge windmill added a injurious words and clods of earth, which was hurled with fatal precision.

All this made the Elector of Saxony laugh.

A musical entertainment, novel and of genuine worth, will be given in Chickering Hall Wednesday, the 22d. A concert of Russian folk-song will be given by the Russian Chorus under the management of Mrs. Eugenio Pritz-Liess, and Mr. H. E. Erchleb, the accomplished musical director of the New York Philharmonic, will explain in a lecture the significance and structure of the selections. Mrs. Liess was born in Moscow, and in her girlhood joined the church choir of the Institute. When she was about 14 years old she was assistant conductor of a choir of 100. She afterward went to Vienna where she studied three years under Marchesi. Her debut was at the farewell concert of Ole Bull in Vienna (1878). She has been a member of various

Feb 28 - 93 ABOUT MUSIC.

The Popular Longing for
Bulk in Art.

Musical Materialism of To-day
and Years Ago.

A Word in Explanation of the
Russian Choir Concert.

Macagni is dramatic, or rather melodramatic; it is not lyrical.

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka gave Thursday afternoon the last of the three piano recitals illustrating of the romantic school.

Barnstead Hall is a depressing place for the most excellent pianist. The acoustic properties are excellent; the seats are well arranged, as in a drawing room where the pianist takes the place of the operator; but the walls are shabby and dirty, bruised and battered, and the ceiling

Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel gave a lecture in Chickering Hall last evening. His subject was "The Folk Songs of Russia." He was assisted by Mrs. Lineff and certain members of the Russian Choir under her direction. A sketch of Mrs. Lineff was given in the Journal of Saturday. It may now be stated that the choir which she directs was not organized until after her arrival in this country. This choir is made up of about fifty singers. Last evening there were about sixteen present, and they wore national costumes.

Mr. Krehbiel first spoke of the value of folk songs as evidences of racial traits, beliefs and feelings; of the great value of the music, which should perhaps be more closely studied than the words, for the music of a folk song cannot lie; it expresses the spirit and the condition of a people. He then confined himself to the Russian folk songs, and first treated of the choral dance, its significance, its relation to the sacred dances of antiquity, its survival in children's sports of to-day. He alluded to the fact that sacred dances were seen in the churches of the Middle Ages, and he might have added that in certain Spanish towns the dance is still a solemn cathedral ceremony on certain festival days of the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Krehbiel combated the qualified statement of Cesar Cui, that the majority of Russian folk songs are in the major mode; according to his own investigations, the great majority are deeply tinged with melancholy, and they are in the minor. Some are major and, singularly enough, end in the minor; or, again, the close is in the major, but in such a position of the voices that there is a feeling of unrest. (With-out doubt the ecclesiastical modes had much to do with the character of the tonality—the church music was the only art—music heard in early days by the common people, and its influence is apparent in the Russian folk songs, as in the folk songs of other nations; but Mr. Krehbiel did not discuss this subject.) Some of the songs tell of the horrors of the old system of conscription; others tell of the hardships of the bargemen who drag boats against wind and tide on Russian rivers. The songs that illustrate the communal village life and the domestic relations and the patriotic songs of the Cossacks were described in an entertaining manner; and in this connection Mr. Krehbiel made the statement that there was absolutely no patriotic German folk song, that is, a song composed by the people, not by individuals. Mr. Krehbiel's lecture was deeply interesting, and his statements were expressed in graceful language. He was heard with attention, and he was recalled at the end of the lecture.

The songs sung by the choir were interesting from a musical point of view as well as from an ethnological or historical standpoint. They were sung for years, evidently by tradition, and without notation. Now the harmonies are carefully noted as well as the melodies; for the Russian peasants sang and sing not only in harmony but often in a species of free and irregular counterpoint. Musical instinct taught them the proper time for the respective entrances, and although modern ears may occasionally be offended by strange progressions, the effect is often wildly beautiful. It is hard to particularize, but perhaps of the old folk songs "Notchka," "Sseni," "Ne Boli Sneni" and "Ay, Ouchnem" gave the greatest pleasure. This last named song is a strange and mournful chant of a bargemen who, while at work, comfort their sorrow by singing. I am told that Mr. Loeffler has used this theme, "Ay, Ouchnem," in the advance of his sextette that will be played by the Kneisel Quartet next Monday evening.

The choir showed the careful training of Mrs. Lineff as well as marked natural musical feeling and intelligence. The few solos were excellently given by Mrs. Lineff and members of the choir. Mrs. Lineff displayed a sympathetic and well trained voice, and it is to be regretted that she was so modest in the introduction of her own gifts and accomplishments.

Specimens of modern Russian church music were added to the programme, among them an impressive Paternoster by Tschaiakowsky. It was interesting to see the use made by a modern composer of the effects of ancient folk songs. All in all it was a novel, pleasing and instructive entertainment. It is to be hoped that the choir will visit us again, and that Mr. Krehbiel may be persuaded to further develop this fascinating subject.

PHILIP HALE.

Feb 24-'93

MUSIC.

Wagnerian Excerpts Presented by Seidl's Orchestra and Singers.

A concert of excerpts from the music-dramas of Wagner was given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre by singers and the Metropolitan Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl. The leading singers were Miss Juch, Miss Fabris, Miss Bertelle, Miss Stein, and Messrs. Stephens and Galassi. The programme was as follows: "Faust" overture; selections from the third act of "The Mastersingers;" three songs, "Pains," "Dreams," and "Cradle Song," sung by Miss Juch; excerpts from the second act of "Tristan and Isolde," arranged by Mr. Seidl; spinning song and legend of the Dutchman from "The Flying Dutchman;" song to the evening star, and the septet from the first act of "Tannhauser;" song of the Rhinemaidens from "The Twilight of the Gods;" and the awakening of Brunnhilde from "Siegfried."

The features of the concert were the delightful singing of "Dreams" and "Cradle Song" by Miss Juch, and the fine performance of the song of the Rhinemaidens by Miss Juch, Miss Bertelle and Miss Stein. Miss Juch's singing of the songs mentioned was wholly admirable, and the trio was given with rare purity of intonation and charm of expression. The scene from "The Flying Dutchman" also gave pleasure. The performance of the selections from "Tannhauser" was not of equal worth. In the song to the Evening Star, Mr. Galassi strayed from the true pitch, and I may here remark that neither in Germany nor in America have I ever heard this famous air sung with faultless intonation. There was a brave effort in the male septet, but the result was not satisfactory. The performance of the orchestra was almost always excellent, and at times it was brilliant.

But what artistic purpose do concerts of this character serve? Or how is the propaganda of the Wagner in faith thus advanced? Every theory of Wagner concerning the proper presentation of his music-dramas is defied, when excerpts are given, without even the possible saving grace of costume, scenery and action. The people are so eager for opera that they welcome the blindest operatic substitute or the most vague operatic suggestion. When a singer appears in such an excerpt, there is the attractive element of personality. But does not a concert version of such a scene or such scenes as those arranged by Mr. Seidl from "Tristan and Isolde" seem unmeaning and a colossal bore? Further discussion of this

subject must be reserved for the weekly article that appears in the Journal of Saturday.

PHILIP HALE.

MR. SCHARWENKA.

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka gave yesterday afternoon in Bumstead Hall the third of his pianoforte recitals. The programme included these original compositions and arrangements by Liszt: Ricordanza; two polonaises; Mephisto waltz; "Toll" overture; "Schiller" march; "Le Rossignol."

The same characteristics of the performance of Mr. Scharwenka, the pianist of this year, were as noticeable yesterday as on former occasions. The brilliant virtuoso and the faithful, busy teacher are seldom united in one and the same person. The one must rule alone. Mr. Scharwenka has no doubt wisely chosen to impart his knowledge rather than spend it publicly for his own glory. The Scharwenka of the past gave delight by the brilliancy and the poetic spirit of his virtuosity; the Scharwenka of the present exercises his talents in a more modest and more useful field. But even to-day there are flashes of bravura and poetic expression in his performance. The virtuoso blood is not yet entirely cooled by painstaking labor in the music school.

Feb 25, '93

ABOUT MUSIC.

Thoughts Suggested by the Russian Choir.

The Contracted Musical Horizon of the Town of Boston.

Excerpts in Concert Form Now Represent Opera.

The musical event of this week was the appearance in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening of the Russian Choir, or rather members of the organization under the direction of Mrs. Lineff. There was a pleasant chamber concert; there was a pianoforte recital devoted to the expounding of the doctrines of Liszt, the Hungarian honorary monk. Mr. Seidl encamped at the Boston Theatre with his army enrolled under the banner of Wagner, and these musical engagements are no doubt to many the supreme revelation of music.

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour."

Mrs. Lineff's choir gave us an opportunity of hearing the peculiar songs of a peculiar people. Your genuine folk song is a rare bird. The folk song is a song that is invented by the people, not by an individual. It is originally of course without notation and is taught by one generation to another. We know the "Red Sarafan," "The Nightingale" and "Fair Minka," and we call them Russian national songs; but they are not folk songs, nor do they present the characteristics of the Russian folk song.

I quote here the description given by Octave Fouque, in "Ghuka," of the true Russian folk song:

"That which strikes you forcibly when you examine those specimens of an art that no culture has modified, is the prodigious liberty of the Russian melodist in the matter of rhythm, and the measure. What capriciousness, what original and changeable fancy! The melody runs, it runs without ceasing, as the troika over the vast plains covered with snow. No bit restrains; for nothing in the world would it retrace its path. It follows the metre of the text; it seeks first of all not to interfere with the verse, subordinating the vague contour of the musical form to exact and rapid prosody. The same song is often changed rhythmically several times, so that the most widely differing symbols of measure are separated narrowly. For instance, after two measures in five, comes one in three, which in turn is followed by one in four. Bizarre and inexplicable fancy! Astonishing amalgamation of interrupted rhythms of which no one responds to the one that preceded it!"

"An almost complete absence of symmetry, an inordinate liberty in temporal division, a frequent mingling of the major and the minor, a frequent apparition of the tonality of the ancient Greeks—these are the technical characteristics of the Russian folk song, varied in its form, distinguished often by a careless grace that is of delightful effect."

"Everybody sings in Russia, and generally in a chorus of several parts. The harmony of the folk songs is very original and very piquant; but that which impresses us more forcibly is to hear peasants singing in imitation, in canon, in counterpoint, as was the custom of monks of the Middle Ages. Englishmen of the 16th century, and, perhaps, the Greeks of old."

Fouque's allusion to the habit of monks is a reference to a species of Falso Bordonio: the chant was delivered as a foundation by a tenor or the organ, while four voices, soprano, alto, tenor and bass, alternately with each verse, indulged in all sorts of improvised runs and flourishes. As though an organist to-day played the melody of "Federal Street," and each singer of the quartette in turn extemporized a brilliant counterpoint to the familiar tune. Some claim that this habit was not unknown to two Greeks, and Martini cites an introtit thus sung by the Papal choir as late as 1747.

Were these Russian folk songs derived from the plain song of the church? Did wandering gypsy influence the melody? These are questions more easily asked than answered. Without doubt the music of the church shaped in a measure the tonality and the contrapuntal structure of the folk song; but the part played by the gypsy is not easily determined. This may be said, however, that the songs and the method of singing show that the Russians are naturally the most musical of people, surpassing in natural gifts the Italians and the Germans.

The wild and wondrous beauty of the songs that are the full expression of the melancholy, the bravery, the mad and chastely gayety of this mighty folk, was revealed to us this week by the singers of the Lineff Choir. They sang as the peasants of a communal village undoubtedly sing; there was occasional false intonation; there was occasional roughness, there was vigor that stepped over the boundary line of musical expression; but the singing was hearty, frank, and, without doubt, characteristic. In certain selections, as in the haunting "Ay, Ouchnem," the song of bargemen, the choir displayed no mean degree of musical skill.

Madam, make for yourself no illusions. When you saw the singers on the stage, you possibly thought that they had escaped lately the suffering and the poverty of their village life; that in a strange land they sang their songs of home, like unto the Israelites who sat down and wept by the rivers of Babylon; that, dressed in their national costume, they were painted at in our streets and mocked by hoodlums. But the dashing neasant that danced his barbaric dance, and not without a certain fascination, pursues a peaceful calling in New York; the savage man in a cap wore a wig and a false beard, and in private life he is perhaps a vendor of vegetables; the little boy that sang so sweetly knows full well the alloys of Manhattan. The choir, as an organization, is not of recent importation. Mrs. Lineff brought the members together in New York and drilled them.

Are they real, five Nihilists?
It is possible.

It is rumored that Mrs. Lineff and her choir will soon appear in Music Hall in a popular Sunday night concert. It is to be hoped that this report is true.

Excerpts from the music-dramas of Wagner were again presented to the consideration of the people of this town by Mr. Seidl, Wednesday, at the Boston Theatre. We take our opera this season in homeopathic doses. Dramatic scenes are given without scenery, costume and action, lest they might otherwise excite us or divert our attention from the contemplation of the symphonies of Beethoven and Schumann. German, French and Italian composers fare alike. There is no distinction in treatment. The Rhinemaidens Wednesday were out of water, and they were becomingly robed in modern dress; just as Santuzza and Turiddu the other night wore proper clothing for a formal reception in the house of any prominent Bostonian. Wednesday there was also a fine exhibition of polyglot. Tannhauser and other gentlemen preferred the English language, while Mr. Galassi addressed the returned minstrel-knight in choice and fluent Italian. The northern Santa sang in English; Miss Emma Juch, who can sing with delightful effect in our national language, told of her "Pains" and "Dreams" in German. The great garden scene from "Tristan and Isolde" was merely an orchestral piece; there was neither garden, effect of lights nor pair of lovers.

Now Richard Wagner, the theorist, demanded in his days of trial and tribulation certain conditions for the effective performance of his operas: A theatre far removed from the distracting business of life, a hidden orchestra, singers and players that were carefully trained in the detail, most careful attention to scenic accessories. The Richard Wagner of later years not only violated all his theories by permitting concert versions; he, in certain instances, encouraged, prepared such versions.

That so many people in Boston are willing to forget the absurdity of a concert version of an operatic scene is an evidence of their hankering after the thing itself, opera decently performed.

We move about in a narrow musical circle. We hear the instrumental compositions of a few orthodox composers, mostly German. When we are not listening to Beethoven, Schumann and Mendelssohn, strong doses of Brahms and Dvorak are administered.

There are piano recitals without end. The pianists play the same pieces—an arrangement by Liszt of a composition by Bach; a sonata by Beethoven; a little Chopin and a little Liszt. Then Schumann's "Carnaval" is always in stock.

The Messiah is demanded yearly by hundreds of its admirers. There is a brave though singular attempt to make Bach's "Passion According to Saint Matthew" a yearly necessity. If either the Handel and Haydn or the Cecilia introduces one work of large proportions a year, it is all that their audiences seem to expect or demand.

Now it does not follow that because a work is new, it is therefore good. There are many old and forgotten masterpieces, Handel, for instance, wrote oratorios that he pre-ordered to "The Messiah." Let us be glad; this season we shall have the chance of hearing "Samson."

The performance may be a pleasure or a disappointment; but at any rate the work is not too familiar.

In knowledge and appreciation of the modern opera we are far behind the rest of the civilized world; this ignorance is not peculiar to Boston; it is true of every city of the United States, with the possible exception of New Orleans.

Since the death of Bizet, there has been a mighty change in the spirit of French opera. Since Verdi wrote "Otello" and since the sudden apparition of the young man Mascagni, Italian writers of opera have swept their triumphal way through Germany and have invaded Russia.

What to us is Mascagni's "Werther"? What to us is the "Pagliacci" of Leoncavallo, or "A Santa Lucia," or "Mala Vita," or any of the Italian operas of the modern realistic school? Names, nothing but names.

What are these operas, or any operas by men of any nation, as long as we can hear a symphony by Schumann, chamber music by Brahms, or a sonata by Beethoven?

But there are hundreds here who would welcome gladly the announcement of even a few representations of opera.

...us not be more (is man than the Ger-
... when opera finally comes among us,
... at the catholicity of this extract from the
... of the Imperial Opera House of
... Vienna, an extract taken at random:

1893.
Jan. 29, "Manon," Massenet.
Jan. 30, "Hansel," Thomas.
Jan. 31, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni.
Feb. 2, "Tancredi," Wagner.
Feb. 3, "Barber of Seville," Rossini.
Feb. 4, "Ernani," Verdi.
Feb. 5, "The Rantzau," Mascagni.

And yet there are well-meaning men and
women among us who claim that French and
Italian opera is a thing of the past, buried with-
out hope of resurrection.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, February 19, 1893.

MR. PADEREWSKI gave the fourth of his
recitals in Music Hall the 11th. There was not a
vacant seat; there was no spare standing room in the hall;
indeed all tickets were sold a week before the concert, accord-
ing to report, and I understand the report is true. Among
the pieces played were Beethoven's sonata, op. 57, and
Schumann's "Carnaval." Recalled at the end, Mr. Pade-
rewski played his own familiar minuet. I was not present;
I am told that there was the usual spectacle of contagious
hypnotism.

There is so much written concerning this remarkable
pianist that perhaps no one should be blamed for crying out
against the genius or supreme magnetic power of Pade-
rewski, and thus imitating the Athenian of old with his
little oyster shell and his little grudge against Aristides,
the praise of whom filled full the mouths of men. But the
speaking concerning hypnotism or the subtle force that
Paderewski exerts over the individual and the congregation
brings to mind a possible explanation of the pianist's in-
difference to his female and palpitating admirers. Hahne-
mann gave it out as his experience that men who possessed
magnetic force in high degree and employed it with
irresistible authority had little interest in women. One
great exception might be noted—Hunold Singuff, who
charmed the rats and the women and the children of
Hamelin.

* * *

Paderewski is the demon of color, and I read the other
day in THE MUSICAL COURIER that "another scientist has
been studying the relations of sound and color. He affirms
that the flute is red; clarinet, yellow; guitar and trumpet,
golden; mandoline, violet; trombone, aquamarine; cornet,
scarlet; contrabasso, black; fagotto, tobacco brown; violin,
rose; and the harp, azure."

Now, Raff in his pamphlet "Die Wagnerfrage" gave the
following synonyms to the wind instruments: Trombone,
purple red to brown violet; horn, forest green to brown;
trumpet, scarlet to purple violet; bassoon, gray to black;
oboe, light yellow to green; flute, clear and colorless to
skyblue.

If we go further back we run up against Père Castel and
his "clavecin oculaire," in which colors replaced or rather
represented the intervals of the scale. Ut or Do was blue;
Re, green; Mi, yellow; Fa, apricot; Sol, red; La, violet; Si,
indigo; Do, blue. Unfortunately Père Castel never put
his idea into practice, although he wasted money in ex-
periments. I say "unfortunately," for what a relief it
would be in these days of concerts and rumors of concerts
to sit and look at an athletic pianist instead of hearing him!
Naturally a formidable player of the ultra modern school
might abuse vivid colors and paint the hall red, but the
eyes of the hearer could in that case be closed without pro-
voking serious comment.

The good Castel founded his experiments on the re-

searches of Newton and the theories of Kircher, the same
Kircher that wrote so subtly of the tarantula. Kircher
called sound the ape of light; and he claimed that eyes and
ears could act reciprocally in the perceptions of sensations.
It is a delightful essay, this "Clavessin pour les Yeux," by
Père Castel, who speaks in it of the adagio and the piano in
the hands of a skillful mixer of colors. The volume is now
before me, "Esprit, Saillies et Singularités du P. Castel,
Amsterdam, 1763." It is a small red edged book with
chapters on "the science of war," "miracles," &c. The
final page is devoted to an essay on Death. The essay is
as follows: "Our life is only an epigram, of which death is
the point."

There is an English translation of Castel's famous arti-
cle, and it was published at London: "Explanation of the
Ocular Harpsichord," 1757, 22 pages.

But this definite comparison between a tone or a scale, or
an instrument and a color is irksome. Better, far better
was the idea of the Parisian aesthetes when they gave a
performance of an adaptation of "The Song of Songs" "in
eight mystic devices and three paraphrases." There was
a "quadrable orchestration of verse, music, color and per-
fume." Each device had its own combination. Here is an
example: "The tonality of the scenery was bright orange,
the musical symphony was in D, the theatre was perfumed
with odoriferous spray of white violets, and the i's and e's
and o's had a special value in the declamation of the verse."
This performance, which might have been described in
Huysmans' "À Rebours," provoked "Le Figaro" to ask
whether the French are not losing the genius of their race,
"their reasonableness, their logic and their clearheaded-
ness."

* * *

This digression was suggested by Paderewski, the color
mixer. I will also remark to you in confidence that there
were few concerts during the past week. The night of the
13th saw and heard the six concert of the Kneisel Quartet.
Mr. Jules Jordan sang and Mr. Arthur Whiting was the
pianist.

The program was as follows:

Trio, B major, op. 8.....Brahms
(Revised version.)

"Spring Night".....Schumann

"Whither".....Schubert

"The Post".....Schubert

"The Carrier Dove".....Schubert

Quartet, E major, op. 80.....Dvorák

The playing of the Quartet was admirable in every re-
spect, and Mr. Whiting played as a rule in the Brahms' trio
fluently and with intelligence, although his style of expres-
sion was occasionally dry and hard. Mr. Whiting as a
musician is too often a mere propounder of musical facts
and statistics. He is accurate, he arranges his statements
in logical order, he speaks with a certain authority. The
hearer listens respectfully.

In comparison with the noble work of Brahms, the quar-
tet of Dvorák seems superficial and tacked together. Do

not misunderstand me. Brahms has led me by the hand
into sandy wastes or over fog covered fields, and I stumbled
along unwillingly and with weariness. But the revised trio
is pure, serene, and at the same time genial throughout;
only in the finale are there occasional hints of the Brahm-
sian depth that is obscurity. On the other hand, the spon-
taneity of Dvorák, which artfully employed has so often
given pleasure, seems in this op. 80 to have run to seed.

Mr. Jordan is well known as a composer and a conductor.
He is said to show rare taste and skill in the management
of a chorus. Instead of which, as Judge Boompointer
would say, he has taken to singing. In his song Mr.
Jordan shows musical taste and intelligence, but the voice
is not a willing or mastered instrument of expression.

* * *

Mr. Sidney Woodward, a young tenor, gave a song re-
cital Wednesday evening, the 15th, in Chickering Hall. He
has an agreeable voice, which he uses as a rule with skill.
In songs by Brodsky, Adams, Meyer-Helmund, Newcomb
and De Koven he gave pleasure, and he delivered "Ade-
laide" with effect; but in choosing the romanza from "La
Favorita" Mr. Woodward showed ambition rather than
judgment. He was assisted by Mrs. Kathinka P. White,
soprano; Miss Mary N. Bing, contralto; Miss Myra L.
Pond, Miss Florence F. Williams and Mr. Charles L. Capen,
pianists, and Miss Georgia D. Leonard and Mr. Augusto
Rotoli, accompanists. As a matter of record it may be
stated that Mr. Woodward is a negro.

The same evening a pupils' recital was given in Steinert
Hall by Mr. John O'Neill, who was for many years con-
nected with the New England Conservatory and was the
teacher of Mrs. Nordica. I am told on good authority that
Miss Jennie Trecarten, a pure soprano, made a most favor-
able impression, and Miss Helen Green and Miss Emma
Fraher were loudly applauded. The singers were assisted
by Messrs. Bernhard Listemann and Ernst Perabo.

* * *

Mr. Xaver Scharwenka gave the second of his piano re-
citals in Bumstead Hall the afternoon of the 17th. There
was a large and applauseful audience. The program was
made up of selections from Schumann and Mendelssohn.
Mr. Scharwenka was at his best in "Vogel als Prophet"
and certain scenes in the "Carnaval." He showed in
them unexaggerated expression and poetic feeling. But it
was not Mr. Scharwenka's day, for in the other numbers
he abused the pedals; he was at times careless in technical
matters, and his delivery was often hard and perfunctory.

* * *

The program of the fifteenth Symphony concert was as
follows:

Sinfonietta, E major, op. 55.....Thierot

Concerto for piano, G minor.....Saint-Saëns

Symphony No. 7.....Beethoven

Mr. George M. Nowell was the pianist.

The first mention I remember of Ferdinand Thierot's
Sinfonietta was at the time that it was played at a

Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic (October 29, 1891) under the
direction of the composer. The work was first heard in
Boston last week. As a whole it is a pleasing composition,
although the three movements are of uneven worth. The
first, an allegro moderato, is graceful, flowing music, with
agreeable themes, fine and discreet harmonization and in-
genious and effective instrumentation. The second, a ro-
manze with a too strongly contrasting and interrupting
intermezzo, is less interesting; and the finale, a tarantella,
is dangerously near vulgarity in its frank appeal to the
hearer. The Sinfonietta and the symphony were finely
played, although in the vivace of the first movement of the
latter there were liberties taken with the pace that only led
to effects of doubtful value.

Miss Gertude Edmonds will give a song recital March 16.
Miss Louise Rollwagen will give a song recital March 14.
It is reported that Mr. J. H. Ricketson (now of St.
Bartholomew's, New York) will become a member of the
Arlington Street Church Choir May 1.
Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith will sing at the Apollo Club
concert March 8, and at a concert of the Boston Symphony
Orchestra in Cambridge.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nikisch will be assisted by Miss
Leonora von Stosch, violinist, at their recital here the 28th.
Mrs. Nikisch will sing songs by Brahms, Franz, Schubert,
Paderewski, Busoni and others.
PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George M. Nowell gave a performance of Saint-
Saëns' brilliant concerto that was marked rather by incon-
gruous scholasticism and professional coolness and dignity
than by the warmth, light and color demanded by the
work. Mr. Nowell has good fingers and from the technical
standpoint there was much to praise. The concerto, how-
ever, should be played by a man of temperament.
* * *
Mr. C. M. Loeffler's new sextet for strings (manuscript)
will be played for the first time in public at the Kneisel
Quartet concert the 27th. It has already been heard in
private music rooms.

MUSIC.

The Sixteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:
Overture, "Fingert's Cave".....Meidelssohn
Cello for violin, No. 1, A major.....Saint-Saens
Suite No. 2, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
(First time in Boston.)
Symphony, D minor, No. 2, Op. 70.....Dvorak

Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the solo violinist.
Saint-Saens's violin concerto, Op. 20, was dedicated to Sarasate, and it was played by the great Spaniard at a concert at the Chatelet. It is my impression that it was brought out in Boston by Mr. Adamowski in March, 1885, at a symphony concert, and the work was then called a "concertstueck."

This concerto is a work of eminent distinction, pure and refined, graceful in melody, always interesting in harmonic structure, and elegant in the discreet simplicity of instrumental color. It was played most sympathetically by Mr. Loeffler. His performance, faultless from the technical standpoint, was marked by purity of style, warmth of expression, and a largeness, a liberality of conception. In whole and in detail it was a noteworthy performance. It was a lesson to the student, a pleasure to the professional as well as the amateur, an honor to the orchestra of which Mr. Loeffler is a member. Not the least agreeable feature was the modesty of the modesty that is characteristic of the work.

As the thought is said, wrote the cadenza that he introduced. The cadenza is a relic of the past. In a work of to-day it seems a mere survival, like unto the organ of unknown use in the human body that endangers the life, and might perhaps be extirpated.

Who was the first that invented the habit of flourishing with breath, or bow or fingers while accompanists and audience were silent spectators of ingenuity employed chiefly for self-glorification? Alas, the habit is apparently as old as the vanity of mankind. To be sure there are wisecracks who say boldly the cadenza was invented in such a year, and by a certain person. They are not unlike the well-known lecturer in a Western law school. Although, as Judge, he was a worthy follower of Cyriac Skinner's "grandstand" on the Royal Bench of British Columbia, he was nervous when he addressed the students, and so he had recourse to alcoholic preparation. Thus fortified, he laid everything to the Corsican, and he would blandly begin as follows: "Bills of exchange, young gentlemen, and promissory notes were invented by the First Napoleon."

Mr. Loeffler's interpolation was in good taste, and it displayed his virtuosity; but the conductor would have pleased as much without the addition.

Grieg wrote incidental music (op. 23) for Ibsen's long-winded dramatic poem, "Peer Gynt." The music contains numbers for solo voices, chorus and orchestra. The first suite (op. 46) is well known. The second suite (op. 55) was played here last week for the first time.

This second suite is not equal to the first. With the exception of the beautiful arrangement of "Solveg's Song" the music is cheap stuff. It may serve in the theatre to enhance strange scene effects or grotesque situations, but in the concert room it is without value. The "Return of Peer Gynt" has echoes of "The Flying Dutchman," but each echo seems a burlesque. The "Arabian Dance" suggests the invasion of Arabia by the Salvation Army, personally conducted by one of the numerous relatives of General Booth; and there was a time during the dance when all necks in the audience were stretched in joyful expectation of the apparition of Miss Lottie Collins. However, the number was written long before the ingenious arrangement of music to "Tara-ra, Boom-de-ay."

This "Arabian Dance" is local color with a vengeance; that is, it is Grieg's idea of Arabian music. He that wishes to know the real character of Arabian music, with a description of instruments, melodies, tonality and the "danse du ventre," may consult with pleasure Tiersot's "Musiques pittoresques."

The last number, "Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter," is a wretched replica of the last movement, a wretched original of the first suite. Throughout the movements, with the above-named delightful exception, the "doubtful drum is beat with furious heat," not only kettles, but other pulsatile instruments strive laboriously for effect. The xylophone puts an end to the charivari. Now, the xylophone is an instrument of antiquity. Holbein introduced it in his "Dance of Death," and the ancient beats upon it with prodigious effect in the "Danse Macabre." As used by Grieg, it brings to mind the variety show.
"Solveg's Song" was applauded. The other numbers met with a cold reception, although there was a desire to laugh after the finale.

The symphony and the overture were played with marked effect, and the performance of the latter was, indeed, brilliant.

The programme of the next rehearsal and concert is as follows: Overture, "Der Freischutz," Brahms's Fourth Symphony; Liszt's "Dance of Death"; Nicolai's overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor."
PHILIP HALE.

Feb 1993

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The seventh concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. The quartet was assisted by Mr. Ernst Perabo, pianist; Mr. Max Zach, violinist, and Mr. Leo Schulz, cellist. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, A major, op. 18, No. 5.....Beethoven
Prelude, Op. 10, No. 1, A major.....Schubert
Sextet, A minor.....C. M. Loeffler
(Manuscript—first time.)

The sextet by Mr. Loeffler is an interesting and, in many respects, a strong work. It is true that passages are ugly, that passages are bizarre; but there is the revelation of an individuality. The individuality is seen in the treatment of the themes rather than in the themes. The first movement, a passionate allegro, might be compared to a quarrel of Russians and Hungarians over an opening theme by Brahms. Not that the theme is found in Brahms's complete works, but there is a suggestion of the son of the double bass player of Hamburg. There is a totality here, as indeed throughout the work, that is akin to the vague tonality of many Russian folk songs, with alternating or conflicting modes; the cadences often suggest the plain song that influenced these folk songs.

Steady and effective harmonies are side by side with harmonies that are neither agreeable nor effective, and are ugly without purpose. The development is, as a rule, interesting; at the same time there are fugue measures that tell of a feeling on the part of the composer of a necessity of displaying counterpoint purely for scholastic purpose. The returns to the delivery of the chief theme are ingenious, and the coda is a masterly piece of work.

The second movement is a combination of andante, presto and andante, and is in memory of the late Dennis Bunker. The chief theme of the andante is the Russian "Ay, Ouchinem," a song sung by the bargemen who, with straps around their bodies, pull boats on Russian rivers against wind and tide. This theme is impressively declaimed at first and it is handled throughout in artistic fashion. The movement is a lament of utmost sadness, only broken by spasmodic and impotent defiance of Fate. It is dramatic to the verge of intensity, and yet in this movement that which is bizarre enters and is welcomed by the composer. But the grotesque does not, paradoxical as it may seem, strike the hearer as out of place in this gloomy, hopeless, almost savage wail. The movement is certainly the strongest and the most dramatic. It is a question whether the intensely dramatic has any place in a sextet of this nature; but the question is perhaps old-fashioned and even ridiculous in these days of nervous music.

The effect of the finale was marred in a measure by the unfortunate interruption caused by the breaking of a string. The themes are not of marked originality. This movement, like the second, is of decided Slavonic character, and it smells strongly of vodka.

As a whole, this sextet, dedicated to Mr. Franz Kneisel, is a strong composition. It is full of color; it is written with infinite care. The development often appears to be a procession of spontaneous thought. The very passages that appear uselessly, cruelly harsh, as well as certain hair-raising harmonies, are evidently the matured purpose of the composer. A second hearing, which the work deserves, might possibly remove certain doubts or perplexities that follow its introduction. There was hearty applause after the movements, and at the end there were loud calls for the composer.

Mr. Loeffler's sextet was played with loving care by his associates. So, too, for the performance of the quartette by Beethoven there is nothing but warm praise. Mr. Perabo again proved himself an admirable chamber player, and the number by Schubert was given with brilliancy by him and Mr. Kneisel.

There was a large audience. The date of the eighth concert is March 27.

PHILIP HALE.

March 1-93

MUSIC.

The Recital of Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch in Chickering Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nikisch gave a concert last evening in Chickering Hall. They were assisted by Miss Leonora von Stosch, violinist. The programme was as follows:

Fruehlingsglaube.....Schubert
Stille Sicherheit.....Franz
Auf der Wunderschaft.....Franz
Das Ringeln.....Chopin
Unter der Linden.....Busoni
"Reverie".....Vieuxtemps
Im Lenz.....Schubert
Sommerabend.....Brahms
Der Kranz.....Brahms
In den Beeren.....Brahms
Vergleichliches Staendchen.....Brahms
"Rondo".....Scharwenka
Rosentau sind veronuen.....Paderewski
Freue Rosentau.....Paderewski
Princessin.....Brahms
Waldwanderung.....Grieg
Auftraege.....Schumann
Ein Bettlerpaerchen.....Humbert

There was a large audience, and the singing of Mrs. Nikisch was evidently enjoyed by many, for there was hearty applause. And yet the singer was not heard to her advantage. The same faults of technique that were commented upon about a year ago in the Journal were evident last night. Her tone production was faulty; her tones were seldom sustained. Her attack was lacking in decision, and she often struck below the desired tone, and then climbed up to it. There was a constant abuse of the portamento. Her intonation was false, and not occasionally but frequently.

It is not surprising, then, that she was often unable to carry out agreeable intentions. There was an absence of sustained passages; there was frequent and unmeaning vocal explosion. The desire to be expressive was ever present, but vocal unrest fatigues quicker than vocal phlegm; and so a song was often marred by the uncontrolled zeal of the singer. Mrs. Nikisch has naturally an agreeable voice and a pleasant personality. It is the more to be regretted that she has as yet mastered the indispensable elements of vocal art.

The most agreeable impression made by her was, perhaps, in the first song of Franz, the first of Brahms, and "Princessin."

Miss von Stosch gave much pleasure by the delivery of her numbers. In the "Reverie" there was at first a lack of decided rhythmic feeling, but it was only for a moment. So, too, in her performance was there an occasional exaggeration of intensity. Saint-Saens once wrote of Augusta Holmes that her music showed the feminine desire to be more virile in art than is the average man; and when a woman is noisy with her orchestra, the noise is more aggressive than that made by a resolute male composer.

But Miss von Stosch rejoices in her youth and its exuberance. The statuesque girl tingles with temperament. The cooling years may chasten her fervor, and give her more repose; but I doubt if even a century could rob her of musical feeling.

She plays with grace, with considerable technical skill. This is not all; for she has the most precious of gifts, and this gift is temperament. It would no doubt be irksome for her to pursue still further her studies and analyze herself; to study in quiet and deny herself the intoxication of ready applause. And yet in later years she might thank herself for such self-denial.

The accompaniments of Mr. Nikisch were, as a rule, delightful.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, February 26, 1893.

THIS was the program of Mr. Carl Baermann's chamber concert given in Union Hall the 20th:

Sonata for piano and viola da gamba, or 'cello, D major.....Bach
"Sweet Bird," from L'Allegro.....Handel
Sonata for piano and violin, A major, op. 13.....Fauré
"In Summer Fields".....Brahms
"Near Thee".....Raff
Carnaval.....Schumann

Mr. Baermann was assisted by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, violin; Mr. Charles Molé, flute; Mr. Leo Schulz, 'cello. Miss Gertrude Franklin was the singer.

Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Coethen played "o' th' viol-de-gamboys," as did Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek and Griffith Gaunt. For his master Bach wrote three sonatas for the piano and the instrument once loved by so many Englishmen and dwellers in the Low Countries. In this realistic age why should not such works be played on the instruments of their time. How would this sonata of Bach, for instance, sound, if the means of its expression were the viola da gamba and the thin, acid, tinkling thing that was a forerunner of the piano of to-day? In certain European cities at rare intervals old instruments are taken from their burial in museums, the placards are removed and they sing their joy or woe to an audience moved chiefly by curiosity.

I confess that I should like to hear an orchestra made up in part of forgotten or obsolete instruments. I should also like to hear a Haydn symphony played by such an orchestra as obeyed in Haydn's day some magnanimous prince or wealthy amateur of lower degree. And so I should like to hear the tunes played by Rath Krespel on the violins which he broke in pieces that he might catch their souls and examine them at leisure; and I would gladly walk 10 miles to hear the chant of triumphant love played by Muzio, of Ferrara, 350 years ago. Do you remember Muzio and his dumb Malay attendant in that wild story by Turgenieff, "The Song of Triumphant Love?" The melody drew Valeria from her bed at noon of night. And Muzio played it on an Indian violin—a violin of three strings, a violin whose back and belly were covered with the skin of a bluish serpent; and there was a diamond at the end of the bow. Singularly enough, Vidal and Hillemacher do not mention this potent instrument in their great work in three volumes.

At Mr. Baermann's concert the instruments used were a 'cello and a grand piano. Mr. Baermann played with the piano lid raised to its full height. The result was unfortunate at times, for there was too much piano and too little 'cello. Still the music of the first two movements was as fresh and beautiful as though it were written yesterday, only the andante seemed formal, cut and dried counterpoint, and it was played with a rigidity and an inflexibility that made it more forbidding.

Have you heard the sonata for piano and violin by Fauré—Gabriel Fauré of the Midi? It is a strange work; and strange is much of the music by this man. Some time ago Miss Lena Little sang a song by him—a haunting song. Perhaps the words were by Richepin. At any rate the burden was this: Wretched is the lot of the dead man, who is tossed about by angry billows; his eyes stare at the leaden sky, and he finds no rest: happy is he who lies beneath the turf and hears the song of birds and vows of lovers. Possibly a wandering violinist has played the berceuse by Fauré; but with the exception of this song and the violin sonata Fauré is little known in this city.

The sonata suggests music that as yet is unwritten. There are melodic and harmonic hints of music as yet unknown to us. The music seems neither sensuous nor intellectual, and yet there are occasional passages that are prophetic of higher, more ethereal music than we now know. It is also music of the fag-end of the century: it is restless; it is at times despairing; its gaiety is hunted out. But here is a Frenchman who, although he is a man of his

time, does not worship at the shrine of Lubricity; he does not write with one eye on the audience; he follows an ideal that is no jack o' lantern, and he follows with set face and steady footsteps. Such is the authority of the composer that the hearer feels himself at fault if he is not pleased. There is a French school little known in this country: Franck was the chief apostle; Lacomme, of Carcassonne—not the Lacomme of the operettas, but another of the same name—is high among the members; Fauré is another of the school.

This work of well-contrasted movements and subtle power was first played here at a Baermann concert in January, 1892. Last Monday night it was finely played by the men who introduced it.

Miss Franklin sang with delightful purity of tone and with vocal skill. The Handel aria was improved by curtailment, and the cadenza introduced was given to Miss Franklin by Albani, who received it from Jenny Lind. The flute obligato of Mr. Molé was played in a masterly manner.

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The Wilbur Opera Company was here for the week at the Grand Opera House, and the bill was changed each night. The company is not one of great pretensions, and neither the singers nor the comedians commend themselves heartily by their deeds, and yet the performances evidently gave much pleasure to many people. I was chiefly interested in the conductor, Mr. Darling, who really worked wonders with his resources. In more impassioned moments he would insert the stick between his teeth, apply himself lustily to a piano, and beat time with his head. His authority surpassed that of the centurion of the New Testament; the chorus sang with a precision that might shame more experienced or hardened singers, and the orchestra, although the rehearsals were few, followed his beat with superstitious awe. This young man directs with musical intelligence; and such zeal and skill must ultimately meet wider recognition. He has an interesting head of hair and in some respects is an admirable make up for Mr. Arthur Weld, now of Milwaukee.

We are conservative in Boston; we keep holidays; we are not shaved in public places after 12 o'clock, M.; the boot black shies at the approach of an applicant; neither do we willingly attend concerts on days of national humiliation or rejoicing. Mr. Krehbiel's selection of Washington's Birthday for his lecture on Russian Folk Songs was therefore unfortunate, and Nature frowned on his endeavor. Nevertheless, there was an audience in Chickering Hall that was entertained mightily by his lecture on Russian Folk Songs and the illustrations by the Russian choir of sixteen singers under the direction of Mrs. Lineff. You know the lecture and the folk songs and I shall not dwell upon them. Mr. Krehbiel was recalled after his introductory remarks and the singers were loudly applauded. The concert was a great relief, a rare diversion. It was a change from the piano recital with an arrangement of a Bach organ fugue by Liszt, a sonata by Beethoven (the Waldstein or one of the formidable later sonatas), a little Chopin and a rhapsody by Liszt. It was a relief from the chamber concert and the song recital, with strong doses of Brahms in either case. It was a pleasure to hear the spontaneous musical expression of a most musical folk.

Mr. C. M. Loeffler uses the beautiful subject of "Ay, ouchnem" in the andante of his sextet for strings that will be played to-morrow at the Kneisel concert.

Anton Seidl came with his forces, vocal and instrumental, to the Boston Theatre, Wednesday last, and excerpts from Wagner's music dramas were again presented to the consideration of a large audience. The consideration was favorable in the main. The song of the Rhine-maidens was remarkably well given by Miss Juch, Miss Bertelle and Miss Stein. In the first place the purity of intonation was as delightful as it was unusual, and the nuancing was above reproach.

Miss Juch sang "Träume" and "Wiegenlied," by Wagner, in an admirable manner; but, oh! when, where or why did Miss Juch acquire her new winter stage walk? At the risk of being considered ungallant, I respectfully and earnestly protest against her stride and her swing, which mar the effect produced by the appearance of an otherwise attractive, edible woman and a highly accomplished singer.

The men were not wholly fortunate in the septet from Act I. of "Tannhäuser." There was a polyglot reunion. Tannhäuser and five of his old friends interchanged greetings in English, while Wolfram-Galassi chose Italian as the vehicle of his sentiments. The performance was unsatisfactory in other respects, although the endeavor was honest.

The orchestra responded nobly to the intelligent beat of Mr. Seidl, but neither orchestra nor director could make the arrangement of the garden scene from "Tristan and Isolde," as a purely orchestral piece, a thing of lively interest.

Mr. Scharwenka gave, the 23d, in Bumstead Hall a piano recital. The program was devoted to original pieces and

transcriptions by Liszt. I regret that I was unable to be present.

The program of the sixteenth concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Fingal's Cave".....Mendelssohn
Concerto for violin, A major.....Saint-Saëns
Suite No. 2, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Symphony No. 2, D minor, op. 70.....Dvorák

Mr. C. M. Loeffler was the solo violinist.

The second suite from "Peer Gynt" was played here for the first time. It is not equal in merit to the first, nor does it lend itself easily to concert purposes. With the exception of the exquisite arrangement of "Solvejgs Lied," it is theatrical music pure and simple, and it should be allowed to remain in its home, where it accompanies the various antics of "Peer Gynt." Even as theatrical music it seems as a whole unworthy of Grieg's fancy. The "Arabian Dance," for instance, begins with a regular Salvation Army tone painting, and in a moment Lottie Collins is brought vividly

to the mind. The "Dance of the Mountain King's Daughter" is a damaged replica of the last movement of the first "Peer Gynt" suite, and not even the xylophone glissando at the end saves it from the charge of vulgarity. "Solvejgs Lied" was applauded; the other movements met with a cool reception.

Mr. Loeffler gave an exceedingly good performance of the Saint-Saëns concerto. From the technical standpoint it was faultless, and the player displayed refined taste and warm, poetic feeling.

The symphony and the overture were well played, in fact the performance of the overture was brilliant.

Mr. MacDowell will play his new piano sonata (the "Tragic," published lately in Leipzig) at the eighth concert of the Kneisel Quartet.

Mr. Horatio W. Parker, of New York, will assume his duties as organist of Trinity Church, Boston, May 1.

It is said that Mrs. Marie Barnard Smith will leave Mr. Arthur Foote's choir and be the soprano of the new quartet at the Ruggles Street Baptist Church.

The next program of the Symphony Orchestra includes a "Todtentanz," by Riemenschneider. PHILIP HALE.

Lent is bravely observed by many who stand not in awe of the fate of Saint Gutlake of Crowland, whom the Evil One persuaded to fast, "the better to delude him." Butchers are not enjoined from selling flesh meat during the season, as they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and temptation stares back at the gaper into shop windows. It is recommended in London that the extravagance of champagne at dinner be done away with, and the money that would have been expended be given to the poor. Precise reckoning might be difficult, unless the capacity of each guest was known intimately. Let us hear again the wisdom of the ancients:

"But to abstain from Beef, Hog, Goose,
And let our Appetites go loose
To Lobsters, Crabs, Prawns or such Fish,
We do not Fast, but Feast in this.

This is not to keep Lent aright,
But play the juggling Hypocrite:
He truly Lent observes, who makes the inward Man
To fast, as well as make the outward feed on Bran."

Verdi, who is over 79 years of age, sees his "Falstaff" triumph. The greatest living composer of opera to whom the gift of humor has been steadily denied now conquers by an overwhelming display of humor. This child of old age bids fair, they say, to live the longest and the stoutest life of all the sturdy children of his brain. It is true that Bacon said "the invention of young men is more lively than that of old," but he added, "Natures that have much heat and great and violent desires and perturbations are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years." And now Verdi turns from Falstaff to express in music the heart-cracks and the rage of Lear.

In view of the condition of our streets we may comfort ourselves with the words of de Bacourt, once Minister from France, and keeper of the Talleyrand Memoirs. It was about fifty years ago that he sauntered in our town and recorded his impressions in "Souvenirs of a Diplomat." He praised the neatness of the people of Boston. "No one is allowed to put any dirt on the public highways; they keep it all in the interior of their houses, and the city authorities have it carried away every morning at the expense of the city. And to complete the charm there are no hogs to be seen wandering about the streets." But this was fifty years ago, when Fanny Elssler danced on the heart of glided youth; when the streets were deserted on the Lord's Day; nor is it impossible that the Chevalier then saw a teaparty in a more secluded nook of the Common.

The English language is in an eminently fluid state. Not only does slang ultimately meet with the approval of adoption, and science add monthly to the dictionary, but there is often a change in the pronunciation of familiar words. A physician was corrected here the other day by a pedant for his pronunciation of "angina," a synonym of pain. The pedant insisted that the accent should be given to the first syllable, and he was strictly correct. How many physicians of this town are thus perfect in speech? For the change in the pronunciation of this word is of recent date.

The enemies of home rule are calling the attention of Englishmen to the Scandinavian Union as a shocking example of a failure in a transaction of hearts. A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette speaks of the bitterness that exists between the Norwegians and the Swedes, although they are of the same faith and race, and are closely allied in speech. He also claims that the Norwegians would eagerly concede to Russia a naval station on their coast. But imagination and prophecy seem to be the foundation of such an argument against home rule.

Who says the Englishman has no sense of humor? Surely the editor of the Daily News is not devoid of it, for he printed at length the serious proposal of Mr. J. Nowton Mappin to cover the chief streets of London with a glass roof. Mr. Mappin speaks of the gain to the shopkeeper, whose expenditure upon paint and cleaning would be less, and he then tells of the benefit to the public at large: "Our wood and asphalt streets would be dry, perfectly safe in all weathers, and the lease of life be doubled or trebled. If the rain water were not preserved for domestic use it could be usefully applied in flushing the sewers with clean water instead of liquid mud. The health of the inhabitants would be greatly benefited by breathing a dry atmosphere instead of a damp, humid one. Our clothes, boots, hats, and general comfort would not suffer as they do now." The umbrella would in such a case become a thing of merely historical interest, and a great temptation of theft being removed, the moral tone of a community would be immediately strengthened.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Anecdotists and Other Destroyers of Privacy.

The Delightful Fooling and Satire of Mr. James G. Huneker.

Ehrlert's "From the Tone-World"
—News and Notes of Interest.

It was the Counsellor in Immermann's "Epi-gonen" who said: "There is only one conversation more odious to me than that about painting; that is talk about music."

But the printed preservation of talk and gossip or opinions concerning music and musicians is often more odious than mere conversation, even when the objector is exposed to long-continued fire and cross fire.

I refer to the Ana of doubtful authority constantly published. Mozartiana, or Bachiana, or Mascagniana—it is all the same. We are told of improbable meetings and impossible events; we are invited to welcome the butcher-boy at the area gate and the marble-browed female adorer in the parlor: we are urged to examine the wash list and try the family brew.

Thus the composer is stripped of his clothing, and hoisted on top of a revolving pedestal, where he shivers. Thus are the illusions of the reader shattered.

Or the gossip is a female and a sentimentalist, as Elise Polko who ascribed the Cat's Fugue to Alessandro Scarlatti at the same time that she saw "passion and emotion depicted upon his dark, nobly chiselled features." It was also Elise Polko who first acquainted the world with the fact that an angel, "a slight form, clad in white," sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," when "The Messiah" was first given in Dublin, April 13, 1742, although up to the time of the Polko's utterance it was believed that the singer was Mrs. A. Volio.

Or it is a Louise Muhlbach who verifies any wild statement in the text by a foot note, "This is an historical fact."

This is an age of personality and personalities; art is often forgotten in the examination of its superficial environment. The apparition of Faderewski is an excellent example. We learn that he picks at a harp during an ocean voyage, and incidentally the maker of the harp is named. Faderewski's diet is published. We are told that he practised last season from 11 P. M. until 8 A. M.; that his hat is the result of anxious thought. The most common criticism of his performance runs as follows, and it is telegraphed from city to city: "Faderewski played yesterday afternoon, enormous success. Over \$6000 in the house."

Mr. James G. Huneker, a writer of rare humor, fancy and temperament, has evidently been vexed by the compilers of Ana and Inanity; for in the Musical Courier (New York) of this week, he tried his hand at Episodes in the Lives of Great Musicians, and with admirable result. Here are two samples:

BACH AND THE BOEHM FLUTE.

Once upon a time it is related that the great Bach visited his patron, Frederick the Great, at Berlin. Stained with travel, the wonderful fugue founder was ushered into the presence of the patron of Voltaire and French letters. "Gentlemen," said that monarch, turning to his courtiers, "old Bach has arrived; let us see what this jay looks like." Frederick was fond of a joke at the expense of the Esotians. Attired as he was, without one plea, Bach was ushered into the presence of majesty. In his hand he held a small box (or, if you prefer literalism, a small bag).

"Ah, Master Bach," said the Prussian King condescendingly, "What have you in your hand?"

"A Boehm flute, your Majesty," said Bach, "for which I have composed a concerto in seven flats."

"You are a liar," said the bluff monarch; the Boehm flute has not yet been invented. Away with you, hayseed from Halle." And the great Bach laughed softly at the regal repartee and stole away home, and when he arrived there he sat him down and composed a triple part fugue for Boehm flute and jackpot on the word "Rondam."

BRAHMS'S HATRED OF CATS.

The composer Brahms, it is said, is an avowed enemy of the feline tribe. Unlike Scarlati, who was passionately fond of chords of the diminished cats, the phlegmatic Johann spends much of his time at his window, particularly of moonlight nights, practising contempt on the race of cats which infests Viennese back yards. Dr. Dvorak made his old friend a present of a peculiar bow and arrow which is used in Bohemia to kill sparrows. In and about Prague it is called in the native tongue, "Sluzij hyn inye noch," but in the rural parts simply "scatty." With this formidable weapon does the creator of the ponderous modern variations for orchestra and hose engines spend his leisure. Little wonder that Wagner became an anti-vivisectionist, for he, too, had been up in Brahms's back garret, for he, too, being near sighted, always missed the cat. Brahms, from long practice, brought down his prey, and then—on hollow device—alter spearing the poor brutes he dragged them up to his room after the manner of a brook trout fisher. Then, so Wagner averred, he listened eagerly to the expiring groans of his victims, and carefully jotted down in his note book their ante-mortem remarks. Wagner declared he worked up these piteous utterances into his chamber music; but Wagner never liked Brahms.

Here is Mr. Huneker's description of Liszt, "Chopin was not alone. Half sitting, half reclining on a chair, his feet on the mantelpiece, was a man, spare but as snowy as an Indian. Long, coarse, brown hair hung mane-like upon his shoulders. His powerful, lithe fingers seemed almost to crush the short, Irish, white clay pipe from which he occasionally took a whiff. It was Liszt—Liszt, the not of the gods, the adored of the women. Liszt, who never had a haircut in his life. Liszt, the inventor of the Liszt-puoli."

Mr. Huneker invites special attention to his "choice line of Mascagni stories." This extract must suffice. And yet it is a pity that the "Mascagni at home" cannot be given here at length, for it is "very gracious feeling." "Perhaps if you should desire something modern, with a dash of Italian color, why take up any of my Mascagnistories. I have seventy-six now, and can give you them in all styles. How Mascagni was chased by a goat when studying the organ in a little Italian hamlet; what Mascagni said when first intoxicated; what kind of a necktie he wore when he received the news that the 'Cavalleria Rusticana' had been accepted by Sonzogno. All are bright, taking themes, and would help, perhaps, to revive the spirits of the Mascagni 'boom,' which at present is a trifle depressed."

A book devoted to musical subjects that is well worth reading is Mrs. Helen D. Tretbar's translation of Louis Ehrhart's "From the Tone World." The second and enlarged edition is published by C. F. Tretbar of New York. The subjects chosen for discussion range from Brahms to Offenbach; the titles of the essays are as pogs on which are hung discussions and delightful digressions. Ehrhart is one of the few German writers that can be read with positive pleasure. He had imagination, wit that was perhaps cater-cousin to humor, common sense and acumen. He was a man of such catholicity of spirit that his essay on Offenbach is inexpressible; for his views are here singularly narrow and unjust. He was generally so accurate that the slip of donying Gade the composition of a string quartette may be easily forgiven. His learning was never pedantry; his enthusiasm was never gush; his profundity was never obscurity. The articles concerning Wagner and Volkmann are of lively interest, and there is much that might be quoted; but these extracts from the article on Chopin, extracts taken at random, may give an idea of his sane originality and graceful expression. Ehrhart is speaking of the "Freludes": "Much is embryonic. It is as though he turned the leaves of his lacy without completely reading any page. Still, one finds in them the thundering power of the scherzi, the half satirical, half coquetish elegance of the Mazurkas, and the Southern, luxuriously fragrant breath of the Nocturnes. Often it is as though they were small falling stars dissolved into fog as they fall." And here is the other extract: "Of great moment in the use of ornament is an artistically and carefully measured quantity. If we look upon the decorated 'Airs' of Handel and other masters of his day we can scarcely comprehend how such a lack of taste could have been successful. Almost every note has an ornament. It is as though one saw a ring upon each finger of the hand." "Music like Chopin's, however, with its predominating elegance, could not forego ornaments. But he surely did not purchase it of the jeweler; he designed it himself with a delicate hand. He was the first to surround a note with diamond facets and to weave the rushing flood of his emotions with the silver beams of the moonlight. In his Nocturnes there is a glimmering as of distant stars. From these dreamy, heavenly gems he has borrowed many a line. The Chopin Nocturne is a dramatized ornament."

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, formerly of this city, will make her first appearance in opera at Lyons, France, the first week in April. She

will sing the part of Fides in "The Prophet." Emma Eames has a salon in Paris. She keeps it in her husband's studio.

Rubinstein once said, in strict confidence, to a friend: "When I first went to England and was young and could play to perform to empty halls. Now that I am old and cannot play they all go wild over me and can't find a hall big enough for me to perform in."

Bizet's one-act romantic opera "Djamilleh" was given in Leipzig for the first time, Feb. 3. Theodore Wachtel will be 70 years old the 10th of this month.

Marie Van Zandt broke her ankle a few days ago while embarking at Calais for Dover. "The Life of Wagner," by Henry T. Finck of the New York Evening Post, is now in the Scribner press.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg offers a prize of \$1200 for a one-act opera by a German composer. The jury will be chosen from musical authorities of Vienna, Dresden, Berlin and Gotha.

The "Diary of Otto Nicolai," edited by E. Schroeder, has just been published by Breitkopf and Haertel.

"Falstaff" is not the only opera-comique by Verdi. "Un Giorno di Reano" was produced at the Scala, Milan, Sept. 5, 1840. It was a failure. It was revived, without success, under another name at Venice and Naples. Verdi wrote it under sad conditions. His young wife, Margherita Barezzi, picked her jewels at the pawnshop to pay the rent. Verdi was just recovering

from a dangerous sickness. His wife and two children died within two months, a short time before the production of the opera. No wonder that he wrote in his fragmentary autobiography: "My soul was torn by the misfortunes that fell upon me; my spirit was embittered by the failure of my opera. I persuaded myself that I could find no consolation in art, and I resolved never to write again." But several years after he was married to Giuseppina Stroppioni, and he is now at work on "King Lear."

PHILIP HALE.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS.

Four more numbers of "Famous Composers" have been published by the J. B. Millet Company. "Mozart," by Philip Hale, is finished in part 5. The life of Beethoven is written by Mr. Hale; Prof. Paine furnishes the article on "Beethoven, the Musician," and Dr. Clarence J. Blake contributes an essay on "The Deafness of Beethoven." "Schubert" is by Prof. John Fiske; "Spohr" is by Mr. W. J. Henderson of the New York Times; "Weber" and "Marschner" are by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel of the New York Tribune.

These additional numbers again prove the value of the work. Many of the illustrations now appear publicly for the first time; the music is admirably selected for the purpose of showing the characteristics of the composers, giving pleasure to the subscriber. Admirable as are the illustrations and the music, interesting as the articles are from the standpoint of the

cultivated reader, the book has perhaps a greater value to the student of music, and it is this; the articles are written by men of modern views; from individual conviction, it is true, but in accordance with the modern spirit of criticism. The lives are not reckless eulogies; the investigations into the merits of the composers are marked by acumen and discretion. This element of individuality in treatment instead of a prevailing luke-warm and colorless feeling of general good-nature is of special value, and it reflects credit on the catholicity of Professor Paine, the editor, and the good sense of the J. B. Millet Company.

March 6-'93

MUSIC.

The Seventeenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the seventeenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was as follows: Overture, "Der Frieschuetz".....Weber
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms
"Totentanz" (first time).....Klemenschneder
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai

Louis Ehrhart, in an article, "The Concert System of Berlin," wrote in this manner: "For more than 25 years the same old master-works have been accepted and listened to, reproduced in the same old monotonous manner, and with the same contracted and affected conception of their meaning. Instead of opening the doors reluctantly, and on exceptional occasions only, to the important productions of contemporary composers, it were a better plan to close accounts with many of the departed ones. There is no longer a necessity annually to revive Weber's overtures, which have been heard hundreds of times; the day has come in which to limit them to their proper places before their respective operas."

We hear annually in Boston Weber's overtures, but under the present reign they are not always "reproduced in the same old monotonous manner." The adagio was taken at so slow a pace Saturday evening that the movement was adagio-sissimo. The rhythm, therefore, fell to the ground, and the horn quartette suffered. There was exaggeration in the slackening of the pace, where the "Camel and Max motives" enter for the last time, just before the great crash in C major.

In the measures that follow the Wagnerian theory was observed. In the thirteenth measure the mark sforzato was interpreted as diminuendo, and the broad melody in C major was begun in a sentimental fashion, not in a triumphant spirit. With these exceptions, the performance was excellent, often intensely dramatic.

The overture to "Der Frieschuetz" was first played in 1821. Nicolai's overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was first played in its proper place in 1849, although as a concert number it may have been given at the farewell concert of the composer in Vienna (1847), for several instrumental numbers from the then unfinished opera were included in the programme. The latter overture seems to-day the older work. Nevertheless it is welcome. It is to be hoped that light overtures by Auber, and others of the French school, may also find a place in Music Hall.

These overtures abound in sparkling melody, piquant harmony; and, as a rule, the instrumentation is a delight to the hearer and a lesson to the student.

Georg Klemenschneder was unknown to our audiences, although he is about 45 years old, the composer of orchestral pieces (such as "Donna Diana," "A Night in July," a "Festiva! Prelude"), and the writer of an opera, "The Ice Maiden," which has never, I believe, been heard in public. The "Dance of the Dead" was his introduction to this city.

Mr. Hayes in "The Rehearsal" prepared himself for literary work in this ingenious manner: "If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I even take physic, and let blood; for, when you would have pure swiftness of thought and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge the stomach."

Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann recommended Rhine wines to him that would write a mass; Burgundy to the composer of a grand opera; champagne to the writer of a comic opera; a fiery Italian wine to the author of passionate canzonets, and arrack punch to the man who thought of a second "Don Giovanni."

Fusell at raw pork that he might arouse his imagination.

Mr. Klemenschneder seems to have prepared himself for his task by indulging in copious draughts of flaxseed tea.

In illustration of a wild and grotesque poem by Goethe, Klemenschneder wrote music that is devoid of character. He nailed his episodes together, and at times the nails appear. He started out with conventional commonplaces,

and it suddenly occurred to him that his music was without diaphragm. He then bethought him of musical instruments and a piccolo for spectral purposes. But beat and blow as he would, the ghosts did not obey his incantation. His dance-tune was neither mocking in its sensuousness, nor fantastic in its melody or rhythm. The thoughts were neither horrible nor grotesque, and the expression was prosaic.

However this piece by Klemenschneder serves one useful purpose: it recalls, in contrast, that masterpiece of Saint-Saens, the "Danse Macabre."

"Zig and zag and zag, Death keeps time,
Peeking on a tomb with his heel;
Death plays at midnight a dance-tune,
Zig and zag and zag, on his fiddle."

The symphony of Brahms, in which masterly workmanship is more apparent than inspiration, was given with breadth and intensity.

The programme of the rehearsal and concert of this week is as follows: Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," Berlioz; concerto for piano, forte, D minor, Rubinstein; "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner; and Schumann's Symphony No. 3 (Rhenish), E flat. Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeiser will be the pianist.

PHILIP HALE.

March 7-'93

AT THE COLUMBIA.

A double bill was presented last evening at the Columbia Theatre by a company that included well-known and favorite comedians. The first piece, in the nature of a curtain raiser, was produced for the first time in this country—that is, by professionals. It is entitled "Sweet Will," and it is the work of Henry Arthur Jones. A young man, suddenly impoverished, does not dare to tell of his love to a girl who is in love with him. He advises her to marry another, who has proposed, and he purposes to go to some far-off land with a pestilential atmosphere, where, if he does not die, he may rid himself of an oppressive mortgage at the end of 15 years.

The mutual love is revealed, and an American proves himself the dous ex machina by promising in a letter to give the couple money enough to settle all outstanding claims. The construction is artificial and the dialogue is conventional. The coy maiden flames, suddenly and without apparent preparation, into burning passion, and courts with almost unpleasant tenacity of purpose. The leading parts were played intelligently by Miss Emily Bancker and Mr. Henry Miller. The mother, sister and the old family servant, who are attached affectionately to the young man, were taken by Mrs. McKee Rankin, Miss Phyllis Rankin and Mr. T. W. Kyle.

The second piece was "His Wedding Day," an original three-act farce, by Herbert Graham. The story of the complications that arose from the practical joke which boon companions of the bridegroom purposed for him, though it fell on others, has already been told in these columns. The piece is a farce of the wildest nature, in which the fun lies chiefly in the situations. With such a dramatic composition criticism has little to do. The piece served its purpose, for it amused heartily a large audience. Mr. Miller as the bridegroom was painstaking in the performance of his pranks. Mr. Harry Brown as Faddium, the Alderman (London), who objected in his official capacity to anatomical theatre posters, gave in the midst of his frolic an excellent, if unconscious, imitation of Mr. Blakeley, who was last seen here in the Wyndham Company.

Mr. Kyle, strident in the delivery of his lines, furnished amusement. Miss May Irwin as Lottie Singleton, the variety actress, played her part most sympathetically.

March 9-'93

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. E. J. Lang, gave the third concert of the 22d season last evening in Music Hall. The club was assisted by Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Mr. Clarence E. Hay and an orchestra. The programme was as follows:

Scenes from "Fritiof's Saga".....Bruch
The Boy and the Owl.....Chadwick
Estudiantina.....Lacome
Brier Rose.....Debussy
Recluse and air from "Cosi fan tutte".....Mozart
Mrs. Smith.

Dance of Gnomes.....MacDowell
The March to Battle.....Lund
Solos by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Storaeski.

The club was heard to best advantage in the pretty part song by Debussy, and the delightfully grotesque fancy of MacDowell. The chorus and the orchestra were so arranged that the conductor was obliged to turn his back on the one when he paid attention to the other; as a result there was a lack of precision, and the orchestra, as a rule, overpowered the singers. The final number of "Fritiof's Saga" was effective; the other numbers were, so far as the voices were concerned, tame and unexpressive. There is only one way of arranging the forces in a concert of this nature; the singers should be close to the audience; the orchestra should be seated on an inclined platform behind the singers. Then the conductor can control the men; he can govern the singers and subdue the noble rage of the players.

Mrs. Smith made a most favorable impression when she sang in Dvorak's "Requiem." It is to be regretted that this impression was not renewed last evening. The music given to the soprano by Bruch called attention constantly to the weakness of the middle tones of the singer. Mrs. Smith has enriched her lower tones and gained brilliancy in the upper tones by robbing the vitality of her medium register so-called. Furthermore, she forced both lower and upper tones last evening, and at times exchanged song for declamation. Mrs. Smith is a singer of these faults are accidental, not chronic; for if she persists in such treatment of her voice, the beauty and the usefulness of the organ will soon be seriously impaired.

Mr. Hay sang with characteristic earnestness and often with effect, but his very earnestness at times drove him away from the true pitch. The audience applauded heartily, and "Estudiantina," with the accompaniment arranged for orchestra by Miss Lang, was repeated.

PHILIP HALE.

...and its supposed cure. But the curious reader can find a full and interesting account of the delusion in "The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages," by J. F. C. Hecker, translated by B. G. Babington, and published in the Humboldt Library, New York. The notes are full of interesting matter and quote the authorities. Chomet's "Effets et Influence de la Musique sur la Santé" may also be consulted, and there is much philosophizing over the influence of music on the mind and body in Hanslick's "Vom Musikalisch-schönen."

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, March 5, 1893.

I FOUND this paragraph in a recent number of the "Pall Mall Gazette":

One of the latest introductions of "fad" into therapeutics is the suggestion of a music cure for nervous maladies. Still it may interest some people to know that the strains of a violin have been found efficacious in certain cases for reducing the temperature. The "Lancet" condemns the system as being too elaborate, but omits to observe that a mere tyro on the violin (the merer the better) can produce almost every range of temperature in his hearers from cold shivers up to the boiling point and subsequent explosion; also that prolonged applications of street music to jaded nerves, so far from soothing, have an irritant effect which usually reveals itself by unmistakable symptoms.

This paragraph, in substance if not in expression, has appeared lately in several newspapers, as though music were now first employed as a medicinal remedy. But it was only a year and a half ago that the Guild of St. Cecilia was established in London, with the objective purpose of restoring invalids to health by vocal and instrumental music. The secretary of the Guild was Canon Harford.

Our civilization is a thing of shreds and patches, filched from the dusty and forgotten garments of past generations. In the childhood of the world the physician and the musician were twin brothers. Music was the most potent of drugs. Music killed the pest that raged beneath the walls of Troy, just as in 364 B. C. Etrurian flute players danced to their tunes and tooted away the plague from the streets of Rome. The harp assuaged melancholy, as in the familiar instance of David and Saul. Æsculapius, the physician, was the son of Apollo, and he was taught by Chiron, the Centaur, who had three death dealing accomplishments—medicine, shooting and music.

The majority of nervous diseases, attributed to the action of an evil disposed or avenging deity, were submitted to the treatment of melodious sounds, which charmed or put to flight the demon. Pythagoras wrought marvelous cures by music. Theophrastus in his essay on "Enthusiasm," says that men with diseases in their loins become free from pain if anyone plays a Phrygian air opposite to the part affected. We know from Athenæus not only that it was a regular custom to introduce music at the ancient feast, but the reasons for the introduction: "In the first place, in order that every one who might be too eager for drunkenness or gluttony might have music as a sort of physician and healer of his insolence and indecorum; and also because music softens moroseness of temper, for it dissipates sadness and produces affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy."

According to Dr. Albrecht, the diligent practice of music brought out the perspiration of the hearer as well as that of the player. The judicious Dr. Baptista Porta three centuries ago propounded the theory that many diseases might be cured by tunes played on instruments made of medicinal woods. The sufferer from fever should listen to tones of a quinine wood flute ornamented with the bark. A poplar instrument would ease sciatic pains; one made of cinnamon would do away with fainting spells; dropsy would succumb to fife of hellebore.

Peter Lichtenhal agreed with his illustrious predecessor, and named as diseases peculiarly susceptible to musical treatment, gout, catalepsy, fever and ague, epilepsy, fits, poisoning from bites of insects, and even that most lingering and deeply-rooted ailment, stupidity.

Dr. Schneider in 1835 published at Bonn a "Complete Treatise of Medical Music," in four volumes 8vo. Then there are the writings of Nicolai, Engel, Sulzer, Chomet and others on the subject, not to mention Père Kircher, and Webb, the Englishman. F. N. Marquet wrote a "New, Easy, and Curious Method of Knowing the Pulse by Musical Sounds" (Paris, 1769, second edition). According to Marquet a healthy pulse beats five in the measure of a minuet. B. Ancina (1565) maintained that a pulse beating in triple time foretold death; in common time health.

Celsus Aurelianus records that in the treatment of madness certain physicians employ carelessly the stimulus of music, "which can produce good results when it is wisely applied, and also in many instances work great harm." "The Dorian mood fits slobberers and the givers away to infantile laughter; but the same music often incites a furious agitation." Celsus thought that madmen might be appeased by cymbals and other noisy instruments.

Galen recommended music as a remedy against the bite of the viper and the scorpion. Desault used music with great success in the case of a person bitten by a mad dog. But these last instances bring to mind the musical cure of the convulsive dances of the middle ages. Flute, tambourine or bagpipe accompanied the mad dancer for days, and the performer was relieved by successors. Here enters tarantism, and we have now to do with its supposed cause

and its supposed cure. But the curious reader can find a full and interesting account of the delusion in "The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages," by J. F. C. Hecker, translated by B. G. Babington, and published in the Humboldt Library, New York. The notes are full of interesting matter and quote the authorities. Chomet's "Effets et Influence de la Musique sur la Santé" may also be consulted, and there is much philosophizing over the influence of music on the mind and body in Hanslick's "Vom Musikalisch-schönen."

* * *

We plume ourselves upon the cultivation of voice and instrument; we prate of education; and yet we have lost sight entirely of the sanitary mission of music. The true glory of music is departed!

Were we truly musical, a wandering German street band would no longer be regarded as a thing of terror, but as a tonic, so strong, however, that it should be used with discretion. The melancholy flute might be welcomed as a destroyer of microbes, and the player would not then be a legitimate object of suspicion. The sky-defying blast of a cornet may clear the air of pestilential vapors. Even the piano might be of utility as encouraging the hearer to outdoor exercise.

Not that we are wholly ignorant of these properties. Concerts here at least have convinced my townsmen of the medicinal efficacy of music. There are symphonies that compel sleep. There are sonatas that laugh at opium. The voice of a singer is often more irritating than the most arrogant blister.

If such experiments as are mentioned by the "Pall Mall Gazette" were conducted more freely the medical musician would regain his once proud position. And who would limit his usefulness? Generous doses of Brahms may yet take the place of dangerous morphine. Wagner may succeed the moxa. Strauss may bring life to rheumatic legs. Music will lend itself equally to the wishes of Hahnemann's disciples, and chills and fever may be treated by vocal shakes of long duration. Cotts, which command the highest price, will line the aisles of a concert hall. The conductor of the future will be a physician of high degree, and doctor of music will then no longer be an empty title.

* * *

The seventh concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given the 27th ult. in Chickering Hall. The quartet was assisted by Messrs. Perabo, piano; Zach, violin; Schulz, cellist. The program was as follows:

Quartet, A Major, op. 18, No. 5..... Beethoven
Rondeau brilliant, piano and violin, op. 70..... Schubert
Sextet, A minor..... C. M. Loeffler

The sextet by Mr. Loeffler is in manuscript, and it was played for the first time in public at this concert. It is dedicated to Mr. Franz Kneisel, and the second movement is in memory of Dennis Bunker, the painter. The work as a whole is strong and interesting. Individuality is seen in the treatment of the themes rather than in the themes.

The first movement is a passionate allegro. There is a strange tonality, a tonality akin to that of many Russian folk songs, with alternating or conflicting modes. The cadences are quasi-ecclesiastical, and they are sometimes peculiarly Loefflerian. The chief theme suggests Brahms, but the development is charged with Russian spirit tempered by an admiration for Brahms. The development is really a development; it flows as though it were spontaneous from the theme, and only once is there a contrapuntal passage that seems lugged in by the heels to satisfy the pedant. The returns to the delivery of the chief theme are most excellent, and the close is masterly in the conception and in the carrying out of the conception.

The second movement is an andante with a presto middle. The chief theme is the Russian burden, "Ay, Ouchnem," a song of weary bargemen. The theme is delivered impressively, and it is treated throughout in a very artistic fashion. The lament is intense in its mournfulness, and at times it rises to a height of dramatic feeling. This is the strongest of the three movements.

The third movement is even more Slavonic, and it reeks with the fumes of Vodka. It abounds in hair-raising passages, and in harmonies that are bizarre and almost grotesque.

The sextet is full of color. It is fascinating, even when it is in passages absolutely bizarre, if not ugly. Mr. Loeffler had something to say and he said it in his own way.

The ensemble work was wholly admirable, and Mr. Perabo showed his rare gifts as a player in chamber music.

* * *

A harp concert was given the 27th ult. in Steinert Hall by Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, Mrs. Wm. M. Barber and Miss

Maria Plumer, assisted by members of the Symphony Orchestra. I was at the Kneisel concert and therefore could not hear Oberthur's Triumphal March, for three harps, or Pugnani's "Les Commères," for violin ensemble with three harps.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Recent Experiment in the Town of Bridgeport.

"The Damnation of Faust,"
With Scenic Accessories.

Musical Rumors and Facts At Home and Abroad.

The animals in the Barnum & Bailey circus, in winter quarters at Bridgeport, Conn., have lately been the subjects of various experiments. Last Monday "a violin and a cornet were played in front of many of the animals' cages. The results were nil. Circus animals were too used to the blare of trumpets to make musical experiments with them a success." So writes a reporter of the New York Times.

But before such a sweeping assertion is taken for law and gospel, it might be well to consider first the character of the music played; second, the manner of the performance.

It has often been remarked that the elephant is a sagacious beast. The writers of the sacred books of India were not content with the aid of djinns, magi, demi-gods and demi-demons; they consulted the elephant.

The emblematical representation of the musical meditation of Mogha, which is one of the six principal ragas of the Hindus, is as follows: "This raga is represented as being dressed in blue garments. Has a grave voice and violent eyes. Rides on an elephant, and is sung in the rainy season."

Now on the 10th of Prairial, in the year VI, a concert was given in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, for the benefit of two elephants, tanz and Marquerite. The orchestra was made up of distinguished members of the Paris Conservatory.

There is a long account in "The Phenomena of Music," by the Marquis de Potemkine, of the experiments then made. Let us simply observe the leading facts.

A trio, themo and variations, for two violins and bass aroused the curiosity of the animals.

A savage and sharply accented dino from Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" put them in a state of excitement; they tried to break the confining bars; they uttered shrill cries.

A bassoon played a tender air in C minor; the elephants moved gently their trunks and seemed mastered by love-melancholy. Marquerite was the one most deeply affected.

Ca ira, played by the whole orchestra turned elephantine amoroseness into elephantine rage. The overture to "The Fortune Teller of the Village" made the animals gay; and "charming Gabrielle" converted jollity into languor.

Columns could be filled with anecdotes of the power of music over animals.

In Switzerland a cowherd with an agreeable voice commanded formerly the higher price for "cows when sung to sweetly give up a fifth more milk." Fishers in the Adriatic lure fish to their nets by singing during the night.

Richard Mead tells of a violinist who killed a large and healthy dog by playing to him. This story seems by no means incredible.

Dr. Chomet charmed lizards near Naples by whistling and singing. He describes his voice as not "fine," but as "perfectly true."

Whales and porpoises paid respectful attention to the whistling of Storry, a sailor in one of the polar expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin.

The experiments at Bridgeport were without doubt rudely conceived and imperfectly carried out. The combination of a violin and a cornet must be disagreeable to any self-respecting animal of taste. If he showed any emotion it was probably contempt; and the subtle expression of this emotion escaped the observers. The tunes played were perhaps familiar, perhaps too simple to excite the attention of the animals.

Such experiments should be conducted in more scientific spirit. The Boston Symphony Orchestra might stop over a train on the way to New York. A programme of strongly contrasting numbers should be played, and the "Elephant" movement from Giodard's "Oriental Symphony" should be surely included.

Some strong pianist in flannels should play de Koutski's "Awakening of the Lion," and a singer could tell with effect, in the air from "The Creation," of the "flexible tiger" and the "nimble stag." And then a learned man should prepare a report on an "Experimental Test of Musical Expressiveness" that would supplement the essay by Mr. Benjamin J. Guman, which appeared in the American Journal of Psychology in 1892.

It is gratifying to local pride to learn that the following compositions will be performed during the Columbian Exposition: The music to "Oedipus Tyrannus," the "Tempest Music," the "Island Fantasy," and "Spring Symphony," by Prof. Joun K. Laue; the second symphony overture, "Meipomone," and cantata, "Eugenix Expirans," by Mr. Chadwick; overture, "Francesca da Rimini," senenado for strings and pianoforte quartette, by Mr. Foote.

It is also announced by the "Bureau of Music" that "compositions by E. A. MacDowell will be performed." This is a singularly worded statement, when you take into consideration the fact that Mr. MacDowell is a musician of rare technical equipment and still rarer musical imagination. Mr. MacDowell is one of the very few composers of this country who expresses his ideas and opinions, his dreams and his fantastic thoughts in music, because music is his natural vehicle of expression; because music is his birthright. Furthermore, Mr. MacDowell is recognized in foreign lands as a distinguished composer of the romantic school. And now Chicago, through the "Bureau of Music," which is composed of a musical director, a choral director, and a secretary, pays tribute to Mr. MacDowell by permitting the natives and strangers within her gates to listen to "Compositions by E. A. MacDowell," which will also be performed.

Mrs. Nikisch gave a song recital in Chickering Hall the 28th ult. She sang songs by Brahms, Schubert, Franz, B. son, Paderewski, Hinrichs, Schumann, Grieg and others. She was assisted by Mr. Nikisch, whose accompaniments were delightfully sympathetic, and by Miss Leonora von Stosch, violinist, who displayed a strongly marked temperament in *Vieuxtemps' "Réverie"* and aondo by Scharwenka. In spite of disagreeable weather, there was a large audience, and Mrs. Nikisch was loudly applauded.

The program of the seventeenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Symphony, No. 1, E minor.....Brahms
"Todtentanz".....Riemenschneider
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai

The opening movement of the overture by Weber was taken at so slow a pace that the rhythm suffered, and the quartet of horns sustained their tones with difficulty, or, in other words, the melos did not come clearly to the light. With this exception the reading was dramatic and the performance was admirable. The symphony was finely played and Nicolai's overture gave pleasure.

Do you know Riemenschneider's "Todtentanz"? It was played here for the first time. Do not journey one mile to hear it. The man, a pupil of Kiel, knows his trade; he connects his sentences, he dots his i's and crosses his t's, but he is without imagination. The piece is a musical illustration of Goethe's poem, and the poem can get along very well without the musical embellishment.

There are moderately slow passages with constant modulation. They are inoffensive and conventional. Then a gong is sounded, and the dance is neither sensuous nor grotesque. The piccolo, the instrument that with the bassoon is so often used to characterize Mephistopheles, is freely employed, but in a cheap manner, and, in fact, the instrumentation is too orthodox and respectable for the subject. There is no touch of the devilish or the ghastly in the whole composition. The work naturally suggests the "Danse Macabre," of Saint-Saëns, but the suggestion is only in the title. Any page taken at random from Saint-Saëns' piece outweighs in musical merit the whole labor of Riemenschneider, and as regards fancy or dramatic power there is no comparison between the two works.

Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeissler will play the solo part of Rubinstein's D minor piano concerto at the next symphony concert.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman, who has been studying with Marchesi, will make her first appearance in opera at Lyons about April 1, as "Fides" in "The Prophet."

Afternoon teas abound and singers frequent them. Thackeray described these functions:

"O ye gods! Think of Miss Rudge's intellect while singing:

'Away, away to the mountain's brow,
Where the trees are gently waving;
Away, away to the fountain's flow,
Where the streams are softly la-a-ving.'

These are the words of a real song that I have heard many times and rapturously applauded too. Such a song, such a poem, such a songster!" PHILIP HALE.

"The Damnation of Faust" will soon be given here by the Cecilia, and therefore a sketch of its late performance with scenic accessories at Monte Carlo may be of interest. The account is taken from the *Pail Mail Gazette* of the 20th ult.

Not a measure of the music by Berlioz was omitted. The second part was divided into two acts.

In the first act the authority and by-play of Jean de Reszke as Faust riveted all eyes on the stage till the orchestra attacked the Hungarian march. Just at the moment when it was feared that this march past would become monotonous for the audience and awkward for the artist, who was alone in front of the stage, a group of priests appeared, the regimental banners carried by the soldiers were laid low, and the ceremony of blessing the colors was gone through. The curtain came down on this incident.

"The second act begins in Faust's study. He is sitting by the fire, and a large dog crouches by the side of the open chimney. As the close of the poisoning scene the study wall gradually fades away, and Faust is left standing as one hypnotized in a church where he listens to the Easter hymn. A clever manipulation of lights hides the church scene, and Faust is in his study again. Suddenly the face of the dog becomes animated, the features of Mephistopheles take its place, and in an instant the transformation is effected.

"Scenes VII. and VIII. of the second part of the oratorio constitute the third act of the opera. The decoration is one mass of roses. Faust is lulled to sleep by Mephistopheles and a chorus of sylphs concealed in the bosoms.

"After the entry of Marguerite in the fourth act (Part 3 of the oratorio) the dramatic action is sustained by the work itself, but before this happens there are the long instrumental passages by Rucini and the ballet, in which Mephistopheles and his goblins take part, contribute to this end. Considered from a purely dramatic point of view, the action is suspended too long at this juncture, when everything would tend to hasten the meeting of Faust and Marguerite, but this drawback is naturally due to any attempt to stage Berlioz's work without elimination."

The performance, it seems, was of uneven merit. Jean de Reszke was wholly admirable; Mrs. P. Alba was "a delicious Marguerite"; and Meichl seduced disappointed as Mephistopheles. The chorus and the ballet were handicapped by the smallness of the stage.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney and Mr. Edward Lloyd are engaged for the performances of Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew," Handel's "Messiah," and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony during the Columbian Exposition.

It is said that Mrs. Marie Bernard Smith will receive a yearly salary of \$1800 as soprano of the Rutgers Street Church.

Mrs. Essipoff and Sarasate played lately in Paris.

Humbert, King of Italy, subscribed \$200 to the fund for erecting a statue to Donizetti at Bergamo, the birthplace of the composer.

Cornelius Jerz, who is involved in the Panama scandal, has a sister Mathilde, an opera singer, in Italy.

In the theatre at Leghorn Miss Della Porta was so swayed by passion in her song that she fell into the prompter's den. He was surprised and the singer was injured.

Sybil Sanderson is singing in Nice, where Vinpasi is conductor of the orchestra.

Winkelmann lost his voice the other night at Vienna in the third act of "Lohengrin." The first cello played his part and he acted in dumb show. Such sudden or total aphonia would, in the case of many a German singer, be grateful to the audience.

A. Ehrlich is the editor of a collection of 87 biographies and portraits of celebrated fiddlers, ancient and modern.

The book is published by A. H. Payne, Leipzig.

Joseph Rheinberger has written a Mass (op. 169) for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, or strings with organ.

The director of the Paris Opera is nearly \$47,000.

Achille Buscane, the composer of a one-act opera, "Simphonias," lately produced with success at Cuneo, Italy, is blind.

The Russian authorities propose to establish professional chairs for the study and the preservation of Russian folk-songs, which are said to be rapidly disappearing.

Broitkoff and Haerfel, Leipzig, have published "Letters of Franz Liszt" in two volumes, edited by La Mara. The collection includes letters to Franz Schumann, Liszt, Lamoussais, Saint-Saëns, Raff, Hanslick and other well known men.

PHILIP HALE.

March 11-93

Many will shiver on receipt of the news that the reversible cuff, "the poor man's friend," is to be tabooed. This form of wristband has often facilitated a quick toilet, and reduced the expenses of the week. But the edict has gone forth. To use the chaste language of a "society reporter," the reversible cuff is no longer wearable; "the discovery of the concealment, by any manner of means, of turning or other expedient, would be fatal to social standing." It was not so many years ago that whitened steel collars were worn; they were guaranteed as indestructible, and they were cleansed by the application of a brush. And so civilization steadily advances, or retreats, according to the opinion of some, who regard our modern dress, with starched, impervious linen, stove-pipe hat and claw-hammer coat, as the abomination of desolation, a dress impossible among a people of truly artistic taste.

March 10-93

MUSIC.

The Eighteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the eighteenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Rubinstein
Siegfried Idyl.....Wagner
Symphony No. 3, E flat major.....Schumann
Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield Zeissler was the pianist.

According to the programme-book, Rubinstein was born Nov. 30, 1830. The same date is given in certain music lexicons. But Rubinstein in his Autobiography declares that he was born in 1829, and his birthday was the 28th of November. Eugen Zabel, the latest biographer of the composer-pianist, confirms Rubinstein's impression. The translator of the Autobiography into English did not make allowance for the Russian reckoning, and so it is stated in the translation that the birthday was the 16th. The right date is undoubtedly Nov. 28, 1829.

The feature of the concert was the performance of the familiar concerto of Rubinstein by Mrs. Zeissler. Mrs. Zeissler played like a man; not like a little man, but like a robust and bearded creature rejoicing in his strength. Her technique was above reproach, and there is no need of looking at her from the strictly pedagogical point of view. From the æsthetic standpoint her performance was one of remarkable passion. The pianoforte and the fingers of the player were simply servants of a hot and consuming temperament.

Now, this temperament possessed so thoroughly the woman that there was no need of suavely and annoying manifestations of it. Yet there were tossings of arms aloft; there was facial indicizing of deep-seated emotions.

At this was unnecessary. The volcano that sweeps away a village does not cry out to the dismayed inhabitants, "come here and feel my pulse. Is this hot enough for you?"

In spite of strength that occasionally degenerated into mere force, in spite of passion that at times was hysteria, the performance was one of power and beauty. It combined virility and feminine delicacy. It combined supreme moments, native moments, when a mighty individuality found full expression in the fiery delivery of fiery thoughts and fiery aspirations.

The performance of the orchestral numbers was of uneven merit. The "Siegfried Idyl" was read with intelligence and played with discretion. The overture was given with spirit, which, however, did not atone for untunefulness and lack of precision.

The performance of the Symphony may be best characterized by the word *barbarous*.

Some time ago I regret that I cannot recall the exact date—the discovery was made in New York that Mr. Nikisch is the greatest, living interpreter of the orchestral compositions of Schumann. This ignorance of a foreign oracle was, it is true, unaccompanied by any violent perturbation of nature, such as thunder in a clear sky, or a disappearance of the sun at high noon. The compliment paid to the leader of our orchestra brought in its train a grave responsibility—the necessity of living up to the reputation.

Now Mr. Nikisch is a man of undoubted musical talent. His nature is emotional, dramatic. His training was in the theatre, not in the concert hall. His talent, his nature, his training all lead him one way in the treatment of a symphony by Schumann. The romanticism and the intensity of Schumann appeal to him strongly; he finds that they lend themselves easily to theatrical effect and theatrical exaggeration. If he can gain these effects he is willing to sacrifice the beauty of detail.

It is not to be denied that in this manner he occasionally gains a great effect; but this constant straining after effect, and an utter contempt for dynamic values, soon bring fatigue. If a conductor constantly calls piano, forte and forte, fortissimo, there is nothing left when he arrives at a fortissimo of the composer but screaming and impotent musical frenzy.

If he frets, after the first measure, the calm and serene melody of the composer, the ear of the hearer will be dull to the cry of passion. Regularly recurring hastening and slackening of the pace, at stated intervals, and without excuse or meaning, is like unto a sea-saw that soon tires even those who ride at first with delight.

Saturday evening the theatrical nature of Mr. Nikisch was clearly revealed in the performance of the Symphony.

The work of Schumann was apparently played in the royal concert hall of Lorchbrugg, the metropolis of Brodbrugg. The musical lury that would have stunned Gulliver, would undoubtedly have soothed and comforted the King and his attendants. But the music of Schumann was written for men and women of the size of Lemuel Gulliver.

It is true that Schumann was the rough and vehement Forester; he was also the gentle, the dreamy, the poetic Eusebius, and Eusebius should be heard, even in his voice is soft and low.

There will be no concert next week. The programme of the 19th concert the 25th inst. will be as follows: "The Sea," symphonic sketches for orchestra, Paul Gilson (first time in Boston); "The Fairy of Love," for violin and orchestra, Raff; symphony, "Rustic Wedding," Goldmark.

PHILIP HALE.

March 14-1893

LILIAN DURELL.

Her First Appearance in Gounod's Masterpiece.

Gounod's "Faust" was given last evening at the Boston Theatre by the Lilian Durell operatic organization, under the management of Mr. Charles F. Atkinson. The cast was as follows:

Marguerite.....Miss Lilian Durell
Siebel.....Mrs. Liza Macnicol-Yetta
Martha.....Miss Gertrude Libby
Faust.....Payne Clark
Mephisto.....W. H. Clark
Valentine.....G. Campanari

Mr. S. Behrens was the musical director. The theatre was crowded.

The appearance of Miss Durell as the heroine of Gounod's masterpiece was naturally looked forward to by many who remember with pleasure her performance of Mignon last season at the Bowdoin Square Theatre; for she then gave more than ordinary promise at the beginning of an operatic career. But to those who know intimately the characteristics of Miss Durell's artistic temperament and the peculiar qualities of her voice the choice of "Faust" seemed judicious; and this impression was confirmed by the performance of last evening.

The part of Marguerite is so familiar to the public, it has been sung so often by singers of histrionic power that a new comer is apt to be judged by too high a standard. This is, of course, unjust and absurd; but comparisons easily suggest themselves, and recollections of the past are not easily dispelled.

The part of Marguerite makes severe demands on even the experienced opera singer. It calls for a voice of full and rich middle tones, while in the last act the upper tones are rigorously tested. It calls for a full display of the legato; once must be sustained; there is little opportunity for explosion or fiery declamation. The part also requires an actress of experience who can easily run through the gamut of the passions, although, it is true, an admirable singer of ingenuous bearing and simple art may command attention and even move by the revelation of innocence betrayed by the Prince of Darkness.

Now last evening the music of Gounod seemed to expose, or rather try severely, the middle tones of Miss Durell's voice. These tones seemed weak and pale. The natural agitation that attends a first appearance must not be overlooked; but the singer showed last evening that color and brilliancy and expression are in the tones of her voice that are not actively or constantly employed by Gounod. Again, there was a frequent absence of legato when legato was absolutely necessary.

These facts warred against her success in the part, and there was no such revelation of dramatic power as to make the hearer overlook the vocal deficiencies mentioned.

Yet it would be unjust to deny the beauty of certain passages as sung by her. Her voice is flexible and lends itself easily to bravura passages in the Jewel song were sung delightfully. There were tones that went straight to the heart. There was intelligence often shown in the treatment of detail. And more than once was the hearer convinced that the possibility of a great artist was on the stage.

It is well known that the voice of Miss Durell was of extraordinary range. There are sky-raping notes that she attacks and sustains with ease, as was clearly seen last year in her performance of Mignon.

But the very gift of Nature may work a serious injury. The temptation to astonish by a vocal feat that is beyond the power of many is well-nigh irresistible. The singer is apt to rely on such feats for success. Now, Miss Durell would work, and work diligently, to develop her middle tones, the vital part of the soprano voice. Nor should she forget for a moment that the legato is the very foundation of all singing.

Sincere, then, as her performance was, and with such instances it gave pleasure, it does not seem that Miss Durell is now prepared to undertake such a serious part as Marguerite. I see no vocal advance upon her performance of last season; in fact, from the strictly vocal standpoint, her singing of last evening was not as worthy of hearty commendation as was her treatment of the music of Mignon. The possibilities of ultimate artistic success are still present. It may seem an impertinence to offer advice; and yet faithful study under some experienced teacher in France or Italy, where one could also learn by observation of the merits and the faults of operatic singers of renown, would be of incalculable benefit. Such study should not be hurried. A great opera singer does not spring up in a night; nor is she made in a month or in a year. If Miss Durell could enjoy such study, I firmly believe that she would be an opera singer of rare power.

The other members of the company do not call for extended comment. Mrs. Vetta gave pleasure by the beauty of her voice and the sweetness of her bearing. Mr. Campanari was a virile Valentine; indeed, he sang with such spirit that he was most heartily applauded, and not undeservedly. The rest is silence.

It would be easy to complain of the orchestra and the chorus. It would be easy to point out instances of the maltreatment of Gounod's score, and to jest concerning singular stage business. But here, at least, was an honest attempt to give opera in English, although Valentine, who had traveled as a soldier, had acquired the Italian language, and he preferred it in song. We have no opera. Here was, at least, an opportunity of hearing much of Gounod's music with scenic accessories. If we are to ever have a domesticated opera, it must come from such a beginning.

"The Bohemian Girl" will be given this evening, and the cast will be as follows:

Count ArnhelmG. Rob Clark
ThaddeusW. H. Dodd
DevilshoofJ. C. Bartlett
ArlineW. H. Clark
BudaMrs. Louise Natalie
Queen of the GypsiesMiss Gertrude Ackler
Mrs. MacNichol-Vetta

PHILIP HALE.

ARTHUR NIKISCH.

The Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Resigns His Position.

It is rumored, and the rumor seems to be a fact, that Mr. Arthur Nikisch, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has resigned his position.

The resignation will take effect at the end of this, the twelfth season of the organization.

Mr. Nikisch will, in all probability, go to Budapest, where he will have full charge of the orchestra of the opera and concert hall of that city.

Mr. Nikisch is a Hungarian by birth, for he was born at Szent Miklos Oct. 12, 1855. His father was head accountant in the service of Prince Liechtenstein. Mr. Nikisch was educated in the Vienna Conservatory, where he studied composition under Dessoff and the violin under Hellmesberger. He left the Conservatory in 1874, with prizes in composition (sextet for strings) and violin playing. In 1878 he was engaged by Neumann as second conductor of the Stadt Theatre in Leipzig, and he then left Vienna, where he was busy as violinist in the Imperial Orchestra. In 1882 he was appointed first chapelmaster at Leipzig. Mr. Nikisch was called in 1889 to take the position of conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position that was vacated by Mr. William Gericke. Mr. Nikisch's first appearance here at a Saturday evening concert was Oct. 12, 1889. During his stay in this city he has made many friends who will learn with regret of his resignation.

There are rumors already of other directors. First of all comes the name of Mr. Gericke, who gave to the orchestra the reputation that it is richly deserved. He is now in Vienna, and it is doubtful whether he could be persuaded to leave his home. If he should appear again as conductor of our orchestra his first appearance would be a memorable scene, for few are held in such respect by musicians and laymen as the modest and thoroughly capable Gericke.

There is talk of Hans Richter. Richter was born in Raab, Hungary, April 4, 1843. He studied in Vienna the horn, piano and composition. In 1866-67 he was with Wagner in Luzerne. Richter was chorus director in Munich in 1868-69. In 1870 he directed the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Brussels. From 1871 to 1875 he was conductor at the National Theatre at Budapest. In 1875 he was appointed conductor of the opera and the Philharmonic concerts at Vienna. In 1876 he directed at Baireuth. For some time he has been busied with concerts in London.

Edouard Colonne of Paris is also mentioned. He was born at Bordeaux, July 23, 1838, and was a pupil of the Paris Conservatory, where he took, in 1863, the first prize for violin playing. He was then first violin of the Paris Opera, until in 1871 he founded a concert organization, the performances of which were given during the winter, first at the Odeon, afterward at the Chatelet. He is now also first conductor at the Opera. He is known throughout Europe as a conductor of the very first rank.

Felix Mottl is also mentioned. He was born Aug. 29, 1856, at Unter-St. Veit, near Vienna. He was a pupil of the Vienna Conservatory; in 1881 he was called to Carlsruhe to take charge of the opera orchestra. In 1886 he refused a call to Berlin. In the same year he directed at Baireuth with great success. Of late his health has been poor, and he has directed at rare intervals in different German cities. Mottl has written an opera "Agnes Bernauer," performed at Weimar 1880.

It is a singular and humiliating fact that no American has been mentioned or apparently thought of as successor to Mr. Nikisch.

Roger-Milès, a French writer, once said that woman is like a posy of flowers. "From whatever epoch of the history of dress you may regard her, you will find that she owes her charming elegance mostly to some trifling detail." Does this apply to erinoline? Is the hoop skirt a "trifling detail"? It is true, however, that it modifies woman's "attitude and even accentuates her gestures." The revival of erinoline brings with it a resurrection of caricature. Amateurs of this form of pictorial art now recognize familiar jests of their younger days, even before the possible rehabilitation of the fashion that provoked the exaggerated lines of the draughtsman.

There is more or less comment upon the announcement that the Pall Mall Gazette, under the ownership of Mr. Astor, will be a "journal edited by gentlemen for gentlemen." As though the motto were of recent date. But surely "Pendennis" is not forgotten in these days of pseudo-realistic fiction; and it was the paper to which Warrington and Pendennis contributed that first framed the motto, in the announcement written by the gallant Captain who dashed off so much copy in the debtor's prison.

THE SEIDL MATINEE.

The fourth and the last of the matinees of the Metropolitan Orchestra of New York, under the management of Mr. Eugene Tompkins, was given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Theatre. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore," No. III.....Beethoven

"Ah, Perfidio".....Beethoven

Scene by the Brook, from the "Pastorale Symphony".....Beethoven

Duet, "Lohengrin".....Wagner

Elsa, Miss Juch.

Otrud, Mrs. Fursch-Madi.

Overture, "Coriolan".....Beethoven

Symphonic Poem, "Orpheus".....Liszt

Violin Concerto.....Saint-Saens

Mr. Marteau.

First "Hungarian Rhapsody".....Liszt

"Abendlied".....Schumann

Violin Solos (b. "Ungarischer Tanz").....Brahms

Mr. Marteau.

Second Grand Polonaise.....Liszt

This was an interesting concert, although "Orpheus" might have been omitted. The absence of a symphony was not severely felt. We are obliged to hear from twenty to thirty symphonies in the course of a season, and it is well to remember that the symphony is not the only form of instrumental art. The programme was well arranged, and such was the variety that the length of the programme did not bring weariness.

The performance of the orchestra was almost always admirable, and at times it was of a high degree of excellence. It is possible to quarrel with Mr. Seidl in his reading of Beethoven. He, as well as Mr. Nikisch, delights in a slackening of the pace whenever a tender melody is exposed, although such slackening is without authority and a positive injury. Mr. Seidl seems to think that whenever in an allegro of Beethoven the theme enters piano there should at once be a marked change of tempo. He affirmed his belief in the "Leonore" overture, and he reiterated his belief in the treatment of the "Vollendung" in the "Coriolan." But the expression of this belief changes the character of the work and substitutes sentimentalism for frankness. With these exceptions—and I admit that the position of Mr. Seidl is supported by men of the hyper-modern school—the reading of this experienced and enthusiastic conductor was eminently musical and effective.

Mrs. Fursch-Madi again proved herself an artist of the first rank. The ease with which she gained her effects, the self-poise, the artistic consciousness and conscientiousness displayed in her delivery, the dramatic intensity which was free from exaggeration, all these proclaimed her a worthy member of the school of singers whose names, alas, are now too often merely names, and whose deeds are a tradition. It is a good thing to be thus reminded in these days that such a school once flourished and that the traditions are still preserved.

Mr. Marteau gave an excellent performance of the concerto by Saint-Saens, op. 58, if I am not mistaken. It is a fascinating composition, melodious, characteristic, abounding in quaint instrumentation. Mr. Marteau played the "Abendlied" with exquisite simplicity.

This series of concerts is over, and it is now proper to acknowledge most cheerfully the pleasure given by them. It is to be hoped that the Seidl concerts will hereafter be a regular feature of our musical season, for Mr. Seidl and his men are indeed welcome visitors.

PHILIP HALE.

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL."

Balfo's "The Bohemian Girl" was given last evening at the Boston Theatre by the Lillian Durell Operatic organization, under the management of Mr. Chas. F. Atkinson. The cast was as follows:

Count Arnhelm.....G. Rob Clark

Thaddeus.....W. H. Dodd

Devilshoof.....J. C. Bartlett

Arline.....W. H. Clark

Buda.....Mrs. Louise Natalie

Queen of the Gypsies.....Mrs. MacNichol-Vetta

There was a very large audience, and the

familiar melodies of Balfe gave much pleasure, for there was hearty applause, and several numbers were repeated. It is as idle now to inquire into the causes of the popularity of "The Bohemian Girl" as it was when Punch laughed at it many years ago. The people like the tunes. They are not offended by the absurdity of the story or by the dialogue of Mr. Alfred Bunn. They are perfectly willing to admit that "hollow hearts shall wear a mask" as long as the melancholy *Agnus Bernauer* states the existence of this anatomical phenomenon in agreeable song. Nor do they wonder how the "fair land of Poland was plowed by the hoof," as long as the voice of Thaddeus is as "unstained" as his crest.

T. Hadden

"The Bohemian Girl" fulfilled its mission; it pleased many audiences. The performance of last evening was open to criticism in many points. If it were to be judged from a serious musical or dramatic standpoint, we have so little opera, however, that it is not decent or for musical advantage to discourage any honest attempt to satisfy the longing of the public. It may be said that the performance was an honest one, and all engaged therein did their best to please. Mrs. Natalie sang with ease and skill, and Mrs. Vetta was satisfactory as the Gypsy Queen. Mr. Bartlett's voice lends itself sympathetically to a Ballian ballad, and Dr. Clark was appropriately gloomy as the unhappy Count.

This evening "Mignon" will be given, with Miss Lillian Durell as Mignon. She will be supported by Miss Luella Wagner, Miss May Bosley and Messrs. J. Lloyd, G. Rob Clark and W. H. Dodd.

Mon 16-93

Lillian Durell's Appearance at the Boston in "Mignon."

"Mignon" was given last evening at the Boston Theatre by the Lillian Durell Operatic organization under the management of Mr. Charles F. Atkinson. The cast was as follows:

Count Arnhelm.....G. Rob Clark

Thaddeus.....W. H. Dodd

Devilshoof.....J. C. Bartlett

Arline.....W. H. Clark

Buda.....Mrs. Louise Natalie

Queen of the Gypsies.....Mrs. MacNichol-Vetta

The performance of last evening was thus far the best of the week. It is true that the chorus was inadequate, and the orchestra often showed a disregard for intonation and precision. The fact that the brass was as a rule behind the attack of the strings and the woodwind did not disturb the equanimity of the conductor, who read patiently the score, and endured a deadly cross fire that would have startled even one of Napoleon's Marshals.

But there was much in the performance that gave pleasure. Miss Durell appeared to better advantage than in her trial night of "Faust." She sang with greater ease and acted with more freedom. In the second act she displayed with effect her phenomenal upper tones, and in the third act she showed an intensity of feeling and a breadth of delivery that confirmed the impression made by her last season. She is evidently not in a physical condition to do herself full justice, and they that only know her by her work of this week may, perhaps, underestimate her ability. This is a fortune or misfortune of operatic war.

The faults that were alluded to in the Journal of Tuesday, such as spasmodic delivery and weakness of the middle tones, the working part of the voice, should be remembered. Faithful work will bring a cure, and Miss Durell is sincere and intelligent in study. Above all, she has no reason to be discouraged. She has given, even in her weak physical condition, proofs of ability and promise for the future.

Miss Wagner's performance was of uneven merit. She was at her best in the first act; in the remaining scenes her intonation was often impure, and her bravura was none too clean. She should strive after a more agreeable voice in dialogue, and rid herself of an unpleasant twang. This last remark applies also to Miss Bosley, who sang the gavotte simply, yet intelligently, and with effect.

Mr. Lloyd was honest in his efforts, and he was at least inoffensive, although the peculiar arrangement of his nether clothing might well have excited remark. The rich and full lower tones of Dr. Clark's voice were well displayed. It is a pity that the middle and upper tones are not used more wisely, or that they are not yet "placed." Mr. Dodd acted with commendable spirit, and seemed at his ease.

PHILIP HALE.

Wed 17-93

"FAUST" AT THE BOSTON.

"Faust" was given last evening its second performance at the Boston Theatre by the Lillian Durell Operatic organization, under the management of Mr. Charles F. Atkinson. The theatre was crowded.

This performance was naturally smoother than that of Monday night, and yet many slips of the orchestra were without excuse. Miss Durell was not so nervous in action or delivery, and there were delightful moments in her impersonation, as, for instance, in the relation of her simple, pathetic life to Faust in the third act. It is a pity that the church scene is omitted, for the character of Marguerite's music in that scene is well adapted to Miss Durell's temperament. The Messrs. Clark were again in the cast. The tenor did faithful work, and the Mephisto again marred his performance by false intonation. Mrs. Vetta was excellent as Siebel.

The part of Valentine was taken by Mr. Lon Brine. His voice is of manly and agreeable quality, and had it not been for a pronounced tremolo, his vocal performance would have given much pleasure. Mr. Brine has an expressive, romantic face and a fine figure for dramatic work, and it is to be hoped that a man of so many natural advantages will study in earnest for an operatic life.

This evening "Mignon" will be given for the last time. Miss Durell will sing the title role. "Faust" will be repeated at the Saturday matinee, when Mr. Campanari will be the Valentine. "The Bohemian Girl" will be given Saturday evening with Miss Natalie as Arline and Mr. Paye Clark as Thaddeus.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

Boston, March 12, 1893.

THERE were few concerts last week. There was a banjo entertainment; pupils of a conservatory played orchestral pieces in which all instruments but stringed instruments were represented by a cabinet organ. There was a concert in which Master Cyril Tyler took part; but with the exception of the concert by the Apollo Club and the Symphony concert of last night, there was nothing of importance as matter of record or jog to imagination.

This week will tell a different story. There will be opera in English and of local complexion; Mr. Seidl will visit us; there will be concerts of a mixed nature, including solos, overtures and concerted numbers from operas.

I understand that the most stringent measures will be taken for the protection of the audience. The inspectors of concerts will be present in full force, and after the first number of the program the hearers are to be allowed to decide by a show of hands whether the concert shall be continued.

The introduction of the "Realman Assuager" will also be of real benefit, particularly in the case of musical critics. Do you remember the compound sleep stuff of a pink color mentioned by Sir Arthur Helps in "Realmah." This stuff was used by persons that were obliged to attend public meetings. "It put a man into a pleasing kind of a stupor, in which state he did not care much how time passed or what was said to him, and he could be in this state without betraying himself, for he could hear all that was said and look sufficiently intelligent, and at the same time enjoy a semi-comatose condition, which made the length of speech a matter of indifference to him." I look forward with pleasure to its introduction here. Each ticket of admittance will have a coupon attached giving the buyer the right to a sufficient quantity of the stuff by demanding it at the box office, and sleek haired ushers will pass it about with photographs and ice water.

Let me here speak of an instrument that would be delightful, if properly used, in the ideal noiseless concerts. It is not generally known, although Father Kircher gave these hints for its construction:

"Put about forty boxes in a row; fill them with perfumes; arrange the covers so that they may be removed by pressing the keys of the keyboard." Here are possibilities of sonatas and caprices in perfume that would ravish a Baudelaire.

I have been reading James Thomson's dismal masterpiece, "The City of Dreadful Night," and I find it singular, yea, passing strange, that he who had such exquisite rhythmic feeling alludes not to music either in the poem mentioned or in "To Our Ladies of Death," or in "Insomnia." What sort of music would Thomson have composed if he had turned to the orchestra for the expression of his thoughts? Perhaps the music that is suggested by his haunting lines surpasses any that ever came from instruments of man's invention or from any human throat.

Again, as the preacher saith, is not prose sometimes more musical than subtle poetry or the most cunning

music? Has any descriptive composer gone beyond Walt Whitman's "Spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea"?

Here is Thomson and here is what a low scene suggests to him:

From drinking fiery poison in a den
Crowded with tawdry girls and squalid men,
Who hoarsely laugh and curse and brawl and fight,
I wake from day dreams to this real night.

Now see what Sir Thomas Browne finds in a similar scene: "For even that vulgar and tavern-musick, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

Is Joséphin Peladan an honest pessimist or a poseur of colossal proportions? Take his "Le Panthée" for example, the tenth volume in "La Décadence latine (Éthopée)". The book has its leit-motiv, which is solemnly printed after the preface; and what a leit-motiv! The musician is Erik Satie, a name that might adorn the card of an Adonis of the Moulin-Rouge; a name reserved for nocturnal use. The hero of the book is named Bihn, plain Bihn. He is poor and proud. He weeps at the thought of Wagner selling his dog, and has contracted the habit of playing "Der Ring des Nibelungen" on the piano at one sitting. He admires Bach, and writes operettas for a man who signs the scores and pays a commission. He invents a Mass of the Holy Infancy, but it is for sopranos only; the Three Kings form a tableau; and the "accompaniment thunders out the edict of Herod." Bihn has an active memory; "he evoked the memorable evening when a journalist who had, however, translated Dante, the police spy Fiorentino, drowned by his hired hisses the overture to 'Tannhäuser'"; "he evoked Beethoven, who saluted the only hearer who had applauded his Heroic symphony; and thus he encouraged himself."

I regret that I cannot tell you more of Bihn and his adventures. They are entertaining; but Anthony Comstock still lives.

I may be permitted to tell of Bihn's masterpiece, "The Symphony of Gold," which was given at a madhouse under the composer's direction, *i. e.*, the composer who was mad as a hatter usurped the place of the regular conductor, and, dressed in a yellow robe, swung the stick with authority. The first measures of the symphony were "the symbol of the perfect synthesis of the sciences, O absolute metal." At the passage, "If God did not exist, it is thou who would'st be God." Mr. Peladan tells us "a burst of enthusiasm drowned the polyphony." The feature of the work, however, was the finale of "the Motive of Pardon": "In the valley of Jehosaphat, it is thou, pardoned gold, repentant gold, pure gold; it is thou, who, sublime, again becomest light, appearest as the silver-gilt day of the Last Judgment." This musical burst was followed by convulsive sobs, and the shouts from the players were such as—mark the well meant local color—"Richler himself never heard." An Englishman, "Glocester," who was present remarked to a friend, "I now recognize that I was, and you are, of the world, of the *canaille*."

I forgot to mention that Mr. Peladan claims to be a Rosicrucian and in close communion with Dante and Joseph of Arimathea. The music played at the soirées of his order is as follows: organ pieces of Bach; the last quartets of Beethoven; fragments from the operas by Gluck; fragments of the "Tetralogy" and "Parsifal" for voice and piano. An evening is devoted occasionally to "the glorification of César Franck." The modern schools are represented by Erik Satie and his pieces "Prelude to the Prince of Byzantium" and the "Harmonic Suite for the 'Son of the Stars.'" Fragments of operas by Benedictus are given from "The Amorous Corpse" and "The Moonlight Sonata." The Rosicrucians, it seems, are in the habit of inviting other composers to assist; and they regard Grieg as the greatest of masters now living. Now let us drink deeply of black hellebore and borage.

The Boston "Journal" is publishing a series of "autographic preferences," of men and women more or less known to fame. These "preferences" are practically "mental photograph albums."

Mr. E. A. MacDowell wrote the following letter instead of answering the questions in detail:

"I can only say that I am proud of Erckmann-Chatrian's stories, Tennyson's poetry, Cormox's pictures and Wagner's music. I admire Stanley, detest Philistines and ax-to-grind people. I like straightforward broadmindedness in men and women and love an out door life in the country, especially in New England. I have no motto, but try to do my best in whatever I undertake."

Now Mr. George W. Chadwick is more minute in the matter, and here are some of the questions and answers:

My favorite author of prose? The music critic of the Springfield "Republican."
My favorite painters? James Corcoran & Co., Pleasant street.
My favorite composers? Harrigan & Hart.
My favorite play? Horse—with the baby.
My favorite hero in fiction? Joseph.
My favorite heroines in fiction? The band played "Annie Laurie."
My favorite heroes in real life? Jack Pot.
My favorite heroines in real life? Kitty.
What I enjoy most? Two German bands playing at once.
The quality which I admire most in men? Good Christian nerve.

The quality which I admire most in women? Their superiority to laws of cause and effect.
My ideal state of happiness? Utah.
What gift of nature I should like to have most? The earth.
My motto? Nothing mean about me.

The Apollo Club, under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang, gave the third concert of the twenty-second season in Music Hall the 8th. The club was assisted by Mrs. Marie Barnard-Smith, Mr. Clarence E. Hay and an orchestra. The program was as follows:

Scenes from "Fritiof's Saga".....	Bruch
"The Boy and the Owl".....	Chadwick
Estudiantina.....	Lacome
Brier Rose.....	Debols
Recitative and air from "Cosi fan Tutti".....	Mozart
Dance of Gnomes.....	Mrs. Smith.
"The March to Battle".....	MacDowell
Solos by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Morawski.	Lund

The unaccompanied pieces were sung in a delightful manner, but in the numbers with orchestra the results were not as a rule satisfactory. The chorus and the orchestra were arranged so that the singers faced a small portion of the audience, and the players faced another small portion. The ensemble was crossed, and the orchestral eye was the more searching. The conductor was obliged to pay attention to one body at the expense of the other, and as Mr. Lang watched narrowly the singers, the players, left to their own musical enthusiasm, played so earnestly that the choral performance seemed tame, inexpressive, and almost weak. Then, too, there was a lack of precision, nor were the many charming details of Bruch's instrumentation brought clearly and discreetly forward. Instead of placing the singers in a solid body by the side of the orchestra, it would be better to put them in curved lines close to the audience; the orchestra should then be seated behind the singers and on a rising platform.

Mar 18-93

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Fit Announcing of the New Symphony Conductor.

Thoughts Suggested by the Opera of This Week.

An English Breathing Out of Threatenings and Slaughter.

There are rumors concerning the probable successor to Mr. Nikisch, who will leave us at the end of the season to indulge himself in the more congenial task of conducting opera in Buda Pesth, a town of Hungarian enjoyment and Hungarian appreciation.

Speculation concerning the successor is undoubtedly vain.

The next conductor will not be named by show of hands.

Nor is it likely that the musicians, the amateurs, or the careless frequenters of the Symphony concerts will be invited to avail themselves of the Australian ballot.

No. The announcement will be proclaimed. There should be formality, however, in the proclamation of the decision.

There are historic precedents worthy of imitation.

When Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, came up the image of gold in the plain of Dura, the province of Babylon, he sent to gather together the Princes, the Governors and the Counts, the Judges, the Treasurers, the Counsellors, the Sheriffs and all the rulers of the provinces to come to the dedication.

"Then a herald cried aloud, To you, it is commanded. Oh, people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music ye fall down and worship the golden image."

As the announcement will probably be made in balmy weather, the Commemorative exercises are over. A balloon ascension and display of fireworks might please the visitors from adjacent towns, but even without such attraction the scene would be a suitable inauguration of the next series of twenty-four fittings.

If there were any doubters, any cavillers, modern Shadrachs, Meshacks and Abednebs, the Frog Pond would not be far from the place of burning, fiery furnace.

Many were in hopes that there might be offered in this city during the reign of Mr. Nikisch, he has had experience in the conducting of opera, and he has natural qualifications for a position. There are enough opera singers to form a very respectable company. Suppose that a company formed out of this material with Mr. Nikisch and members of the Symphony Orchestra engaged for a short season at the Boston Theatre, the natural and fitting home of grand opera would the manager lose or gain?

Some one may say rashly that such an employment of the orchestra would be unwelcome of the purpose for which it was organized. The beauty of the orchestral concerts in London, Munich and other European towns is surely not impaired by the fact that the players and the conductors are seen at work in opera houses.

Or is it a more dignified employment for the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Mr. Aron Nikisch as conductor, to serve the idle amusement of the frequenters of parlors of New York to strive in music against the babble of conversation; to enlarge by musical endeavor the arrogance of the host rejoicing in his purse? The orchestra might say of such a task: "Samson of the Philistines: Have they not sword-players, and every sort of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, runners, jugglers, and dancers, acrobats, tumblers, mimes; But they must pick me out, with shackles And over-labored at their public millard, To make them sport?"

Mr. Nikisch, in an interview that was published in the Journal, spoke words that were weighty, words that should be considered thoughtfully by the managers and by possible successors. "It is true that I intend to resign," said Mr. Nikisch. "This work is too hard for me, and I am not in the best of health. I could not stand it much longer, for I have given so many concerts and do so much traveling. During the past seven months I have conducted 124 great Symphony concerts, besides an immense amount of traveling."

Mr. Nikisch might have added that he has also appeared during the season in different towns as a player of chamber music, an accompanist, and even as a solo pianist. It is strange that such industry has told upon his physical condition.

Mr. Gericko, a man of iron will, found that he suffered in health on account of the long hours and many concerts. The experience of Mr. Nikisch is the same. Nor is it unlikely that the members of the orchestra are affected at the end of the season so that they with difficulty display accuracy and enthusiasm in the concerts.

Mrs. Smith was loudly applauded, on she did not appear to as great advantage as in the late performance of Dvorák's "Requiem," by the Cecilia. Her middle tones seemed weak and pale, and I understand that she was not in good physical condition.

The program of the eighteenth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, "Le Carnaval Romain".....Berlioz
Concerto for piano, D minor.....Rubinstein
"Siegfried Idyl".....Wagner
Symphony No. 3, E flat.....Schumann

Mrs. Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler was the pianist.

This program, of course, is excellent; there are masterpieces of the romantic school, and they have all been heard here many a time. I confess that I 'gin to be a-weary of masterpieces, classical or romantic, when they are presented at regular, frequent intervals and in bulk. I should like to hear things that I should probably dislike during and after the hearing. I should like to hear these new French "machines": Charpentier's "La vie du Poète" and Saint-Saëns' "Africa."

Would that "Pagliacci" or "A Santa Lucia" or "Mala Vita" might cross the water and drive, at least for a month, symphony concerts and analytical programs into utter darkness and oblivion.

How few of us have the courage to express our thoughts, even in jest, as frankly as was the habit of Thackeray. Do you remember what he wrote concerning the "second rate"?

"I have always had a taste for the second rate in life. Second-rate poetry, for instance, is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy than your great thundering first-rate epic poems. Your Miltons and Dantes are magnificent—but a bore. Whereas an ode of Horace or a song of Tommy Moore is always fresh, sparkling and welcome. * * *

Second-rate beauty in women is likewise, I maintain, more agreeable than first-rate charms. Your first rate Beauty is grand, severe, awful!—a faultless, frigid angel of 5 feet 11. Superb to behold at church or in the park, or at a Drawing room—but ah! how inferior to a sweet little second-rate creature, with smiling eyes and a little second-rate nez retroussé, with which you fall in love in a minute!"

And so I would gladly have exchanged, last evening, the Schumann symphony for an overture by Auber; nor would I have gone to Music Hall, if "The Princess of Trebizond" had received all callers in a snug little theatre. You see that I am not in the mood to speak in detail of the Symphony concert, and after all of what use is the come-and-go over familiar ground?

Mrs. Zeisler played with a strength that occasionally obbed tone of beauty, but her performance as a whole was admirable in the display of technical ease and poetic spirit. Her performance was also a revelation of glowing temperament. This temperament, however, became exuberant; it called attention to itself, as though it were said that the hearer might not regard it closely. And exuberance was not confined to tone; it appeared in posture.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Charles F. Atkinson knew the longing, the hunger and the thirst of the people of this city for operatic entertainment, and he has profited by his knowledge. It is a pleasure to state that his efforts have been appreciated and sustained. The Boston Theatre—and I know of no auditorium of finer acoustical properties—has been crowded during the week. Furthermore, the audience has remained until the final chord of the opera.

I have already spoken in the Journal of the character of the performances. It is well to remember, however, that certain of the singers are here and are known to us. They are seen in church and in concert. They are seen in our streets. There is no world romance connected with their past lives to provoke curiosity. Other singers, as Mrs. Tall, Mrs. Vetta, Messrs. Campanari, Payne Clark and W. H. Clark, are by no means strangers to the footlights. Mr. Campanari is known in Italy and in Spain as an opera singer, and his performance of Valentine this week was admirable throughout. It was excellent from the vocal standpoint; and it was dramatically intelligent and effective.

Now whatever may be the critical opinion concerning the performances if they are judged from the highest standard, these performances, at least, furnish food for serious consideration, for they show that opera, with purely local singers, is not necessarily an idle dream.

The musical editor of the Pall Mall Gazette thus frees his mind concerning the music of Johannes Brahms: "Of Brahms we have in these columns before spoken. But if by repetition many times repeated it were possible to destroy the vast superstition which Schumann inaugurated, and which an unthinking world has counteracted, the excess would be amply justified. The truth of the matter is that Brahms is one of the most accomplished creators of musical copy that the world has ever seen. He is the special correspondent of music. There is never a change, never a ripple upon the surface of musical endeavor which he does not chronicle in his work, which he does not reflect, expose and set forth as it were in an original burst of inspiration. The chromatic accompaniment, the contrast of high sound and sudden pause—every device, every piece of trickwork by which the composer's public is apt to be ensnared, are the fingers' ends of this musical Blowitz. The net result is a perfect enslavement of the public. The public loves to be up to date; hearkeneth to music without much intelligence; the public, just in these times, takes a modern delight in that which it conceives to be peculiarly modern styles in music. After all, the public's change very little; and there is no genuine reason why a public which frequents St. James's Hall should take any less apparent pleasure in the imposition of Brahms than a public of a century ago took in the magnificent inspiration of Mozart. To many, we are perfectly aware, words such as these upon a musician of choice—upon a musician who is reckoned just now to have achieved the highest of reputations—will come as vinegar to

the teeth, as a shock to the eyes. To such as these we make a confident inquiry: Have they ever, in the course of a long hearing of Brahms, seriously enjoyed his music, as apart from his accomplishment? In what, it may be asked, does his music into music really consist? Here we come to the gist of the matter. Here we arrive at a point which it is always necessary to emphasize—that musical words are nothing, that musical sentences are everything. We shall be asked why it is profitable, at this time of day, to attempt the destruction of the Brahms superstition. The answer naturally is that the thing has not been done before; and, moreover, to such an extent has that superstition grown that concerts in London are scarcely considered valuable nowadays unless some immense effort of this master of musical words, this most disciple of musical sentences, is exhibited for public applause and approbation. Even our most devout worshippers of Brahms, men and women, who fast and purify themselves before they venture to listen to a symphony by him, and wonder at dead of night if

they understood him in his fullness—even these estimable and much-enduring people must secretly admire the audacity of this writer of London town.

PHILIP HALE.

"FRIEND FRITZ."

The Manola-Masou Company appeared last evening at the Columbia Theatre and gave for the first time in Boston a free adaptation by Stanislaus Strango of "Friend Fritz," the celebrated comedy by Erckmann-Chatrian.

The original "L'Ami Fritz" was first produced, under peculiar and discouraging circumstances, at the Lucote Français, Dec. 4, 1876. The first performance was preceded by a newspaper controversy. Politics invaded art. The dramatists were called traitors to their country, and there were threats of a cabal. But the charming idyl with its simple, patriotic and poetic story and natural, delightful dialogue, triumphed over the hostile faction; some of the critics pouted, spoke of a want of literary style, and dubbed the piece a gas-tro-nomic comedy. Not the least singular of the attending circumstances was the fact that Zola and Sarcey were rivals in praise.

To those that are acquainted with the original, the adaptation seems indeed "free" and "the original lyrics by the adapter" seem superfluous if not impertinent. In the original there were two musical numbers, by Henri Mirechal; in the adaptation there are many numbers, by Julian Edwards, whose music seldom rises above the commonplace, although it is not offensive per se; perhaps the most successful number is the cherry tree scene, which is not without piquancy; but Mascagni wrote music for this same scene.

In the original there are no love passages between Frederic and Lisbeth; nor is Hanezo a greedy low comedian. It must also be granted that the exquisite lines of Erckmann-Chatrian suffer in the translation. Nor is the business with the violets in the last act an improvement upon the pathetic simplicity of Suzel's declaration of love in the original version. The part of Joseph is omitted in this English version.

But without consideration of the original, it may be said that the performance of last evening gave a large audience much pleasure. Even in the adaptation there still remains the indescribable charm of the original. It is a sweet and fragrant story, which is of genuine human interest; and the performance was, in the main, sympathetic and effective. Miss Manola was a charming Suzel. She played without exaggeration; she was careful in the detail; she was graceful to the eye and agreeable to the ear; and more than this, her performance was characterized by a marked individuality. Particularly worthy of praise was her delivery of the story of Rebecca and the servant of Abraham. Mr. Mason was admirable in the first two acts, and in the closing scene of the third act. There were inconspicuous touches of melodrama in the third act, but as a whole Mr. Mason's performance was consistent and refreshing. Mr. Robert McWade was satisfactory in a conventional manner as the Rabbi, and the other chief parts were filled acceptably by Miss Hattie Schell and Messrs. Seth M. Crane and E. P. Temple. The interpolated songs and choruses were, as a rule, agreeably sung, and the play was well mounted. Several vocal numbers were repeated, and there were curtain calls after each act.

"Friend Fritz" is well worth the seeing. It is a pure, wholesome, delightful play, and it is acted with grace and with intelligence.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Song Recital by Miss Louise Rollwagen in Steinert Hall.

Miss Louise Rollwagen gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. Dr. Louis Kelterborn was the accompanist. There was an applauseful audience.

Miss Rollwagen's programme was one of marked catholicity. There were songs by Handel, Rossi, Schumann, Martini, Taubert, Franz, Weber, Curschmann, Schubert, Ambroise Thomas, and there were songs by Bostonians: Adele Lewing, Irene Hale, B. E. Wolf, Clayton Johns and F. F. Bullard. Miss Lewing and Messrs. Wolf and Johns are familiar names to our concert-goers. Irene Hale took a Springer gold medal in 1881 for pianoforte playing at the Cincinnati Music School, and afterward studied in Berlin under Ralf, Haupt and Moszkowski. Mr. Bullard was a pupil of Joseph Rheinberger in Munich.

The texts of the songs were of widely differing nature. They were the work of Italian librettists and of Mr. Ario Bates, of Helne and of Francis S. Saltus. The songs made demands upon the expressive ability of the singer. Miss Rollwagen was heard to best advantage in the "Doppelgänger," by Schubert, and the group of songs by local composers. She sang the former with dramatic intensity and the latter with sympathetic appreciation. Her delivery of the earlier numbers of the programme was frequently marred by false intonation that was perhaps due to evident nervousness or again to a temperament that lends itself too easily to exaggeration. On the other hand, she often gave pleasure in the latter numbers, particularly by the legitimate display of low tones of rich and beautiful quality.

THE DAMNATION OF FAUST.

"The Damnation of Faust," by Hector Berlioz, was given last evening, in Music Hall, by the Cecilia Society under the direction of Mr. B. J. Lang. The society was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Mr. George J. Parker, Mr. Max Holmrich and Mr. Ivan Morawski.

France for years rejected Berlioz; after Sedan she canonized him. Patriotic Frenchmen now see in him a combination of Beethoven and Wagner. "The Damnation of Faust" was first given in Paris in 1846, twice, and each time to a small audience. "Nothing in my artistic career wounded me more deeply than this unexpected indifference," wrote Berlioz in his Memoirs. "It was a cruel discovery, yet useful, for I profited by the lesson; and since that time I have not risked twenty francs on the faith of the love of the Parisian public for my music." Of late years this same work has been given repeatedly in Paris, the concert halls have been crowded, and the enthusiasm has been frenetic. In other countries where the work was once hailed as a masterpiece, the interest is not now as great. In Germany the star of Berlioz that formerly blazed with fiery splendor now shines with lesser light; and there are critical astronomers in Vienna and in Leipzig who declare boldly that the star is of the second magnitude.

The individuality of Berlioz remains, and the man was indeed greater than many of his works. It is doubtful, for instance, whether the cool judgment of the musical world will declare "The Damnation of Faust" a masterpiece.

In this work Berlioz invoked the aid of human voices, and the voices obeyed him suitably. The vocal numbers, as a rule, are ungrateful and undramatic. Mendelssohn is the most fortunate; the serenade has a well-defined melody, a demoniacal swing, a piquant accompaniment. But how pale for the most part is the music given to Faust and Marguerite. Where is the tenderness or the voluptuousness that we find in the music of Gounod? Nor is there such a cry of despairing passion as that which breaks from the Marguerite of Boito. I do not compare these men one with another; I simply hold that men of less ambitious claims have succeeded in instances where a greater genius has failed. So, again, the song of Brander is without character; it is absolutely dull. Few of the choral numbers are equal to the chorus of gnomes and the final chorus. There may be interesting vocal passages, but in the main the choral writing seems labored. The "King of Thule" seems artificial, insincere, and the air of Faust, after the first dozen measures, is destitute of genuine feeling.

Berlioz seldom succeeded in the portrayal of simple emotion. He himself said that he needed great means to bring about his ends. How could a man of his artistic convictions and methods deal happily with a simple ballad, and "The King of Thule" is a simple ballad that needs a simple setting; but the simplicity of Berlioz is affliction.

Nor was Berlioz a born melodist as Mozart, Rossini, Schubert, Verdi, Offenbach. With all his art he could never have written the letter song from "La Perichole" or "Say to Him" from "The Grand Duchess." When he speaks of human voices in his writings it is generally in connection with instrumental combinations. He seemed more anxious for the expression of musical thought than for the character of the thought itself.

But when Berlioz is regarded as a master of instrumentation that is another matter. In his day he reigned supreme in the orchestral kingdom of romantic music. It is no wonder that the instrumentation of "The Damnation of Faust" astonished the people of his day and even perplexed his countrymen. His influence in this direction was and is mighty, not to be overestimated. He was most successful in his treatment of orchestral instruments unaided by voices. Portions of his symphony, the instrumental numbers of "Romeo and Juliet," such overtures as the two from "Cellini" and the noble "King Lear" overture, show his genius to greater advantage than do such works as the "Requiem," the "Te Deum" or "The Damnation of Faust." There is to be sure, one possible exception, and that is the "Fifth of May."

And yet it is impossible to deny the surpassing strength of certain scenes in "The Damnation of Faust." If this work is to be given on account of the fascination exerted by these scenes, the performance should certainly be wholly adequate—worthy of the genius that inspired them.

The performance of last evening was not wholly satisfactory. In the first place, whatever excuse may be offered and accepted for the striking out of certain pages, there is no excuse for the omission of the scene which the Princess of Darkness questions Meghistopheles, nor is there an excuse for the omission of the gibberish chorus that follows immediately. These pages may be grotesque, they may be absurd or what-you-will, but Berlioz regarded them as a vital part of the work. He paid as much attention to the damnation of Faust as to the salvation of Marguerite, and the gibberish chorus is extremely characteristic of the man. The choruses were sung in the main with commendable precision, sharp attack, good intonation and noble sonority. But in the more delicate passages, as in the chorus of gnomes and sylphs, the dynamic marks were not carefully observed. There was an undue amount of force from the beginning until the end. When the singers caught sight of the three ps they moderated their attempts, but for the most part the performance of this number was monochromatic, and the one color was too glaring. Nor were the outlines of the ensemble so carefully drawn that they were clear and unmistakable.

As a rule, however, the work of the chorus was admirable. Berlioz wrote for the orchestra as well as for the chorus, however, and he was most painstaking in indicating the effects he wished. The orchestra last evening played the accompaniments and the preludes and the interludes without fine appreciation of the intention of the composer. There was often a want of precision; there was at times scrambling as well as hap-hazard attempt; there was, from the beginning to the end, a reckless disregard of dynamic effects; piano was forte; a crescendo seemed a matter of accident; there was a too apparent lack of delicacy, and there were slips that might have worked serious damage to less experienced solo singers. The performance of the orchestra was, in a word, slipshod, and this means much when the work performed is by Hector Berlioz. The incidental instrumental solos were, on the other hand, often effective.

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning a Modern Instrument of Torture.

Foreign Points of Objection Against the Pianoforte.

Ingenious References and Inventions of Coiners of Slang.

It was not long ago that by a large majority the Chamber in France voted an amendment brought forward by Rabier and Robert Mitchell for the imposition of a tax on pianofortes. Rabier remarked that he did not think there would be opposition. Some members cried out "How about violins?" Others protested against the measure. Mr. Rabier called his own measure eminently democratic; he made the statement that the tax would be lucrative, as twenty years ago there were upward of 500,000 pianofortes in France. It was agreed after discussion that a tax of 10 francs should be levied on each pianoforte, but the instruments used by professional artists were exempted. The Panama scandal has allowed up all minor matters of interest, and have not been able to learn of the ultimate fate of this judicious measure.

And yet is it a judicious measure? We such a tax be of advantage in this country?

The pianoforte is perhaps the most terrible of all the instruments of torture. It is bought with an expensive clock and an elaborately carved sideboard. It is ordered with an ice chest and a coal arms. The matron, or the daughter, striding diligently upon it. It may be in tune, or angry wires may shriek when the keys are thumped. Louis Beethoven or Dave Bral may be the bleeding victim of the bejeweled assassin. Would a tax of \$2 a year discount such a crime perpetrated in "tumultuous privacy?"

There is something, after all, in the old that the goddess Art loves the garret of faithful worshippers.

It is a curious mock of nature that the and the fashionable encourage the arts but dom are competent to join the ranks of artists.

The poor girl, the struggling young man, frayed trousers and scissor-trimmed wrists—they would feel the tax, and to such is it to enter into the kingdom of music. To be it is not every poor girl or struggling young man that can sing or play acceptably; but through the catalogue and read the early life of the famous.

Mendelssohn would have written great music if he had once felt an internal gnawing and had once bled upon his shivering fingers. His music might not have been so smugly complacent, but it might have created a sadder or reached a sublime height.

Protests against the indiscreet use of pianofortes are now heard throughout the civilized world. There are men and women of extreme views who would fain abolish the instrument that under cruel hands rivals the rack, the Scotch pair of boots, or the Virgin of remembrance. The composer Meyer, for example, fierce in denunciation.

But before Meyer began his crusade appeared (1835) written by Louis Pagnerre, published by Dentu of Paris. It is a book of pages and the title is this: "Concerning the Evil Influence of the Pianoforte on Music."

Here are some of the points taken by Pagnerre:

The best instruments from the standpoint of musical expression are most direct in their effect upon the human organism. In the case of the pianoforte the mediums of communication are too numerous. Diversity of attack produces a great variety of tone; for the timbre should not be confounded with sound. The pianoforte cannot sing, for the quality that characterizes a singing instrument is the holding of a tone in complete equilibrium throughout its duration; the ability to incense at the moment of its production; the ability to diminish a tone.

"Play on the pianoforte a simple melody without accompaniment, and you will quickly find that the instrument has only one breath, that it cannot express all the nuances of a word, the pianoforte is not an instrument of song; it is an instrument of percussion. Beethoven did not write music for the pianoforte; he had always in mind the sonority of the orchestra, and his sonatas are symphonies reduced for the pianoforte."

Schubert was mastered by the special sonority of the pianoforte; he did not know orchestral music. His symphonies show that they were written by a man of genius, who was not in his element.

Pagnerre claims that the pianoforte has injured the art of dancing; influenced the composers for orchestra; made mechanical instead of musicians; ruined the keen application of pure intonation. His argument is well worth consideration. And yet he does utterly condemn the instrument it is employed judiciously.

"1. It is a solo instrument, and therefore rich repertoire of masterpieces written for it and which it alone can interpret."

"2. It is an instrument of undeniable value in the accompaniment of a voice or the use of another instrument."

"3. It is an instrument of concertina chamber music. Furthermore, it is an instrument in the study of a new work or operatic rehearsals. But it should not be accompanied. Certain pianists should follow the example of Francois Couperin. When he associated with violinists or oboists he represented himself only as an accompanist, although was a great clavecinist."

Now I do not say that I agree fully with Pagnerre and his ideas; but surely if there is any extravagance in his views there is also hard truth. The essay, "The Pianoforte as a Crime by eccentric Heinrich Pudor (it appeared 1892) is only an echo of Pagnerre's treatise.

On the other hand there were admirable qualities revealed by her performance. She has a keen sense of pure intonation; her phrasing is, as a rule, excellent; her bravura is clean, and her skill, for example, is natural and unexaggerated; she is quick in learning and of tenacious memory, and she is of a genuine musical temperament.

It would not be worth while to discuss her performance from the dramatic standpoint. If she did not show dramatic intensity, she at least never offended, and in such passages as the telling of her girlhood to "Faust" she was unaffected and not without a simple charm.

Mrs. Vetta was satisfactory. Mr. Campanari, an opera singer of experience, was wholly admirable; he richly deserved the enthusiastic applause that recalled him after the death scene. Mr. Payne Clark labored faithfully. Mr. W. H. Clark marred his earnest efforts by persistent and far off wandering from the true pitch, and by apparently regarding "Mephistopheles" as a mediæval and red faced end man.

The chorus was inefficient. The work of the orchestra, under the direction of Mr. S. Behrens, was atrocious. The church scene was omitted. "Marguerite" was robbed in silken stuff and in chiffon. The chorus of old men was sung by the younger men of the chorus without disguise, and at the end "Faust" and the "Tempter" sank hellward through the stage.

"The Bohemian Girl" was given the 14th inst. with the following cast:

Count Arnheim.....	G. Rob Clark
Florestein.....	W. H. Dodd
Thaddeus.....	J. C. Bartlett
Devilshoof.....	W. H. Clark
Arline.....	Louise Natali
Buda.....	Gertrude Ackler
Queen of the Gypsies.....	Lizzie Macnichol-Vetta

Mrs. Natalie sang with ease, and Mrs. Vetta was a satisfactory "Gypsy Queen." Mr. Bartlett has a sweet voice; the lower tones of Dr. Clark's voice are of rich and beautiful quality; Mr. W. H. Clark was again a traitor to pure intonation; the dramatic action of Messrs. Bartlett and Rob Clark was extremely amateurish.

Balfe's opera is to me a never failing source of delight, and chiefly on account of the ingenious dialogue and verses of Alfred Bunn, Esq. I am never weary of the melancholy "Count Arnheim." I admire his condescension when he thanks that gallant youth, "Thaddeus of Poland:" "Stranger, accept the hand of one who, however different to you in station, can never sufficiently thank you for the service you have rendered him." The melody of these verses haunts me:

"Tho' meshed by numbers in the yoke
Of one by all abhor'd,
Yet tremble, worthless lord,
At the vengeance you thus provoke."

I like to hear Thaddeus tell of how "hollow hearts shall wear a mask;" and there is nothing in the long line of English poets that surpasses in boldness the figure of "the

fair land of Poland ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader."

The people perhaps do not agree with me in my admiration for Bunn's literary genius, but they love dearly the tunes of Balfe and here I in turn, cannot join the audience in the frenetic applause that follows the favorite numbers.

"Mignon" was given the 15th with this cast:

Wilhelm Meister.....	J. Lloyd
Lothario.....	G. Rob Clark
Laertes.....	W. H. Dodd
Giarno.....	Chas. Garnsey
Frederic.....	May Bosley
Filena.....	Luella Wagner
Mignon.....	Lilian Durell

Miss Durell appeared to greater advantage in this opera. The interpolated phenomenal, sky hitting tones aroused the audience, but by more legitimate means she interested the musician and strengthened the impression made last year, viz., that with patient study she can go far. In "Faust" there were moments when she moved by the simplicity of her delivery, by the sincerity of her appeal; in "Mignon" these moments were numerous and more intense.

Mr. Lloyd, I understand, is a young tenor, of Providence, R. I. He is a beginner, but there is good and raw material in him. Miss Wagner showed facility in bravura, even if her intonation was not always pure, and Miss Bosley made a favorable impression.

Mr. Lon Brine of this city, was the "Valentine," the 16th. He has a voice of manly and beautiful quality, but the effect of his performance was marred by a pronounced and continuous tremolo. His handsome face and fine figure would lend themselves easily to dramatic action, but he is inclined apparently to saunter through his scenes.

And now you may say, "This is an affair of purely local interest, why do you give it so much attention?"

The objection is well taken. But I believe that from such a beginning will come in time domesticated opera.

The performances of last week show this at least, that opera with purely local singers is not necessarily an idle dream. I admit that a manager might well shudder at risk unless he had credit at the bank and faith in the more sanguine than the grain of mustard seed. be-

Mr. Heinrich's recital was a musical feast. His delivery was dramatic and without exaggeration; it was incisive and singular. It was intensely individual and without caricature. Mr. Heinrich richly deserved the generous applause that rewarded him. Miss Hamlin sang with taste and with skill, and she made much of music that might well discourage any conceited singer. Here is a woman with a glorious voice and rare physical charms, a woman that might grace the operatic stage. Mr. Parker was, as ever, the artist whom all musicians respect and honor.

PHILIP HALE.

March 24 '93

Mr. Paderewski's Recital Yesterday in Music Hall.

Mr. Paderewski gave a pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in Music Hall. There was a large audience. The programme was as follows: Fantaisie Chromatique et Fugue.....Bach Variations.....Haydn Sonata, Op. 31, E flat.....Beethoven Serenade.....Schubert-Liszt Erl-King.....Chopin Sonata, B minor.....Chopin Barcarolle.....Paderewski Melodie.....Liszt Rhapsodie Hongroise.....Liszt

Mr. Paderewski played these pieces in Music Hall on former occasions, and there is little need now of extended comment. The pianist's rare skill in treatment of fugal passages was shown in the familiar selection from the works of Bach. The variations by Haydn and the barcarolle by Rubinstein were played delightfully, and the sonata by Beethoven also gave great pleasure. In the arrangements of melodies of Schubert as well as in the sonata by Chopin the pianist often forced unnecessarily the tone; or, in plain words, he bounded. His performance of the "Erl-King" was a disappointment, for it was unduly noisy and sensational. There were also symptoms of the fatigue and the indifference that are induced by repeated appearances in public, as, for instance, the carelessness shown in the treatment of certain scale passages in the sonata by Chopin.

Mr. Paderewski was frequently and heartily applauded; and after a boisterous performance of a Hungarian Rhapsody, he played the "Campanella."

The last recital before Mr. Paderewski's departure for the West will be given in Music Hall Saturday afternoon, April 1.

MISS EDMANDS'S RECITAL.

Miss Gertrude Edmands gave a recital in Chickering Hall last evening. She was assisted by Mr. Arthur Whitluz. The programme included Haydn's "Spirits Song," cavatina from Gluck's "Semiramis," air from "Esclarmonde," a group of songs by Brahms and songs by Sargent, Chadwick, John and Miss Lang.

Miss Edmands's performance was characterized by dignity, breadth of phrasing and general musical intelligence. The beauty of the vocal part of her voice was well displayed in the song by Haydn, in Brahms's "To the Nightingale," and in Mr. Clayton Johns's charming song, "Where Blooms the Rose." Miss Edmands was loudly and frequently applauded. Mr. Whiting played a novallette (D major) by Schumann, a serenade by Rubinstein and a valse carriece of his own.

March 22/93

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, March 19, 1893.

THE Lilian Durell operatic organization, under the management of Mr. Charles F. Atkinson, gave performances of "Faust," "Mignon" and "The Bohemian Girl" last week at the Boston Theatre. The theatre was crowded, and from the pecuniary standpoint the short season must be regarded as an unqualified success.

Miss Durell made her first appearance in opera in Boston at the Bowdoin Square Theatre in May 1892. She then sang the part of "Mignon."

Monday, the 13th inst., she made her first appearance as "Marguerite" in Gounod's "Faust." The cast was as follows:

.....	Lizzie Macnichol-Vetta
.....	Gertrude Libby
.....	Payne Clark
.....	W. H. Clark
.....	G. Campanari

Miss Durell, as a young girl, was not unacquainted with the stage. It was not long ago that she was seen here in "Niobe." Two or three years ago she began to study earnestly for a more serious call, and now within a year she has twice tested herself before the public.

Her voice is one of more than ordinary range. She takes G in altissimo with comparative ease, and the tone is a well defined, musical tone; not a shriek, not the "cry of the little dog," spoken of by Berlioz. These phenomenal tones are the gifts of Nature, and it is to be regretted that neither Nature nor Art paid more attention to the middle tones, the vital, working part of the soprano voice. The middle tones of Miss Durell's voice seemed weak and without color. I take into consideration the agitation that attended a first performance; I acknowledge the fact that she was unfortunately not in such physical condition that she could do herself full justice, for she suffers from insomnia and climbs up from "hideous malebolges deep" to mimic joy upon the stage, nevertheless, the peculiar weakness of the middle tones shows unskillfulness in the management of the voice as well as the temporary results of the position.

There again there was an absence of true legato; there was a tendency to spasmodic delivery, and at times she was out of tune with her voice.

attempts should not be too ambitious. There is no first of a great orchestra, sumptuous scenery and costumes, or an eye-entrancing, paresis-superinducing ballet. Not mistaken there were only twenty-four in the orchestra that struck for the first time the opening chord of overture to "Don Giovanni" that memorable night in June. There are delightful operas and operettas that do make great demands on singers of local repute, and do not perplex the stage carpenter. There are singers in this city who would gladly undertake to appear in such parts, and who surely would not be ridiculous as vocalists.

As stated in to-day's Boston "Herald" that no operatic organization playing at the Boston Theatre at theatre has within the last five years realized the amount paid to the Lilian Durell engagement at that house last

fourth and the last of the matinées of the Metropolitan Orchestra of New York, with Mr. Seidl as conductor, given at the Boston Theatre the 14th inst. The orchestra was assisted by Mrs. Fursch-Madi, Miss Juch and Marteau.

Performance of the orchestra was almost always thorough and excellent. I confess that I do not like Mr. Seidl's reading of Beethoven as it was shown last week in the "Leonore" No. 3, and in the "Coriolan." Is there really nothing in music as a piano allegro? Why should there be a lack of pace whenever a sweet, amiable or genodody enters? Is sentimentalism better than frankness? Is the sudden change in rhythm helpful to the common as a whole? Mr. Seidl is not alone in his treatment of the ancient worthies. There are hyper-moderns who support him tooth and nail. But the cry "Who will old lamps for new?" does not appear to me as great as it once seemed to the Princess Badroul Boudour, when in the saloon with twenty-four windows.

In the exception of these perverted readings the concert was indeed delightful. The orchestral numbers, besides those mentioned, were "Scene by the Brook," from the "Symphonie"; Liszt's "Orpheus"; first Hungarian and second polonaise by Liszt; and Saint-Saëns' concerto (op. 58), in which the solo part was played by Mr. Marteau.

Fursch-Madi provoked hearty and spontaneous applause by her artistic delivery of Beethoven's "Ah, and the duet of Elsa and Ortrud gave rare pleasure. It is Vernon Lee who thus writes against many singers of to-day: "Let him or her be effective; act with vehemence, shriek and yell, if he or she have dramatic instinct; or force, if he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat; or else means will lead to distinction, and they are whether dramatic or vocal, which require little more knowledge than such a thing as an art of as ever existed or can ever exist."

Artistic consciousness and conscientiousness, the exaggerated dramatic intensity, the ease in gaining the self poise in delivery, all these characteristics of Fursch-Madi show her to be a worthy member of a school whose deeds, alas, are often thought to be traditional.

Other concerts to which I alluded last week were neglected or abandoned. The Castellano-Marteau-Rusoir entertainment was given up at the last moment, there was no adequate sale of seats.

Other talk and rumor and exaggeration there will be no quartet at the Ruggles Street Church, and Mrs. Foote will remain in Mr. Foote's choir. There will be changes in the choir of Dr. E. E. Hale's church, May 1. I understand that Mr. Chadwick and Mrs. Matthews, will leave the choir service of eight years.

There will also be changes in the choir of the Universalist Church, Columbus avenue. It is said that Miss Elizabeth Samlin will remain, and that Mr. John Bishop, Springfield, is a candidate for the position of organist.

Our Temple, known to musicians throughout the city as destroyed by fire this morning. There seems to be a fatality connected with the place. The remodeled Theatre, that was turned into a church, was destroyed by fire August 14, 1879. The last building, destroyed to-day, was dedicated October 17, 1880. The new building seated for 2,600 people. The organ was the gift of Hook & Hastings for the Temple. It had 600 pipes, sixty-six registers, 3,442 pipes, according to the "Dictionary of Boston."

PHILIP HALE.

Neither Wagner, nor Pader, nor Koyez, nor Mitchell equalled the severity of the remarkable woman who signs herself "Vernon Lee." The severity is feminine, and it is of close kin to virulence. But let us read Vernon Lee's scolding against the pianoforte. The trade may be found in "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy."

"An instrument like our piano, with a loud, thick, muffled tone, on which you could execute, with considerable disadvantage, the music written for other instruments beside the sentimental and thundering imbecility written expressly for it; with sufficient power of expression to supersede other instruments, and with power of mechanical dexterity unlimited enough to ruin itself—such an instrument, such a compromise could not have existed in the eighteenth century, and could not, therefore, usurp all musical privileges, make people lose all notion of adaption, of sound and style, accustom them to unlimited noise and to dubious tone, and foster that wholesale ignorance of music in general which is inevitable where a performer need aim only at musical dexterity: arranged pieces, pedals and tuners having relieved him from the necessity of learning harmony, of studying expression by means of the voice and of obtaining a correct ear by imitating his own instrument; where, above all, everything having been done for him by others, he has been educated to a total want of musical endeavor."

The indignation of Vernon Lee is so hot that she here disdains the full stop and has her say in one mighty sentence; but is there not hard sense as the foundation of her scolding?

Our French neighbors are perhaps more musical than we suppose. In their slang the assistant or valet of the executioner is called a "pianist." This valet has the honor of accompanying the performer of masterpieces on the stage of the Theatre-Francaise. It is he that buckles the patient to the solo key of the sinister pianoforte.

To play on the pianoforte is a slang term in French for cheating, as in a horse trade. But to go back to the guillotine and its workmen. Dussak once wrote a piece called "The Misfortunes of Marie Antoinette." It closed with a thumb glissando from the right of the pianoforte to the left, to paint in musical tones "the fall of the knife of the guillotine."

We should borrow or adopt certain of these French expressions; as the noun "pianoteur" and the verb "pianoter." "Pianoter" is to play on the pianoforte in a mediocre fashion, or to make an attempt at playing; to play often and without skill. "Pianoteur" is a word of harsher import. Kastner, the most patient, perhaps, of all investigators, the most industrious of men, tells us in his huge "L'etymologie musicale" that the majority of players of waltzes, quadrilles, fantasias in the bourgeoisie are "pianoteurs."

There is no more cruel punishment for an artist, says Kastner, than to hear a pianoteur take a turn at a pianoforte which sounds like a kettle.

Another word that would be of benefit to our language is "tapoteur." A "tapoteur" is an otherwise estimable or disagreeable person who only thinks in performance of making as much noise as possible, so that he may be called a player of rare force. The word admits of feminine variation.

And thus after digressions the original question returns: Should pianofortes be taxed?

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Nineteenth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the nineteenth Symphony concert was as follows:
Overture, "Tannhaeuser".....Wagner
"The Love Day," for violin and orchestra, op. 67.....Raff
"The Sea,".....Gilson
"Rustic Wedding" Symphony.....Goldmark
"The Sea," by Paul Gilson, was played for the first time in this town.

The work was presented in a mutilated condition. The original is a set of four "symphonic sketches": "Sunrise," "Sailors' Songs and Dances," "Twilight," "Storm." These scenes are poetically and musically connected in the verse of Eddy Levis and in the music of Gilson, the illustrator of the poem. There was no explanation in the programme book of the intention of the composer; there were no extracts from the poem. Gilson's music is professedly programme-music; but the hearer was left in the dark. Viewed as absolute music, "The Sea," as announced in three scenes, appeared ill-balanced and without a climax.

A double injustice was perpetrated by the cutting-against the composer, for surely his work should have been played according to his intention; against the hearer, who was deprived of the means of intelligent enjoyment.

And, first, who is Gilson? The name is not foreign to us. But we must cross the Atlantic in search of the composer of "La Mer."

Paul Gilson was born in Brussels, June 15, 1865. It is said that he studied harmony under Duysck in the Conservatory at Brussels, and then took lessons of the learned Gevaert. The season of 1888-89 was distinguished by the marked success of three Belgian composers, Bloekx, Mathieu and Tinel; it was also in 1889 that Gilson gained the "Prix de Rome" by a cantata, "Sina." Gilson has written "The Demon," a lyric drama; "The Suppliants"; "Daphne," for solo, chorus and orchestra; "David," an oratorio; incidental music for Maeterlinck's "Princess Matine," etc.

"The Sea" was first played, and with great success, at a concert in Brussels, March 20, 1892, under the direction of Joseph Dupont, to whom the work is dedicated. The poem was declaimed by Le Bargy; each musical tableau was preceded by the explanatory verse. There was a second performance, equally successful, May 7.

"The Sea" was performed in Paris at a Colonne concert Jan. 15 of this year. The poem was then declaimed by the author. Barbadele wrote this acid note concerning the composition: "The poet is a Belgian, the music is also Belgian, and so a French audience did not grasp its full purport and its characteristics."

Gilson's work was performed in New York at a concert of the Philharmonic Society in December. The fourth scene was then given in full, and it made a most profound impression.

The composer and the poet of "The Sea" are realists. Let us inquire into the nature of their work. The first scene represents sunrise at sea; it contains one chief melodic subject, which, by the way, is the foundation motive of the whole work. The second scene introduces a lustrous dance, one of which is "La Rondo du Cabier," now, "Cabier" is a sort of quartermaster, or it may be a topman. One of those dances is a variation of the first theme. In the third scene the motives are supposed to give a twilight effect, while a duet between English horn and flute sets to music the love making of a sailor and his betrothed and the subsequent separation described by the poet. The fourth scene is a storm in which the ship is lost; the storm dies, and there is a return to the gentle music of the first scene. At the height of the storm Gilson introduces reminiscences of the sailors' songs and dances, as though in mockery. This effect is said to be terrible, yes, ghastly beyond description.

To attempt to pass judgment on the work as it was given Saturday—or, rather, as it was not given—would be unfair, even if it were possible. Yet it may be said that "The Sea" is the most important of the novelties presented thus far during the present season of these concerts. It is important on account of its realistic strength, its wild imagination, its workmanship; it shows the tendency of the modern school toward realism. Whether there is such a thing as realism in music; whether such a thing is desirable if it exists—these are questions that do not now require examination.

One thing is certain. The work should be given as a whole. Enough was heard, however, to convince the hearer that the composer is a colorist rather than a melodist; that he is a master of instrumentation; that, above all, he has something to say, and that in the expression of thought he uses his own voice.

Mr. Roth gave a smooth and pleasing performance of Raff's "characteristic piece." The piece itself is of little worth. There is pretty instrumentation that does not atone for poverty of thought.

The overture was played superbly, with a spirit that was contagious, and with a wealth of tonal color. It was a performance long to be remembered, and it is not surprising that the audience was enthusiastic. The symphony also gave pleasure.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Overture, "Tannhaeuser"; "Komeo and Juliet," Tchaikovsky; concerto for pianoforte, A major, No. 2, Liszt; Scherzo capriccioso, op. 66, Dvorak; symphony No. 14, No. 4, Beethoven.

PHILIP HALE.

THE KNEISEL CONCERT.

The last concert by the Kneisel Quartet this season was given last evening in Chickering Hall. Mr. MacDowell was the pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, D major, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Sonata Tragic, for pianoforte.....MacDowell
Quartette, A major, op. 44, No. 3.....Schumann
Mr. MacDowell is known at home and abroad as a distinguished disciple of the modern romantic school. In this sonata he exchanges the freedom of modern romanticism for the more or less inexorable rules of established form; yet in doing this he shows again his romantic spirit, and it may here be said that the romanticism, as seen in the exquisite treatment of the beautiful second theme of the first movement, is as far as first impression goes, the most thoroughly musical characteristic of this sonata.

Mr. MacDowell furnishes no text; he simply calls the sonata "tragic."

The first movement with its impressive introduction seems to me the most noble and the most beautiful portion of the work. The themes are strongly contrasted, and only a musician saturated with imagination and controlled by a keen sense of values could have invented and fashioned the second motive. It may be urged that this motive is too lyrical and tender, too full of fresh perfume that suggests and does not irritate; that the motive is foreign to tragedy. But this motive is mastered by the sterner and dolorous theme. Irony enters into the most complete tragedy. The launch of nature endures human grief. When mourners go about the streets, the noon-day sun gives a more lurid light than ever came from phosphorescent graveyard or midnight cresset high on lonely tower.

The third movement, a largo, was played, as I understand, at a recital given last season by the composer. It, too, is strong. Its melancholy is robust, its passion is virile. There is no sentimentalism with crape-bordered handkerchief. There are suggestions of the beer and the slow procession, but the composer disdains the ordinary trappings of woe.

The second and the fourth movements seem of inferior musical worth. This inferiority does not appear in workmanship, for Mr. MacDowell is an acknowledged master of his trade; but they are not as suggestive; they do not carry conviction in the expression of musical thought. The hearer is, perhaps, not to be blamed if he wonders what all the bother is about.

What Charles Dancla once wrote concerning the question of whether a composer should conduct his own work may be applied to a composer-pianist: "The composer mastered by the ignorance of how the public may receive his work cannot preserve the calmness, the nerve, the vigorous firmness which are absolutely necessary to the leader of an orchestra." Mr. MacDowell, however, played last evening with strength, with sentiment, and with brilliancy.

And what shall be said at this late day concerning the merits of the performance of the Kneisel Quartet? The words can only be words of eulogy and glowing eulogy. There are chamber players that are heard to greatest advantage in works of ancient masters; others feel more deeply the nervous passion of our modern schools. The Kneisel Quartet know the serenity and the joy of Haydn; they also appreciate the romanticism of Schumann even when it is fantastic or neurotic. Their performance last evening gave unalloyed pleasure, as was shown by the enthusiasm of the large audience.

PHILIP HALE.

March 29-93
Lean Lent is nearly at the end of self-lent. Perhaps with each return of the solemn season the same old anecdotes concerning juggling with conscience appear in print and in conversation, but a letter from a clergyman of England is perhaps new, and it surely presents a singular view of the stated observances of 40 days. He suggests that smokers should confine themselves to pipes, for "cigars are luxuries." The following extract from the letter will interest women:

"Every one must have noticed the marvelous construction of the sleeves as now worn by the fair sex. I am told that each sleeve now takes from three to four yards of material to form it properly, whereas the old style required only three-quarters of a yard each. The difference in cost must, or should be, considerable, both for material and making up, and my suggestion is that all ladies, and their name is legion, who have adopted the fashionable sleeve, should hand over to the 'Deserving Poor,' the difference in cost between the old and the new style of sleeve."

But there are votaries of fashion who would not yield, though the church should thunder; or they would say with Henry IV, "Paris is worth a mass." Apropos of eating and drinking, it is said that Father La Chaise forbade Louis XIV the enjoyment of more than six dishes, three kinds of soup, three kinds of wine and three of liqueur during the holy season.

The English newspapers protest constantly against the invasion of their island by the Germans, who, to be sure, "love their happy fatherland," as Mr. Grossmith puts it in his well-known song, but are somehow or other loath to return to it. Sir Augustus Harris was lately reproached bitterly for advertising in German newspapers for German musicians, to be employed in a permanent orchestra in London under his management. It is no wonder that the Pall Mall Gazette asks what opportunity there is for native talent, although two important schools of music in London turn out yearly competent players. We are more accustomed to the arrival of "foreign talent," and long ago gave up protests and declamation.

It might be well for the good of the country at large if Mr. Hoyt's comedy, "A Texas Steer," were played in a theatre at Washington for a month or two. Many an office seeker might be warned in time by the large and wholesome object-lesson gained in the study of the disappointed negro in the piece. His recitation of shattered hopes might thin the present abnormal population. The picture is not overdrawn. We read that some of the men who go to Washington for office never leave the town. They may work in shop or on the road when their money is gone, but they are confident of a final appreciation of their services. Such insanity might form a chapter in a treatise on "Enthusiasm" or "The History of Popular Delusions."

THE APTOMMAS RECITAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Aptommas gave a harp and pianoforte recital yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The programme included solos for harp by Parish-Alvars, Aptommas; duets for harp by Aptommas, one of which was in musical illustration of "Pilgrim's Progress," and pieces by Liszt, Paderewski and Gottschalk, played on the pianoforte by Mrs. Aptommas.

It was seven years ago this month that the eminent harper played in the same hall an arrangement of airs from "Montecchi e Capuleti," the sonata op. 26, Beethoven, and Welsh, Scotch and English tunes. The years are gentle with him. He plays with the enthusiasm of youth.

And yet in spite of the brilliant performance of these excellent harpers, and in spite of the evident affection in which Mr. Aptommas holds his instrument, it must be confessed that a harp recital is in these days a matter chiefly of historical interest. Such a recital recalls the ancient history of the much-changed instrument; from the time that the bearded Assyrian picked at it to the year that the cruel man in northern ballad fashioned it out of the breast bone of a tormented maiden. To the tinkle of its arpeggios a long procession passes before the eyes of the hearer; swart faces are excited by the saun, the chanak, the junk and the nanka, for the names vary though the thing is the same; Jews and Egyptians, Greeks and Celts; Phoenicians, Alfred and Cedmon, warriors and minstrels in tournament, and chateaux mourning their absent lords—all these figures grotesque, tender, grand, rise at the invocation of the strings and then fade away into eternal night.

But to modern ears the harp is an instrument of accompaniment or a bewitching member of the orchestra. It is rich in arpeggios, and it encourages a singer; but it does not sing, even in the hands of as skillful a player as Mr. Aptommas.

And yet this concert gave pleasure, were it only on account of the artistic patriotism of the player. The old laws of Wales favored the harp, and these laws were born amid the mist of antiquity. A slave was not allowed to touch a harp for any reason. The instrument was exempt from seizure and debt. "Three things," said one of these laws, "are necessary to a gentleman: his harp, his cloak and chessboard." Another law stated that a man should have in his house these three things: "A virtuous wife, a cushion for his chair, and a well-tuned harp." Mr. Aptommas is a patriot and one that honors his country by accomplishment.

Captain Flucton himself would have rejoiced at the sight of the harper and the harp. PHILIP HALL.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, March 26, 1893.

MR. JOHN MASON and Mrs. Marion Manola. Mason appeared the 20th, at the Columbia Theatre, in an adaptation of "L'Ami Fritz." The version by Mr. Stanislaus Stange is called by the playbill "free;" it is indeed free, and yet the charm of the simple, patriotic story is not wholly lost in the process of translation.

When "L'Ami Fritz" was first produced at the Theatre-Français in December, 1876, there were two musical numbers by Henri Maréchal. Mr. Stange introduced in his version "original lyrics," and these lyrics were set to music by Mr. Julian Edwards. There are various and conflicting rumors concerning the length of time consumed by Mr. Edwards in his task. Some say it was five weeks, others say it was two weeks; at any rate, the name of Edwards may be now justly added to Händel and Rossini and other lightning calculators in music. Far be it from me to assault the modest muse of this composer; he has indeed triumphed gloriously in one respect; he has fitted tunes to the three or four singing tones of Mr. Mason's voice. Then there is a choral number that has pursued me through the week, at the table, in bed, in the welcoming of a friend as well as in the framing of an ingenious reply to a creditor. This chorus is to me what the famous song was to the Abderites. I hear it now: "Fritz Kobus, Fritz Kobus." Nor is it a tune of surpassing merit.

The play is not improved by lyrics or by music. Mr. Mason acted admirably throughout, and as a singer he was most skillful in avoiding the true pitch. Miss Manola, or Mrs. Mason, showed a perhaps unexpected power as an actress. Her conception of the part of "Suzel" was delightful, and her performance was consistent and sincere, graceful, not without a subtle and tender perfume. Her delivery of the story of "Rebecca," and the servant of "Abraham" was most musical and intelligent. But let us speak of concerts and recitals.

Miss Louise Rollwagen gave a song recital in Steinert Hall the 21st. She sang in Italian, French, German and English, and musical favors were distributed impartially. There were numbers by Händel, Martini, Franz, Taubert, Weber, Cürschmann, Rossi, Schumann, Schubert, Ambroise Thomas, and there were songs by these Bostonians: Adele Lewing, Irene Hale, B. E. Woolf, Clayton Johns, F. F. Bullard. Mr. Bullard was a pupil of Rhineberger, and I understand that he has taken one of the prizes (string quartet, or suite?) offered under the auspices of the National Conservatory.

Miss Rollwagen sang with more than ordinary animation. It is true that at times exaggeration entered, and her intonation was impure at the beginning of the concert, particularly in the upper register. Whenever the music allowed her the full use of her rich, full pure contralto tones the effect was very pleasing.

Miss Gertrude Edmonds gave a recital in Chickering Hall the 23d. She was assisted by Mr. Arthur Whiting, who played pieces by Schumann and Rubinstein and a waltz of his own. Miss Edmonds sang Haydn's "Spirit Song," the cavatina from Gluck's "Semiramis," an air from "Esclarmonde," three songs by Brahms, and songs by Sargent, Chadwick, Johns, and Miss Lang.

Miss Edmonds was in excellent voice and she sang with taste and skill. Her phrasing was characterized by its breadth and authority and her expression was free from exaggeration or any affectation.

Mr. Paderewski gave a recital in Music Hall the afternoon of the 23d. His mastery of contrapuntal delivery was shown in fullness by his performance of Bach's chromatic fantasia and fugue. Variations by Haydn were given with exquisite delicacy. The performance of Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, E flat, also gave genuine pleasure. Applause followed each number, but when Mr. Paderewski played in a boisterous and sensational manner Liszt's arrangement of the "Erl King" there was a scene of enthusiasm. It is true that the murder of the child by the "Erl King," or the "Alder King," as James Clarence Mangan once translated it, was a sensational event; at the same time there can be exaggeration in the description of plague, pestilence and famine, battle and murder and sudden death. By the cunning device of an artificer the snakes of Laocoon might be made to hiss at the approach of a stranger, but I doubt if such an arrangement would lend permanent value to the statue. Mr. Paderewski also played these numbers: B minor sonata, Chopin; a barcarolle by Rubinstein, his own melodic and one of the Hungarian rhapsodies.

The program of the nineteenth Symphony Concert was as follows:

Overture, "Tannhäuser".....	Wagner
"La Fée d'Amour," op. 67.....	Raff
"La Mer".....	Gilson
First three movements.....	Goldmark
Rustic Wedding Symphony.....	Goldmark

The overture was played superbly, with fiery power and with a wealth of tonal color. It was a performance long to be remembered. For some reason or other the "Storm" movement in the Gilson composition was omitted, and therefore the value of the music as program music could not be properly estimated. The impression made from the standpoint of absolute music was this: That Gilson is a born colorist and a comparatively weak melodist. The themes are not of special worth, but they are ingeniously handled. The composer has imagination, decided technical skill, and this work is indeed remarkable for a man of his years. Mr. Roth gave a smooth and delicate performance of Raff's "Love Pay." The piece itself is sugary salon music.

The event of the week was the performance of "The Damnation of Faust," by the Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. Lang, the 22d.

I wonder if my experience with Hector Berlioz is individual. Many years ago I knew him only by his memoirs and critical articles. I then placed him on a lofty pedestal. The statue was of colossal size. Monte Cristo, Athos, Robinson Crusoe were unsubstantial shadows. Even if Mr. Barnes, of New York, had then bestrid two continents, he would not have shaken my faith in the superiority of Berlioz. I went a courting with him. I followed him to the cemetery and shuddered with him at that awful sight. I laughed at honest Fétis, and trembled when Pabst took snuff at the critical moment.

It was in 1868, I think, that I first heard any of the wild music. Yes, it was November 28, in New York, when the Philharmonic Society, under Bergmann, gave two movements of the Fantastic Symphony. Since that time I have heard the compositions of Berlioz in many towns. The more I hear his music the more I reverence the feuilletoniste.

The enthusiasm once entertained for his music is cooled each year. Perhaps this is a sign of mental decay; but at any rate when I now hear one of his enormous "machines" I feel like crying out with our esteemed friend Heinrich Pudor: "Away with the six trombones, seven harps and eight double basses! Let me hear a simple song." For Berlioz knew no simple song.

Here let me say a word about Pudor. To me he is a joy forever. Eleven of his pamphlets are now in my possession. There are other pamphlets by him "on all things knowable and some other things," and my collection is not complete. But Pudor sheds a pamphlet every month. His fertility is only equaled by the rabbit. For a man who writes so much he is fairly consistent. I like his fierce denunciation that leads me at times to believe in his sincerity. Before his death, which will shortly be spectacular, before his entrance into a retreat for the mentally exuberant, he will surely be the advocate of a bill for the abolition of music.

It is true that if you wish to hear Berlioz at his best you must listen to the men under Colonne. It is probably not matter of tradition; it is more likely a case of sympathetic temperament; but in "The Damnation of Faust" Colonne produced effects that I have never heard in Germany or America, and for the moment I again believed that his work was a masterpiece.

I do not dispute the great value of the purely instrumental numbers, and the music given to Mephistopheles is certainly characteristic, i. e., if our fortunately limited acquaintance with the Prince of Darkness enables us to define his character. On the other hand, how colorless, how sexless the music of "Faust" and "Marguerite." I go further and am still more indiscreet—the choral numbers seem, in main, labored and unnatural. From the beginning, when "Faust" journeys to Hungary that he may hear the Rakoczy march played by a full orchestra to the end with its gibberish chorus and apotheosis, there seems to be either a lack of true invention or a taint of insincerity. The voice is the only instrument that Berlioz did not master.

The performance of the chorus was generally excellent although at times there might have been a closer attention paid to the nuances. The work of the orchestra was splendid and showed the lack of faithful rehearsal. The parts were admirably taken by Miss Elizabeth Hamlin, Messrs. George J. Parker and Max Heinrich. The performance of Mr. Heinrich was indeed one of remarkable merit.

There is a story going the rounds to the effect that Christine Nilsson gave recently \$5000 toward founding a hospital in France, especially intended for the cure of throat diseases. When young she had the croup and nearly died from it; as she was treated in a hospital, she now wishes to show her gratitude. It is a pretty story, and admirers here hope that it is a true one; for it was not long ago that she herself was reported to be, if not in need of aid, greatly impoverished by financial losses.

March 31-93

Boston may well be proud of her success in the first annual contest instituted by the National Conservatory of New York. The pianoforte concerto prize (\$200) was taken by Mr. Joshua Phippen of this city, by birth a Salemite. Mr. Phippen was a pupil of Mr. Lang, and is known here as a pianist, organist and teacher. Mr. Frederick Bullard of this city took the prize for suite for string orchestra (\$300). Mr. Bullard was a pupil of Rhineberger, and his songs are esteemed by singers. The cantata prize (\$300) was awarded to Mr. Horatio W. Parker, the new organist of Trinity Church. A sketch of Mr. Parker's life and works appeared lately in the Journal.

April 1-93

The Performance of Bach's Matthew Passion.

Bach's "Passion Music According to Matthew" was given last evening in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn. Miss Franklin, soprano; Mrs. Alves, alto; Mr. William Dennison, tenor; Mr. Heinrich Meyn, bass, and Mr. Max Heinrich assisted. Mr. Lang was the organist and Mr. Tucker was at the piano. There was also a chorus of boys from the choir of Emmanuel, Saint Paul's and Harvard College.

The performance of Bach's "Passion" now seems to be a religious service, and many, no doubt, think that more attention should be paid to the work itself and to the emotions it arouses in the breasts of the sympathetically disposed than to a discussion of the performance. Certainly every effort is made to give the concert the character of a religious function. The sombre dress of the chorus, the request that there should be no applause and the effort to turn the audience into a vocal congregation by urging it to join in the singing of chorals might well be supplemented by a request that there should be an abstinence from criticism.

The work was cut last evening, and though it was shortened in the main judiciously, other numbers might have been omitted with material advantage. The strength of Bach's work is in the mighty choruses, in the waves and the billows of sound. Much of the recitative is a sandy desert. Many of the airs are a weariness to the flesh of the hearer and a thankless task to even an enthusiastic and skillful singer. Has the soprano and alto duet, for instance, that precedes "the lightning and thunder" chorus, any dramatic significance, any religious feeling, any musical charm? In the time of Bach such a musical structure was, no doubt, the expression of the religious feeling of many Germans, but even then there were doubters.

The performance as a whole was excellent. The chorus sang with intelligence and with commendable precision; occasionally the walk of alto and tenor was not sharply defined, but there was much more to be heartily praised in the choral work than questioned. Mr. Dennison showed strength and endurance in a trying part; he at times emphasized unimportant words, and there is really no need of sentiment in declaiming about "a box of precious ointment," or the fact that the Saviour "sat down at table with the twelve." These statements are mere statements of fact. Mr. Heinrich was admirable throughout, and in the air "Give me back my dearest Master" he rose to a great height. Mr. Meyn sang the part of Jesus at short notice, as Mr. Whitney was prevented by sickness. Miss Franklin and Mrs. Alves were faithful in the performance of their respective tasks; in the air "From love unbonded" and "oh, pardon me" they each gave much pleasure. The orchestra was in the main satisfactory. The apocryphal parts of Bach were generally played erroneously and according to modern custom, as in the introduction to the chorus "Alas, my Jesus now is taken." The flute obligato to the soprano solo "From love unbonded" and in the last chorals.

PHILIP HALE.

There is a lecturer in Australia, a clergyman, named Kinsman, who boasts that he has successfully married nearly 9000 couples. He lectures on the choice of a wife, and draws up an inventory of necessary accomplishments that would make Cobbett blush for his imperfect list. The ideal sweetheart should delight to attend church every Sunday, should "be dutiful to her parents, kind to dumb animals, rise early in the morning, wash and dress her little brothers and sisters without being cross, sew on their buttons and strings, have her hair always tidy, her stockings neat, neatly darned, and be a good cook." Is not this a good deal to expect? In these days of coming and going of domestics, many a man would be tempted to matrimony if the adored one possessed only the last-named qualification.

EASTER MUSIC.

The Lord Is Risen. He Is Risen Indeed—Canticles and Anthems That Will Be Sung To-morrow.

It is more than probable that the good cheer of Christmas, the eating and the drinking that characterized the holy season, loosened the throats of boys and men and women, and so they sang gladly of the abundance of the Nativity. Easter as well as Christmas was originally a pagan holiday; and seekers after myths may see in the story of winter and of spring deep, symbolical meanings. Easter differs materially from Christmas, however, in this: There is not such a wealth of ancient music inseparably connected with it, music that sets forth quaint homilies expressed in quaint words, that tells of a simple faith of a simple people.

There are many strange and many interesting facts concerning Easter, it is true. This great festival of the Church commemorates the resurrection of Christ and corresponds at the same time to the Jewish passover, the name of which it bears in most of the European languages. The Hebrew "pesach" is the Greek "pascha," the Latin "pascha," the French "paques," the Italian "pasqua," the Spanish "pascua," the Dutch "pask." We find in English traces of the similarity, as in "pasch-eggs," or eggs consecrated and used in former days by all people, as, for instance, in the days of Edward I., when 400 eggs were bought for 18 pence. Our word "Easter" is derived from Eostre, the goddess of spring, to whom the fourth month was dedicated. Her name shows undoubtedly that she was originally the dawn-goddess. In Northumbrian dialect "Eostre" stands for "Easter."

The Coverdale Bible (1535) speaks of the Jewish Passover as "Easter," and in the version of 1611 we find the same use of the word. There is no trace of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival in the New Testament or in the writings of apostolic fathers. Its introduction was, according to the ecclesiastical writer, Socrates, "the perpetuation of an old usage."

For many years there was a "wonderful and laborious confusion concerning the exact date of Easter; the 14th day of the moon. In 387, for instance, the churches of Gaul observed the 21st of March; the churches of Italy, April 18; the churches of Egypt, April 25. The churches in Asia celebrated Easter on the 14th day of the moon, according to the law of Moses, whatever day of the week it was, and ended the fast on that day. The Western churches used to fast to the day of Christ's resurrection, that is, to the Sunday following. Pope Victor I. excommunicated the Quarto-Decimans. The Roman custom was established in England in 609, and Easter day was fixed as the first Sunday after the 14th day (not the full moon) of the calendar moon, which happens on or next after March 21. This moon is an imaginary moon created for ecclesiastical convenience in advance of the real moon. Russian, Grecian and Oriental Churches adhere to the unreformed calendar, and their Easter is nearly a fortnight later.

That the sun danced on Easter morning is an old superstition, gracefully alluded to in the famous ballad by Sir John Suckling. Sir Thomas Browne discusses the matter in his grave way: "We shall not, I hope, disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter day. And though we would willingly assent unto any sympathetic exaltation, yet cannot conceive therein any more than a tropical expression. Whether any such motion there were in that day wherein Christ arose, Scripture hath not revealed, which hath been punctual in other records concerning solar miracles; and the Aeropagites, that was amazed at the eclipse, took no notice of this." A vulgar explanation of the alleged phenomenon is given in an old song, in which the sun himself answers a questioner:

"The old wifes get merry
With spite'd ale or sherry
On Easter, which makes them romance;
And whilst in a rout
Their brains whirl about
They fancy we caper and dance."

In Ireland every good woman put a fat hen and bacon upon the fire about 8 or 9 o'clock of Holy Saturday.

In certain Grecian islands, even at a late day, Silenus, a fat old man, was carried in the sacred procession.

Fancy pudding was eaten Easter, as a symbol of the bitter herbs of the Passover. The more devout Christians of England formerly ate bacon to show their abhorrence of Israel.

The Roman Catholic clergy formerly indulged in ball play as a part of the Easter service. They danced to the tune of an antiphon played by the organ, and at intervals the ball was banded about.

Churches were "clipped" or surrounded by children.

Theatrical representation, as "The Holy Women at the Tomb," were not infrequent in church, and Pere Menestrier saw in 1682 in several cathedrals of France canons dancing with choir children on Easter day.

The paschal taper at Westminster Abbey weighed in olden times 300 pounds.

On Easter Monday in England men lifted women in chairs, and on Easter Tuesday women lifted men in like fashion. Shoe buckles were reciprocally removed by men and women, and, as in lifting, torments were paid.

In the early centuries prisons were thrown open, debtors were forgiven, and many actions at law were suspended.

Easter was often called in England God's Sunday.

The fire was put out in the hall, and the blackened place was made gay with fair flowers.

Some abstained from flesh on Easter Sunday that they might thus escape fever for a whole year; but this superstition was frowned down by the church.

The Abbe d'Antioche observed years ago a custom of the Russians that is maintained to-day: "The men on Easter go to each other's houses. One says 'Jesus Christ is risen.' The other answers: 'He is risen indeed.' The people then embrace, give each other eggs, and drink a great deal of brandy."

There is stuff enough and to spare for the gratification of the curious and the delight of myth-examiners. The colored eggs, for instance, are found among the ancient Romans, the Egyptians, the Persians, even if they were not consecrated as in the English prayer of 1554: "O God! Who art the maker of all flesh, who gavest commandments unto Noah and his sons concerning clean and unclean beasts, who hast also permitted mankind to eat four-footed beasts as even herbs and green herbs, etc."

The books are full of examples like unto the above of the practices of the day, but there is very little about the popular music sung in those days. There are, to be sure, doggerel rhymes as

"Soone at Easter cometh Alleluia,
With butter, cheese and a tan say."

I am told that the general observance of Easter with flowers and elaborate musical service was not earlier in this town than about 15 years ago, and before that day the brilliant celebration was confined, as a rule, to the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. But now nearly all the churches make special preparation for the day. The musical service is more elaborate than is usual, except at Christmas. The choirs are often enlarged, and the singers and the organists are assisted by solo instrumentalists or orchestras.

Probably the most notable feature of the music to-morrow, from a strictly musical standpoint, will be the performance of Liszt's Graner Mass, under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli at St. James, Harrison Avenue. The high mass is at 10.15, and the work will be performed by a chorus of 60, with the assistance of Mrs. T. P. Lovell, soprano; Miss Flynn, alto; Mr. Rotoli, tenor, and Mr. Clifford, bass. Stringed instruments and a pianoforte will assist the organ. Liszt's mass will be sung in full, with the exception of the Benedictus; the number substituted for it will be Rotoli's Benedictus for four voices, chorus and sanctuary choir, without accompaniment. The Graner Mass was written for the consecration of the Domkirche at Gran, and it was first performed March 31, 1856. The music is full of the individuality of Liszt; it abounds in strange and fantastic passages in Liszt's peculiar mysticism; it is not free from Hungarian bombast and theatrical effects. Whatever may be the final decision concerning its merits as a churchly work, it has always excited interest and loud discussion when it has been given in concert form, as in Vienna in 1858 and 1879, and in Berlin in 1891. Musical students who have a file of the "Allgemeine Musik Zeitung" will find in Nos. 22 and 23 of 1891 an elaborate analysis of the work with musical illustrations.

The high mass at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross will be at 10.15 and the vespers will be at 4. Mr. de Seve is the director; Mr. Donahoe, the organist; Miss McLoughlin, the soprano; Miss Mooney, the alto; Mr. Tuckerman, the tenor; Mr. McCluskey, the bass, and the chorus numbers 125. The mass is Cherubini's D minor; Gounod's Hymn to the Pope and "Unfold ye Portals" will be sung at the morning service. Numbers by Cherubini, Hummel and Dietrich will be sung at vespers and "The Heavens are Telling" will conclude the afternoon service. The D minor mass of Cherubini was composed in 1811. It has been performed twice by the Handel and Haydn—in 1883 and 1893.

Here is the programme of another Roman Catholic Church, the Gate of Heaven, where the music is under the direction of Dr. James A. Kelly. The mass will be at 10.45. There is a chorus of 40 and the quartette is thus made up: Miss M. L. Crowley, soprano; Miss Theresa Maximis, alto; P. J. McMahon, tenor; John B. Whoriskey, baritone. Miss Mary A. O'Reilly is

the organist. The mass will be Beethoven's C major, dedicated to Prince Esterhazy, composed in 1807, first performed September 13 of that year in Eisenstadt, and published in 1812. It was written in honor of the name-day of the Princess Esterhazy. After her husband heard the mass he asked the composer, "But, my dear Beethoven, what have you done this time?" Hummel stood by and laughed. Other numbers of the morning service at the Gate of Heaven are by Lachner, Wexand, Zangl, Rossini, Gounod and Wagner. The selections for the vespers service at 1.30 are from the works of Wilcox, Rosewig, Zangl, G. E. Whitins and Rossini.

The following is the programme of the music at the Church of the Advent this evening and to-morrow, under the direction of Mr. S. B. Whitney, organist and choirmaster:

EASTER EVE.

Magnificat.....Calkin
Nunc Dimittis.....Calkin
Antiphon, "He is risen".....Gadsby
Offertory solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"
"Messiah".....

EASTER DAY—A. M.

Introit, "When I wake up".....Whitney
Kyrie, "Messe Solenne".....Gounod
Credo.....Stainer
Offertory, "Hallelujah Chorus," "Messiah".....
Sanctus, "Sacred Heart".....Gounod
Benedictus, "Sacred Heart".....Gounod
Agnus Dei, "Sacred Heart".....Gounod
Gloria in Excelsis.....Stainer
P. M. same as Easter Eve.

Gounod's "Messe Solenne" was first given at Saint-Eustache, Paris, Nov. 29, 1855. The "Mass of the Sacred Heart" was first given under Gounod's leadership at the same church in November, 1876. The Communion from it has been played as an "Offertoire" at concerts in Paris. The whole mass made such an effect in Antwerp in 1879 that the Municipal Council voted to name a street after the composer. It is said that when the mass was first given at Saint-Eustache the crowd was so great that the choir boy who was to sing the solo in the Benedictus could not get to his place, so Gounod sang the solo in falsetto. Calkin, Gadsby, Stainer and Whitney are familiar names to lovers of church music.

Mr. George L. Osgood, choirmaster of the Emmanuel Church, has prepared the following excellent programme:

Te Deum.....Calkin
Jubilate.....Stainer
Introit anthem, "God Hath Appointed a Day".....Tours
Offertory anthem, "Awake, Awake".....Stainer
Sanctus for men's voices.....Osgood

The Le Deum of Catkin may be from the service in G. or N. cat. The former is the more dramatic and the more modern in spirit. The Jubilate is probably from Sunar's noble service in F.

At St. Andrews the music, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Whittier, will include selections from Hall, Sullivan, Hayes, Tours. The Hal-lelujah Chorus will be sung.

The Chancel of the Ascension (10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.) will present cantatas and anthems by Howitt, Campiglio, Tours, Granter, Whitney and Brackett. Mr. W. G. Hambroster is the director.

A. H. Brown's "Missa Celestis" will be sung at St. Luke's, Chelsea, under the direction of Mr. P. J. J. Cooper. The evening canticles are from Bannett's service in A.

At St. Thomas, Jamaica Plain, Haydn's Imperial Mass, Bailey's "Veni Creator" and Hummel's "Alma Virgo" will be sung, under the direction of Mr. E. H. Bailey. The Solemn High Mass is at 10.30.

This is the programme of the music of the Congregational Church at Allston: Barnby's "Awake Up My Glory," Stainer's "They Have Taken Away My Lord," Woodward's "The Radiant Morn," and Kimmin's "Magnificat." Mr. Willis Clark is the director of the chorus of 30.

At the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church Miss Elizabeth Hamlin will sing "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," and Mr. Endicott will sing "Hail the Resurrection." The anthems are by Faurc, Smith, Shelley and Klein. Mr. H. J. Smith is the organist and director.

At the Immanuel Congregational Church, Morland Street, Roxbury, the following pieces will be sung: Barnby's "Awake up, my glory," Schuecker's "Christ the Lord is risen to-day," "The Lord is risen" from "The Light of the world," Voxlicu's setting of Bishop Brooks's hymn "Tomb, thou shalt not hold him longer." The quartette includes Miss Hosford, Miss Alice Cole, W. L. Crocker and F. K. Sircorn. Miss Snyder is organist.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. George A. Burdett, at the Harvard Church, Brookline, will sing these pieces: King's "Break forth into joy," Burdett's "Hail the day," Saneus from Gounod's "St. Cecilia" mass. Mrs. Bradbury will sing "Hear ye Israel." Other numbers will be the duet of Mendelssohn "Behold my Lord hath been taken away" and the air "Thus saith the Lord" from "The Holy City." Miss Becker is the alto, Mr. H. A. Thayer the tenor and Mr. A. W. Wellington the bass. Mr. V. V. Rogers, harper, will assist.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, organist and director of the South Congregational Church, Exeter Street, has prepared this programme: "God hath appointed a day".....Tours "My hope is in the everlasting".....Stainer Easter Hymn.....Novello "O come every one"....."Elijah"

Mr. Willis Nowell will play the violin.

This is the service of the First Church (10.30): "Come, see the place where Jesus lay".....H. W. Parker "As it began to dawn".....M. B. Foster "Te Deum in C major".....Gounod Duologue in E flat major.....Buck Hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen".....Buck Soprano, Mrs. M. B. Smith; alto, Miss Carlsmith; tenor, Mr. G. J. Parker; bass, Mr. C. E. Hay; organist, Mr. Foote.

The anthem by Mr. Parker, who will soon be the organist at Trinity, is new, and it includes solos for soprano and baritone. Gounod's "Te Deum" was written during the composer's stay in England (1871-1874), when he was under the singular spell of Mrs. Georgina Weldon. It is a pleasure to see the name of Buck again on holiday programmes; for it is the fashion in this day to sneer at an excellent musician who did much for the development of church music in this country.

Mr. Howard M. Dow is the organist and director at the Second Church, and the quartette is thus made up: Mrs. Coffin, Miss Frenette, Mr. Norris and Dr. Clark.

"Christ the Lord is risen".....Novello "With verdure clad".....Haydn "The strain upraise".....Buck "My hope is in the everlasting".....Stainer "Jerusalem".....H. W. Parker "The trumpet shall sound".....H. W. Parker "In the horror of the darkness".....Dow (Words by Rev. Mr. Savage.)

At the Old South Church Mr. Carr's quartette will be assisted by Miss Folsom, Miss Decker, Messrs. King and J. E. Winch. Mr. Leo Schulz will play the cello. The programme is as follows:

"God hath appointed a day".....Tours Benedictus Qui Venit (from Serva in F).....Tours Gloria in Excelsis (from Serva in F).....Tours "My heart ever faithful (violoncello obligato).....Bach Offertory, violoncello and organ.

The service will be at 10.30. The chorus under Mr. Truette at the Central Congregational Church will sing these numbers:

"Awake, Awake, 'Tis Easter Morn".....Truette "The Lord's Prayer".....Hoyt "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God".....Costa "God hath appointed a day".....Tours

4 P. M. "Breaks Forth Into Joy".....Barnby "O Loving One Divine".....Pinsuti

Anthems by Tours, Schuecker, Barnby and Mozart will be sung at the Mt. Vernon Church, Beacon Street, and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" will be sung by Miss Rose Stewart.

M. Raymond is the organist. We will be elaborate musical services at the ton Street Church. The quartette will be by four singers, and a week from the vespers service will be repeated by a quartette. Mr. C. M. Loeffler will play the piano. The novelty will be an anthem by Mr. Whiting, the organist of the church. is the programme of the music at the eligious society, Roxbury:

"As the place".....H. W. Parker "man, what of the night?".....Sullivan "or Easter".....H. H. Allen "The Lord is risen to-day".....H. Wilson

Granter Miss Maud Williams, soprano; Miss McGregor, alto; T. L. Johnson, tenor; W. H. Edgerly, baritone; Philip Hale, organist.

At the Tremont Street Methodist these numbers will be sung at the 10.30 service: "Christ our passover".....Tours "How calm and beautiful".....Schuecker "I am a Jew, Christ is risen".....Morgan

The anthem by Morgan won a prize and is published in the Lute of London. Miss Parsons, Mrs. Bradford and Messrs. W. Atherton and J. A. Saxe make up the quartette. Mr. E. H. Ferry is the organist and director.

Mrs. H. F. Marchington, soprano, and Mr. G. M. Weston, cornetist, will contribute solos to the musical service directed by Mr. G. H. Ryder at the New South Church, corner of Tremont and Camden Streets.

Anthems by Barnby, Sullivan, Vogrich, H. W. Parker and Howner will be sung at Phillips Church, South Boston. The solos will be sung by Mrs. Shepard, soprano; Miss Cooke, alto. Mr. E. S. Hosmer is the organist.

Mr. A. W. Keene, the director of the music at the Bromfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church, has prepared anthems by Keene, Stainer and Buck.

The programme of the First Congregational Society, Jamaica Plain, is as follows:

"The Strife is Over".....Vogrich "Behold the Angel of the Lord".....Tours "In Exaltation".....Jordan "Christ the Lord is risen To-day".....Buck "The Holy Women".....Gounod

Miss J. M. Crocker, Miss A. M. Williams, Messrs. J. D. Shepard and G. E. Glover will be assisted by Miss Voltz, Mrs. S. H. Hooper, Messrs. E. H. Gay and S. H. Hooper. Mr. F. O. Nash is the organist and director. Mr. W. H. Dunham is the director of the

quartette and chorus of 40 at the Eliot Church, Newton, and Mr. J. W. Goodrich is the organist. The programme is as follows:

10.30 A. M. "Awake Thou that Sleepest".....Goodrich "Magnificat".....Crucksank "O, 'Twas a Joyful Sound".....H. W. Parker

7.30 P. M. "The Lord is Risen".....Sullivan "King all Glorious".....Barnby "Sweetly the Birds".....Goodrich "Rejoice Greatly".....Bruch

"Kol Nidrei" for solo.....Mr. Schulz. The choir will be assisted by Mr. Schulz, cellist, and Mr. Schuecker, harpist.

At the morning service of the Park Street Church these anthems will be sung:

"Christ the Lord is risen".....Schuecker "My Redeemer and my Lord".....Buck "The world itself".....Bunting "As it began to dawn".....Vincent

EVENING AT 7.30. "Christ our Passover".....Buck "Day of Days".....De Water "Behold not seen".....J. D. C. Parker "My mouth shall speak".....West

The choir under the direction of Mr. J. H. R. King is thus made up: Miss Montgomery, Miss Wilson, W. G. Heinrich and H. L. Cornell.

Mr. Norman McLeod, the organist of the First Baptist Church, has selected this programme: "Awake Glad Soul".....M. B. Foster "Three Days the Earth".....Ronzon-Rees "My Hope is in the Everlasting".....Stainer "Why Seek Ye".....S. P. Warren

Mrs. Wood is the soprano, Mrs. Fish the alto, Dr. Baldwin the tenor, and Mr. L. L. Buffum the bass.

The vespers service at the Boston Young Men's Christian Union will be at 7.30. The Rev. Stenford W. Brooke will preach the sermon. Anthems of Brown, Marchetti and Boot will be sung by a double quartette of female voices. Mrs. Flora E. Barry will sing by special request, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," Miss M. A. Cook will sing Buck's "Fear Ye, Israel," and Miss A. M. Sibley will sing Sullivan's "The Lord is Risen."

Anthems by Maker, Buck, H. W. Parker, Loud, Trowbridge, Brackett will be sung at the services of the North Avenue Congregational Church, Cambridge. Mrs. Bartlett will sing "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

These programmes have been taken at random from the services of many churches. It will be seen at a glance that there is more or less of a beaten path in the field of Easter music that directors and singers follow. The anthems of the English school are excellent examples of their kind, and the popular compositions of the Americans are pleasing to the average congregation. Perhaps one reason for the greater variety found in Christmas music is the opportunity given to composers in choicest of texts; and yet the mere fact of the resurrection, with its attendant circumstances, should fire the imagination of trained musicians.

PHILIP HALE.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

The music at the Immaculate Conception tomorrow will be as follows:

SOLEMN HIGH MASS—10.30 A. M. Prelude—Overture, "Athalie".....Mendelssohn Mass, D. Minor.....Cherubini Gradual (duo).....Rhinia Offertory "Vorspiel from Manfred".....Reinecke

Postlude—March and Chorus "Tannhauser".....Wagner SOLEMN VESPERS—7.30 P. M.

Dixi Dominus and Domine.....Mercadante Confitebor (bass solo).....Haydn Benth Vir (quartette).....Whiting Laudate Puell.....Whiting

In Exitu Israel.....Whiting Magnificat.....Barnby Regina Coeli (female voices).....Schulthes O salutaris (contralto).....Kossini Tantum Ergo (trio and chorus).....Le Tour

There will be a chorus of fifty voices and the soloists are Miss Anna C. Westervelt, Mrs. Ita Welsh-Donovan, Mr. James J. Herick, Mrs. Lou E. Brine. Organist and director, Mr. George E. Whiting; assistant organist, Miss Nellie F. Rock. The Germania orchestra will assist.

April 3-93

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Handel's "Samson" as Given by the Handel and Haydn.

Handel's "Samson" was given last evening in Music Hall by the Handel and Haydn Society under the direction of Mr. Zerah. The society was assisted by Mrs. Lillian Nordica, Miss Louise Kollwagen (Micah), Mr. W. J. Winch (Samson), Mr. Gardner Lauson (Manoah), Mr. Plunket Greene (Harappa), Mr. T. H. Norris sang the part of the messenger. Mr. E. J. Lang was the organist. Mr. Mueller played the trumpet obligato.

"And it came to pass afterward that he loved a woman in the valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah.

"And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us 1100 pieces of silver."

Thus opens a familiar story in the Book of Judges. We all know the end. To quote Dr. Watts:

"So Samson, when his hair was lost, Met the Philistines to his cost."

The plot has served makers of operas and oratorios. The list of them is long. Riemann gives the operas as follows: "Samson" by Graupner, 1709; "Samson" by Rameau, 1730, but as Voltaire emptied the text there was an outcry, the opera was privately performed, and the music was used for other operas; "Il Sansone" by Basil; "Samson" by Duprez, the singer, which was given in concert form in Paris (1857) and in Berlin; in this opera by Duprez the elder Dumas helped as librettist; there is the "Samson" by Joachim Raff, which, I believe, has

never seen the light, and then there is the "Samson et Dalila" by Saint-Saens, first performed in German in Weimar, 1877, at the Eden Theatre, Paris, 1890, and at the Paris Opera, 1892.

There are oratorios by Colonna, 1677; Uriel, 1700; Pasterwit, 1770; Lefroid de Mereaux, 1774; Rolle, 1790, and Tunczek, 1804.

Three Spaniards, Cebeda, Allu and Segura, wrote the music for a play called "Dalila."

In opera and in oratorio Samson is generally a tenor, although we might naturally expect a man of his strength to carry about a ponderous bass voice like unto a sarrasophone outrebas.

Handel's oratoria was first given by the Handel and Haydn Jan. 26, 1845, although John Brahman sang "Total Eclipse" in this town in 1840. The solo singers at this first performance were Miss Stone, Miss Garcia, Messrs. Baker, Marshall, Aiken, Taylor. Mr. Hayter suggested the performance, taught soloists and chorus, supplied instrumental parts and played the organ. For this arduous work he was rewarded with a silver pitcher and a pair of goblets. Mr. Bartlett played the trumpet obligato. The oratorio was given during the 30th season 13 times, and the receipts were \$3000. Miss Stone's voice was compared to "the shower of meteors which illumine our November nights." There was popular dissatisfaction because the part of Manoah, the reverend sire, was given to a handsome young man of 18 or 19.

The oratorio was given at the Fourth Triennial Festival, 1877, with this cast: Clara Louise Kellogg, Mathilde Phillips, Chas. R. Adams, M. W. Whitney and J. F. Winon. The receipts were \$2100.

Milton's "Samson Agonistes" was wrenched by Newburgh Hamilton for the text of Handel's oratorio. Milton, whose domestic life was sour, honored Dalila by conferring the degree of wife upon her, and then wreaked personal vengeance by public utterance. The billingsgate hurled against the "Female of sex, be deck'd, ornate and gay, sailing like a stately ship of Tarsus, bound for the isles of Javan or Gadire, with an amber scent of odorous perfume" is omitted in the version of the Handel and Haydn. In these days when women ply the learned professions and meditate seriously the abolition of man, neither soloist nor chorus would be brave enough to indulge in Miltonic reflections on womankind; and yet it might serve as a wholesome corrective if this chorus had been sung in all its contraband dignity:

"To man God's universal law gave power to keep his wife in awe; Thus shall his life be ne'er usurp'd By female usurpation away'd."

There were indeed many cuts in the performance of last evening, but there were none too many. The strength of Handel's "Samson" lasts nearly five hours, if it is not shorn of superfluous locks, and the recitatives and airs would be unendurable if they were given in their entirety. It is true that Handel valued this oratorio highly; but it was his habit to be well pleased with his handiwork, and it is said that he preferred "Theodora" to either "The Messiah" or "Samson." There are delightful airs in "Samson," as "Return, O God of Hosts!" "Thus when the Sun, and How Willing my Paternal Love," but the majority show the fatal fluency of the born melodist. Great as a few of the choruses are, they do not compare in grandeur with the chief choruses in "The Messiah," "Theodora" or "Israel in Egypt." It is a false respect that finds all the words of a great man equally worthy of consideration, even though the hero may resent the honest judgment of a Gil Blas.

The performance of last evening was a credit to the society, so far as the work of the chorus was concerned. If the delivery of many of the choral numbers did not provoke enthusiasm it was the fault of the numbers themselves, for however interesting they may be from a technical standpoint they contain few overwhelming effects.

Mrs. Nordica made little of "Ye Men of Gaza," and she, in fact, groped her way through the opening measures. She was much more successful in the recitative and air of Dalila, which she delivered with natural and artful advantage. The famous "Let the bright Seraphim" was given with breadth and dignity.

Miss Kollwagen sang with intelligence and with musical feeling, and when the music was not outside the limits of her working voice, she sang with effect.

Mr. Plunket Greene has a flexible voice of good range, but his performance of last evening was not such as to justify the expectation aroused by the announcement of his deeds in foreign lands. His enunciation is distinct; he sang the roulades with heavily accented volubility; and he has a hearty and confident delivery. His voice, however, seems to be comparatively without color. His phrasing was often happy, and he seems to be able to manage his breath to advantage. He abused the portamento at times, and there was frequently a suspicion that in order to play the boasting Harappa he was tempted to force his tones. Mr. Greene would undoubtedly appear better in a song recital and in numbers of a lighter character.

Mr. Lamson, perhaps, occasionally gave undue importance to words of little moment, but this fault comes from a burning desire to excel, and it may be easily forgiven. He sang the noble air, "How Willing my Paternal Love," with dignity, and in the recitatives he was always interesting. He too, occasionally offended by a sliding attack.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Winch, who has done such faithful work in past years in the service of the Handel and Haydn Society, should have attempted the part of Samson, for it lies beyond his present vocal capabilities.

The score used was the one with additional arrangements by Prout. The work of the orchestra was in the main satisfactory. As is usual, the Dead March from "Sani" was played instead of the march in D.

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet,".....Tchaikowsky Concerto for pianoforte, No. 2, A major.....Liszt Prelude, and a gigue, for string orchestra (arranged by Bacharach).....Bach

Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven Mr. Busoni was the pianist, and he gave a remarkable performance of the fantastic concerto of Liszt. He appeared not only as a virtuoso of supreme excellence; he displayed refined taste and rare self-control. There was an ever-

sent appreciation of values, there was the most sense of the relation of the solo instrument to the orchestra. Conventional words of praise are here a mockery. Such a performance is an event in these days of musical sentimentalism, affectation, eccentricity and worship of personality; it puts the player in the very front rank of pianists.

The noble, passionate overture of the harkowsky gains in effect with each hearing. The objection has been urged against it that there is too much shock of warring factions; but does not the prologue of the play itself lay stress on the ancient grudge, the new intimacy, civil blood making civil hands unclean? Without the riots in the streets of Verona, Romeo, having wedded his second sweetheart, would have grown old and fat and bald. There is not love enough in this overture; for nothing can so easily as the noble sensuousness of the chant of love, the chant of despairing, triumphant passion.

The other numbers are familiar to our concert-goers and do not call for comment.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday will be as follows: Dramatic overture (M.S.), Miss Lang; Scherzo capriccioso, op. 66, Haydn; symphony, C minor, No. 9 (B and H.), Haydn. Mr. Max Heinrich will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

April 4-93

"THE MOUNTBANKS."

"The Mountbanks," a comic opera by Gilbert and Cellier, was given last night at the Boston Theatre by the Lillian Russell Company. It was the first production in this town.

The methods of Mr. Gilbert are well known. He assumes an absurd premise and draws from it stern logical deductions. A paradox is to him an established fact. His grotesque fancy is controlled by knowledge of human nature. Satire is the familiar speech of his characters. He has a rare lyrical gift; he can ring the changes on the everyday emotions, but his graceful sentiment accentuates the kindly cynicism which prevents the sentiment from becoming deep or genuine.

For a time it seemed that the vein he worked was inexhaustible. His later librettos show that his fancy is less nimble; his humor is not as rich; his wit is blunted; his characters are replicas of admired originals of former years.

The motive of "The Mountbanks" is found in his play, "The Palace of Truth." The bawdiness with their sweethearts are our old friends, the Pirates of Penzance. Yet there are in this libretto pleasing lyrics, amusing situations and witty lines. Gilbert's hand has not yet completely lost its cunning, but the old spontaneity, the constant surprises, the lucid flow of repartee and fantastic ideas—these elements of his success are not as abundant, not as sharply defined as we have a right to expect from this skillful playwright.

The action drags. Too often a character enters without reason, merely to sing a song, as in the first part of the second act. The young lover and the girl are extraneous to the play. After the usual potion has been swallowed, the results are shown in numerical order that the second act resembles a "grand olio" in which "artists" appear each in a "specialty."

And yet from the purely literary standpoint this libretto assumes gigantic proportions when it is compared with adaptations and original texts of the average comic opera of the day. If the business of the Duke and Duchess is stale, the tragic clown, on the other hand, the clown

"Who cannot for money be vulgarly funny
My object's to make you reflect!"

is a creation worthy of the Gilbert of old. "I've played the first acts, and the first acts alone, of all our tragedies. No human eye has seen me in the second act of anything. On my last appearance I played the moody Dane. As no one else had ever played him, so I played that Dane, Gods! how they laughed! 'Laugh on,' said I; 'laugh on and laugh your fill—you laugh your last! No man shall ever laugh at me again. I'll be a clown!' I kept my word—they laugh at me no more." Alas, such speeches are too rare. The lines too often seem labored.

Cellier wrote the music of "The Mountbanks" when he was a prey to the disease that killed him. In view of the tragic end of this amiable musician, it seems hard to complain of the quality of his last work. Undoubtedly the composer was sick at head and at heart; for the music of "The Mountbanks" is weak, untuneful, commonplace. There are few traces in "The Mountbanks" of the hand that wrote the trio "Be wise in time" in "Dorothy." There is hardly a tune that lingers in the mind after the fall of the curtain; there is little in the construction that arrests the attention of the musician. It is very seldom that the music fits the words or the scene. Once or twice, there is a passing memory of ensembles of the pleasing and hearty English school; but as a whole the music is dull.

The company is excellent. Miss Russell was

a constant pleasure to the eye, and she sang, as a rule, with skill. Although Mr. Hayden Coffin is still suffering from an attack of the influenza, he made a favorable impression as a singer, which was not dispelled by his rudimentary attempts at dramatic action. Mr. Louis Hamlet Harrison was exceedingly funny as Bartolo, the tragic clown, and he was ably assisted by Miss Laura Ophelia Clement in his attacks on the ribs of the audience. Miss Baker, Miss Dore and Messrs. W. J. Carleton, Charles Dunagan and George Broderick were excellent in their respective parts. The chorus was made up of shapely, well-favored and sportive girls; the costumes were pretty; the scenery was fresh and handsome and the setting of the second act called forth deserved applause. The enlarged orchestra was under the control of Mr. Charles Puerner. The performance in a word was admirable, and yet the music was a wet blanket to the spirit of the large audience. It is true that Miss Russell was loudly applauded after her airs, and the efforts of the other members of the company were appreciated fully. But the merry jingle of Sullivan's measures was sadly missed; and even the Muse of Gilbert seemed at times to be under the influence of a thrice-slept narcotic.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Fourth and Last Chamber Concert of Mr. Carl Baermann.

The fourth and last of Mr. Carl Baermann's chamber concerts was given last evening in Union Hall. Mr. Baermann was assisted by Mr. C. M. Loeffler, Mr. Kuntz, Mr. H. Heindl and Mr. Schulz. The programme was as follows:

Quartette for piano, violin, viola and 'cello, E flat major, Op. 114.....Mozart
Sonata quasi una Fantasia, C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2.....Beethoven
Fifteen variations and fugue, E flat major, Op. 35.....Beethoven
Quintette for piano, two violins, viola and 'cello, C major, Op. 114.....Rheinberger

The pianoforte quartette of Mozart in E flat, composed in 1786, is perhaps, not as familiar as its companion, but it is a charming work, and the larghetto is of rare beauty. It is interesting to note conflicting statements of the time. According to Nisdon the publisher Hoffmeister refused to continue a projected series of these quartettes on the ground that the people found them too hard and would not buy them. A correspondent of the Journal of Fashion (1788) wrote that the madness of the day was to play and hear these "quadtros" in large social gatherings, and he sighed for a quiet room with two or three appreciative listeners, although there would then be "no eclat, no fashionable applause, no conventional praise." These quartettes are broader in conception and in treatment than much of the chamber music written by Mozart at the time for amateurs and pupils; there is more seriousness and, at times, passion enters. The quartette was well played last evening. The quintette by Rheinberger was given with a breadth and a spirit that evidently gave the audience much pleasure.

Mr. Baermann gave a thoughtful and unexaggerated performance of the familiar sonata. It is now the fashion not only here, but in foreign lands, to pay more attention to the personality of a player and to the display of the personality than to the music played. The music lover that cares first of all for the music itself must have been charmed by the artistic modesty shown in the performance of Mr. Baermann. The variations were given with the intelligence and the skill that characterize the playing of Mr. Baermann when he is fully in the vein. And yet the selection was perhaps unfortunate, for the day of pianoforte variations in public is over, even when they are signed by the mighty name of Beethoven. The pianist was loudly applauded.

PHILIP HALE.

April 5. 93 (21)

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, April 2, 1893.

THE last concert by the Kneisel Quartet this season was given the 27th ult. in Chickering Hall.

The program was as follows:

Quartet, D major, op. 64, No. 5.....Haydn
Sonata Tragica, for piano (first time).....MacDowell
Quartet, A major, op. 41, No. 3.....Schumann

The pianist was Mr. E. A. MacDowell.

The sonata provoked loud discussion. Some think it bombastic, affected and an inducer to gaping. Others think it a strong, original and exciting work. All agree that it was well played.

There are amateurs here who were in the habit of regarding Mr. MacDowell as a stray colt, kicking up his heels and sniffing the air as he pranced at will in the unfenced region of romanticism. They were willing to admit the grace and the strength of the animal, but they would fain pen him, that they might examine him knowingly, stroke him, thump him, look down his throat for a proper understanding and appreciation of him. Now that Mr. MacDowell has written a sonata, these amateurs stand close to the pen, the colt is within reach. For they know the district school rules for the construction of a fugue, even if do not exactly understand the worth of the material in the builder's hands. According to these amateurs, this "Sonata Tragica" is the finest of the works of this composer; but the highest praise they give is this: "Now, this music is intelligible." Why is it "intelligible" to them? Because forsooth they are prepared for certain things, they expect certain things, and by the laws of the sonata their expectations are gratified, yes, gluttoned. The obedience of the composer is then a tribute to their knowledge. But when Mr. MacDowell indulges himself in a symphonic poem or a piece of pure fantasy, these same amateurs are left to their own imagination for enjoyment. They feel the ground slipping away, or it is as though they had one foot in the shivering sands and already felt helpless.

Mr. MacDowell calls his sonata "tragic." He gives no text. The hearer may weave his own thoughts as he pleases. The first movement seems to me the most noble and beautiful of the four. The themes are strongly contrasted, and the second motive is a thing of exquisite fancy, very characteristic of the composer. The close of this movement is effective. The third movement seems to me large and impressive, full of Elizabethan tragedy. But I declare frankly that I now see no reason for the existence of the second and the fourth movements. I do not deny the possibility that there are strong passages therein, but to me the movements are without suggestion. Repeated hearings would very likely change these unfavorable impressions, but after one performance the only remembrance is a mighty straining of the composer with little result.

It is perhaps needless to say that the playing of the quartet was admirable from beginning to end. Mr. Kneisel had intended to bring out the new work of d'Albert in manuscript, but he has been far from well, and he had not the strength for the necessary rehearsals.

The Fadette Ladies' Orchestra gave a concert in Chickering Hall the 28th ult. It is a singular feature of Ameri-

can sentimentalism, and we find this also in England, that the female musician, whether she plays the piano, banjo or tuba, or sings Brahms or Braham, is never a woman, girl, maiden, wife, widow, spinster, relict, dame, goody, gammer, lass, damsel, nymph, but always a lady. This speaks well for our civilization.

The Fadette Orchestra is thus composed: two first violins, two second, one viola, one 'cello, one doublebass, one flute, two clarinets, two cornets, one trombone, one drummer, a pianist. Miss Carrie B. Nichols is the concert-master, and her attack is virile and incisive. The program was as follows:

March from "Leonore," symphony.....Raff
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
Schlummerlied from "Serenade for Strings".....Hoffman
Menuet.....Edith Sweepstone
String Orchestra.

Finale from symphony in C Dur, No. VII.....Haydn
Hungarian Fantasia.....Brahms-Moses

And what, pray, was the nature of the performance? Wild horses could not drag from me one disagreeable word. Criticism is disarmed when beauty gives the treasures of her lungs to a trombone and grace applies red and pouting lips to a clarinet.

It is a pleasure, however, to observe women, old or young, venting musical enthusiasm on other instruments than the piano. It may be said honestly that there was much to applaud in the performance as well as in the endeavor of this orchestra. If there were occasionally impure intonation, there was, on the other hand, a careful observance of nuances, as well as a display of general musical intelligence. And I take off my hat to the concert master. She led with the authority of a centurion. In olden days she might have been a captain of Amazons, not stage Amazons, with curious evolutions, but real Amazons, who obeyed their leader to the death.

Mr. and Mrs. Aptommas gave a harp and piano recital in Chickering Hall the 29th ult. I admire and honor the simple patriotism of Mr. Aptommas, the worthy descendant of Welsh bards. His very program was impressive:

Her Majesty the Queen of England commanded Aptommas to appear at Balmoral Castle November 10, 1891.

Why is this announcement not as grand as the passage from the Book of Daniel that fired the imagination of De Quincey: "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand?"

The program was made up of operatic potpourris, arrangements of Welsh, English and Irish melodies, and "Home, Sweet Home" was included. Mr. and Mrs. Aptommas united their skill in a great Lenten fantasia, "The Christian," a musical illustration of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This fantasia is divided into three parts, "The Awakening," "The Cross," "Trials and Glorification." There was no express musical painting of "Vanity Fair" or "The Slough of Despond."

The ancient glory of the harp still lends interest to the handsome instrument of modern days; this interest is historical, for the musician soon wearies of its solo shower of arpeggios. It still is an attractive piece of furniture, or an accentuation of the enticing arms of woman; it is valuable aid to the orchestra; but the nervous concert goer of today is not named Saul, and he is not soothed by the skill of the harp player.

Bach's Passion Music, according to Matthew, was given by the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Good Friday night, in Music Hall. The solo singers were Miss Franklin, Mrs. Carl Alves, Messrs. Wm. Dennison, Heinrich Meyn, Max Heinrich. Mr. Lang was the organist and Mr. H. G. Tucker was the pianist.

The performance was in reality a religious function. Chorus and orchestra were in sombre garb; the audience was urged to join in singing certain chorals, and requested to refrain from applause. Although many numbers were omitted, the performance lasted nearly three hours.

But why should this particular work of a foreign people be brought to this country, and a brave attempt be made at acclimatization? Are the endless, unvoiced, unmusical recitatives of "the Evangelist" a pleasure to either singer or hearer? If a reader of ordinary intelligence read the sacred text, would not the effect be more agreeable? Or are duets and airs wherein the voice is merely an instrument used in contrast with another instrument, or employed in knotting and unknotting contrapuntal riddles of emotional or religious interest? The chorals are, it is true, inseparably connected with the experiences, the emotional lives of thousands of good Germans, the melodies recall sacred moments, ineffable joys and poignant sorrows; heredity enters in and strengthens the hold of these chorals on German hearts. But what are they to us? Solemn or tender, or exultant music of present effect and historical meaning, but they are without personal association. Years ago, and perhaps it is the custom now in certain hillside towns, it was the habit in Vermont to sing the strange tune "China" at funeral services. The words were from "Watts and Select":

Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

I see that in the edition of 1854 the tunes "Eastport" and "Spencer" are suggested, but "China" is the only

melody. Now many a gray-headed man, hearing this same "China" in an unexpected place, or at an incongruous time, or even hummed in derision of ancient New England psalmody, would at once think of bygone days and men and women and little children, careless now, or idly watching zenith sun or drifting snow. To the German this choral is as "China" to the Vermonter; that choral is as "Federal Street" but the chorals are to us as a people without inner significance.

The performance was excellent, an honor to the society. Mr. Dennison acquitted himself well of a thankless and trying task: the purity of his intonation more than atoned for occasional excesses in sentiment. Mr. Max Heinrich declaimed his recitatives with rare intelligence, and his delivery of the air "Give Me Back My Dearest Master" was one of the most masterly achievements of vocal art that has been heard here for years; the delivery of the air was quickened by a dramatic fervor that was free from exaggeration of any sort, and the enthusiasm of the singer did not lead him from the path of song.

The program of the twentieth Symphony concert was as follows:

Overture, fantasy, "Romeo and Juliet".....Tchaikowsky
Concerto for piano, No. 2.....Liszt
Praeludium, adagio and gavot.....Bach-Bachrich
Symphony No. 4.....Beethoven

Mr. Busoni was the pianist, and his performance was one of extraordinary merit. The technical difficulties were forgotten in the ease of the conqueror. There was a display of the keenest sense of values; the virtuoso was not obtrusive; he was one of the orchestra under the direction of a leader, and yet he made his presence felt by his self-restraint, as well as by his triumphant abandonment of the reins when occasion called for speed and brilliancy. It was indeed a performance of the very first rank, and it is not surprising that the applause of the audience was spontaneous, thundering and long continued. The noble overture of Tchaikowsky was nobly played.

Mr. Paderewski gave his sixth recital yesterday afternoon in a crowded music hall. I was not able to be present, but I am told on good authority that his performance showed symptoms of natural fatigue.

Easter was celebrated throughout the city by elaborate musical services. Liszt's "Graner" Mass was given under the direction of Mr. Augusto Rotoli, at St. James'. The D minor of Cherubini was sung at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross and at the Immaculate Conception. Extracts from Gounod's "Mass of the Sacred Heart" were given at the Church of the Advent.

Miss Crocker will be the soprano at Trinity on May 1, when Mr. H. W. Parker assumes control. Miss Montgomery, of Portsmouth, N. H., is engaged as soprano at the Park Street Church. Miss Harriet Whittier will be the soprano at Dr. E. E. Hale's church. PHILIP HALE.

April 93

Instances of acute bibliomania, shown in the acquisition of octavos, quartos and folios without giving a pecuniary equivalent, are by no means rare, and there is an old saw that a collector has no conscience. It is not perhaps so much the desire to read the purloined book, for this is an age of great public libraries; it is the overmastering itch to possess the book, to pat it gently at will, to stroke it, to put it under the pillow. Charles Lamb knew "the intense delight" of having folios (huge armfuls) in his embraces. What bibliophil does not secretly agree to the old rule of bibliophilistic morality, "no harm in stealing a book if he does not mean to sell it, but to keep it." And yet public opinion, morality and the courts look askew at such a sentimental maxim.

There is question again concerning the exceptions to the alien contract labor, and the question comes up concerning the new leader of the Symphony Orchestra, whether his calling is "a recognized profession." The great artists of former generations were more lucky. Cellini, Handel, Andrea del Sarto, Orlando Lassus, when they visited foreign lands, were not confounded with stone-cutters, metal-workers, sign painters and street pipers, nor were, indeed, opportunities of business denied the latter if they changed their sky. It must be confessed that the conduct of certain Western Congressmen, irrespective of party, brings to mind Thackeray's description of George the First, Star of Brunswick:

"He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But he liked train-oil in his sabers,
And gave an enlightened patronage
To bad oysters."

A correspondent informs us, apropos of our remarks concerning the misuse of knife and fork, that "the niceties of table manners are but of modern invention and perhaps superfluous. When Leicester sat down at meat with Queen Elizabeth in his castle, he laid before her a silver fork; the act of courtesy was then regarded by the brave and the beautiful as a 'monstrous sign of voluptuousness.'" The correspondent speaks of the comparatively late introduction of a properly equipped fork in New England households. Yes, it is true that knives were before forks, just as the silicious leaves of various reeds and grasses were before knives. It is true that members of the German aristocracy, looking upon the knife as the heroic weapon, use it as a conveyor of food, a flavorer of sauce, while the fork serves merely as a harpoon or steadying staff. But it is also true that William Cobbett boasted of never spending more than 35 minutes a day at the table, all meals included. Attention paid to the decencies of life is not fastidiousness, and bolting of food in wild and ugly fashion frets the temper, as in the case of Cobbett, who was an impatient, irascible man, always in strife and litigation and sometimes in jail.

Dinner is a refreshment, and should be such, most of all to the anxious, as Leigh Hunt well says; and who has written more entertainingly concerning eating than this neglected essayist? Hunt disliked to see a woman carving, "acting the part of Judith, and heaving away at a great piece of beef!" He did not like the custom of serving up "dishes that retain a look of 'life in death'—codfish with their staring eyes." Nor would he allow "anxious subjects" to be discussed at the table. Hunt was not alone in his careful regulation of gulosity. Dr. Johnson often remarked "that wherever the dinner is ill-got, there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity," and long before him it was said in Ecclesiasticus, "a cheerful and good heart will have a care of his meat and drink."

April 8-93

ABOUT MUSIC.

Thoughts Suggested by the
"Passion Music" of Bach.

Certain Hymn Tunes That Have
a Meaning.

The Pleasing Rashness of an Eng-
lish Critic.

The seventy-eighth season of the Handel and Haydn Society is now a thing of the past. These works were performed during the season: "The Messiah," Cherubini's Mass, D minor, No. 2; Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," Bach's "Passion Music," According to Matthew, and Handel's "Samson."

The Handel and Haydn Society believes in the necessity of giving "The Messiah" Christmas and Bach's Passion music Good Friday. This choice admits of discussion. Few, perhaps, would protest against the annual habit of listening to "The Messiah" at Christmas, but why should there be such a strenuous attempt to adopt the child of Bach and make it the Benjamin of the musical household? Far be it from me to deny the overwhelming majesty of certain portions of this work; the majesty, however, lives chiefly in certain choruses. The greater part of the recitative and certain airs are dull; they are devoid of dramatic expression. They do not suggest religious emotion. For religious emotion varies in artistic expression from century to century; it is also affected in the means of expression by climate, custom and hereditary influences. The recitative and airs in the "Passion Music" may have appealed irresistibly to the people who heard the first performance in Leipzig; although the Council was still deaf to Bach's petition for aid in the betterment of the choir.

It is idle to argue whether the musical expression of religious emotion is nobler in one century than in another, just as it is a vain thing to compare the composer of to-day with the composer of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Men and works must be judged by the men and the works of their own time.

The present age may be sick. Its nerves may be diseased; its taste may be capricious and morbid. It is possible that we are in a state of artistic decay. It is possible, on the other hand, that we are in a healthy artistic condition. We are hardly able to accurately find out our real standing. The same complaints against the age, composers, singers and players and audiences are found in the books of all centuries, wherever and whenever music is mentioned.

Now, while nearly every one recognizes the musical might of Bach as it is revealed in the "Passion Music," many, and they are among the most profound students of this composer, find a truer expression of religious feeling, as it now is, in his instrumental works than in his oratorios and cantatas. They would name, for instance, the seventh fugue, the ninth fugue in the second part of "The Well-tempered Clavier," or many of the preludes, toccatas and fugues written for the organ. "The Passion Music" awakens in their imagination, as in that of Saint-Saens, "a sensation analogous to that excited by a picture by Memling or an engraving by Durer."

These airs of Bach were cast in the Bach mold and the Bach mold did not have the flowing lines and the graceful curves of the Handel pattern; nor, indeed, does the pattern of Handel invariably win modern sympathy and respect. With dull recitative, and with stiff, angular airs, it is difficult to appeal to a modern audience, even when the hearers are moved by the occasion, by the mighty power of the choruses, or when they feel the influence of fetich worship. And to certain estimable amateurs, as Gervinus and Chrysander and their modern disciples, Bach is a fetich and Handel is a fetich. Whatever is signed by either of these composers is good; not only good, but of surpassing merit.

Bach followed Sebastiani and Keiser in the introduction into Passion music of contemporary recitatives, airs and chorals, and he used the latter "with the design of enlisting the voices as well as the sympathies of the congregation." Bach selected from among a wealthy store of well-known hymn tunes those which had the greatest influence over the minds of German worshippers, tunes set to various words inseparably associated with the sentiments, affections, life and citizenship of the people.

Our audiences are invited to join in the singing of certain chorals of the work. What significance have these chorals to New Englanders? No peculiar meaning whatever.

To the German these chorals are laden with associations. They remind him of peculiar personal feelings, of particular scenes and events that were concerned with family, love, life and death. To the New Englander these tunes mean nothing; he may be impressed by their solemnity, but that is all. On the other hand it he has passed the zenith of the life-day calculated by Mose, in his psalm, he will remember tunes that came from the high choir galleries of meeting houses and were heard in the homes of the farmer, the storekeeper, the handicraftsman, and the petty official. Some of these tunes bring to mind the long prayer, the heavily-craped widow, the smell of caraway seed. Others recall a hillside burial or a family gathering. The melodies sung by the villagers of the past generation were not so many that the tunes of the church did not enter into the daily life. There were the political ditties sung at the store after supper and at the neighboring academy might bring back with her songs as "Love Not" and "The Pirate's Bride," to the delectation of her family and the envy of her sisterhood. But the girl was more likely to hum a tune wedded to words from "Watts and Select," as she worked in the kitchen, or waited at dusk until her sweetheart was through with his chores. It seems only yesterday that I heard a mother singing softly her baby to sleep, and yet it was over thirty years ago, and the little city of the present then gloried in being a town. And what, pray, was her lullaby? It was a well-known hymn:

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world."

These tunes were whistled by the Postmaster as he sorted the mail; by the log-sledder; by the man at the grist mill; by the boy as at night he hurried past the graveyard; by the farmer as he looked at the clock in the sky.

The words associated with the tunes enlivened railway and sweetened courting; they comforted the mourner; they served as weighty arguments in town meeting.

"Amsterdam" and "China," "Christmas" and "Tallis," "Duke Street" and "Dundee," "Jordan" and "Hebrou" might well awaken sad and joyous memories in the breast of a New Englander. But what to him are the tunes of Hans Lo Hasier and Company? Nothing but music without long-continued association of ideas.

Bach's "Passion Music" in a concert hall of this city, however well it may be performed and with black-robed choristers and well-disposed audience, can never produce the impression, can never arouse the deep note of devotion as when it is sung in the presence of the people of Germany, to whom the chorals serve as an accompaniment from the cradle to the grave.

If the work is given in one evening it must necessarily be cut, and with heroic incisions. The music does not inspire such emotional frenzy that the flight of time is unnoticed by an audience of modern and impatient nerves.

If the imperious voice of the people demands the annual performance of "The Messiah" and "The Passion Music," and these works are given as drawing cards, two evenings are left in the year for the performance by the Handel and Haydn of other large works. Let us here quote Saint-Saens: he is speaking of the Birmingham Festival: "In England, Handel is the daily bread of every musical festival. Since the foundation of the Birmingham Festival, 'The Messiah' has been performed every season. Since the production of 'Elijah,' that work has been also regularly performed. These two works are destined to figure eternally in the programmes of the festival. This induces monotony, and one saunders at the thought of what would happen if another work should so master the popular favor." Saint-Saens explains this devotion by the statement that England is neither Protestant nor Roman Catholic in the usual meaning of the term: "England is Biblical, and the Old Testament holds nearly the same place in its religion as in the Jewish religion."

There is at present a growing disinclination to kindly accept either Bach or Handel in bulk. The strength of "Samson" was last Sunday a

weariness to the flesh. Would "Theodora," or "Solomon," or "Balsazzar" have been more fortunate? I doubt it.

It is well to remember the mighty men of days of old. It is also a good thing to recognize the ability of modern composers. Let the men of our time have a hearing at least. It Handel once wrote "Deborah" it is not absolutely necessary that we should know it to the exclusion of "St. Francis of Assisi," by Edgar Finel. If Bach wrote church cantatas without number, Moratio W. Parker's "Horn Novissima" is certainly worthy of consideration. We should be no longer controlled by the spell of a great name. Music did not die with Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven or even Wagner; it will not die with that marvellous man, Verdi.

Nor is religious music confined to any nation to any period. The oratorio in its classical form, as a species of musical art, seems to have run its course. We may admire the old works with hearty admiration; but the claims of the moderns, whether they be French, Belgians, Italian, Germans, Russians or Americans, should not be passed by unnoticed. Nor are we so well acquainted with the masterpieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that we can afford to confine our attention to Bach and Handel. One of the most important elements of appreciation in art is the faculty of discrimination. If we have no opportunity for discrimination, of what worth is our appreciation?

The Handel and Haydn Society perhaps recognized the value of these points in giving Mr. Chadwick's "Phoenix Express" during the season. The result justified the experiment; for no work during the season was more eagerly heard or more thoroughly enjoyed.

The musical critic of the Pall Mall Gazette is still under fire on account of the recent and bold attack on Brahms, which was reprinted in the Journal. To quote his own words: "One paper has determined that any expression of unfavorable criticism in regard to this writer of musical copy is the sign of an entirely foolish mind; another—even so grave an organ as the Guardian—speaks with large scorn of the 'culmination' of the Pall Mall Gazette." We would call attention, however, to the fact that none has ever denied the astonishing technical accomplishments of this musical leader-writer; it is so astonishing and overwhelming that one is almost—almost persuaded by it to be a Brahmsite. This is the only observation which it is necessary to make in connection with such criticism, for we are more or less convinced that often in the world of "unthought," technical accomplishment is accepted for artistic achievement."

The musical notes of this writer are well worth reading, for he has marked opinions of his own, an incisive way of stating them and a refreshing carelessness as to the effect on his countrymen and readers. The other day he discussed the value of folk-songs; he first stabbed the ingenious Mr. Hadow under the fifth rib; he then violated the conventional rules of English patriotism by referring to the "imitation—the almost barbarous expression" of English folk-songs; and he closed with these lines, which by the way, are antagonistic to the theory of Wagner, Hadow & Co., viz: "The music of a nation, the racy, native music of a people singing just what their skies inspire them to sing, is the highest expression of which music is capable."

The reply of the Pall Mall man deserves a separate paragraph.

"For the trial of the antiquary and the historian is always damaging to art, and it is the antiquary who speaks when a man declares that national songs are the summit of artistic achievement. This is the voice of a man who cares only for the niggling records of an historical past, not for the broad artistic performance which belongs neither to the past nor to the future, but to a kind of everlasting present. There are we are content to combat with complacency the theories which have been lately put forward with much persistence concerning the high value of national song. There is a value in national song undoubtedly, as we have said; but it is a parochial, a local value, which only makes revelations of a certain national temperament. Compare such national songs, for example, to what may fitly be called the songs of the world. Compare, for example, 'Yo Banks and Braes'—which is among the finest of its kind—to 'Omra mai fu' or 'Batti, Batti.' On the first there is everywhere the sign of eccentricity, of mannerism; but on the second where shall you find any hall mark which proclaims them the possession of a parish? For these are not national in any sense of the term; they are a universal possession, and are distinguished only by their own large and spacious beauty." * * * The distinction suffices."

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Twenty-first Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-first Symphony concert was as follows:

Dramatic Overture (manuscript)—first time, Margaret R. Lang
Ratze and aria, "Faust".....Spohr
Symphony, C minor, No. 9 (B. and H.).....Haydn
Songs with piano—
"Die Allmacht".....Schubert
Two movements from Suite No. 1, F major, op. 39, Moszkowski
Scherzo Capriccioso, op. 66.....Dvorak
Mr. Max Heinrich was the singer.

The phrase *Place aux dames* should be without meaning on the concert stage.

The conductor of an orchestra should judge of the fitness of a composition proposed for performance without consideration of the sex of the composer.

Sex is here an accident.

A symphony is not good because the young and talented composer has suffered acutely from indigestion. A badly written song is still bad, even if the author sold newspapers at the age of six. The sufferings or the joys of the individual may color the composition and give it individuality, but its musical worth is not accurately determined by mere mention of sickness or health, poverty or riches, religious belief or sex.

A concert devoted to the education of popular taste should not be turned into a class-room exercise for the purpose of testing compositions of students for the discovery of merit and the correction of faults.

Nor should music itself be turned into a hot-house for the purpose of forcing talent. It is the duty of a conductor to put gallantry in his pocket and examine carefully the score even when the work is presented by a blushing maiden, a matron of reserve or a toothless croon.

These observations of a general nature may be applied in part to the case of Miss Lang, who has in the past given undeniable proofs of her possession of a musical nature. She has shown in certain songs with pianoforte accompaniment a pretty knack of melody, and her compositions have been often characterized by refinement and grace. But there is a mighty difference between a song and a "dramatic overture" for orchestra.

In the present instance Miss Lang has little to say, although she seeks many means of expression. Her themes are neither of marked originality nor of musical importance. The working-out is not so much working-out as working-after something. There is no apparent definite purpose, or the purpose is littered away in the search after effects. As an overture, the piece is amorphous. Dramatic, to be sure, is a comparative term, but in the common acceptance of the word, there is not one dramatic stroke in the whole work, nor is there a climax. As a fantastic tone poem, it is vague. Miss Lang finds at her disposal the orchestral paint box, and she colors her themes with this instrumental tablet and with that one; thus she gains, occasionally, a piquant effect, a pleasing passage, but the whole lacks coherency and is diffuse.

In a word, this composition might well please the eye of a prudent and skilled teacher. He might look kindly at the pupil and say: "This is good; this shows promise; you are making progress. Now put it away and we will review our exercises in the strict style." He would not be satisfied with "the spirit of the form" or "the sympathy with the form." He would demand the thing itself and not its impalpable atmosphere.

The overture was applauded and there was a vain effort made to call the composer forward.

Mr. Heinrich's number with orchestra was the air from Spohr's "Faust," the air with the recitative that opens with these melodious words: "Der Hilde selbst will ich Sagen entzungen." Spohr wrote the part of Faust for a baritone, and yet in the opera the hero is obliged once to take a low E flat, and on another occasion he trills on a low G, in the air chosen by Mr. Heinrich there are old-fashioned and meaningless ornamental passages, and the air, as a whole, is

neither dramatic nor interesting. Although the singer often showed admirable control of the breath, and although he sang with intelligence, he did not appear to full advantage; for in pure cantabile of merely sensuous beauty and in ornamentation Mr. Heinrich is never as successful as in music of strongly marked dramatic character. He is powerful in the conception, and the carrying out of the diabolical, the terrible, the grotesque; he rides at ease in the storm of passion; he can be dignified in a priestly role; he rises with the intensity of an occasion. It is not surprising then that he was eminently successful in the songs by Schubert, or that he was recalled again and again after his impassioned delivery of them.

The orchestral numbers gave the audience much pleasure. A Haydn Symphony is always welcome, and the brilliant numbers of Moszkowski and Dvorak show the favorable side of modern instrumentation. The incidental solos contributed by Mr. Schulz and Mr. Molé were warmly applauded.

The programme of the next concert, the fifteenth, will be as follows: Schumann, overture, "Manfred"; Brahms, concerto for violin, D major; Busoni, symphonic tone poem (manuscript), first time; Weber, overture, "Oberon."

PHILIP HALE.

April 11-93

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA."

The Lillian Russell Opera Comique Company appeared last evening at the Boston Theatre in Lecocq's "Girofle-Girofla." Miss Russell sang the double role; Miss Clement was Paquita; Miss Leighton, Aurora; Mr. Haydn Coffin, Marasquin; Mr. Carleton, Mourzouk; Mr. Hallam, Pedro, and Mr. Louis Harrison, Don Bolero.

It was a great pleasure to hear again the sparkling music of Lecocq. The operetta is now nearly twenty years old, but the melodies are as fresh as when they first tickled the public ear. Lecocq is not only a melodist; he knows thoroughly his trade. His harmonies are often ingenious and often piquant; his contrapuntal knowledge was crowned long ago by the Paris Conservatory, and his instrumentation is discreet and effective. He might undoubtedly have achieved greater renown in more serious musical undertakings if he had not in his youth chosen the ephemeral success of operetta, but in this particular line, when he is at his best, he has few equals, and he has given musicians as well as the public legitimate pleasure, for in his fooling he is the trained musician.

It is a truism to say that the flavor of French operettas is lost in the English adaptations. The version used by the Russell Company is by Mr. Woodward, assisted by Mr. Cheever Goodwin. The text is not as mangled as is too often the case in the preparation of French lines for our audiences. One may regret the loss of the charming duet in the third act between Marasquin and Girofle, and the conventional words that are substituted are a sorry exchange, but it may be said that the adaptation as a whole serves its purpose, and is fairly respectful to the French librettists.

The performance of last evening was in many respects excellent. From the purely vocal standpoint there was much to praise. It is seldom that the part of the twin sisters is so agreeably sung as it was by Miss Russell. There have been actresses here who have shown more devilry, or have been more subtle in suggestion. The French women are not easily surpassed in such roles, and poor Alice Oates rioted on the stage as though Gallic blood ran in her veins. So, too, the Bolero of French actors is a different nobility from the one presented by Mr. Harrison. And yet when the efforts of all the members of the company were

so honest and often successful it is hardly worth while to indulge in comparisons. It may justly be said that the twin sisters as represented by Miss Russell were eminently respectable and showed judicious parental training, and they gave ample assurance of a future quiet and orthodox domestic life. One might demand more archness, more sprightliness, and that peculiar quality of action that almost totters over the border line and yet is artfully innocent. In keeping on the safe side. On the other hand, Miss Russell displayed more than her usual animation, and her punch song was free from exaggeration and vulgarity. She was most heartily applauded throughout the evening, and, with the leading members of the company, she was called before the curtain after the second act.

Mr. Harrison was very funny as the perplexed father and Messrs. Coffin and Carleton were satisfactory in their respective parts. The chorus sang with spirit, although once or twice they required the close attention of the conductor. The operetta was mounted sumptuously and the decorations and lighting of the second act were most effective. All in all, the performance is well worth seeing; and it is to be regretted that "Girofle-Girofla" was not announced for the first night of the engagement. The operetta will be played throughout the week.

PHILIP HALE.

April 13-93

MISS MAUD MURRAY.

Miss Maud Murray, the reader, was assisted in her entertainment last evening in Chickering Hall by Mrs. Leach and Messrs. George J. Parker, G. Campanari, H. Schuecker and E. Fiedler. The programme included, besides the rhetorical selection, songs and instrumental pieces. Although the entertainment was announced to begin at 8, the first number was not given until half an hour after, and as the programme was long, the exercises were protracted until a comparatively late hour.

Miss Murray is a woman of fine physique and commanding presence; not Amazonian, however, in her bearing, but very womanly. For one of heroic size she is graceful in movement, and the assumption of a character that demands lightness of touch is not beyond her capabilities. She showed a knowledge of girlish nature in Nora Perry's "To-morrow at Ten;" descriptive power in Fiske's "The Race of the Tiger Lily," and in "Consolator Optime," a long-winded story by J. J. Beckert, she held the attention of the audience by the display of her personality and the charm of her voice. Her voice, when used in speech, is of such agreeable quality that it is to be regretted that she essayed to sing. Miss Murray was warmly received and frequently applauded. Her other selections were the portion scene from "Romeo and Juliet," two pieces by Whitcomb Riley and "Break! Break! Break!" of Tennyson, with violin, harp and pianoforte accompaniment. The singers and players that assisted gave the audience much pleasure.

April 14-93

MUSIC.

New Compositions by Mr. Foote and Mr. Georg Henschel.

Mr. Arthur Foote gave a concert in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. He was assisted by Mrs. Mario B. Smith, Miss Carlsmith, George J. Parker, Clarence E. Hay and Aug. Sautet.

The programme was as follows:

Chaconne, G major.....Handel
Air and largo.....Bach—Saint Saens
Rhapsodie, G minor (op. 79, No. 2).....Brahms
Three pastoral pieces for oboe and pianoforte (op. 31).....Foote
Pianoforte suite in C minor (op. 30).....Foote
First time.

Five quartettes, the text being old Russian people's songs, and the music composed (op. 51), Henschel

First time.

Allegro agitato; from "Autour de ma chambre" (op. 140).....Heller

Waltz, E major (op. 34).....Moszkowski

The oboe was a welcome solo instrument in European concert halls from the time of Alessandro Bessozi (1700-1775) until about 1850, and the list of oboe virtuosos is a long one, full of illustrious names.

Here in Boston, Grandner, a pioneer in the musical development of the town, played in public about the beginning of this century oboe concertos by Le Brun and Fischer. For a long time the oboe was a rare instrument in this country. There were none in the New York orchestra that assisted the opera company of Garcia in 1825; nor was there one in the orchestra of the Canadian Allan Company in New York in 1833. However, in 1832 the pianager Montessor brought with him two Italian oboists, and in 1839 two oboists took part in the annual concert of the Esterhazy Society of New York.

A name, and an honored name, that is familiar to all Bostonians, appears on the programme of a Philharmonic concert, New York, April 17, 1847; for it was then that Senor de Ribas played an aria, for oboe, from a violin solo of De Beriot.

Of late years oboe solos here have been few and far between. During the season of '83-'84 Mr. de Ribas played in public the Rhapsodie of Schumann op. 94, with Mr. Tucker. In 1883 Mr. Sautet played a concerto for oboe in G minor, by Handel, at a Symphony concert; and in March of the same year this excellent player was heard in solos at a concert given by Mrs. Pexou.

Although the oboe has lost its popularity as a solo instrument, composers of to-day occasionally write for it; as, for instance, the Countess de Grandval, whose pieces are played delightfully by Giltet. Mr. Foote has written three amiable pieces of a pastoral nature for the instrument that was once an encouragement in battle and is now supposed to tell in music of country scenes and shepherds' loves. The first of these pieces seemed pretty and characteristic, and if the others did not make as vivid an impression it was no doubt the fault of the inherent monotony of the tones of the instrument, for a little oboe goes a great way.

Mr. Foote's new pianoforte suite is an eminently serious work that shows thought and labor rather than marked occasional originality or sustained flight of imagination.

Mr. George Henschel is a restless man, who spends his spare time in composition. Perhaps he reflects on the fleeting fame of the singer and wishes to be remembered as a builder of enduring musical structures. But these quartettes will not aid his purpose. They do not express in music the character of the words; they are tainted with insincerity; they are at times unvoiced without possible effect.

These quartettes were not well sung. The voices were not well balanced, and the soprano was too much in evidence. There was an apparent disregard of the nuances, and, in a word, there was more of individual effort than of ensemble.

Mr. Santet often showed himself the admirer of his instrument; but his attack was not always incisive, and his tone had not always the exquisite purity that characterizes his performance when he is fully in the vein.

Mr. Foote was applauded loudly after his solo numbers and after his own compositions. It would have been better if he had not included the rhapsody by Brahms among the pieces, for

it demands a player of more pronounced ability to make it intelligible or endurable.

PHILIP HALE.

April 14 - 1893

Why should a hackman be denied the luxury of whiskers, full beard, moustache, goatee, or any hirsute decoration, whether known as "sideboards," "mutton chops," "wind-splitters," "Sligos," or "County Galways?" Mr. Astor, however, insists on the enforcement of sumptuary laws, and the ukase has gone forth from the Hotel Waldorf. Although such laws are foreign to the true Republic, yet individual loss is here the public gain, in that prevarication, downright lying and extortion may be diminished if Jehu is obliged to show his face undisguised and naked to a searching eye. It requires long training to control a sensitive mouth so that the lips will not quiver and betray the speech of the tongue. Your hairy man can blush unseen, like the celebrated rose.

And so your ideal waiter exposes his face to the search of the investigator. Suppose, for instance, that the fish is fatigued by a long journey, and would prefer to rest, undisturbed. You thoughtlessly ask for it. Duty to the landlord prevents the waiter from warning you in words. The sense of duty may be mistaken, but it is none the less fine. And yet a twitching of the upper lip, a fleeting suspicion of a sardonic smile does not compromise Robert, and the guest is warned; whereas if a beard intervened the guest might lose confidence in fish and waiters.

April 15 - 1893

ABOUT HANS RICHTER.

Facts and Gossip Concerning the Celebrated Orchestra Conductor.

Boston may well plume herself if Hans Richter accepts the offer made to him and comes to us as the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His reputation was long ago established, and the years have only proved his natural gifts, his musical intuition, his catholic tastes, his mastery over players and his worth as a man as well as a musician.

Richter was born April 4, 1843, at Raab, Hungary.

His father was a director of church music in the town, and when his father died (1853) Hans entered into the Hofkapelle of Vienna as a choir boy. From 1860 to 1865 he studied in the Viennese Conservatory of Friends of Music. He studied the horn under Kleinbecke, and composition under Sechter and Hellmesberger. He also studied the piano forte. He was engaged as horn player in the Imperial Opera Orchestra of Vienna.

Esser called the attention of Wagner to Richter, and in 1866 and 1867 Richter dwelt with Wagner in Lucerne and copied the score of "The Mastersingers" for publication. With the assistance of Wagner, Richter was chosen choral director at the court opera in Munich, 1868. He afterward was director of the royal music. In 1869 Richter went to Paris to study there the state and conditions of music, but he was called to Brussels, where he directed the rehearsals of "Lohengrin," which was performed for the first time in that city March 22, 1870, at the Theatre de la Monnaie. The opera was given chiefly through the earnest efforts of Brassin, the late eminent pianist. Richter had amazing difficulties in his dealings with Vachot, the director of the theatre, while Singelée was the first of the orchestral conductors. Léon Dommerlin gives the following account:

"A good fellow, this Richter, and an excellent musician. You should have seen him with Daddy Vachot, whom he called in his broken French, 'Monsi Fajotte,' with the air of a savage boast that whets his teeth. For Richter, sweet as a lamb on ordinary occasions, was ferocious when hands were laid on his flail. Vachot was crazy to arrange everything; he wished to cut right and left. Richter howled in agony, and called to witness gods and men, singers, orchestra, stage carpenters and gentlemen wildly: 'He wishes to cut everything.' The triumphal idea of Vachot was to introduce a ballet in the second act, under the pretext that the act needed enlivening. That day Richter, strangled by indignation, thought he would die. Vachot, too, was near death, for Richter spoke seriously of choking him."

However, the performance was a great success.

Richter went to Vienna and then returned to Wagner and assisted him in the preparation of the "Nibelungen Ring" for press. In the spring of 1871 he was chosen conductor of the National Theatre, Pesth, and he stayed there until 1875. In that year he directed an orchestral concert in Vienna with overwhelming success, and he was called to the Imperial Opera and as conductor of the Philharmonic concerts, which positions he has since held with a few intermissions. In 1878 Richter was named second Chapel Master of the Hofkapelle. In 1879 he directed the Wagner performances at Bayreuth, and in 1877 he laid in London the foundations of his great renown in England.

Hanslick in his "Musikalisches Skizzenbuch," tells the story of Richter's first appearance in London.

It was in 1877 that Wagner was to direct in Albert Hall a festival, the programmes of which were selected from his works. Before his arrival, two conductors of London tried to lead the rehearsals—but in vain; conductors and players were utterly at sea. Richter grasped the stick and showed them the meaning of the music. The musicians were exceedingly glad. At the festival Wagner was tired out and nervous; he only conducted the lighter pieces from "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." Richter conducted all the other selections, and such was his success that he was called on to lead a performance of symphonies of Beethoven. Richter's friend Franke bestirred himself and arranged for three Richter concerts in 1880.

His orchestra in London numbers 100, and in Wagner concerts the number is increased. He insists on strict rehearsals, to which hearers are not admitted.

It is estimated that each of these London concerts, one rehearsal included, costs about \$2000. A full house brings in about \$3000.

It is difficult to choose from the many and

glowing eulogiums pronounced by experts on Richter's abilities.

Otto Lessmann of Berlin, a hyper-modern, praises the sincerity of the musician, and commends his leading for its freedom from conceit, personal originality, and all extravagance.

But he that wishes to study in advance the methods of Richter should read carefully Maurice Kufferath's "L'Art de Diriger l'Orchestre," Paris, 1890; for in this pamphlet of 100 pages are many interesting details concerning Richter, the conductor.

Richter is, for instance, scrupulous in the matter of the nuances. What Kufferath says concerning the famous orchestra of Brussels may be applied to our own organization: "These excellent violinists are, I think, too often merely virtuosos, and they play as such, with the bow on the string, giving constantly vibration to the tone." But Richter constantly insisted in rehearsals on piano, and was rigid in the observance of pianissimo. He was equally difficult to please in sustained forte.

He is a musician to the bone. His memory is remarkable, and he is fond of directing without the score. It is his habit after the final rehearsal to carefully go over the score to fix in his mind the intentions of the composer. His beat is imperious but simple. The rhythm is indicated with remarkable energy. At the same time he does not annihilate spontaneity; he does not reduce the orchestra to a machine. He is master because without intruding himself upon the players he does not abandon them. He vibrates with the players and they with him.

Above all, he does not direct, says Kufferath, for the audience; he is there simply for the orchestra; he regards nothing but the orchestra.

Let us hope that all these words are true. Let us also hope that he is not narrow, as has been suggested, but that he is a reasonable man who does not think that music is necessarily a thing of German invention, fostered by Germans alone.

April 15 - 1893

ABOUT MUSIC.

Concerning an Alleged Speech of Mr. Paderewski.

The Singular Influence of the Lotus Plant at Dinner.

Epigrams, Original or Borrowed, Are Often Boomerangs.

It was alleged early in the week, and I have not seen a denial of the allegation, that Mr. Ignace J. Paderewski of Poland made a speech at a dinner given in his honor by the Lotus Club of New York.

It is said that, in fact, he made two speeches. One was in English, and of complimentary nature. He praised everything in America; from oysters to audigoes; from natural gas to New York society.

While he spoke this place the dollars clinked joyously together in his pockets.

But it is said that he made another speech later in the evening.

Remember that the alleged speech was delivered "later in the evening."

The report that was telegraphed to different newspapers states that remarks were made by Messrs. H. E. Krehbiel and Reginald De Koven, the musical critics respectively of the Tribune and World, in which they spoke of their duties, trials and joys; or, to quote verbatim, "they gave away some of the secrets of the critical profession."

Mr. Paderewski then arose in his might and attacked the critics, fortissimo and inartelato. To quote again the reporter: "After they had finished, Paderewski eagerly asked to be allowed to say something in French. He arose, smiling very amicably, and in a language of which he had perfect command, proceeded to wipe the floor with critics in general."

And this is a Paderewskian fragment, according to the account of the reporter: "A critic is a man who cannot play, sing or speak. The gentleman who was kind enough to speak about his profession (referring to Mr. De Koven) does not know the difference between talent and mediocrity."

This report appeared in the Boston Herald of Sunday. The report that appeared in the Chicago Tribune differs slightly, but in two singular instances.

There is no mention of the fact that the eminent pianist "smiled very amicably." It is, therefore, not improbable that Paderewski, like Death, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," before he tore the trembling critics in pieces and batted deep upon them.

In the account in the Chicago Herald the name of Mr. Krehbiel is substituted for that of Mr. De Koven.

There are several explanations of Mr. Paderewski's singular behavior, as alleged. It is, in the first place, not at all unlikely that Mr. Paderewski never used the language attributed to him.

But let us take it for granted that he was correctly quoted.

The most rational explanation of his rhetorical exuberance is that he had partaken too freely of the Lotus plant served at the feast, and, instead of seeing him, the plant inflamed him, as is sometimes the case.

Or it is possible that he was annoyed by the steady glare of Mr. De Koven's monocle. Now, nothing is more distressing to a man of sensitive, nervous organization than a monocle screwed firmly in the eye of an onlooker. Yes, there is one thing more distressing, and that is a lorgnette—a deadly weapon of attack in the hand of a woman who thinks she is sure of her position and her dressmaker.

If the account in the Chicago Herald is correct, and it was Mr. Krehbiel that was singled out for slaughter, the rage of Paderewski may be attributed to certain articles which appeared in the New York Tribune, in which Mr. Krehbiel properly and sharply called attention to the element of Barnumism that characterizes in a measure the appearances of Mr. Paderewski just before his last, final, only and lingering farewell to this country.

I said at the start that I have not seen any denial of this allegation concerning the noble rage of the eminent pianist. Indeed, there has been a suspicious quietness in New York concerning the affair. It is also true that the intelligent and acute musical critic of Town Topics condemns Mr. Paderewski for his fulsome praise of the critics that partook with him of the Lotus plant.

And does not the fact that the description of Mr. Paderewski, with a critic in his hand, engaged in wiping the floor, appeared simultaneously in newspapers of different sections of the country, tend to prove that the imagination of an ingenious advertising agent was better than the heat of seven turncoats?

But, let us again suppose that Mr. Paderewski was a violator of hospitality, although it is difficult to believe that he, a courteous man, a man of gentle feeling and refinement, could so far forget himself as to wantonly spill salt at table. His speech had not the merit of originality; for his epigram comes down to us in various forms through the centuries.

The fact that his enemy had not written a book irritated him—affected him.

Aristarchus, the grammarian, commented on Homer "with incredible exactness" but in a manner rather too magisterial. Therefore, Saldenus accused him of finding fault with everybody and writing nothing himself. "Let other people should find fault with him," Saldenus lied, however, for Aristarchus made public works of his own. It may here be remarked that falsehood often accompanies this particular epigram, or is the tip of the arrow.

Martial made the same reflection:

"Or publish poems you yourself have writ,
Or, Laelius, cease to carp and rail at mine."

Regnier in his ninth satire beseeches those who censure him to publish something of their own.

"Let these censurers compose
A work, in language, sense, inventions rich,
Which we may criticize, as they do ours."

The celebrated Mr. Bayle observes that "very often such readers as have never wrote anything are more rigid and unjust in their censures than those who know by experience the great toil there is in composing."

The same thought is expressed by Coleridge, by Shelley and, in fact, by many moderns. Mr. Disraeli in Lothair reshaped the epigram.

But when the critic praises, presto, the complaint of the one criticised is turned in the twinkling of an eye to a complacent purr.

The performer or the composer says, "X is a man of intelligence; he knows his trade; he discriminates in judgment." And why is the praise of X thus sounded from the house-top? Because X wrote in flattering terms of the performer or the composer.

Nor is the judgment of a man who has devoted his time and energy to the mastery of an instrument necessarily above reproach, nor should it be received as though it were uttered amid convulsive terrors from the smoke-enveloped tripod.

There are many instances of the unjust and absurd judgments of composers and players and singers.

Beethoven, for instance, grew enthusiastic over Clementi and denied for some time the talent of Weber.

Chopin could see little or nothing in the piano compositions of Schumann.

Moschetes thought poorly of Chopin.

Mendelssohn could not take Berlioz seriously.

Perhaps, then, it is not surprising that Paderewski does not fully appreciate Mr. de Koven.

I have before this called attention to the delightful frankness of the speech of the musical critic of the Pall Mall Gazette. His notice of a concert given in London March 28 is worth reprinting, for the evil of which he complains exists here in Boston as well as in New York, Berlin, London or Paris. The notice is headed "The Amateur 'En Posé.'"

"We have said before, and we repeat it now with some emphasis, that public concerts given by students are a very great mistake. To bring forth for public examination and in the hope of public applause artists in intention, but by no means artists in effect, is a mistake which can not be protested against too severely.

The orchestral concert which under the direction of Dr. Mackenzie was produced at the St. James Hall yesterday afternoon by the students of the Royal Academy of Music was an excellent commentary upon this text.

Let us hasten to say that, considering the artistic stage at which the performers had arrived, the concert was—was speak strictly from this point of view—not uncommendable. But just now we desire to make criticism from the standpoint of an average and mature artistic stage.

Judged from this standpoint, how, if it be chronicled that Miss Minnie Robinson sang "Hear ye Israel" with a certain sweetness, but with so sad a monotony that you were

hotter

away into slumbers?—that Mr. T. ... the melancholy tricks of Italian oratorio ... but with an accomplishment that made ... —that Miss E. Reynolds played in ... oratorio and Shakespearean Concerto by Max ... with an Italian and a sense of quarter ... that brought water to the rock? ... if such words be written? Yet they are ... that are perfectly true, if not (as it may ...) perfectly deserved. In a sense such ... are not perfectly deserved, for it is a ... that one should not exactly judge the ... from the point of view of the complete

artist. Precisely. And therefore the amateur ... should not be permitted the vanity of posing as ... the complete artist; if the amateur persists in ... posing the amateur must abide by the conse-

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, April 9, 1893.

"SAMSON," an oratorio by Händel was given in Music Hall, Sunday evening the 2d by the Händel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. The solos were sung by Mrs. Nordica, Miss Rollwagen, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Plunket Greene and Gardner S. Lamson.

"And it came to pass afterward, that he loved a woman in the Valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah.

"And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee, every one of us, eleven hundred pieces of silver."—Judges XVI, 4, 5.

The story of Samson and Delilah has furnished the text for many musical works. Riemann gives this list of operas and oratorios: "Il Sansone," Italian oratorio by G. P. Colonna, Bologna, 1677, although there is no mention of this work by Walther, Fétis or by Riemann in his "Musik-Lexikon"; "Sansone accecato di Filistri," oratorio by F. A. Urio, Venice, about 1700; "Samson," German opera by C. Graupner, Hamburg, 1709; "Samson," grand opera, by Rameau. Voltaire made the sketch of a libretto for this opera, but the orthodox cried out against the audacity of "the infidel" in using a biblical subject for the stage, and they prevented the performance. Voltaire alludes to the fact in a note to the libretto published in 1752; in the note he refers to "Samson" appearing with "Harlequin" as a miracle worker at the Comédie-Italienne, and says that Rameau used the music written for "Samson" in other operas, as "Zoroastre."

The "Samson" of Rameau was given privately at the house of La Popelière and with success; "Samson," English oratorio by Händel, 1742; "Samson," oratorio by George von Pasterwitz, about 1770; "Samson," French oratorio by Lefroid de Mereaux, Paris, 1774; "Samson," oratorio by Rolle, 1785; "Samson," oratorio by Tuczek, 1809; "Samson," opera by Wenzel Müller, Prague, about 1808; "Il Sansone," Italian biblical opera, by Basili, given at the San Carlo, Naples, during Lent, 1824, with No-

zari and Lablache in the cast; "Samson," a French opera by Duprez, the famous tenor (the elder Dumas assisted in the libretto). Duprez in his "Souvenirs d'un Chanteur" calls this opera "my cherished work, in which I put the most of my heart, intelligence, time, and, I may say, myself." The first scene represented "Gaza" and the meeting of "Samson" and "Dalila"; the second was at Sorek, with the seduction and the treason; the third showed "Samson" grinding at the mill of the Philistines, and the fourth was the pulling down of the temple of Dagon. Pauline Viardot, Miss Duprez and Puget were the chief interpreters in the concert performance; Viardot was the mother of "Samson," "Méhala."

Duprez was unable to put his opera on the stage. Fould, the Minister of Fine Arts, told him the stage setting of the last act would cost over 100,000 frs., &c. Duprez then changed the words to suit a subject almost analogous, taken from the Crusades; the opera was then called "Zéphora." "Samson," however, was translated into Italian and German, and was given in concert form in Berlin in September, 1857. Duprez's account of his work contains many interesting and peculiar opinions concerning the character of opera in general. "Samson," a grand opera by Raff, has not been performed; at least I can find no note of a performance. Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delilah" has had a singular experience. It was finished about 1872, although in 1870 the second act was tried with Augusta Holmès, Henri Regnault, the painter, and Bussine. The same act was sung in 1874 at Mrs. Viardot's country place. She was "Delilah," and the other singers were Nicot and Auguez. The first act was sung Good Friday, 1875, at the Châtelet, Paris, in oratorio form, and the singers were Miss Bruant, Caisso and Manoury. The first operatic performance was in German, December 2, 1877, at Weimar, under the direction of Lassen, and with Miss von Müller, Ferenczy and Milde.

In 1880 the third act was given at a Colonne concert in Paris under the direction of the composer and with the assistance of Miss Walta, Lamarche and Lauwers. In 1883 the work was given at Hamburg with Sucher as Delilah, and it was afterward sung in the theatres of Cologne, Prague and Dresden. Its first performance as an opera in France was at Rouen, March, 1890, with Miss Bossi, Lafarge and Mondaud in the cast. It was first sung in Paris at the Eden Theatre, October 31, 1890, with Rosine Bloch, Talazac and Bachy. Afterward it was sung at Lyons, Marseilles, Aix-les-Bains, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Nantes, Montpellier, Nice, Dijon, Florence, Geneva. It was given in concert form in Brussels under Saint-Saëns' direction and at Liege. But not until November 23, 1892, was it sung at the Paris Opéra, and then with Mrs. J. Deschamps, Vergnet and Lassalle. I am under the impression that its first performance in the United States was in concert form March 25, 1892, in New York, by the Oratorio Society under Walter Damrosch, and the singers were Mrs. Ritter-Goetz, Montariol, Moore, Fischer, Distelhurst and Robinson.

Luis Cepeda, Allu and Oudrid y Segura wrote the music for a Spanish drama, "Dalila," about 1875.

Singularly enough, in the greater number of these operas and oratorios Samson is a tenor. It is not surprising that in the last century and in the early part of this century the tenor voice was employed, perhaps for reasons of tradition. But in these days of realism we should expect to find Samson with a "Judenbass," or a "bierbass," or with tones like unto the tones of a sarrusophone contrebass.

Who was Delilah?

According to the Book of Judges, she dwelt in the valley or by the brook of Sorek.

Ewald says that her name signifies "traitress."

Knobel calls her "Die Zarte."

Lange regards her as a weaver woman, if she was not absolutely a "zonah." And in this connection read the essay of Montaigne on "Cripples," in which he refers to the Greeks who decried women weavers.

Renan smiles a fat smile and dubs her "une drôlesse," which is, being interpreted, "a bad lot."

Others find that her name is akin to the verb "einullen," to lull asleep.

Chrysostom argues gravely, and without warrant, that she was the wife of Samson; and the pious Milton, whose domestic experience was sour, accepted cheerfully the opinion of the Holy Father.

Some have called her an Israelite in the employ of the Philistines, a political hetaera. It is hard to determine the nationality of the dwellers in Sorek, for the frontier was as shifting as the love of the woman who immortalizes the locality.

In the libretto of Saint-Saëns' opera "Delilah" is a zealous priestess of Dagon; she refuses to deliver up "Sam-

son" for gold, but she betrayed him through religious fanaticism. She is then the sister of "Judith."

In the tragedy by Ippolito d'Aste made known to us by the elder Salvini, "Delilah" loves "Samson." Before she met him she could say:

Within the arms
Of many, in the heart of none; 'mid loves
Unbridled, loving overmuch, I never
Loved any truly.

She revolted at the idea of betraying a strong man:

I will not ope his tomb; he shall not taste
Death in my kiss.

She calls on the night to hide her after the betrayal. She tells blinded "Samson" that she was the sport of fate. She clings to his breast in the temple scene.

We know nothing about this woman's beauty, whether it was of common type or of that excellence praised by Bacon, that hath some strangeness in the proportion. Milton fancies her "bedeck'd, ornate and gay; an amber scent of odorous perfume her harbinger; a rich, Philistian matron." According to the Miltonic version she was a woman of stilted tragedy, who must have seduced solemnly and in accordance with approved traditions, that she might be

Nam'd among the famousest
Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who, to save
Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock bands.

Yet the poet admits, through the chorus, that she had "outward ornament," which was the means of securing "the fatal harvest" of "Samson's" head. But he reviles her throughout the poem, so that we wonder at "Samson's" infatuation, and say with the chorus:

God of our fathers, what is man!

Was it just, however, for the mighty poet to thus wreak eternal vengeance on his wife, Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powell?

MUSIC.

The Twenty-second Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the twenty-second concert of the Symphony Orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred".....Schumann
Concerto for violin, D minor.....Brahms
Symphonic Toccata (Manuscript).....Brahms
Overture, Oberon.....Weber

Mr. Kneisel was the violinist.

Mr. Busoni's orchestral poem is dedicated to Mr. Nikisch.

It calls for a modern orchestra that includes harp, double-bassoon, bass-clarinets, English horn, gong, cymbals, xylophone and drums in plenty.

And yet, with all these instruments, Mr. Busoni does not succeed in catching one effect.

He is alert, he is eager; he deliberately makes great preparations, so that the hearer sees him laying trains of gunpowder for the future explosions; or, again, he hopes to catch the hearer napping, and startle him by an unexpected discharge of orchestral artillery.

But try as he may; let him use silence or the xylophone, or let him set everything going at full speed; lo, there is no effect, except that the hearer, however well-disposed, is disturbed and dismayed.

The poem is said to be "purely fanciful," "absolutely free."

The hearer therefore enjoys the privilege of discovering things in the music.

The hearer is first introduced to Spenser's darksome cave, where he finds

"That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind."

The scene changes and the curtain rises on the earthquake at Lisbon.

There is a funeral march in honor of the engulfed.

The mourning is dispelled by the advance of the Chinese army arrayed in all the glorious panoply of war.

Again we are in Europe, and the sun rises on the battle of Austerlitz. After the realistic description of the battle, there are groans for the defeated, lamentation for the slain, and cheers for the little man in Gray.

But now the hearer becomes confused; the music is wilder and is thrown from the stage in spasmodic jets.

There are suggestions of the blowing up of Hell Gate and an audible aurora borealis.

And there is a final return to the cave in the first scene.

Mr. Busoni is a pianist of remarkable ability. No one in this country to-day is in certain respects his superior, and in other certain respects he is superior to his colleagues.

He has orchestral technique as well as the technique of the pianist.

But when he wrote this orchestral poem he had nothing to say.

And so he wrote many notes for many instruments.

A little simplicity would have been more to the purpose.

One melody of power or beauty would have been grateful.

A logical sentence, firmly knit would have pleased more than this rhapsody, punctuated solely by dashes, exclamation points and points of interrogation.

The feature of the concert was Mr. Kneisel's fine performance of the concerto. There might have been a more marked display of power in the last movement, and nowhere in the performance was there a revelation of temperament. But the playing of Mr. Kneisel was pure, accurate, chaste and full of noble serenity. He deserved the enthusiastic welcome; he deserved the hearty applause that followed each movement; for he is an artist whose chief aim is to glorify the chosen composer, and he devotes himself body and soul to the task.

The overtures were played with dramatic power, and the concert was of reasonable length.

The next concert will be devoted to selections from the works of Wagner. Miss Kaschowska, Mrs. Nikisch, Miss Leimer and Mr. Meyn will sing.

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Maritana Opera Company in "The Rose of Castile."

The Maritana Opera Company, under the direction of Mr. Leon Keach, gave Balfe's tuneful opera "The Rose of Castile" in Union Hall, last evening. The part of the Queen was sung by Miss Lucille M. Shepard, the musical daughter of a musical mother. Miss Shepard has a pure and agreeable voice of good range. She sings with ease and skill, and gives ample promise for the future. Last evening, both in song and in dialogue her enunciation was for the most part indistinct. Miss Edith MacGregor, as Donna Carmen, had a comparatively unimportant part, which allowed, however, the display of a contralto voice of rich and sympathetic quality. Miss MacGregor also showed stage experience. Here is a woman whom nature has treated generously; with patience and work she will undoubtedly climb up to the position that belongs to her by right.

Mr. Leon Keach, as Don Sallust, gave much pleasure by the delivery of his numbers, and the tremolo that at times prevents unstinted praise was not as noticeable last evening as in his last appearance in "Faust." The parts of Manuel and Don Pedro were taken by Messrs. J. G. Bartlett and H. L. Corneli, to the evident satisfaction of the audience, and Mr. Myron Clark furnished the amusement.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of this unpretentious performance of Balfe's opera. It is sufficient to say that the domestic opera of the future will rise from such beginnings. Mr. Keach knows the capabilities and the limitations of the people of his company, and he acts wisely in the cutting of his cloth.

The audience was appreciative and several numbers were repeated.

PHILIP HALE.

No. "Delilah" was no tragedy queen, with stilted tread and strident voice. "Samson" in double darkness oft remembered her, as Pierre de Boscotel de Chastelard sighed for his loose love when he could not sleep in prison. He thought of the

Heavy scents of hair
And fire of subtle amorous eyes, and lips
More hot than wine, full of sweet, wicked words
Babbled against mine own lips, and long hands
Spread out, and pale bright throat and pale bright breasts,
Fit to make all men mad.

And what became of her? Did she secretly love the Lion-Killer to her death, and drink daily to his memory in deep draughts of the strong, heady wine of Sorek? What Philistine, what wandering stranger could ever fill the place of the departed?

Her name is not found in Thomas Heywood's "Nine Books of Women." Restif de la Bretonne does not include it in the list of celebrated women in alphabetical order at the end of "Les Gynographes." Defoe does mention her in "The Political History of the Devil," but he calls her naughty names.

Josephus, like an experienced man of the world, thus moralizes: "As for Samson being ensnared by a woman, that is to be ascribed to human nature, which is too weak to resist sins." Richard Rogers, of Weathersfield, in Essex, preached many, many sermons on the Book of Judges one Lenten season, and he plumed himself thereon, so that the sermons were published in 1615. He was a stern, ungallant man, and yet in his invectives he occasionally smacks his lips. Listen to the words of the preacher: "Samson was drunk with the sottish and inordinate love of her—then he saw too late with Adam that God was gone from him and that he had lost all the great strength which God had given him." The preacher then probably addressed a prominent member of his congregation: "It delighted the old ribald to see and hear, and regret the pageants, stories and practices of uncleanness which he remembreth he hath wrought." Did Samson think of the consequences? No, according to the Rev. Richard Rogers, for "Delilah's lap and armes was no fit nor likely place or occasion of such thoughts or meditations." Samson was "blindfolded with her beauty."

Poor Samson! Like Huayna Capac, the Peruvian ruler, "he could never refuse a woman, of whatever age or degree she might be, any favor that she asked of him."

How was Samson blinded by the Philistines? With lances, red hot needles or red hot oil? For these were the usual means in those days.

The commentators and the myth hunters have made sport with Samson. A Roman Catholic legend represents him as a physician. La Mothe le Vayer finds that the actions of the hero portray the Sceptical Philosopher. Sir Richard Burton, in "The Book of the Sword," is sure that Samson is the Hebrew type of Hercules, the strong man, slayer of monsters and the Sun-god, and he quotes Wilkinson and Jablonski; but Renan laughs and claims that pure mythology was not to the taste of the ancient Hebrews.

More extraordinary still is the comment made by the celebrated Mr. Bayle on the Philistines compelling Samson to grind at the mill. This is a prudish age, and I must not copy the ingenious speculation recorded and amplified by Bayle. Do you remember the Scythians who spared the lives of males captured in battle, but put out their eyes? Herodotus tells the story in his artless way. At the same time, Bayle thinks they are in the right "who cannot persuade themselves that the Philistines were so good natured as to punish in so agreeable a manner a man who had been a scourge to them, and whom they hated as a pest."

You know the argument, and the text, wrenched by Newburgh Hamilton from Milton's tragedy for Handel's oratorio. The men of the eighteenth century saw a blind man; they imagined a conjugal squabble, they indulged in acid reflections on matrimony; they delighted in Harapha and boasting and counter boasting; and they introduced an aria with trumpet obligato. Saint-Saëns ponders the story of Samson and Delilah. What appeals irresistibly to him as a man of our own day? The temptation, to be sure, and, whether there enter into the subtle minded questions of treachery for patriotism or religion, the hearer recognizes at once a passionate duet.

The performance of Handel's oratorio was creditable to the society so far as the choral work was concerned, but the oratorio itself might well be left on the shelf, with the exception of a few arias and a few choruses. Handel's "Samson," even when it is cut to the quick, is a weariness to the

Mr. Plunket Greene displayed a command of the breath, and his enunciation was delightfully distinct. He sang his numbers with the tones heavily detached, and the accentuation of roulade passages was much exaggerated. He showed a tendency to force his lower tones. I believe that he will be more effective in his song recitals of the immediate future.

The Lillian Russell company gave "The Mountebanks" at the Boston Theatre, April 3. It was the first performance of the operetta in this city. Cellier's music shows the physical and mental weakness of the late composer; it is neither tuneful nor interesting. Gilbert's libretto is not one of his best, in spite of excellent lines. The action drags, and the second act is dreary in the exposition of the effects of the potion. The company is worthy of a better piece.

Mr. Carl Baermann gave his fourth and last chamber concert, April 4. He was assisted by Messrs. C. M. Loeffler, Kunz, H. Heindl and Schulz. The program included Mozart's piano quartet, E flat major; Beethoven's sonata, op. 27, No. 2; Beethoven's variations and fugue, op. 35, and Rhineberger's piano quintet, op. 114. This concert gave much pleasure, on account of the excellence of the ensemble and the thoughtful, impersonal and unexaggerated performance of the solo numbers. Mr. Baermann and his associates were loudly applauded.

The program of the twenty-first Symphony concert was as follows:

Dramatic overture (MS.)	Miss Lang
Aria from "Faust"	Spohr
	Mr. Max Heinrich.
Symphony, C minor, No. 9 (B. and H.)	Haydn
"Gruppe aus dem Tartarus"	Schubert
"Die Allmacht"	Mr. Heinrich.
Theme and variations	from Suite No. 1. Moszkowski
Perpetuum Mobile	Dvorák
Scherzo Capriccioso	Dvorák

Miss Lang's overture is perhaps a creditable work for a young student. Whether it deserved a place in a Symphony concert is another question. Although Miss Lang in certain songs has shown in the past a pretty melody, the themes of the overture are not of marked originality or striking effect. There are ingenious passages in the detail, but there is a general lack of definite purpose in the conception and in the carrying out. The composer seems to be pricked by the desire of extracting ideas from the orchestral instruments in turn. As a result there is occasional piquancy, and there are pleasing measures, but this dramatic overture is a promise rather than a fulfillment. It is as though the composer deliberately set about to see what she could do in this line; there was nothing musical within that forced its way irresistibly and assumed orchestral shape and color.

Mr. Heinrich is more at home in music that calls for gusts of emotion or dramatic interpretation than in the saccharine strains of Spohr. Although in the aria he often showed fine phrasing and a full command of his resources, I preferred him in the songs of Schubert. It would be easy

to quarrel with this singer of pronounced individuality if he were viewed solely from the standpoint of bel canto; but Mr. Heinrich has the great faculty of creating apparently at will a fitting atmosphere that enwraps the hearer as well as the singer. He is intellectual in his delivery, and his intellectuality is quickened by emotion. His numbers were followed by spontaneous and long continued applause. Indeed, after the songs by Schubert he was recalled again and again.

The symphony gave much pleasure, and Mr. Schulz was called out for his performance of the cello solo in the minuet. The numbers by Moszkowski and Dvorák were brilliantly given, and in the flute variation from the suite Mr. Molé exhibited his skill to the evident delight of the audience.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, April 16, 1893.

LET me first add a paragraph to "Samson in music."

The "Samson, Richter in Israel," by Tuczec, is not an oratorio, as I stated last week; it is a melodrama.

These works may be added to the list: "I ginocchi di Sansone," oratorio, by P. P. Laurenti, Bologna, 1718; "Il Sansone," ballet, by the Count von Gallenberg, Naples, 1810, Vienna, 1811, and "Sansone," an oratorio, by Paolo Frontini, Catania, 1882. It will be remembered that Von Gallenberg was the husband of Giulietta Guicciardi.

Mr. Arthur Foote gave a concert in Chickering Hall the 13th. He was assisted by Mr. Sautet, the first oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, and by the quartet of the church where he is organist—Mrs. M. B. Smith, Miss L. C. Smith, Messrs. G. J. Parker and C. E. Hay. The program was as follows:

MUSIC.

Two Concerts by the New York Symphony Orchestra Under Mr. Damrosch.

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Damrosch, gave the last concert of a series yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre. The symphony was the fourth by Tschalkowsky; it is wild, at times barbaric, at times exceedingly effective; the Russian is evidently impatient with set symphonic formulas, and would fain give free rein to his fantastic imagination. The work, however, is not one to be idly passed by or coolly dismissed. Smetana's "Overture to a Comedy" shows contrapuntal skill and the mastery of self that is characteristic of the great men of the early days of this century. Lalo contributed a pleasing theme and variations. The polonaise from a serenade by Beethoven gave pleasure. The performance of these numbers was admirable.

Mr. Plunket Greene sang a monologue from "The Master-singers," and three old Irish tunes arranged and orchestrated by Stanford. The singer has marked temperament and taste. He is inclined to force his tones, and his delivery is comparatively free from legato. He was loudly applauded, and he added songs by Schumann.

The concert of this same orchestra in the evening in Music Hall was of a popular nature. Mr. Brodsky was unable to play, on account of sudden sickness. Miss Lillian Blauvelt sang Benberg's "Nymphs and Sylphs" and the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet." She met with overwhelming success. She is a hand some woman, and, in many cases, this is half the battle. But as a singer she is entitled to warm praise. Her voice is agreeable and well trained. Mrs. Scalchi sang Rossi's "Ah rendimi" with an anacronistic accompaniment, and the tonic from "Cinderella," but her performance cannot be commended. The orchestral numbers were Cheri bin's "Concert Overture," two numbers from Bach suite, two numbers from Peer Gynt suite, No. 2, the intermezzo from "Nala," prelude to "The Mastersingers," the well-known andant from a Tschalkowsky string quartet, and Liszt's "Festival Sounds." While there might be a few exceptions taken to the reading of the prelude to "The Mastersingers," there is heart praise for the performance of the orchestra throughout the evening. Mr. Damrosch has an excellent band, and he himself grows steadily in musical stature. His concerts this season have given much pleasure, and it is to be hoped that they will be a feature of next year.

PHILIP HALE.

The new fashions in woman's dress command a more than ordinary expenditure of money in the procuring of material and time in the making of the costume. To the masculine eye the effect of the new is not charming as that of the old; but masculine rebellion would be vain. The fashion very contagious; was it not Argentre who said years ago: "For such a supple fluidity in pomp spreads among the women everywhere in an instant." Then again the lot of the male reformer of dress is hard. There was Thomas Conecte, a Carmelite who declaimed against the extravagant dresses of the women of Flanders, and his little boys to hoot at women so equipped when they were seen in the street. What happened to this brave reformer? He was burnt at Rome in 1434 as a heretic.

WITH THE MUSES

A Survey of Social and Literary Boston.

Music at the Hub Sixty Years Ago.

Education, Charities and Philanthropic Movements.

For many years Boston was without doubt the literary centre of the United States, though certain of the famous ones of literature did not absolutely make the city their dwelling place, they lived in towns near by, they met in friendly conversation, and their influence and their fame were the honor and pride of our townfolk. It is true that this boast of Boston was unchallenged, particularly during the days that preceded the Civil War, when Southerners looked askew at men of Massachusetts and pointed with pride at their own novelists and poets. Yet there was a period when the city was the central point of American literature. To-day a claim for pre-eminence superfluous would be perhaps rash and liable to overthrow. The times have changed. Men are obliged to leave the scenes of their labors in order to win recognition. The historian, the essayist, the novelist and the poet may be in the West, the South or even in commercial New York, and yet be famous throughout the land.

The "famous" line of men that made this city famous is nearly extinct. Of those who were once watched curiously by strangers in the Old Corner Bookstore, the only one now left is the honored Dr. Holmes, who bears so gracefully the weight of years.

And yet there are some now living here whose names have struck the roof of the world, and there are many who are gaining each year in reputation.

The historian Parkman, whose work is of enduring fame, has a summer place at Jamaica Plain, but he lives in winter in Chestnut Street, where he now rallying from a severe sickness.

There is T. B. Aldrich, the utter of canons in verse, the master of delicate humor and fanciful invention, who came to us from Portsmouth and now lives in a stately old house at the top of the hill on Mt. Vernon Street. Does he remember to-day the hours spent nearly thirty-five years ago in Platt's cellar in New York, when the Bohemian was a temporary power in literature? Has he forgotten his poem in the first number of "Vanity Fair"? Did he then dream of "Identity" or "Marjorie Daw"?

We are still honored by the presence of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, once so dramatically described as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and her laughter, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, lives in Beacon Street. Mrs. James F. Field, known as Anne Field to many a reader, has her home on Charles Street, and Sarah Orne Jewett has for some years made her home with her.

Then there is Mrs. Margaret Deland, a Pennsylvania, who came to us from New York when she married Mr. Lorin F. Deland. She now lives at 112 1/2 Vernon Street, and she will move further up the hill this spring. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton is still in Rutland square, where her Friday afternoon receptions are a feature of the social side of our literary life. Mrs. Anna Eichberg Knapp, the brilliant daughter of a brilliant father, has again, and lately, delighted the readers of magazines.

Mrs. Katherine Eleanor Conway, a woman of keen intellect and executive ability, is still associated with the Pilot. Dr. Edward Everett Hale finds time to contribute almost daily from his stock of wit and wisdom. Mr. Fred J. Stinson, "J. S. of Dale," writer on local subjects and a novelist of more than ordinary invention, has just taken a house on Beacon Street. Mr. Russell Sullivan, playwright and teller of tales, a man with a style of singular charm, lives in Charles Street. Robert Grant, who has so recently toyed in delightful manner of the joys and the annoyances of married life, has his home in Marlboro' Street. Mr. J. T. Wheelwright, who gave promise as a humorist, has for some time found keener enjoyment in taking part in the farce-comedy of local politics.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, poet and recorder of buccannery deeds, does not allow his paper work to stifle his imagination.

Mr. Arto Bates is also an editor, and he is known to the world at large as a poet of refined taste, polished diction and morbid tendency; he has written novels that command respect. Then there are men who are known as Bostonians and yet live in neighboring towns, as Mr. Henry C. Merwin, the writer on law, the orator and defender of the horse, a man who was publicly praised by the Supreme Court and by George William Curtis. The collection of his articles from the Atlantic even extorted praise from the America-hating Saturday Review.

Again, in the city are writers of promise whose names are at present chiefly of local reputation, as Mr. Henry O'Meara, historians as Mr. D. M. Crockett, Mr. Wm. M. Brown, a story-teller and publisher of stories.

The chief of our literary lights is Mr. B. E. Wood, the accomplished dramatic and musical critic of the Saturday Evening Gazette, of which paper he is also editor. "The Mighty Dollar" and "Pounce and Co." are perhaps the best exhibition of his satiric power and skill in composition. There are other plays by journalists and amateurs that have seen the light or quietly in the owner's desk; but "The Mighty Dollar" gave two typical characters to the American stage.

The Atlantic Monthly is now 36 years old. It is a public and administrators knowingly to their wares. The New England Magazine and the Atlantic Monthly, although they are conducted from widely differing standpoints, are magazines of character.

It is impossible to speak in a superficial sketch of the many admirable articles on topics of the day that appear in the newspapers and periodicals of the town, and are often contributed by a host of distinction in the various callings of life. Nor is it here possible to speak of the advertisements in the newspapers of the town. It may be said in general that the journalism of this city is commendably free from scandals of low order, disagreeable personalities and malicious gossip. It was in former years a speech of the dwellers without the walls that the literary man of Boston measured the world to the standard of the Fear Pond. The proverb was not wholly devoid of foundation, but as the gentility of this city has been ousted of late years, and never in vain, so the literary judgments and opinions of the present race characterized as a rule by craft, intelligence, social status, a regard for style, and a lively appreciation of the value of workmanship of men and women of other cities, domestic and foreign.

The Theatre in Boston. Let us glance for a moment at the chief theatrical events of the year 1833. In April, a benefit was given by the people of Boston to John Howard Payne, who returned after an absence of 20 years in England and France. The benefit was given at the old Tremont Theatre, which was sold ten years after the Baptists, rebuilt, destroyed by fire in 1838, again rebuilt, again destroyed by fire in 1839, rebuilt and reopened in 1839, and closed in March. The pieces chosen were selections from plays by Mr. Payne. "The night scene" was unpropitious, preceding, as it did, a general fast, when many families in this vicinity held social gatherings. Pecuniarily, the benefit was a partial failure. Mrs. Barrett read an address written by Park Benjamin, course, the orchestra played "Home, Sweet Home."

Charles Kemble played Hamlet, April 15; the following saw the first appearance of Fanny Kemble, and she was the Bianca in "Fazio" by Rev. H. H. Mims. The two played together in "The Stranger," "School for Scandal," "Romeo and Juliet," "Provoked Husband," etc. There were crowded houses, and the beauty and wealth of the city, was in the winter of '33 that Charles H. Warren made his first public appearance. It was in the Warren Theatre, in Portland Street, near corner of Travers. Such was the impression made by his ability that a written request he might appear with the Kembles was made by the management of the Tremont Theatre. Patton played Master Walter to Miss Julia.

Chaconne, G major.....Handel
Air and largo.....Bach-Saint-Saëns
Rhapsodie, G minor (op. 79, No. 2).....Brahms
Three pastoral pieces for oboe and piano (op. 31)*.....Foote
Allegretto grazioso, in G minor.
Andantino, in A major.
Allegretto, in F major.
Piano suite, C minor (op. 30)*.....Foote
Allegro appassionata.
Romanza.
Toccata.
Five quartets,* the text being old Russian people's songs, and the music composed (op. 51) by.....Henschel
Allegro agitato, from "Antour de ma Chambre" (op. 140).....Heller
Waltz, E major (op. 34).....Moszkowski

The starred numbers were given for the first time in this city.

A little oboe is a dangerous thing.

A little oboe goes a long way.

And yet Mr. Arthur Foote, of Boston, Massachusetts, spends time, labor and invention in the composition of pieces for oboe and piano.

I wish, by the way, that the word hautbois, or hautboy had lived on English soil, or that oboe had not sprung up and choked it. The first form is of fine old age, for did not Praetorius as far back as 1618 give as synonyms with "Pommern" "Bombardo" or "un Bombardone," the French word "Hautbois" and the English "Hoboyen"? Or does Rabelais' "haulx boys" seems more characteristic?

Take for instance Dryden's famous ode:

Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face;
Now give the haut boys breath;
He comes, he comes!

If "oboes" were substituted would there be the same Bacchic jollity?

Kastner suspects that the name hautbois was originally a generic term for different kinds of wood instruments which were used in treble parts.

But I do not propose to bore you by talking about the ancient character of this instrument. There are interesting details in "Histoire de l'Instrumentation," by Lavoix, fils, and in Sammin's "Die Musik," an admirable book. If anyone wishes to be acquainted with the latest improvements or the history of the development of the instrument he should consult "La Facteur Instrumentale a l'Exposition Universelle de 1889," by Constant Pierre, and this book contains a lively discussion over a matter of quality of tone as affected by the material of the instrument that produces the tone.

Now if the oboist looks at the article "oboe" in Grove's Dictionary, he will find a singularly inadequate article so far as the repertoire of the instrument is concerned. Händel, Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann are mentioned, but the reader would never know that Sammartini or San Martini, brother of the symphonist and one of the greatest virtuosos of his day, a great favorite in London, wrote six concertos for oboe and a dozen sonatas; yet these were published. There is no mention of Vogt, who died in 1870, although he was at the battle of Austerlitz. Vogt left behind concertos, airs and arrangements. Brod was a famous player; he wrote fantasias, airs, a bolero, a nocturne and an instruction book; he did much to perfect the instrument, but his name does not occur in the article. Then there was the Besozzi family; Alessandro wrote solos that were published in Paris as well as in London. Nor is there talk of Le Brun.

Now to the oboist. A catalogue of pieces for his instrument would be of more lively interest than investigations concerning the origin, the resemblance of the frestel, the pipe, the fistule, the frestiaux, the pipeaux, the chalumeau and the chalumeau. He does not care whether the oboe was of German origin, or whether it was known in Peru, Asia or Egypt. That it was used long ago on account of its sour and powerful tone (characteristics of the old instrument) in war, as well as in the rustic dance, would not excite him. The history of the Hotteterre family might not interest him. He might look curiously at the trio played by oboists in blue cloaks, with golden borders, when they assisted at the ceremonial greetings of the citizens of Frankfurt; for the trio is preserved, and it may be found in Weckerlin's "Nouveau Musicians." He would undoubtedly be pleased with the different instruments in the museum of the Paris Conservatory—instruments of ebony, ivory, boxwood, horn and strange and fragrant woods. He might glow with pride at the story of the deeds of illustrious predecessors, as Ferlendis, the favorite of Brigida Giorgi Banti, the Venetian singer. Now, Banti, according to Da Ponte (and he was no mean judge), was free in speech, still freer in deportment, a heavy drinker, when thwarted in her desire a termagant—in short, a thorough vocal rounder. Then there were Galliard and Fischer. Fischer married the daughter of Gainsborough, the painter, and his tone had "such an impudence as no other instrument could contend with." There were Ramm and the Harringtons and the Parkes.

The oboe was for a long time a favorite in concert halls, not only in London, but in all European cities. The people of Vienna listened gladly to oboe solos from Ferlendis, Ramm, Le Brun, Czerwenka, Triebensee (who wrote many concertos), in the early days of concertos. From 1800 to 1830 Simon, Fladt, Wendt, Westenholz, Thurner (who thought that he was poisoned by coffee given him by a woman of Vienna; when he recovered he brought action against her, and yet he was only subject to periodical madness), Dietz, Sellner, Ullman, Petschacher, Krähmer, the husband of clarinetist Caroline Schleicher. But after 1830 the oboe in Vienna was less and less often heard.

Oboe solos have been often applauded in the concerts of the Paris Conservatory from the sixth concert (1828), when Brod played one of his own concertos, even until our own time, when Gillet played concertos by Händel, as in 1880.

About the beginning of this century oboe solos were heard in Boston and in Salem. Graupner played concertos by Le Brun and Fischer; one program speaks of the "oboe," another of the "hautboy."

Mr. Krehbiel has discussed the introduction of the oboe in New York in his interesting sketch, "The Philharmonic Society of New York;" and I notice that in 1847 Mr. de Ribas, the honored virtuoso who is now living in Boston, played at a Philharmonic concert in your city an aria for oboe from a violin solo by De Beriot. Mr. de Ribas, by the way, played the romances of Schumann with the pianist, Mr. Tucker, in this city, the season of 1883-4. The last appearance here of the oboe as a solo instrument in a Symphony concert was in 1888, when Mr. Sautet gave a concerto, G minor, by Händel.

There was a tradition in Germany when I was investigating the music and the breweries of that country that it was the habit of oboe players to go mad. I am unable to trace the origin of this tradition. The books are full of instances of oboists living to advanced age in full possession of their faculties. It is true that Alessandro Besozzi was never married and lived for forty years with his brother, the bassoon player; their tastes were so similar that they dressed precisely in one and the same manner; but there are here no symptoms of madness.

Anton Filz, of the Mannheim orchestra, died in 1768 from immoderate indulgence in spiders, which tasted to him like strawberries; but he was a cellist, not an oboist.

In French slang, "to play the oboe" is to be hung. This is an old expression, for in 1622 Sorel said that "Justice plays the haut bois, because she builds gallows from which the guilty are suspended." Emile Gouget, in commenting upon this poor joke, perpetrates a weaker one: "It is thus seen that the oboe of our facetious ancestors was at the same time a wind and a string instrument."

"To play the oboe" is also an expression in French for "cutting down your trees to raise money."

But we have wandered far from Mr. Foote and his amiable pieces, and you see at once that there has been little of musical interest this week. Of these pieces the first is melodious, and indeed charming, with a piano accompaniment of real interest. Perhaps the other numbers are of lesser worth, or perhaps the ear was soon satisfied by the acid and comparatively inexpressive tones of the oboe. At any rate, the effect of the other numbers was not as great. Mr. Sautet played well, although he did not seem fully in the vein, as his attack was not always incisive and his tone was occasionally clouded, as though the instrument suffered from our climate.

Mr. Foote's suite is an earnest work that shows study and labor rather than fancy or imagination.

You know there is a Henschel cult in this town. Whenever the idol is here the exultation of the worshippers is such that any doubting voices are immediately drowned in the foaming flood of praise. It is not only Henschel the singer, or, more strictly speaking, the declaimer, that is on the pedestal; for this man is protean. "Great is Henschel, the pianist;" "Great is Henschel, the conductor," and "Great is Henschel, the composer."

Yes, Mr. Henschel composes. I wish something could be done, say by legislation, to prevent him from publishing his musical thoughts.

Mr. Henschel writes, sings and plays songs. In this respect he is not unlike that singular animal, the porcupine, who, according to tradition, is his own bow, arrows and quiver.

These new quartets are neither interesting nor vocal. Mr. Henschel seems to strive after the effect of the constantly shifting modes of the Russian folk songs. If the words are of a joyous nature he affects melancholy strains. In the second quartet the verse descriptive of lamentations for Ignashenka is set with dramatic feeling, but the affectation of the music that follows is such that any pleasure is immediately lost. No one of these quartets is without musical insincerity. The composer has nothing to say, and he cannot disguise the want, strive as he may. It is true that the music was not well sung. The voices were not balanced, and there was little attention paid to the nuances. Individuals sang; there was no ensemble.

The program of the twenty-second concert of the Symphony orchestra was as follows:

Overture, "Manfred".....	Schumann
Concerto for violin, D major.....	Brahms
Symphonic Tone Form (Manuscript). (First time).....	Busoni
Overture, "Oberon".....	Weber

The feature of the concert was the admirable performance by Mr. Kneisel of the Brahms concerto. One might have demanded more strength and fire in the last movement, but Mr. Kneisel's performance, all in all, was rare fiddling.

Mr. Busoni's orchestral poem is scored for full orchestra including harp, gong and xylophone. It is dedicated to Mr. Nikisch.

The poem is without form and void. There are no themes of marked originality or beauty. There are no effective combinations of themes. There are no effects in any way, in spite of the boisterous attempts of the composer. Although the instrumentation shows a thoroughly trained hand, there are no sensuous or serene tonal moods. There are abrupt contrasts; there are tremendous explosions; there is fury in plenty. Ideas, however, are few and far between.

Mr. Busoni supplied no text, but, according to Mr. B. E. Woolf, "this tone poem seemed to depict a full fledged Dakota cyclone roaring through a wholesale tiuware establishment, destroying two or three dynamite factories with wildly explosive results, and causing the collapse of a six story crockery warehouse."

It was stated late last night that Mr. Hans Richter will surely be the successor of Mr. Arthur Nikisch. This state-

ment is said to have been made by Mr. Henry L. Higginson. The news is welcome to the great majority of the music lovers of the town, although some fear that seekers after musical novelties will hereafter be obliged to visit New York.

Mr. George Chadwick will be the organist at Dr. Miner's Church (Universalist), and Mr. B. L. Whelpley has received a call as organist to Mr. Savage's (Unitarian).

Miss Laura M. Hawkins gave a piano recital the 12th. She was assisted by Miss Maud Wilson, alto.

Miss Maud Murray, a large and sumptuous woman of a fine face and agreeable voice, was assisted in her reading, the 12th, by Messrs. Geo. J. Parker, G. Campanari, H. Schuecker and E. Fiedler.

Master Burke "the Irish Roscius" appeared, but the visit of General Jackson commanded the full attention of the public.

It was in 1833 that Thomas Barry, called the best stage manager of his time, left New York and came to Boston. Gas was introduced in the Tremont, "much to the satisfaction of the ladies, many of whom could trace a ruined dress to a visit to the theatre, owing to the dripping of the oil from the lamps."

In September Mr. Kemble and Fanny gained \$11,671 75 in an engagement of 18 nights. It was in this year that the famous suit of Dana v. Kombe began; and the suit, decided against the actor, was not decided until 1835. Tyrone Power, better known as "Paddy" Power, made his first appearance in Boston Sept. 30.

The Lavel Family, Forrest, Hackett, Drake, were also stars of the season.

Of the many theatres of to-day, the Boston Museum is the oldest, as it dates back to 1841, although the present building was not erected until 1846. A stock company is still maintained. The Howard Athenaeum, once the representative theatre of Boston, was first opened in 1845. There was a fire and the present structure was opened in 1846. Since 1869 it has been a variety theatre, and its name is familiar throughout the land. The Boston Theatre was built in 1851 by a stock company, and it is today one of the finest of the auditoriums of the country. The Globe Theatre succeeded Selwyn's, built in 1867, and "71-72" under Pechter's management. The name of "Globe" was given it. It was burned in 1873, and the present building was opened in 1874. The Park Theatre dates from 1879, and occupies the site of the Boston Theatre. The Bijou, first projected by Fred Vokos and George H. Tyler, was opened in 1882. It is built on the site of the old Metodean. The chief theatres built or reconstructed during the last 10 years are the reconstructed during the last 10 years are the House and the Bowdoin. Then there are cheap theatres or dime museums that offer irresistible attractions to thousands; and, it is believed by the thoughtful, that, instead of injuring the custom of the theatres of a higher grade, they help them to stand by encouraging a desire for amusement and furnishing a link in the development of critical taste.

The star system still prevails, and stars of the first magnitude with lesser lights revolving about them wander from town to town. New York companies play here engagements of two or three weeks. As has been already stated, there is a stock company at the Museum. One of the cheaper theatres have permanent companies, and to perpetuate an libermanism, the Columbia has a stock company that is sold at home.

The wisdom of having so many theatres is often questioned, but it must not be forgotten that there is a population of at least a million and a half within reach of evening entertainment. The people demand amusement more and more eagerly, and will support the theatres if the attractions are real. Perhaps it is too early to smother even earnestly of the present season; and yet it is safe to say that the outcries have not as a rule been of more than ordinary merit, and from a business point of view the season of '92 and '93 is not as successful as many a season of the past.

Music in Boston.

Before the Revolution fiddlers and mountebanks were in New England often classed together. Produces die hard; and it is not to be doubted that in 1833, even after the people of Boston were accustomed to music, sacred and profane, the sentiment found in John Adams's Diary of 1758 would have found applauders: "Peter Chardon, a promising youth, who has a sense of the dignity and importance of his profession—that of law." This fellow's thoughts are not employed on songs and girls, nor his time on flutes, fiddles, concert and card tables; he will make something. And yet Mr. Adams in 1771 described the son of his landlady in Middleboro, Conn., as a great proficient in music, and "a very fine Connecticut young gentleman."

The Handel and Haydn Society, founded in 1815, was largely instrumental in the development of music in this city, and, indeed, it was the prime factor. What was the society doing 60 years ago? Samuel Richardson was President. He succeeded Lowell Mason, who was Professor of the Boston Academy of Music and lived at Myrtle street. In November of the year before a new organ was "inaugurated" in Boylston Hall; the instrument was built by Messrs. Appleton & Co., and it had 1688 pipes, three banks of keys, pedals with a compass of two octaves, and case in the Grecian style flanked by square towers. Charles Zeuner, who in 1830 succeeded Mrs. Ostinelli as organist, with a consequent stirring up of strife, received in 1833 an increase of salary, from \$200 to \$300. Zeuner's address was 4 Boylston Hall. Singularly enough, the name of Ostinelli does not appear in the Boston Directory of '33.

Now here are the concerts given by the Handel and Haydn in 1833. The 99th concert was given Jan. 6, and the oratorio was the "Messiah."

Jan. 27—"Creation."
Feb. 3—"Creation."
Feb. 10—"Creation."
Feb. 24—"Messiah."
March 24—Selections, Haydn Mass.
March 31—Selections, Haydn Mass.
April 29—Selections.
May 12—Benefit of Mrs. Ostinelli.
June 23—Selections in aid of completion of Bunker Hill Monument.
Oct. 27—Selections.
Dec. 1—"Creation."
Dec. 8—"Creation."
Dec. 22—Selections from "Mount of Olives," Haydn Mass.

The concert in aid of the completion of Bunker Hill Monument was given during President Andrew Jackson's visit, but it is not likely that he was present, "as he was indisposed that day and went to Cambridge after the morning service on Sunday."

On account of the purchase of a new organ and the fitting up of Boylston Hall there was a balance of \$3518 92, Aug. 5, 1833, against the general account.

Nor were the people of Boston without opera in the year 1833. The Woods made their first appearance in this city on December 4, in the English version of Rossini's "Cinderella." The other members of the cast were Conner, Johnson, and Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Smith. This was by no means the first taste of the lyric drama. Phillips sang in Boston, in "The Devil's Bridge," by Brahms and Horn, in 1818, and the same "Cinderella" was given March 5, 1832, with Mrs. Austin as the Ash-maiden. 1832 saw "Massaniello," with Mrs. Barrymore as Fenella. According to Colonel Clapp's Record of the Boston Stage, Mrs. T. Barrymore "was among the first who introduced to the Boston stage a style of dancing attractive from grace alone." "Artaxerxes," "Fra Diavolo," "John of Paris," and other operas were also heard in 1832. Then there was the Italian opera of '29 with Feron as prima donna.

The Woods were singers of great and deserved reputation. Mrs. Wood was Mary Anne Paton (1802-1854). She was a singer, violinist and composer. She was the Arachne in the first English production of "Der Freischuetz," and in 1823 she created the part of Kezia in "Oberon." Weber was delighted with her. Her marriage with Lord William Pitt Lennox was an unhappy one, and a divorce was granted. About 1831 she was married to Joseph Wood, a tenor singer. She was very beautiful, and her voice was powerful, sympathetic and of extensive compass. Other operas were given by the Woods, among them "Der Freischuetz" and "Massaniello." The two singers were also heard in concert. The receipts for 19 nights were \$10,394 60.

In 1833 Jonas Chickering, pianoforte manufacturer, lived at 502 Washington Street. Timothy Gilbert was also making pianos.

Frederick Lane kept a music store at 92 Court Street, where musical instruments were sold, "bass viols and common tumburines (sic)." He also sold umbrellas and swordcanes, and gave "cash for ivory, whalebones and sea-horse teeth."

S. H. Parker kept a music shop at 164 Washington Street, where he published the Waverley Novels.

The following advertisement will give an idea of the time:

"Flute-Tuning by the new system devised by Nathl Dearborn; the generality of pupils acquire sufficient practical information in 13 lessons to qualify them for a good performance on the flute—with any number of keys—even if without any previous knowledge of music. References given to 160 pupils. Terms, \$6 in advance for 13 lessons. 110 Washington St."

It was in January, 1833, that the Boston Academy of Music was started, with the intention of furthering popular musical education. Lowell Mason and George I. Webb were the leading figures in this movement. There was gratuitous vocal instruction, and lessons in music were introduced into the public schools.

There has been a wonderful advance in the cultivation of music within the last 60 years. There were no clubs in the earlier days; there was the Brigade Band; there was a fortnightly musical magazine the "Entertainer," started about 1820; and successors in turn were the "Boston Musical Gazette," the "Musical Magazine," but the growth in musical interest has outstripped in proportion the growth in population. To-day music is the fashion in the town. It is talked about in street car and in drawing room. Perhaps it would not be well to inquire whether this interest is laid on a sure and an intellectual foundation.

"The Handel and Haydn" is still an honor to us, and it shows the signs of luster youth rather than the marks of doubt or too conservatism. The old age, the Orpheus in a flourishing condition, and the Apollo and the Cecilia make steadily for musical righteousness. The Symphony Orchestra, founded through the public spirit of Mr. H. L. Higginson, is firmly established, and its concerts are eagerly looked forward to and pleasantly remembered. Conservatories have in their employ experienced teachers, Chamber concerts are in vogue, and the yearly series of the Kneisel Quartet are remarkable for their artistic merit. There are recitals without end. New York sends us her conductors, Messrs. Seidl and Dimrosh as visitors, and they are welcome. The philanthropic course of the Cecilia in repeating concerts for the benefit of wage earners has met with material reward. The opera is not yet domesticated, and foreign invasions are few and far between. The death of Mr. Julius Eichberg is the most notable event of this season, and the loss is felt severely.

The Churches.

It was just about 100 years ago that "Jedidiah Morse, D. D., Minister of the Congregation in Charlestown, near Boston," prepared his "Geography Made Easy; being an Abridgement of the American Universal Geography." The fifth edition was printed at Boston by L. Thomas and E. I. Andrews, "Faust's Statue, No. 46, Newbury Street." In 1790, according to this book, there were 2376 dwellings, 18,038 inhabitants, and in 1796 there were 19 houses for public worship. "Nine are for Congregationalists, three for Episcopalians, two for Baptists, one for the Friends, one for Universalists, one for Roman Catholics, one for Sandimanians, and one for Methodists." There were in the same year 30 distilleries and two breweries.

And, pray, what was a "Sandimanian," as the judicious Morse erroneously spelled the word? He was a follower of Robert Sandeman, a Scotchman, who published his sentiments in 1757 and afterward came to America and established societies in New England and Nova Scotia. In Hayward's "Book of Religions" (Boston, 1842) the curious reader will find a full account of the tenets of this "strict and severe sect, who think themselves obliged to separate from communion and worship of all such religious societies as appear to them not to profess the simple truth for their religion, of hope, and who do not walk in obedience to it." Among the features each other's feet, when, as a deed of mercy, it might be an expression of love," and the belief in "the unavailability of laying up treasures upon earth by setting them apart for any distant future or uncertain use."

In 1833 the churches here were as follows, according to the Directory of that year: 24 Congregational, 6 Baptist (one of them African), 6 Episcopal, 4 Methodist (one Reformed and one African), 4 Universalist, 1 New Jerusalem, 1 Roman Catholic, 1 Friends' Society and 1 Christian. The total was 48.

The Roman Catholic Church was the Church of the Holy Cross in Franklin Street, and the Rt. Rev. B. Fenwick was at its head.

The First Church was in Hanover Street. The Second Church was in Chancery Place. Mr. F. W. P. Greenwood was minister at King's Chapel, Mr. Alexander Young, Jr., was at the New South in Summer Street, Mr. J. Pierpont was at the church in Hollis Street, Mr. Fr. Parkman was at the New North, Hanover Street, Mr. Samuel Green was minister at the church in Essex Street.

Trinity Church was then in Summer Street, and Mr. T. W. Coit was the assistant minister. The Second Universalist Church was in School Street, and Mr. Hosea Ballou was the minister. Mr. Joel H. Lindsey was the minister at the Park Street Church, and Mr. J. Lindsey was at the First Methodist; Dr. D. Sharp was at the Charles Street Baptist, Mr. George Ripley was at the church in Purchase Street and Dr. Wm. Jenks at the church in Green Street.

The minister at Christ Church, in Salem Street, was Mr. William Crosswell, and Mr. John H. Stone was at St. Paul's. Mr. Hague was the pastor of the First Baptist in Hanover Street, and Mr. Sebastian Streeter was the minister of the Universalist Church in North Bennet Street.

The latest Directory gives the following catalogue of churches in Boston: Two Advent, 29 Baptist, 2 Christian, 45 Congregational, 1 Unitarian, 28 Congregational Unitarian, 29 Episcopal, 2 Episcopal Reformed, 1 Friends, 7 Jewish, 1 Lutheran, 33 Methodist Episcopal, 3 Methodist, 2 Swedenborgian, 9 Presbyterian, 1 Reformed Church, 35 Roman Catholic, 2 Spiritualist, 10 Universalist; there are 14 that are not classified, and among them is the Salvation Army. The total is 263.

The Clubs.

The Bostonian is a clubbable man, for clubs of every sort abound here and flourish. The last Directory gives the location of 60 club houses where men, yea and women, meet for social purposes, and these social functions are at times united with philanthropic purposes. So we find "Lend a Hand" and the "Young Men's Democratic," the "Tavern" and the "Odd Volume" in the same list.

The "Temple Club" was four years old in 1833.

The club of comparatively recent date and organized since the publication of the first edition of "King's Dictionary of Boston," edited with much care by Edwin M. Bacon (1883), is the Algonquin, which was organized in 1836. This club is the favorite resting place of merchants, bankers, politicians and men about town, who enjoy the luxurious rooms on Commonwealth Avenue and delight in the admirably equipped restaurant.

The Boston Athletic Club took possession of their building on Exeter Street in 1888, and the membership is so large and the advantages so appreciated that additional room was provided in 1892.

The Boston Camera Club was organized in 1889, and the rooms are in Bromfield Street. The members are devoted amateurs of the photographic art, and they contribute largely and creditably to national photographic exhibitions.

The Elysium Club, founded in 1890, has its home in Huntington Avenue, near West Chestnut Park. The building is luxuriously furnished, and social intercourse is forwarded in every way.

The Puritan Club, whose building is now at the corner of Beacon and Spruce, is made up chiefly of younger Harvard graduates, and it has not mainly been called a "Junior Society." The proximity to places of business makes it convenient for many to lunch there at ease and forget for an hour the scramble of office life.

The Germans say they worship art. It is possible; but it seems to me that they abandon god and adore the temple; and this is the fault of the singers, not the fault of the public."

Wagner himself did not condemn beautiful singing, even in the Italian sense, except where it was opposed to dramatic truth. He regarded the question of nationality in vocal art.

In his "Ueber Schauspieler und Saenger" he recognized the fact that the German language is at war with *bel canto*.

It is not surprising then that he dedicated the volume to the memory of the Schroeder-Devrient, who was, indeed, a dramatic singer, in Wolzogen's meaning of the phrase.

Neither Berlioz nor Chorley could endure the singing of the Schroeder-Devrient.

Berlioz admitted that she was "dramatic," but he hastened to add that she sang flat whenever she could not force a tone; that her ornaments were in very bad taste; that she interpolated in her song spurious phrases and interjections of execrable effects.

Berlioz compared her to an actor in a Parisian *grand-vieille*: "This way of singing is the most anti-musical and the most trivial that one can point out to beginners to avoid."

Now, Wagner admired the singing of the Schroeder-Devrient.

Surely did Vernon Lee have the German school in mind when she wrote these bitter words, words that are bitter and true:

"Let him or her be effective; act with impetuosity, declaim with vehemence, shriek and yell passionately, if he or she have dramatic instinct; or force upper tones, or borrow lower ones, or gabble off shapeless roulades, if he or she have strong lungs or a flexible throat; any of these means will lead to distinction, and they are qualities, whether dramatic or vocal, which require little tuition and less practice; above all, which entirely dispense with the mere knowledge that such a thing as an art of singing has ever existed or can ever exist."

It is possible that the Germans, who look askew at the frivolities of other nations, shudder at the instance of Sompronia, the tool of Catiline to foment the rebellion, who according to Sallust, was taught to sing more finely than became a virtuous woman.

Their arrogance, however, leads them to prefer their song for its "feeling," for its "intellectuality," and when they are criticised even gently or timidly, they cry out against the ignorance or the childishness of the accusers.

How different was the conduct of Auzimander, the philosopher.

It is said that as he was singing the boys used to ridicule him, upon which he only remarked, "We must learn to sing better for their sakes."

PHILIP HALE.

THE MODERN PATRON.

In olden days, in the days of powder and patches, shoe buckles and clouded canes, the patron of the painter, the composer or the author was, as a rule, a Serene Highness or an Illustrious Caesar. When he was pleased with his client, he gave him graciously an appointment at Court, a costly ring, or snuff box studded with diamonds and stuffed with golden coins. The patron was often an amateur of no mean acquirements. The client too often repaid him by crooked knee and fulsome adulation; he dedicated his opera or his book to "his most august, invincible and mighty" protector; but when he spied a ruler of louder pretensions, he often played the Hessian's part.

The abuses of this relationship were such that Dr. Johnson was moved to define a patron as "commonly a wretch who supports with insolence and is paid with flattery." Nor is it surprising that he once said to the recorder of his words: "No, sir. If learning cannot support a man, if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is, as to him, a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery! What falsehood! While a man is in equilibrio, he throws truth among the multitude and lets them take it as they please; in patronage he must say what pleases his patrons, and it is an equal chance whether that be truth or falsehood."

The patron still exists. The parasite is eternal.

In this country the undue influence of society, so called, frequently makes for artistic unrighteousness. We have patrons, we have patronesses. A musician or a painter wishes to display his power. He finds easily idle and capricious men and women who for reasons other than artistic will boost him into prominence. Let him appear as "under the patronage of So-and-So," and a subscription list will be readily filled with the names of those eager to appear publicly in such goodly company. The worth of the client is seldom regarded by the patron, indeed, worth varies too often inversely with the degree of patronage. The patron sometimes lends the name but not the presence. The term of patronage is generally short; it rarely outlives a season.

Thus art suffers by this injudicious patronage. The patron, like unto Pococuranté, is careless of all that once pleased him. Now this evil is not beyond repair. A Training School for Patrons would educate the rich and the well disposed in the important matter of discrimination. There the eyes and the ears could be adroitly trained. The future patrons would be able in a short time to speak intelligently concerning *chiaroscuro*, *rubato* and *portamento*. They should, of course, be obliged to attend a certain number of concerts of high order, and under the supervision of a professor they would acquire the knowledge of good and evil. As graduates of such a school their patronage would be more wisely distributed; and, if they were seated in prominent places in concert halls, they could act as fagmen in directing the applause, and thus change the enthusiasm into righteous appro-

Music and Drama.

In its musical and dramatic departments the Journal is especially fortunate. Its musical editor is Mr. Philip Hale. He is one of the best known critics in the United States. He was graduated from Yale in the class of 1876, and was afterward admitted to the Albany Bar. From 1879 to 1882 he was organist of St. Peter's at Albany. For the next five years he studied the organ and composition abroad, in Berlin under Hadt and Barziel, and in Paris with Guilmant. From 1887 to 1889 he was conductor of the Schubert Male Club of Albany and organist of St. John's, Troy. At the present time he is Organist at the First Religious Society (Rev. Dr. DeNormandie's church), Roxbury. He has written largely for the press on music, and is the author of a number of the biographies in the new encyclopædia of musicians which Prof. Paine of Harvard is publishing at the present time.

April 25 '93

THE HINRICHS OPERA COMPANY.

The Hinrichs Opera Company gave Verdi's "Il Trovatore" last evening at the Boston Theatre. The cast was as follows:

Leonora.....Marie Tavy
Azucena.....Clara Poole
Manrico.....Payne Clarke
Ferrando.....W. H. Clarke
Count di Luna.....G. Del Puente

The hyper-moderns still wonder at the popularity of "Il Trovatore." They laugh at the story, and not without reason, for the tale of the baby farming is unintelligible. No one knows from Ferrando's description in the first act which child was burned; the child described by Azucena in the second act is not identified, and the curtain goes down finally on a lurid scene and a perplexed audience. The members of the chorus possibly know the solution of the riddle, for they punctuate the sentences of the solo singers with appropriate interjections of horror or approval, but they keep the secret to themselves.

And yet there is the eternal story of two men fighting over a woman. The every-day passions of love, jealousy, hatred and revenge are plainly exposed.

The Verdi of the second period put music of singular dramatic intensity to this arrangement of a Spanish drama. There are crude and brutal passages, to be sure; but there are tunes that hit the midriff. The allegro of Leonora in the first act is cast in a mold that is now outworn and out of fashion; but even the Verdi of "Otello" has not surpassed the scene of the Miserere, with Manrico in the tower and the woman sobbing without. The soldiers' chorus seems empty and trivial; but what opera-maker of modern times has shown a surer grasp of a given dramatic situation than did Verdi in his treatment of the prison scene? The hand organ has not destroyed the beauty of many of the melodies of this opera, for spontaneity is not easily killed. There is no need of wondering at the popularity of "Il Trovatore." Nor is this popularity confined to a district, to a town. Whenever this opera is given in a German city to-day, the theatre is crowded, the audience is moved.

The performance of last evening was in many respects excellent, and it is not surprising that the enthusiastic applause of a large audience followed many numbers. Mrs. Tavy's work was of uneven worth. She was often admirable, as in the first scene of the fourth act. Occasionally she forced a tone till the edge of her voice cut to the quick. Occasionally her bravura was ragged, but she showed brilliant execution, gave pleasure by clean and brilliant execution. Her performance as a whole was satisfactory, and it was often dramatic without detriment to song.

Mrs. Clara Poole gave a consistent, intelligent and strong performance of Azucena. Mr. Payne Clarke appeared to greater advantage than he did during his last engagement here. His work was characterized by a wise reserve that enabled him to make a gradual crescendo, so that in the third and fourth acts he provoked well-deserved applause. Del Puente, as the Count, is well known to all opera lovers, and his performance calls for little comment. He was in excellent condition, and "Il Balen" was imperiously redemanded.

The chorus was small in numbers and lusty in the delivery of the measures. The orchestra was under the watchful supervision of Mr. Hinrichs, who led with marked authority and with skill.

Manrico and his faithful attendant, as well as Ferrando, sang in English, but they were apparently understood only by the men and women with whom they came in contact, although the latter preferred the Italian tongue.

Mr. Hinrichs gives Boston this evening the first opportunity of hearing Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz." It will be remembered that the first performance of this opera in the United States was given by his company in Philadelphia. The bill is a double one, and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will follow "L'Amico Fritz." The chief parts in each opera will be taken by Kronold, Payne Clarke and Del Puente.

PHILIP HALE.

April 26 '93

MUSIC.

The Hinrichs Opera Company in Operas by Mascagni.

Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" was given in this city for the first time at the Boston Theatre last evening by the Hinrichs Opera Company. The cast was as follows:

Suzel.....Selma Koert Kronold
Fritz Kobus.....Payne Clarke
Beppe, the Gipsy.....Catharine Fleming
David, the Rabbi.....A. Del Puente
Han Zo.....A. Fugnet
Frederico.....C. Storey
Caterina.....Teresa Torreal

This opera was first produced at the Costanzi Theatre, Rome, Oct. 31, 1891. The chief singers were Calvé, de Lucia, Lhéris and Synnberg. Its first performance in the United States was at the Grand Opera House, Philadelphia, June 18, 1892. The chief singers were Selma Koert-Kronold, Clara Poole, Guille and Del Puente. Mr. Hinrichs was the conductor.

Last evening "Cavalleria Rusticana" followed "L'Amico Fritz," and the cast was as follows:

Santuzza.....Selma Kronold
Lola.....Helen Campbell
Turiddu.....Payne Clarke
Alfio.....Del Puente
Lucia.....Gertrude Synnberg

Niccolo Daspua, the librettist of "L'Amico Fritz," gave Mascagni a charming idyl to set to music. The librettist respected the simplicity of the story by Erickmann-Chatman. Now in what spirit did the composer make his music?

He started with a graceful prelude to that fits well a pastoral tale. The first pages of the first act are characteristic, although Mascagni's love of the dissonance and his desire to constantly excitement with strange harmonic combinations and unexpected and seemingly impossible cadences creep in at the beginning. The first song of Suzel is of artificial piquancy by reason of a scale employed in which the leading tone is lowered. The composer does not brea he freely in the pastoral atmosphere; he grows restless, and when Fritz asks the maiden "How is your poor old father?" the orchestra is in incongruous agitation. The violin solo and the song of Beppe are full of affectation. Nor has the rustic march, founded on an Alsatian song, the naive character that is found in similar treatments by French composers of folk songs. In a word, the first act is a disappointment.

The second act is full of delightful music. The gem of the act, and of the opera, is the "Duet of the Cherries;" this duet is of spontaneous and exquisite melody, and it abounds in fascinating harmony. The entrance of David and his friends is admirably managed, and the finale is moving on account of its simplicity. On the other hand, the recitation by Suzel of the story of Isaac and Rebekah is marred by absurd straining after effect, by sheer bombast. Here, where simplicity was imperatively demanded, the composer is at his most artificial.

The intermezzo is an effective species of Hungarian rhapsody; but what has it to do with the story of Fritz and Suzel?

The third act is full of thunder and guns. The sorrow of Fritz is turned into epileptic cries. Beppe's attempt to comfort is an irritation to the nerves. Suzel's avowal is the declaration of an Amazon. Fuss and pother are everywhere.

The man Mascagni has hot dramatic blood. He seems in his treatment of this libretto to fear lest he be accused of dullness, and in his anxiety he loses all sense of proportion. Much of the music of "L'Amico Fritz" might serve in a tragedy of lust and blood. The composer is feverish. His themes are short; they are hysterical. His rhythms are constantly shifting. He cannot abide dwelling in the security of a fixed tonality. He must startle at any cost.

But, men and brethren, the story is a simple story of Alsatian life. It is not dramatic; it is idyllic. It is possible that it is not suggestive to the musician. If the musician treats it, he should not turn it into a melodrama. Yet Mascagni's music suggests a lurid melodrama, with charming incidental pastoral music. In short, the music does not as a rule fit this simple story of simple people.

The performance as a whole was unsatisfactory. Mrs. Kronold mistook utterly the character of Suzel, the sweet and timid maiden. Suzel's natural coquetry was clumsily portrayed, and the recitation from Genesis was delivered in a non-parrot fashion. Nor was her singing an atonement for her dramatic deficiencies. Mrs. Kronold could learn much by studying the delightful performance of Marion Manola in the English adaptation of the French play. Mr. Clarke was not familiar with his lines; he was a phlegmatic bachelor and a disheartening lover. The Beppe sang with tragic intensity, and forced her tones till they shook like unto the oft-quoted reed. Del Puente's make-up was admirable, and in many respects his performance was excellent. The part, however, admits of more subtle treatment, of slyness, of finesse. The chorus, fortunately, had little to do, and did that little unseen. The performance of the orchestra was uncertain and ragged. It must be said in justice that the opera presents many vocal and instrumental difficulties; it calls for repeated rehearsals as well as for singers and players of more than ordinary ability.

The performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana"

was, as a whole, much more satisfactory. Mrs. Kronold showed dramatic power as Santuzza, and much of her business was excellent. Mr. Clarke was more at home as Turiddu, the village coxcomb. And from the impressions after a first hearing of "L'Amico Fritz," it would seem that in "Cavalleria Rusticana" Mascagni found the more congenial subject.

It is a fierce cry of passion, this melodrama in one act. Repeated hearings do not lessen its effect. For this music stabs the hearer to the heart; it does not merely affect his epidermis.

The opera this evening will be "Don Giovanni."

PHILIP HALE.

April 27 '93

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Hinrichs Opera Company in "Don Giovanni"

The Hinrichs Opera Company gave "Don Giovanni" last evening at the Boston Theatre. The cast was as follows:

Don Giovanni.....G. Del Puente
Il Commendatore.....Malston
Don Ottavio.....Clarke
Don Escobar.....Mascott
Masetto.....Marcella Linch
Zerlina.....Selma Koert-Kronold
Donna Elvira.....Selma Koert-Kronold
Donna Anna.....Marie Tavy

The name of the player of Leporello was omitted by accident from the programme.

Mozart's opera makes severe demands on the resources of a manager; not in the way of sumptuous scenery or gorgeous costumes, but in the matter of singers. There must be three sopranos of more than ordinary ability, and the rakehell hero must be a comedian of rare power. The simplicity of Mozart is apt to be a stumbling block to the singer as well as to the player; for in an opera of Mozart the singer must sing; boisterous declamation, spasmodic explosions are of no avail; the passions must be expressed in song, in *bel canto*.

There must be everywhere discrimination and a sense of proportion. Zerlina must be coquettish without vulgarity. Don Escobar must be dignified in his inexplicable inaction. Donna Elvira must not be tiresome in her calls to repentance, and Donna Anna must not be a

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, April 23, 1893.

I RECEIVED last week an interesting letter from Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni. It was the letter of a musician and a man. I refer to it here for this reason: A paragraph in which he speaks of his extraordinary orchestral poem played at the twenty-second symphony concert is of general interest.

"The fundamental idea," he writes, "and the pessimistic idea (if you allow the phrase) of my composition is found in a poem by Lenau entitled 'Der Indifferentist.' For obvious reasons I did not prefix this title to my composition."

Now what is the motif of Lenau's poems? Paraphrased it is something like this: Whether you are a Socrates, quaffing with a smile the hemlock draught to the health of your country; whether you are a vile child of hell, blaspheming under the headsman's ax; whether you are a great genius or merely serve to fatten the grave worm. All this is of just as much importance as whether the animalcule that swims monotonously in the circle of a drop of water turns to the right or to the left at the beginning of the journey.

Now this is a cheerful subject to put to music.

* * *

Let us waive the question whether the subject *per se* admits of artistic treatment, and let us not discuss whether there are such things as morality and immorality in art.

The question is this: Is it possible to express these thoughts of Lenau in music?

* * *

Here let me quote the opinions of Paul Souriau as expressed in "La Suggestion dans l'Art," Paris, 1893. The book itself is well worth the reading, but these extracts bear directly on the subject of program music and I have not met with them in English translation.

"Music may have a vague meaning for the hearer and a determined meaning so far as the composer is concerned. When I speak vehemently my speech becomes a chant, and each intonation, determined by my state of feeling, expresses that state perfectly; yet a stranger, who could only judge of my feeling by this series of intonations, might easily and totally misunderstand me. I am persuaded that the composer expresses well in music that which he wishes to say. The reproach of vagueness rests on a misunderstanding.

"It is said that music is powerless to express mental feelings. But what are these feelings?

"If you mention regret, fear, hope, pride, anger, remorse, &c., feelings that we experience in daily life, I admit that such feelings cannot be expressed in music. Such sentiments are produced under special conditions and the composer cannot reproduce them; just as it is very difficult for him to indicate them by means of imitation or description.

"Let us take for instance the feeling of remorse. I do not see how a composer could make us understand that a fault had been committed. Would he try, then, to give us in musical sensations an equivalent of such a feeling? The problem may thus be propounded: To find sonorous combinations that act on the hearer as the regret for the committed fault acts on the guilty one.

"All that the composer can do in this case is to put us in a state of uneasiness, of moral constraint, which will have some analogy to the feeling of remorse; but how can the hearer recognize fully the anxiety, the dull irritation, the wounding of self esteem, the physical depression, the enervation that accompanies stormy weather? It is true that the hearer will feel something; but unless he knows the precise object to which this feeling is attached it will be impossible for him to determine its nature.

"This difficulty is not found in dramatic music where the nature of the sentiments expressed is indicated in advance by words and situation. In this case the musical expression is perfectly clear and acts on the imagination of the hearer with extraordinary force. In many instances a simple title would put us on the track. Why should they not be given? The subject of a picture is indicated. I said a little while ago that absolute music cannot suggest the sentiment of remorse. But if we knew in advance the intentions of the composer we could meet the suggestion, we could accept the most vague analogy as an equivalent. A composer could write perfectly clear descriptive music to this title: 'The Remorse of Cain.'

"Reason as you will, you will arrive at the same conclusion: absolute music can express only in the most vague manner the exact or vague sentiments of actual life.

"Yet music expresses and suggests determined sentiments. These sentiments are musical sentiments.

"Each one of us will admit that our mental condition is not the same when we hear music and when we do not hear it; that a change from major to minor affects somehow our sensitiveness; that we are differently moved when we hear Schumann's 'réverie' and Bocherini's menuet; that each piece of music has its particular expression, which you cannot define in words, as customary words are made only for the feelings of customary life, and yet this particular expression is none the less special and fixed.

"These sentiments are exclusively musical, because they

are produced by listening to music, and we do not find them in any other way. They no more resemble the emotions of real life than a rhythmic or an harmonic accident resembles an incident in the street.

"These musical sentiments are the proper subjects of musical expression. The composer does not try to suggest other feelings to you, and he has not experienced other feelings in composing. Do not be disturbed at that which he wished to say; do not try to recognize in the emotion felt by you emotions previously felt; listen to the composition, or, still better, play it yourself. Sit at the piano or take part in the ensemble, and give yourself up to your spontaneous impressions! Thus you will become a part of the soul of the composer; he will have given to you all that which he experienced in the moment of inspiration.

"When you hear a doleful tune you are tempted to ask: 'But why was the composer so sad? When this tune occurred to him what suffering did he undergo, with what gloomy thoughts was he beset?'

"We are too easily led to believe that the composer dreams of putting his own feelings, joys, sorrows, hopes into his music. Perhaps he turns toward gay or sad music according to the state of his health and the happy or unhappy incidents of his private life. But such influences are only very vague, very general. The composer, as a rule, gives us in his work the feelings which he has experienced in his musical life.

"To enrich the human soul with emotions that are not found elsewhere; to create new feelings, to express them in a language that is perfectly clear and universally intelligible; these are the true functions of expressive music.

"These functions are lofty enough for the composer to be satisfied with them."

* * *

In a word, we must again go back to the definition of Walt Whitman: "All music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments."

Or, as Baudelaire puts it: "If trees, mountains, water, houses are grouped together and form a landscape, the landscape is beautiful, not of itself, but on account of me, on account of my own favorable impression, on account of the idea or the emotion which I attach to it."

* * *

The Maritana Opera Company appeared in Union Hall, the 18th, in Balfe's "The Rose of Castile." Mr. Leon Keach was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

"Elvira".....Miss Lucile Shepard
"Donna Carmen".....Miss Edith MacGregor
"Manuel".....J. C. Bartlett
"Don Pedro".....H. L. Cornell
"Don Sallust".....Lon. F. Brine
"Don Florio".....Myron Clark

This company is made up of church singers who have operatic tendencies. Two of the company are by no means strangers to the footlights of many theatres. Miss MacGregor was for some time a member of "The Bostonians," and she would appear for instance as one of the entrancing beauties of the harem in "Fatinitza." You have probably heard Mr. Bartlett sing in theatrical performances directed by Augustin Daly.

This same company has played in towns about Boston, and with success. Miss Shepard, the daughter of that excellent singer, Mrs. Helen E. H. Carter Wright, has a light, pure, flexible voice, which she manages in the main with no mean skill. Miss MacGregor has a contralto voice of good range and rich quality. These women give promise for the future. Mr. Baine displayed his fine voice to advantage, and Mr. Bartlett sang in excellent taste. The opera gave much pleasure to the audience, and it may truthfully be said that the performance vocally was smooth.

The program stated that the stage was under the management of Mr. H. M. Pitt. This statement was undoubtedly made in good faith, but the stage occasionally got away from the experienced actor.

His attention was apparently diverted many times, as when the muleteer told his story to the disguised queen, for Mr. Bartlett looked the audience boldly in the face and touched the footlights, while the queen at the back of the stage gave him no heed and conversed affably with "Donna Carmen."

* * *

The New York Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave two concerts the 20th. The first was at the Tremont Theatre in the afternoon, and it was the last of the series. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4.....Tschaiakowsky
Monologue, "Was duftet doch der Flieder" ("Die Meistersinger.").....Wagner
Mr. Plunket Greene.
Polonaise from Serenade.....Beethoven
String Orchestra.
Overture to a Comedy.....Smetana
Old Irish Melodies...Arranged and orchestrated by Villiers Stanford
"The Lament for Owen Roe O'Neill."
"My Love's an Arbutus."
"March of the Maguire"
Mr. Greene.

Theme, with variations (new, first time).....Lalo....
The performance of the orchestra was excellent, although the orchestra does not appear to such advantage in the Tremont Theatre as in Music Hall, for the sonority is not

The Stone Man...and indeed...wants no earthly food," or else...so far as dramatic action is concerned...is reduced to the level of a trick panto-

what difficulties lie in the bath of him...the reason for his influence over women of...and high degree; and yet he must not seem...merely a curled and scented darlin'. His...should be unquestioned, for does he...welcome the Stone Man at his table? Dash...nary, authority, a cool head, a burning...a honied tongue; recklessness, fertility...vention, a touch of the demoniacal; final...that reaches tragic grandeur and in...ity for a deserved fate; all these enter...an ideal portrayal of Don Juan.

therefore, not surprising that this opera...satisfactorily given. It may be said...performance of last evening that it was...in its intentions. From the dramatic...point it was wanting in character-draw...and in movement. From the vocal stand...there was little to praise without serious...ations. Mazotto and Zerlina entered into...spirit of the drama, and so did Leporello in...and angular manner.

Leporello was a good-natured Don, who...dave given up his seat in a street car to...woman, young or old; but he would then...stood on the platform and chatted affably...the conductor; he would not have in...d the woman with an irresistible desire to...tha to sit beside her. He looked well, he...ed well, he sang often with taste, but, to...ents and purposes, he was an ominently...stable and conventional citizen, a pleasant...ance and an agreeable neighbor.

Leporello lavished himself in cesticulation...suggested line upon line, and showed con...ty her inclination to exaggeration in song...action. These mannerisms have grown...her since her first appearances in this city...her Donna Anna was of more statuesque...ty.

in spite of shortcomings, it is impossible...the music of Mozart. The hearer is still...ed and delighted by the immortal melo...Opera is a thing of fashion. It has its...and it has its day. But there are master...few in number, that mock at the caprices...bellows of fashion, masterpieces that rest...ho sure foundations of eternal beauty...a masterpiece is "Don Giovanni."

it is a significant fact that at the far-end...a nervous century. Verdi, the greatest of...a makers now living, turns back in his...Faust" to the simplicity and the Olympian...ity of the great Mozart.

It is evening the company will appear in...the Bohemian Girl," with Marcella Landi...MacNichol-Vetta, Montegriffo, W. H...ke and Bowman Kallston in the cast.

Miss Fanny Richter, a pianist, gave a concert...yesterday afternoon in Bumstead Hall. She was...led by an orchestra under the direction of...r Lang. The programme was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 in C minor, op. 37.....Beethoven
A flat major, op. 53.....Chopin
F sharp major, op. 15.....Chopin
Symphony No. 2, A major.....Liszt

Liszt said the other day that "the young...growth of half-ripe, but wholly confident...s, violinists and singers, especially of...the sex, is increasing in an alarming man...Perhaps it would be unfair to apply this...to the case of Miss Richter, for in certain...s she made yesterday a favorable im...on; and yet the hearer felt as though she...hardly prepared for public display, it...ed as though she were still under the...rant of the pedagogue—as though he stood...her, ready to chasten and correct. It...ed as though she had not given herself...for self-examination and the cultivation...r own individuality.

In the concerto by Beethoven, Miss Richter...showed facility and crisp touch. She played...with intelligence and without affectation. She...owed as a cadenza an ugly invention of Clara...umann. In her performance of this con...erto, as in the other pieces, there was a ten...y to end her sentences with an exclama...on point instead of a period; and so the end of...a phrase would be more marked than the be...gining or the centre. The polonaise is a man's...ce, unless the woman be such an amazon of...the piano as Sophie Menter or Adele Aus der Ohe...The nocturne was without imagination or color...It was given almost with flippancy. Our old...nd, Saint Francis, walked once more on the...ters provided by Liszt, and this time with...inary fluidity.

Miss Richter has apparently cultivated tech...no rather than emotion. Although her tech...ique is of fair degree, her use of the pedals...was often an abuse, and her runs were not al...ways immaculate.

These are impressions after hearing her in a...too ambitious programme. Her next appear...ce in a recital will be looked forward to with...interest.

PHILIP HALE.

April 18 -
MUSIC.

The Hinrichs Opera Company in "The Bohemian Girl."

Balfe's "Bohemian Girl" was given last evening at the Boston Theatre by the Hinrichs Opera Company. The cast was as follows:

Arbuthnot.....W. H. Clarke
Montegriffo.....C. Story
Balston.....L. Kallston
Marcella Landi
Lizzie Vetta

Although the familiar tunes were applauded...the performance was in many respects...miss factory. Miss Landi and Mrs. Vetta...sang acceptably. The former showed oc...a to larchness, and the latter was the most...ble of jealous Queens. The men made lit...o their parts. Mr. Clarke mouthed in song...der shoot seemed oppressed with a secret...nd, and Montegriffo, as Thaddeus, gave an...sufication for the oppression of Poland...Garden" will be given this evening, with...Lary, Kronold, Payne Clark and Del Puente...the cast.

so full, the tone seems muffled, and the different choirs are not so sharply defined.

Mr. Greene has temperament and taste. He does not seem to think highly of the legato, and his manner of cutting up a long sentence into square and detached pieces is in singular contrast to many evidences of his musical good breeding. The Irish songs pleased the audience. Whether such songs gain by the addition of an orchestral accompaniment is a question that admits of hot discussion. Mr. Greene was recalled and he sang a group of songs by Schumann, "Dichterliebe" (1, 2, 3) if I am not mistaken. The program of the concert in the evening was as follows:

Concert overture.....Cherubini
Air and gavot, from suite.....Bach-Bachrich
Valse, "Nymphs et Sylphs".....Bemberg
Miss Lillian Blauvelt.
Arabian Dance.....from "Peer Gynt" suite, No. 2.....Grieg
Solvejgs' Song.....Rossi
Air, "Ah rendimi".....Mrs. Scalchi.
Intermezzo, "Naila".....Delibes
Prelude, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner
Valse de "Romeo et Juliette".....Gounod
Miss Blauvelt.
Andante Cantabile for strings.....Tchaikowsky
Air, rondo, from "Cenerentola".....Rossini
Mrs. Scalchi.
"Festgelaenge" ("Festival Sounds"), symphonic poem.....Liszt

The audience was small and applauseful. Miss Blauvelt made a favorable impression, and indeed won an overwhelming popular success. Her beauty pleased instantaneously, and this is often half the battle. Her voice is agreeable and she showed considerable agility. There is no need, however, of occasional forcing of an upper tone, for the tone would carry without the extra endeavor. Mrs. Scalchi sang the air by Rossi with an anachronistic accompaniment. Unless I am greatly mistaken the original accompaniment is given to the strings. I am told these "complete" accompaniments in modern style are manufactured in New York in large quantities, and whether they serve Italian, German or French composers of olden days, they sound the same, they bear the same trade mark. Now, this trade mark is a full expression of the commonplace.

The orchestra played well. Mr. Brodsky did not appear in a solo number or as concertmeister, as he was taken suddenly with the grip.

Mr. C. L. Staats, the clarinetist, played lately at the rooms of the Harvard Musical Association Schumann's phantasie-stücke, op. 73, and a new romance by the Princess Marie Elizabeth of Sachsen-Meiningen. He has played in many of the leading towns of New England as a soloist, and has made a contract with the Y. M. C. A. Bureau of Boston for fifty concerts next season.

The program of the twenty-third symphony concert was made up of selections from the works of Wagner:

Overture to "Rienzi."
Prelude to Act III. Dance of Apprentices, March of the Mastersingers and Homage to Hans Sachs, from "The Mastersinger of Nuremberg."
Prelude and First Scene from "Das Rheingold."
Woglinde.....Miss Felicia Kaschoska
Wellgunde.....Mrs. Arthur Nikisch
Flosshilde.....Miss Louise Leimer
Alberich.....Mr. Henry Meyn
Siegfried Passing Through the Fire, from "Siegfried," Act III, Scene 2 and Morning Dawn, and Siegfried's Voyage up the Rhine, from "Götterdämmerung," Prologue.
Siegfried's Funeral March, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 2.
Brünnhilde's Dying Speech Over Siegfried's Body, from "Götterdämmerung," Act III, Scene 3.
Brünnhilde.....Miss Kaschoska.

The audience was very large and very enthusiastic. The overture to Rienzi provoked the most spontaneous and prolonged applause. The orchestral numbers were finely played with unusual brilliancy and dash. The singers worked earnestly in the performance of the allotted task.

Nothing was known at Music Hall last night about the withdrawal of Richter's acceptance. Mr. Ellis was not in town.
PHILIP HALE.

April 29, 93

WHO WILL LEAD?

New Conductor of Boston
Symphony Orchestra.

Will He Be Weingartner, Mottl
or Another?

Notes and Gossip Concerning Three
Celebrities.

The question, "Who will be the successor of Mr. Nikisch?" seems to be still unanswered. Mr. Richter must obey his Emperor. It is hard to believe the report that "Richter is a painfully lazy man, with no interest whatever in what is going on in the musical world." It is possible, however, that he dreads the travel to which the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is subjected by his contract. Even Mr. Nikisch, a young and presumably spry man, shudders at the thought of another visit to Chicago, and, therefore, does not hesitate to leave his employer in the lurch. Or, perhaps, Mr. Nikisch is pricked by keen desire to touch once more the soil of his loved



PAUL FELIX WEINGARTNER.

fatherland; and he cannot endure the thought of patriotism checked by a mere commercial detail.

There is natural public curiosity concerning the successor.

In certain quarters this curiosity is condemned.

It is said, and by those high in authority, that the whole affair is a private enterprise, and therefore the curiosity of the public is impertinent.

Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra is not an institution of eleemosynary relief. It is true that one man had the courage and the financial resources to found the institution.

At present these concerts are supported in great part by the people who bid eagerly for seats at the yearly auction sale.

Speculators in tickets have shown a praiseworthy desire to put music on a higher plane. Lovers of music who cannot spare the money for a seat are nevertheless admitted to Music Hall.

They are allowed a certain amount of standing room, and the softer sex is given the use of platform steps.

Surely is public curiosity legitimate when it revolves about a public thing.

If this orchestra were retained solely for the purpose of enlivening conversation in a private house—and such concerts were given this season in certain parlors in New York—then public curiosity might be regarded with reason as out of place.

Now that the arrival of Mr. Richter seems unlikely other names are mentioned, and there are rumors of offers made, digested, refused or accepted.

The name of Weingartner, for instance, has been urged on the public attention. And who is Weingartner?

Paul Felix Weingartner was born June 2, 1863, in Zara, Dalmatia. His father died when he was young, and the family then moved to Graz. Felix entered the gymnasium, studied music with his mother, and then became a pupil of Wilhelm Meyer. He wrote piano pieces, which were published in 1880 by Schubert of Hamburg. Aided with a city scholarship, Weingartner, in 1881, entered the Leipzig Conservatory. He also studied philosophy at the university. In 1882 he met Liszt, who became warmly interested in him. He left Leipzig in 1883 with the "Hofrat prize," and then wrote the text and music of an opera, "Sakuntala," which was first produced, March 20, 1884, at Weimar, under Lassen's direction. In 1884 Weingartner appeared as an orchestral conductor in Königsberg; he then went to Danzig, where he finished the text and music of an opera, "Malawika," produced under his direction at Munich, June 2, 1886. He was conductor at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre in 1887; in 1889 he was called to Mannheim; he was at the Frankfurt Opera House from June until September, 1890. In 1891 he was called to the opera house at Berlin and began there May 22. The performances, under his direction, of "Lohengrin," "Barber of Seville," "Carmen," "Don Giovanni," "Figaro" and "Fidelio" were highly praised, and as conductor at the Symphony concerts he won distinction by his reading of the Fantastic Symphony by Brahms, Mozart's G minor symphony and Beethoven's seventh symphony.

But his popularity was suddenly destroyed, at least for a time, by his extraordinary conduct after the failure of his opera "Genevieve" first produced at Berlin, Nov. 15, 1892. The criticisms were severe. The opera was withdrawn after the second performance, which was given to an almost empty house. Mr. Weingartner then appeared in print with a letter "To whom it may concern," in it he called the public of Berlin frivolous and unable to judge of such an earnest work as "Genevieve." Weingartner in his letter said that at the repetition of his opera "an empty house yawned



LOZE HENGRIN AT THE OPERA.
Caricature by Blass in the Pictori, Sept. 27, 1891.

at him;" whereupon the Boersen Courier remarked "Weingartner was in luck, for if the house had been well filled, a full house would have yawned at him." It was rumored that Weingartner asked Count Hochberg to relieve him of his contract as conductor. The position of first conductor at the Frankfurt Opera House was offered to him, but after a vacation trip to Italy he again appeared in Berlin, clothed and apparently in his right mind.

There are conflicting rumors now concerning Weingartner's plans. A new orchestral society at Glasgow is said to have tempted him. Weingartner has a three-year contract with the Berlin Opera House, and the Intendant made him lately a flattering offer for a life-long engagement. It was generally understood that Weingartner accepted this last offer, but Mr. Otto Floersheim, in a letter (April 4) from Berlin to the Musical Courier, makes the following statement:

"To-day the telegraph, to the great consternation of everybody, brings the news that Weingartner has signed with the Munich Royal Opera House, of which Postart now is the intendant, and that from April 1, 1893, when his Berlin contract will expire, he is to become the successor to General Director Hermann Levi, who by that time will probably retire from active service. Whether or not this officially published telegram tells the truth I cannot at this mo-

ment verify, but I hardly doubt its authenticity."

Mr. Floersheim writes as follows concerning the possibility of Weingartner's appearance here:

"Meanwhile, I learn that Col. Higginson has also been after that much sought after young man, and that very tempting financial offers have been made him if he wants to be the immediate successor to Arthur Nikisch, Esq. Of this, however, there could be as little question as of the acceptance of the Glasgow engagement, as Weingartner is still bound for three years by contract to the Royal Opera House. I do not think that Col. Higginson is exactly the man to be a party to a breach of contract, even if Weingartner for the sake of the almighty dollar had been willing to break his Berlin engagement, a fact which I very much doubt, however."

There is no doubt, however, of this: that Weingartner has retained his popularity in Berlin, so far as the public at large is concerned, although there are excellent musicians who protest against the occasional musical eccentricities of this restless, nervous man.

Weingartner was married Nov. 5, 1891, to Miss Juillerat-Chasseur, a woman of French Switzerland, whom he met in Mannheim. He has written the operas above mentioned, songs and a suite, dedicated to von Bülow, for string orchestra.

Felix Mottl has been named as the possible successor of Mr. Nikisch, and it is now stated that he has received a definite offer.

Mottl enjoys fame as a conductor of opera and as an authority on the subject of Wagner he is known throughout Europe.

But he is not considered a great or distinguished leader of symphony concerts.

His appearance in Berlin as a temporary conductor of the Philharmonic concert was a distinct and acknowledged failure.

He directed the sixth subscription concert the ninth of last January, and such was his reception by public and press that he was reluctant



THE NEW SIEGE OF PARIS IN 1891.
(An unpublished sketch by Motech.)

to appear at the ninth concert; he consented, however, but he did not redeem himself. If the reports of that performance are worthy of belief.

It is possible that his physical condition had much to do with this. There was a report not long ago that overwork had affected his mind, and that he only found relief by a sojourn in an asylum.

He was able to marry, however, and Dec. 17, 1881, he wedded Henriette Standhardtner, an opera singer. The wedding was at Vienna; the witnesses were Hans Richter and the baritone, Hermann; Siegfried Wagner is said to have been present.

There was talk at the time of Richter's retirement from the Vienna Opera House and Mottl's succession. It was only talk, and Mottl returned to Carlsruhe.

Mottl is at least a man of catholic taste, and he has offered the hospitality of his opera house to such French composers as Berlioz and Chabrier.

It is a singular commentary on the condition of music in Boston that the name of Lamoureux, one of the most distinguished conductors in Europe, has not been seriously considered.

Charles Lamoureux was born at Bordeaux, September 28, 1834. He entered the Paris Conservatory in 1850 and studied the violin under Girard. In 1854 he took the first prize for violin playing. He studied composition with Follin, Leborne and Chauvet. He then taught, and he founded a string quartette. A member of the Conservatory orchestra, he became its second conductor. Having traveled extensively in Germany and England, Lamoureux became acquainted with choral works of great proportions, and in 1873, unaided, and at his own expense, he founded a society called "Harmoise Sacree." Under his direction "The Messiah" was given for the first time in France, Dec. 19, 1873. Other works given were Bach's Passion according to Matthew; Handel's "Judas Maccabeus;" Gounod's "Gallia" and Massenet's "Leve."

Here Lamoureux first showed the qualities that distinguished his leadership: "Scrupulously careful in detail; patient in the preparation; knowledge and musical feeling combined, and to a rare degree; precision and authority joined to enthusiasm; control over men and the ability to communicate personal emotion to others."

In 1875 Lamoureux was conductor of the great Festival at Rouen in honor of Boieldieu. In 1876 Carvalho made him conductor at the Opera Comique. In 1877 he succeeded Deldevez as first conductor at the Paris Opera. He resigned this position Dec. 21, 1879, on account of a dispute with Vaucorbell, the director, concerning the tempo of a movement in "Don Giovanni." He founded, Oct. 23, 1881, the Nouveaux Concerts, which under his leadership are a musical feature not only of Paris, but of Europe. He was the first to introduce Brahms's sextets into France. At the head of the Wagnerian movement in France he gave the first performance of "Lohengrin" in France May 3, 1887, at the Eden Theatre. He also was conductor at the performance of "Lohengrin" in September, 1901, at the Paris Opera.

The programmes of the concerts given by Lamoureux this season included works by Strauss, Wagner, Bruch, Dvorak, Grieg, Fuchs, Schumann, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Ewstaheiw, Berlioz, Massenet, Bizet, Saint-Saens, Boelmann, Vincent d'Indy, Chabrier, Charpentier and Chevillard.

It is true that the names of Boelman and Chevillard are unknown outside of France.

It is also true that Lamoureux passed over the compositions of Humperdink, Riemeuschneider and P. Scharwenka.

PHILIP HALE.

"CARMEN."

The Hinrichs Opera Company gave "Carmen" last evening at the Boston Theatre. The cast was as follows:

CarmenSelma Koert-Kronold
NazabaelMarie Tavy
RecelesKatherine Fleming
PrasputaEmma Poyers
CamilleDel Puente
Don JosePayne Clarke
Don CarlosStorey
RemendadoZanten
Don JuanKulson
Don PepeEugene

Mr. Clarke was evidently indisposed, and after the first act his part was taken by Mr. Montegriffo.

"Carmen," like "Don Giovanni," is a hard opera to run utterly in the representation. The tragic intensity of the story and the dramatic truth and power of the music move the hearer, even when the singers and orchestra are incompetent.

The performance last evening was far from satisfactory. The chorus was bad, and the orchestra lagged frequently in ragged procession. The delightful quintette in the second act was cut out, and perhaps this was for the best, as the two snugglers seemed unable to sing or act. The card scene in the third act was shortened.

Mrs. Kronold was in certain respects a satisfactory Carmen of a conventional type. She was an ordinary gypsy girl; she was not the demoniacal creature invented for man's destruction whose vulgarity fascinated Prosper Merimee when he met her by chance at night. She might have excited fugitive love, but she would never have so burned the heart of Don Jose that he would have forgotten in her presence his betrothed, his honor as a soldier, and his duty. There was no blaze of temperament that made the spectator pardon the deserter. Mrs. Kronold fell into the common error and over-dressed the part. The cigarette girl of the story was not dainty in the matter of fine white skirts, for when she went to the drinking den did she array herself in ball costume. But it may be said that Mrs. Kronold acted at times with dash and with an appreciation of the possibilities of the part, although her natural limitations prevented complete realization.

Mrs. Tavy sang with intelligence and was discreet in action. She was applauded heartily after the air in the third act.

Del Puente's song was imperiously rede-manded, and his appearance recalled to many the strong performances of the past, when Samson in his glory gave an impersonation of a savage truth, and Carmen was the incarnation of an eternal type.

Mr. Payne Clarke has worked hard this week, and it is not surprising that he was unable to give his performance last evening. The weakness of his song may be excused readily, but he did not appear at all familiar with his lines or his business. Mr. Montegriffo, who followed him, had excellent intentions, and in the last act he acted with rude spirit, but his voice was agreeable, nor can his method of production be applauded.

A double bill will be given this evening: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz." The opera this evening will be "Il Trovatore," with Tavy, Lizzie Votta, Montegriffo and Perry Ayerill in the cast. These singers will appear in the double bill: Kronold, Payne Clarke, Del Puente and Helen Campbell.

PHILIP HALE.

May 1 - 93

MUSIC.

The Twenty-Fourth Concert of the Symphony Orchestra.

The 24th and last Symphony concert of the series of '92-'93 was given Saturday evening in Music Hall. Mr. Arthur Nikisch then made his last appearance as conductor of this orchestra.

The programme was as follows: Symphony, D major (Parisian), Mozart; Unfinished Symphony, B minor, Schubert; Symphony No. 3, Beethoven.

The air of the hall was hot and foul, so that the concert seemed of interminable length. The programme was one of dignity, and the music might have been more fully enjoyed if the attending atmospheric circumstances had been more congenial. But even bad air could not vitiate the tender melancholy and the unearthly beauty of Schubert's fragment.

It is not necessary, now that Mr. Nikisch is no longer in authority, to write at length concerning the merits or faults of the performance of Saturday evening. The orchestra played as though the members appreciated the dignity of the occasion, and, if unfavorable criticism were to be made, it would chiefly concern itself with the ultra-modern ideas of Mr. Nikisch in regard to the proper pace of a movement. The first movement, for instance, of the Heroic Symphony showed the characteristics of the man. There were occasional great effects, and, on the other hand, the frank simplicity of the composer was turned often into the sentimental affectation of the conductor.

Mr. Nikisch will soon be engaged in a congenial task. He is by nature an operatic conductor; he, a Hungarian, is fully equipped for the duty of conducting opera in a Hungarian town to the delight of a Hungarian audience. Surely there is no one here that will not wish him success in the achievement of this task.

May his life, then, be one prolonged Hungarian rhapsody!

PHILIP HALE.

May 3 - 93

MR. BOTUME'S LECTURE.

Mr. John Franklin Botume gave a lecture last evening in Steinert Hall on "Opera, From Its Beginning to Warner." He was assisted by Miss Harriet S. Whittier.

Izaak Walton wrote as follows in "The Complete Angler": "The chub, though he eat well thus dressed, yet as he is usually dressed he does not."

This quaintly worded phrase may be applied to any lecture on any musical subject.

Mr. Botume's subject was one of peculiar interest; it admitted of digressions in which the customs of the different periods might well

have been discussed; it also admitted of curious anecdotal illustrations. The lecturer, however, confined himself closely to the subject as marked out in the synopsis, and told in an agreeable manner of the invention of opera, and of the subsequent attempts made by Scarlatti, Lotti and his colleagues, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, Mozart, and the men of the French and German schools to solve the problem of the successful combination of "Drama, Singing, and Music." Within the short time at his disposal the lecturer could only touch on the different periods, but he told his story clearly, and evidently gave pleasure to the audience.

When there was so much to be condensed, it was perhaps best to follow the beaten path. Mr. Botume claims with many that the first opera was Peri's "Euridice" (circa 1600); but Celler and Weckerlin have certainly made a strong case in behalf of the claims of Baltaserini's "Ballet Comique de la Reine," performed at the wedding feast of the Duc de Joyeuse in 1581; and it would be hard to deny the operatic appearance of certain musical entertainments before that date, and mentioned by Father Menestrier.

Miss Whittier contributed largely to the pleasure of the evening by her singing of the musical illustrations.

PHILIP HALE.

May 4

AT SPRINGFIELD.

The Fifth Music Festival of Hampden County.

Verdi's "Requiem" as Sung by the Association.

A Digression Concerning Its Religious Character.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., May 3. This is the first day of the fifth Music Festival of the Hampden County Musical Association, under the direction of Mr. George W. Chadwick of Boston. The festival is held in the City Hall. The President of the association is Orlando M. Baker; Rev. George H. Griffin is Vice President, and the Treasurer, Librarian and Clerk are Thos. H. Stock, Dr. W. H. Chapin and B. F. Saville. The



VERDI.

chorus of this season is thus made up: Sixty-nine sopranos, 44 altos, 22 tenors and 31 basses, making a total of 166. The sopranos alone of the Worcester County Musical Association numbered last year 170, and the total was 511. However,

"It is not growing like a tree in bulk."

doth make a chorus better be. Other things being equal, finer work may be reasonably expected of the smaller of two such choruses.

The programme of the first concert was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore, No. 3" Beethoven
Duet, "Like to a Vision" Wagner
("Flying Dutchman.")
Requiem Mass Verdi

The solo singers were Miss Juch, Mrs. Poole-King, Mr. Rieger and Mr. Max Heinrich. It was the first performance of the Requiem in Springfield. Verdi has hitherto appeared in the programme books of the association as the composer of "Ernani," "Trovatore" and "Aida."

The programme book prepared the mind of the hearers for the uncertainties of his individual opinion concerning the requiem by remarking: "This work has been bitterly denounced and as enthusiastically praised. Buelow has criticised it unmercifully along with other critics. Verdi is certainly a dramatist, and his admirers are forced to admit the charge that his requiem is written in much the same dramatic spirit as his operas, but they urge that this is admissible, and that the work must be judged by itself." Buelow very nearly hit the truth in saying that "The Manzoni Requiem" is an opera in ecclesiastical costume. The hearer is then reassured by the judicious words of the Board of Government: "It is fitting that works which have proved so attractive to the public and which have been so much discussed by musicians, should have a hearing at our Festivals."

Now, Dr. Hans Guido von Buelow, the eminent jurist, wit, professor, editor, mimic, pianist, clown, conductor and composer is the Shimei of the musical world.

He throws stones at the Lord's anointed. He will offend one man that he may thus injure another.

His tastes are as capricious in music as in politics, love and religion.

As the whale leaves his safe retreat, snouts joyfully under the open sky, then seeks again his home, so Buelow utters an opinion in the breathing spell between one asylum and another.

In the course of his wanton play he once spoke in insulting terms of Verdi, the most venerable, the most glorious name in musical history of to-day.

He had not the excuse of personal grievance; he could not defend himself on account of a burning zeal for art.

Verdi, an old, a modest, a dignified man, made no reply.

In 1892 Buelow apparently repented himself of intemperance, and he wrote the composer of "Otello" a letter, in which he retracted his words, and expressed his high appreciation of Verdi's personal and musical character.

And here is the noble reply of Verdi, a reply that bears indirectly on the question of "The Manzoni Requiem":

"Most Esteemed Maestro: You have committed no fault, and neither repentance nor absolution can be spoken of. If your present opinion differs from your former opinion, you have done well to say so, though I should never have complained. And then—who knows? perhaps you were right before. However that may be, your unexpected letter—a letter from a musician of such importance in the musical world—has given me great pleasure, not on account of personal ambition, but because it shows me that highly-placed artists can judge without the prejudice of nationality, schools or time."

If Northern and Southern artists have diverse tendencies it is well to let them be different. They should all be attached to the proper characteristics of their respective nations, as Wagner has justly observed. Happy you who are still the sons of Bach! And we—who are also who are the sons of Palestrina—had already a grand school which was truly our own. Now it has become a hasty art and shrewd throaty; it we could only begin from the beginning!"

It is true that Verdi has been and is an eminently successful maker of operas. It is true that he is a dramatist. It is true that his "Requiem" is written in a dramatic spirit.

But is not the text of the Requiem Mass dramatic? Is not the "Dies Irae" intensely dramatic? The Dies Irae may have been written by Thomas de Celano or by Latinus Frankpani or by Auguste Bugelienis; this is all immaterial; but is not the poem theatrical in its description of the LAST AND THE GREAT DAY.

As the Te Deum is dramatic, as the Gloria in Excelsis is dramatic, so is the Requiem dramatic; and why should it not be treated in a dramatic spirit? Is there nothing dramatic in death itself?

We must not judge such a work from the standpoint of New England piousness or German pedagogism or English conventionalism. Let us hear Rubinstein: "Should the fugue and the polyphonic treatment of the voices alone distinguish the church style in music? Or should church style absolutely require the usual A—men, Hallelujah, Hosanna—na, with several measures of figuration on the vowel? I think it an error to condemn the 'Stabat Mater' of Rossini or the 'Requiem' of Verdi in Protestant countries. The Protestant may indeed say: 'I have a different feeling, but not that is bad, because it is other than my feeling of worship.' Heaven is different in Palermo than in Insterburg, and that explains very much. We must not fail to consider the difference in religious feeling, each according to the climate, the training, the historical character, the culture epoch, the tradition, etc. It is with that as with the art of painting—a picture by Holbein or Durer has another character than the same picture painted by di Vinci or Rafael or any other Italian."

It is a surprising fact that, although this work was given this evening for the first time in Springfield, the City Hall was only about half

filled. Nor was the small audience due to the stormy weather, for I am told that the advance sales for the miscellaneous concerts and "Elijah" were large. Possibly many who look upon music solely as an amusement were frightened by the announcement of a requiem; but, on the other hand, Elijah is not a comic character. One of the officers of the neighborhood told me that even the music lovers of the neighborhood seemed to be afraid of any novelty, and they evidently did not have curiosity enough to verify their suspicions concerning the requiem. Whatever the reason may be, the fact remains that the greatest musical attraction of this festival drew a comparatively small audience.

An excellent performance of this remarkable work of Verdi is no easy task for chorus, soloists, orchestra and conductor. When Mr. Gericke gave lately in Vienna the performance that called forth such enthusiasm, he sent to Italy and imported his soloists.

He drilled his chorus and his orchestra for weeks, and the patience and the care of Mr. Gericke in all matters of detail are known to many of us in this country.

The performance of this evening, while it was not an ideal one, was in many respects a creditable one.

The "Sanctus" was omitted and the "Libera" was cut.

The fugue writing of Verdi in this requiem is the weakest characteristic of the work. He evidently indulged himself in fugue because he thought that this was expected of him, and so did Mendelssohn, from his own confession in "St. Paul." Verdi has shown, notably in "Falsch," that he can use contrapuntal devices to great advantage and with ease, but in the "requiem" there are passages that suggest the thought of the composer asking himself "What comes next." I believe that a work should be given as a whole when it is performed for the first time. This is but fair to the composer. Yet the composer may suffer, if the work is given as a whole, from imperfect execution.

Judging from the stumbling of the chorus through the exposition of the fugue in the "Libera," Mr. Chadwick was wise in using the blue pencil. In the performance there were occasional slips, but as a whole the work was given with intelligence and with appreciation of its dramatic force and rare beauty. In the exquisite opening movement the voices were not sufficiently subdued. The "Lacrymosa" was taken at too fast a pace, and the chant suffered thereby in full expression, as did the spasmodic cries of lamentation. The quality of the choral tone was excellent throughout, and the attack was, as a rule, firm. When the difficulties are all taken into consideration, and in spite of the occasional feeling that the chorus was not altogether confident, the performance deserves warm praise.

The solos and concerted numbers were sung with effect, and Miss Juch and Mr. Rieger in particular did excellent work. The orchestra gave a smooth and strong performance of the familiar overture of Beethoven, and the duet from "The Flying Dutchman" was sung with great dramatic effect by Miss Juch and Mr. Heinrich, who were recalled again and again. The choral numbers of the requiem were received coolly, although the work was listened to with marked attention. The concert of to-morrow will be of a miscellaneous nature, and the chief singers will be Mrs. Nordica, Miss Juch and Mr. Ludwig.

PHILIP HALE.

The concert of to-day showed again the power of personality in music. In the afternoon it was Nordica that drew the crowd; in the evening the appearance of Miss Juch and Mr. Ludwig was the lodestone.

The programme of the afternoon concert was well chosen and well arranged, but the concert itself was turned into a song recital by Mrs. Nordica, who was assisted by the orchestra.

Although the orchestral numbers were interesting, and although, in the main, they were well played, they served as breathing spells for the singer. It is true that Mr. Chadwick was recalled after his noble overture, and that Saint-Saens's orchestral poem was applauded, but the chief interest of the audience was turned toward the singer.

Mrs. Nordica showed the effects of a long continued tone. Her voice had a metallic quality that was not apparent at the beginning of the season, and when power was demanded her tones were often strident. The pleasing personality of the singer, her confident bearing, the authority of her delivery and the occasional display of vocal art aroused the audience to enthusiasm.

After a dramatic and too aggressive delivery of the great air from "Aida," Mrs. Nordica sang two numbers in response to the frenetic applause. It is, perhaps, needless to say that one of these numbers was the song in which Love is invited to go to Jericho, a song that for some insurmountable reason always touches deeply the popular heart. After the "Ave Maria," the violin obbligato to which was played by Mr. Winteritz, Mrs. Nordica sang with much taste a pleasing number, and even then the audience would gladly have listened to her again.

Here is a woman who has rare natural gifts and has had excellent instruction. When she sang at the beginning of this season she rarely forced her tones, nor did she court the cheap applause of the unthinking by the ready aid of a prolonged tone of high pitch, by violent and unmeaning explosions. Audience delight in rewarding any exhibition of physical exertion in song; and Mrs. Nordica, a singer of bodily strength and deep lungs, could not resist temptation to win in a blow the favor of the crowd.

The immortal symphony of Mozart was quietly received, and its patent and subtle beauties, if they were enjoyed, were enjoyed with well-bred composure. The playing of the orchestra was, on the whole, excellent. Exceptions might be taken to Mr. Chadwick's reading of Saint-Saens's orchestral poem, as in the oboe passage after the conclusion of the development of the "Hercules theme," for this oboe passage was taken so slowly that its mocking quality disappeared.

Mr. Geo. E. Whiting's "Dream Picture," a cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, was given this evening for the first time in Springfield. The music is set to a poem by Nielsen. I am told that the instrumentation of the cantata is not by Mr. Whiting. Now, Mr. Whiting is well known throughout the country as an experienced organist, teacher and composer. The cantata sung to-night is not worthy of his reputation. The music is, as a rule, either trivial or dull.

The most pleasing pages are the first seven, and they are of conventional prettiness. The waltz score is cheap and vulgar. The "Ave Maria" contains awkward measures for the solo soprano and solo alto, and these measures are without effect. The battle scene is noisy and without meaning, and the finale is bombastic. The instrumentation is crude and at times absurd.

The performance of this cantata cannot be praised. The dynamic indications of the composer were often disregarded and pianissimo was too often forte. The "Ave Maria" was made unnecessarily disagreeable, as far as the chorus was concerned, by a lamentable fall in pitch, so that cacophony reigned for nearly a dozen measures.

When there is in this town such an admirable male club as the Orpheus it seems strange that the members are not now invited to take part in this yearly festival; for in the Hamden Chorus, as in other large choruses, the tenors and the basses are proportionately weak.

Neither can the performance of the eighth symphony be praised without reservation. The orchestra is often admirable on these occasions, but in the symphony there were ragged passages, and in the finale there was a narrow escape from shipwreck.

The feature of the evening was the superb singing of Miss Juch. This most accomplished artist gave a memorable performance of the familiar air from "Der Freischuetz." The recitative was delivered without exaggeration, the prayer was breathed with virgin-like purity and the conflicting sentiments that follow were dramatically expressed, yet never at the expense of some. The climax was of electric effect, for Miss Juch knows the value of a true crescendo, and in a final outburst suggests reserve strength. The singer was recalled again and again, and the applause was continuous, deafening and deserved. At last she sang with infinite taste Rubinstein's "Thou art like a flower."

Miss Edmunds's lull and sympathetic voice was heard to advantage in Rubinstein's scene, and the female chorus was of an agreeable quality of tone and expressive in delivery. Mr. Ludwig showed his usual tendency to overblow his instrument, but he was recalled, and he then gave "Molly Bawn" with passion that was vehement.

Mr. Rieger sang an air delightfully. The air itself is a poor thing. He then added a German song, which was beautiful in its delivery and in itself.

Prof. Paine's march was played with spirit. It was heard at the end of a long concert when the large audience was seated. The concert was, indeed, too long, and the first number was not given until a quarter of an hour after the appointed time.

The concert of to-morrow afternoon will be of a miscellaneous nature. "Elijah" will be sung to-morrow night, with Miss Cary, Miss Edmunds, Mr. Ricketson and Mr. Ludwig in the solo parts. The performance of "Elijah" will end the festival.

PHILIP HALE.

Violin solo, violin concerto in D (first movement), Paganini
Mr. Winteritz.
"Heavens are Telling," from "The Creation," Haydn
High school chorus.
Overture, "William Tell," Rossini
EVENING.

"Elijah," Mendelssohn.
Miss Cary, soprano; Miss Edmunds, contralto; Mr. Ricketson, tenor; Mr. Ludwig, baritone.

The audiences yesterday filled City Hall; there was enthusiasm galore, and there is today discussion concerning the comparative merits of Juch and Nordica. The city, however, does not seem inflamed with musical spirit, and the streets do not wear a festival aspect. The hotels may profit by the occasion, but I am told that the shops do not gain perceptibly. The musical rapture here is moderate. The good people of Worcester take these things more seriously. People in the neighborhood of that town choose the fall festival for an outing, hear music and examine winter flannels and household goods.

Just now in Springfield there is louder talk about the rise of the Connecticut River than there is about the musical development of the city.

The chorus of the Hamden County Association is made up of excellent material. The quality of tone is pure, fresh, eminently agreeable. There are apparently few veterans who from a mistaken sense of tenderness or patriotism are often allowed in such organizations to ruin the effect by shrill and uncertain shrieks or by inopportune and spasmodic beats. There are good voices in the tenors and the basses; the sopranos and altos are admirable in their natural vocal characteristics.

But there has not been marked improvement in the chorus work during the past year. In fact, the chorus work is not as good as it was last year. The performance of Verdi's "Requiem" was creditable, for the work is difficult, and yet the performance should have been better, for there are great possibilities in this same chorus.

The weaknesses of the chorus were seen in the easier portions of Mr. Whiting's cantata, which was sung last evening. These weaknesses were a lack of precision in attack, little or no attention to the composer's marks of expression and more than occasional faint-heartedness. I do not speak of the sad slip in intonation, for the passages that provoked the slip are not among the simpler portions of the cantata.

It would seem upon those deficiencies in the performance of the chorus that Mr. Chadwick was not a rigorous task-master in the preparatory rehearsals. A conductor of a genial disposition may naturally shrink from severity in his treatment of the singers under him; yet singers distinguish easily between the conductor and the man, and they applaud in the former that which they would dislike in the social companion.

The conductor of marked ability rejoices in gathering fruit from an apparently barren tree; when the tree is vigorous and sound, willing and eager to yield forth fruit in good season, it thanks the conductor for his care and vigilance and pruning. It, with excellent material at hand, the conductor finds that the result of his work does not answer the expectation, he should examine himself as well as his chorus.

And why do not the men of the "Orpheus Club," a male chorus of acknowledged superiority, take part in these festivals? It is my impression that in former years the "Orpheus" did assist. Its aid now would be of value.

The concert of this afternoon was of a singular nature. An interesting feature was the singing of school children, under the direction of Miss Lizzie O. Stearns, the vocal teacher of the Springfield public schools. The children sang with confidence and with intelligence, and in certain respects they might serve as a good example to their elders. Miss Stearns may well be congratulated on the result of her work. If she is ever discouraged or fatigued in the pursuit of her duty, let her take comfort in the thought that by her drudgery she is making for musical righteousness. Her heart was him; she did not lose her head. When a false entry, she in the piece by Bishop, made a false entry, she rushed with decision and allowed the orchestra its introduction.

Each child was provided with the following printed advice. This advice, prepared by her, is recommended to choral societies of high and low degree.

"Watch the stick!
Sing better than your best!
Open your mouths wide!
Mind the rests!
Watch the stick!"

A capable woman is this Miss Stearns, an interesting mixture of modest maiden and inexorable drill master.

The children disturbed seriously by their artless prattle the performance by Mr. Winteritz of the movement from the concerto of Paganini. The violinist, no doubt, invoked the memory of the good King Herod, for he was at times evidently disconcerted. Still, there were many admirable points in his delivery of the selection, and he gave abundant proofs of musical temperaments and more than ordinary technical accomplishments. He was recalled, and he then gave a remarkable performance of a difficult piece by Bazzini—a scherzo fantastic, if I am not mistaken. The modest bearing of this talented young man added to the charm of the performance.

Mr. Rogers gave pleasure to the audience by his tasteful playing. He, too, was recalled and he gave a mazurka by Schuecke.

The Festival orchestra, under the intelligent

and sympathetic direction of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, gave a delightful performance of the Strauss waltz as well as of the "Tell" overture. And I may here add that this orchestra is a credit to the city of Boston. It is true that it is heard to the best advantage under the leadership of Mr. Mollenhauer. This is natural, for as orchestral player and as orchestral leader he is able to add experience to temperament.

During the performance of "Elijah" I was more than ever impressed with the rich sonority of this chorus. There was a gain in precision of attack. Two parts seemed better balanced than at the previous concert of the week. On the other hand, throughout the first part of the oratorio there was little variety in the degree of expression. The choruses were sung in a listy, robust, almost hilarious spirit, without consideration of the text or expressed indications of the composer.

THE SPRINGFIELD FESTIVAL

Two Applauded Concerts of Miscellaneous Programmes.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.
SPRINGFIELD, May 4. The programmes of the two concerts of to-day were as follows:

AFTERNOON.
Dramatic overture, "Mephistopheles," G. W. Chadwick
Orchestra.
Recitative and aria, O Patria Mia, "Aida," Verdi
Mrs. Nordica.
Symphony, G minor, Mozart
Orchestra.
Symphonic poem, "Rondeau d'Onphale," Saint-Saens
Orchestra.
Ave Maria, Mrs. Nordica.
Marche Hongroise, Schubert-Liszt
Orchestra.
EVENING.
Dream Pictures, G. E. Whiting
Solo voices, chorus and orchestra.
Scene and prayer, "Freischuetz," Weber
Miss Juch.
Symphony, No 8, Beethoven
Romance, song to the evening star, "Tannhauser," Wagner
Mr. Ludwig.
Water Nymph, for women's voices, Rubinstein
Alto solo by Miss Edmunds.
Recitative and aria, "Fosca," Gomez
Mr. Rieger.
Quartet, from "Fidelio," Beethoven
Miss Juch, Miss Edmunds, Mr. Rieger, Mr. Ludwig.
Columbus March, J. K. Paine
Chorus and Orchestra.

THE SPRINGFIELD FESTIVAL

The Performance of "Elijah" Brings the End.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.
SPRINGFIELD, May 5. The programmes of the day were as follows:

AFTERNOON.
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor," Nicola
Chorus, "Song should breathe," arr. from Beethoven
School chorus.
Harp solo, "La Danse des Fées," Parish Alvars
V. V. Rogers.
Chorus, "Lo, Morn la Breaking," Cherubini
School chorus.
Waltz, "Vienna Woods," J. Strauss
(the alto solo by Carl Behr).
Chorus, "Bark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre," Bishop
School chorus.

of the appreciation of a...
our God, He is a...
are the men who fear Him. In the...
of the oratorio this monotony of...
was not so consistently observed...
chorus "He, watching over Israel...
not" was given with self control...
I am told that singers have been ad...
the chorus during the past year, and...
attempts at expression have been the...
At the same time the oratorio...
in which the confidence of the chorus...
shown, was undoubtedly familiar to...
the singers. The work was given here...
and by the way, Miss Cary and Mr...
singing at the festival of that year. The...
of this season were not so thoroughly...
that the singers appeared confident...
a question of degree of expression...
also told that the members of the...
Club have been invited again and...
to join the ranks of the Hampden County...
on, but they have declined for various...
It seems a pity that there is not a...
concert on the part of all singers here to...
the yearly festival conspicuous in the...
of this country.

There is an advance in the musical...
association there is a step backward...
no such thing as a standstill in music...
there is no place for mediocrity in art...
has been during the year possible in...
volume of tone. Volume of tone is...
everything. We have too much of singing...
too much of hammering out tones with...
in the polishing of them. Here is a...
of excellent, pliable material. Its effi...
to be zealous, sensible, efficient men...
have been given their all out, treat...
more snow of hands. There are...
enough from the numerical standpoint...
stronger singers knock at the door of...
than there are if there are any, they should...
for this applicant.

Mr. Ludwig was a...
Elijah, who found the best expression...
in recitative. His conception of...
strong and not wholly free from ex...
His heroic figure of the rocks and...
places was ill at ease last evening. In...
of pure song, Mr. Ricketson was an...
of sentimental tendencies, and in his...
of recitative his nouns and verbs...
separated by long drawn dashes. He...
was applauded for his singing of "If...
your hearts," as was Miss Edmonds...
sol. Miss Cary was severely handi...
cold, but in spite of her affliction...
and the result of excellent instruction...
thought that the rainy weather has cost...
about \$1000.

At this evening by an officer of the...
Government that there will probably...
a pecuniary loss when the accounts are

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

Boston, April 30, 1893.

MISS FANNY RICHTER, a pianist, made her first appearance in the United States in Bumstead Hall the afternoon of the 26th. She was assisted by an orchestra led by Mr. Lang. The program was as follows:

Concerto, No. 3, C minor, op. 37.....Beethoven
Polonaise, A flat major, op. 53.....Chopin
Nocturne, F sharp major, op. 15.....Chopin
Legende.....Liszt
Concerto, No. 2, A major.....Liszt

Miss Richter on her arrival was subjected to the examination of a reporter. Miss Richter, it seems, is "very fond of Boston." "I like it much better than New York, although I have many more friends in New York than here."

Miss Richter "wanted to play first in Boston." She liked her program, and was fond of playing Liszt. "It is her mature judgment that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is 'the best in the world.' She does not think highly of Hans Richter. 'He is too cold and—what shall I say?—too severe.' Her man is Weingartner, who is vaguely described as 'magnificent.' 'He is so young, too.'"

Miss Richter is a pupil of Barth, d'Albert and herself. She did not dwell on their methods of instruction, and returned immediately to the subject, Boston. "Every one is very kind to me, especially in Boston. I should like to live in Boston next year, and perhaps I shall."

These sacrifices were laid on the altar of local pride. But how does Miss Richter play? That is the question.

In the concerto by Beethoven she made a favorable impression. Her technic was adequate; her touch was clean and crisp; her phrasing was intelligent. The polonaise is beyond her present capacity. It suffered from a lack of rhythmic distinction, and the player was too much engrossed in the effort to accomplish a task. The nocturne, without color and without feeling. In the legende, St. Francis walked stiffly, and there was an occasional rheumatic twinge as his left leg sank beneath the wave.

Miss Richter's use of the pedals was not always to be commended; her runs in the pieces by Chopin were not immaculate, and she has a singular habit of ending many phrases with an explosion like the crack of a whip, as though she said: "There, that's finished!"

Although there were pleasing features in her performance of Wednesday, it cannot be truly said that the performance was equal to the preliminary flourish of trumpets.

Mr. B. J. Lang, who acts as her guide, philosopher and friend, is said to have described her as "young, beautiful and a novelty by way of a pianist." From Miss Richter's own account she may play here again in May, and she threatens to play "something from Huber." "Huber's music has never been played here, I believe, and I have not even studied it myself yet." Follow the famous advice of "Punch," dear Miss Richter, and "Don't."

Within the last ten years these pieces by Huber have been performed publicly in Boston. Waltzes for piano, violin and cello, December 15, 1887, by Dr. Kelterborn, B. Catter and Wulf Fries; Fantasy for piano and violin, March 1, 1888, at a concert given by F. A. Porter; "Ave Maria" for tenor solo and female chorus, January 28, 1889, by the Fidelio Society.

The following announcement appeared in the morning newspapers of the 27th:

The manager of Paderewski announces that, owing to the excessive fatigue of the pianist, the recital announced at Music Hall to-day is postponed indefinitely, the early return of Paderewski to Europe preventing his giving another recital at a later date in this city.

Miss Adele Lewing, assisted by Mrs. Humphrey-Allen, soprano, Miss Rollwagen, contralto, and Mr. Lamson, bass, gave a concert the 24th. The following compositions by Miss Lewing (nearly all of them manuscript) were included in the program: Songs, "Frühlingsbotschaft," "Mein Schatz schmückt sich mit Rosen," "O, for Wings!" "Wanderers' Nachtlied," "Springtime," "The Rainy Day," "Einst und jetzt," "Proposal," "Klage der Herbstnacht," "Winternacht," "Der Sänger," and a French suite in old style for piano. I was unable to be present. I am told on good authority that the suite abounded in pleasing passages; that the songs were, as a rule, exacting in demands on the voice, and that the effects gained thereby did not reward vocal exertion.

The Hinrichs Grand Opera Company spent the week at the Boston Theatre. These operas were sung: "Il Trovatore," "L'Amico Fritz" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Don Giovanni," "The Bohemian Girl" and "Carmen." The chief singers were Tavery, Kronold, Marcella Lindh, Clara Poole-King, Lizzie Vetta, Payne Clark, Montegriffo, Del Puente, Percy Averill and W. H. Clarke. There was no new scenery. A small and raucous chorus was reinforced by local singers. The orchestra was as a rule inadequate. Mr. Hinrichs conducted.

Our old friend "Il Trovatore," the double Mascagni bill, and "Carmen" drew good houses. And yet the first

performance of "L'Amico Fritz" (April 25) was not a temptation to many of our "patrons" and "patronesses" of music, who are so eager in the encouragement of mediocrity and delight in turning a concert into a social function.

It is, perhaps, unfair to judge of "L'Amico Fritz" after one hearing, especially as the performance was far from satisfactory. Let us rather record impressions.

The cast was as follows:

Suzel.....Selma Kronold
Fritz Kobus.....Payne Clark
Beppe.....Catharine Fleming
David.....Del Puente

Mrs. Kronold did not appreciate the character of "Suzel," the simple girl so charmingly portrayed by Marion Manola in the English translation of the French play. Her coquetry might have fitted the "Mascotte;" her recitation of the wooing of Rebekah was given apparently in imitation of the district school endeavor of a bashful girl, such a recitation as Susie Irwin delights to stammer forth. Mr. Clark as "Kobus," was a dull bachelor. There was no suggestion of cool and unlimited beer, long pipes and pleasant jests against matrimony; there was no thought of the chimes at midnight and the upward, patronizing look at the seven stars. Nor was he an impassioned lover. Del Puente's make up was admirable and his performance was excellent in many respects. Still one missed the flavor of subtle unctuousness.

The chorus might have pleased the audience by the reversal of Mascagni's idea, if it had been seen and not heard.

It seems to me that the chief fault of Mascagni's opera is its disregard of values. Why should the orchestra murmur, groan and pant when "Fritz" asks "Suzel:"

And is thy father well—
Thy poor old father?

Indeed I see no need of any accompaniment here. "Fritz" at that time had no particular interest in his father.

Why should the Rabbi's indignation against the bachelors require "a great and thundering speech?"

Why should the simplicity of the scene at the well be turned into declamatory bombast and orchestral fury?

What in the world has the intermezzo with its Hungarian echoes to do with this pretty Alsatian story?

And then there is the last act with its fuss and turmoil, confusion and pother, more appropriate to the sinking of a life raft under a bright sun at noon, when waves are often the fiercest.

Ah, what beautiful things there are in this same opera! I don't care for Mascagni's indecent passion for dissonances, his adoration of seemingly impossible cadences, his pursuit of the lost chord; but when a man writes such an exquisite piece of music as the "Cherry Duet," I take off my hat to him, and I would gladly pledge him in Barolo of a certain vineyard that I remember now with gratitude.

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"THE SPAN OF LIFE."

William Calder's company appeared last evening at the Boston Theatre in Sutton Vale's "The Span of Life." The story of this "thrilling realistic drama" is as follows: Dunstan Leech is a very bad man, with a quaking staccato laugh. In the first act he attempts to murder his little half-brother by injecting morphine into a bunch of grapes; but the boy has been fed on the drug for some years by doctors, and is able to see his mother wickedly

putting four thousand pounds or so into the inside pocket of Richard Blunt's coat. Richard is a tutor and in love with Kate Heathcote. Dunstan's mother wishes Kate to marry Dunstan, "the son of the only man she ever loved." The curtain falls on an uncertain disposition of the characters. In the second act Dunstan has finally succeeded in poisoning his little brother and is engaged in the shipping business. As his heavily insured vessels have an unfortunate manner of going to the bottom he is prosperous. But he still hates Blunt, who is now a lighthouse keeper. The lighthouse is out of oil through the treachery of a subordinate who also hates Blunt and owes Leech money. There is a plot by which Dunstan Leech gains admittance to the lighthouse and fills Mr. Blunt with lead. The villain then drinks grog and laughs hysteric laugh as he sees his good ship nearing the rocks. But Blunt is able to ring the fog bell, and the repentant subordinate, assisted by Kate and the funny man of the piece, bring oil in time to set the light aglow. In the third act, Blunt, his wife and boy, the funny man and the seafarer, in company with three acrobats, are in Zambesia, Africa. Blunt has found diamonds and a gold mine. Dunstan Leech appears on the scene as a leader of a band of Arabs, the women and boys are carried away to be sold as slaves. There is pursuit, and the women and the boy are rescued. In the course of their flight a bridge is destroyed by the Arabs, and then the three acrobats form a natural living bridge by throwing themselves across the chasm. Blunt is left in the hands of his enemies. In the fourth act everybody is in England in the house of Dunstan's mother except Blunt and the acrobats, who have disappeared from the story like Xury in Robinson Crusoe. Dunstan has a mild attack of delirium tremens, breaks open his mother's desk, although she is dying in an adjacent room, and confides to Kate, the supposed widow, that he has always loved her. She remembers that he has killed a good many people and intended to sell her as a slave, and so she answers him coldly, which is after all reasonable on her part. Blunt returns from Africa, and when his wife tells him that she has evidence of Dunstan's poisoning his little brother, he calls in policemen, who lead the criminal away. Dunstan laughs for the last time and says he will never die on the scaffold. Mr. Blunt then speaks of the joys of home and the curtain falls.

This blood-curdling melodrama was acted with spirit by Wright Huntington as Blunt, Ralph Delmore as Dunstan Leech, William Calder as Gurnett and Miss Rachel Sterling as Kate Heathcote. Harry Booker as Nutty Brown and Miss Gertrude Dawes as Shrove Tuesday amused heartily the audience. The Wilsons, "The Elastic Trio," made the scene of the bridge exciting. The scenery, notably "The King's Chasm" and "Lighthouse," was very effective.

The theatre was crowded; applause was frequent throughout the play, and there were curtain calls after each act. The upper gallery sided on all occasions with justice, honesty, purity and truth, and its indignation at the low conduct of the villain was such that Mr. Delmore was roundly hissed when he accepted a curtain call, and his laugh was loudly imitated with more or less success. This, after all, was the highest compliment to his portrayal of the character.

"The Span of Life" will be given every evening of the week and at the matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

12 May -

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The Cecilia Gives a Concert of Musical Illustrations of Shakspeare.

The Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. Lang, gave last evening in Music Hall the fourth concert of the seventeenth season. The concert was in illustration of "music in Shakspeare's time and Shakspeare in music." The part songs used in illustration were as follows:

"Lord, for Thy Tender Mercies' Sake,".....Farrant
"Matona, lovely Maiden,".....Lassus
"Since first I saw your Face,".....Ford
"My Bonny Lass,".....Morley
"Down in a Flowery Vale,".....Feila
"Fire, Fire, my Heart,".....Morley
"Sigh no more, Ladies,".....Stevens
"If She be made of white and red,".....Seven
"You Spotted Snakes,".....Mascagni
"How Sweet the Moonlight,".....Lassus
"Under the Greenwood Tree,".....Fenella

It was a pleasure to hear the vocal music of ancient masters, of a time when the voice was rightly regarded as the noblest of instruments; and it would make much for musical righteousness if the opportunities for hearing such unaccompanied song were more frequent. When we see the skill with which these masters of the past treated the voice, and notice what beautiful effects they gained by apparently simple means, we may well doubt whether there has been marked progress in writing for men singers and women singers.

It is immaterial whether "Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake" was written by Farrant or by another—for the authorship is disputed—but here is truly solemn, penitential music, worthy of the cathedral, the expression of the devout of all countries and all years. How manly, how hearty are the love songs of those early days! There is no pining, no exaggeration of the charms of the adored one in the search after strange harmonies and surprising modulations. This is good healthy music, not without a tender sadness at times; it is the music of a great age, when men thought nobly and dared great deeds.

The catalogue of music inspired or suggested by Shakspeare is a long one. There are incomplete lists in numbers of Shakspeareana for 1888 and 1889. There is also a long list in Albert Schaefer's "Historical Catalogue of Musical Compositions, Suggested by the Works of Goethe, Schiller, Shakspeare, etc." (Leipzig, 1886), a book, by the way, that should be in the Public Library. In a concert of reasonable length it would be impossible to give many

I have not heard "The Rautau," but to me Mascagni is the young man who wrote "Cavalleria Rusticana." So the scene at the well I rejoiced at the introduction of a peculiar phrase, a haunting phrase, from the other opera. You will find it easily on pages 103 and 105 of the American edition.

Mascagni is dramatic when there is no cause. Like Mrs. Siddons—or was it Fanny Kemble—he stabs the potatoes at his meal. And I would fain hear from him one melody of long breath.

He, too, is a névrosé.

Here is Verdi, with the experience of eighty years. Having slaughtered in a lurid manner men and women the other side of the footlights, he turns with a smile to the comedy of life, and remembers the Olympian serenity of Mozart. Only once in "Falstaff" is there an explosion of fury, passionate fury, and that is when Master Ford-Brook rages at the thought of the flippant treachery of his wife, and feels the horns sprouting.

* * *

You know the singers of this Hinrichs' company, and there is no need of speaking of merits or shortcomings. The game is not worth the candle.

* * *

Mr. Plunket Greene gave song recitals the 26th and the 29th. His singing of Irish songs and English ballads was much enjoyed.

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The pupils of Mrs. H. E. H. C. Wright gave a recital the 26th.

* * *

The last symphony concert of the season was given the 29th. The program was as follows:

Symphony, No. 31 (Parisian).....Mozart
Unfinished symphony, B minor.....Schubert
Symphony, No. 3.....Beethoven

With the performance of this dignified program Mr. Nikisch took leave of Boston. There was a very large audience, and the foul air of the hall made the concert seem one of interminable length. Mr. Nikisch was warmly welcomed, and during the concert he was presented with wreaths. After the finale of the "Eroica" he was twice recalled, and he made a short speech in which he expressed his appreciation of kindnesses shown to him during his stay. He said that he had always given his best efforts in

the cause of these symphony concerts, and he regretted that on account of his health he was absolutely prevented from making the Western tour with the orchestra and thus fulfilling his contract with Mr. Higginson; but he was sure that his good friend Mr. Kneisel would, &c.

There is no definite news concerning the successor. There are rumors about Weingartner, Mottl and Gericke, but Mr. Higginson keeps silence.

The promenade concerts begin Saturday, June 3.

PHILIP HALE.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, May 6, 1893.

MR. JOHN FRANKLIN BOTUME gave a pleasant lecture, the 2d, in Steinert Hall, on "Opera from Its Beginning to Wagner." He first described the invention of opera by Peri and the gentlemen of Florence, who met together, grew enthusiastic over Greek tragedy, and damned the counterpoint of the day when it was used in the expression of the amorous and the pathetic. He might in this connection have spoken of the "Ballet Comique de la Reine," performed at the wedding feast of the Duc de Joyeuse, and so delightfully described by Louis Leclercq, or Ludovic Celler, as he is known in the literary world. Mr. Botume then told of the subsequent attempts made by Alessandro Scarlatti, Lotti and his colleagues, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, Mozart and the men of the French and German schools to solve the problem of the successful combination of "Drama, Singing and Music." Miss Harriet S. Whittier sang in an agreeable manner operatic selections that served as illustrations of the different periods.

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THE SPRINGFIELD FESTIVAL.

The fifth Music Festival of the Hampden County Musical Association, was held in the City Hall, Springfield, Mass., the 3d, 4th and 5th. The president of the association is Orlando M. Baker, the vice-president is the Rev. George H. Griffin, the treasurer is Thomas H. Stock, the librarian Dr. Walter H. Chapin, and the efficient and indefatigable clerk is B. F. Saville.

The chorus is made up as follows: Sixty-nine sopranos, forty-four altos, twenty-two tenors and thirty-one basses. The total is 166. Now, the sopranos alone of the Worcester County Musical Association numbered last year 170, and the total was 511.

The orchestra on this occasion was the Boston Festival Orchestra, with Mr. Emil Mollehauser as concertmaster and Mr. George W. Stewart as manager.

The present conductor of the Hampden County Association is Mr. George W. Chadwick. He was assisted by Mr. Mollehauser.

The program of the first concert was as follows:

Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven
Duet, "Like to a Vision" ("Flying Dutchman").....Wagner
Miss Juch, Mr. Heinrich.
Requiem mass.....Verdi
Miss Juch, soprano; Clara Poole-King, contralto; Mr. Rieger, tenor; Mr. Heinrich, baritone.

The Requiem was given for the first time in Springfield.

The program of Thursday afternoon, the 4th, was as follows:

Overture, "Melpomene".....Chadwick
Romanza "O cieli azzuri".....Verdi
Symphony, G minor.....Mozart
"Le rouet d'Omphale".....Saint-Saëns
"Ave Maria".....Bach-Gounod
Marche Hongroise.....Schubert-Liszt

The singer was Mrs. Nordica. The pieces by Chadwick and Saint-Saëns were played for the first time in Springfield.

This is the program of the third concert, Thursday evening, the 4th:

Cantata, "Dream Pictures".....G. E. Whiting
Miss Juch, Miss Edmands, Mr. Rieger, Mr. Ludwig,
Chorus and Orchestra.
Scena and Prayer (Freischütz).....Weber
Miss Juch.

Symphony in F, No. 8, op. 93.....Beethoven
Romance, "O thou sublime sweet evening star," (Tannhäuser)
Mr. Ludwig.

Solo and Chorus, "The Water Nymph" (For women's voices).....Rubinstein
Miss Edmands and Women's Chorus.

Recitative and Aria, "Ci guideranno al ciel" (Fosca).....Gomez
Mr. Rieger.

Quartet, "Mir ist's so wunderbar" (Fidelio).....Beethoven
Miss Juch, Miss Edmands, Mr. Rieger, Mr. Ludwig.

Columbus March and Hymn.....Paine

The pieces by Messrs. Whiting and Paine were new to Springfield.

Friday afternoon, the 5th, there was a concert of a popular nature, and in this concert the public school children took part. They were directed by Miss Lizzie O. Stearns, the vocal teacher employed by the city.

"Elijah" Friday evening brought the close. The solo singers were Miss Elizabeth W. Cary, Miss Gertrude Edmands, Mr. Ricketson and Mr. Ludwig.

* * *

The chorus contains excellent material. The quality of tone is pure, fresh, eminently agreeable. There are no "earnest and faithful workers" whose shrill edged shrieks divided the shuddering night and hearer, to borrow from "Maud." Were you ever a conductor? If you have stood stick in hand, before an open mouthed chorus, you know the terror inspired by the sight of the singer with robust lungs, undying devotion to duty, and an imperfect ear or brass voice. He dominates the scene by his apparent Chinese obligato. Perhaps you have spoken to the officers about him and recommended resignation, followed by thanks for past services. The answer to your prayer was this: "Impossible, my dear sir; we would not offend him for the world. He is a foundation member, and he puts his hand in his pocket if there is a deficiency."

Or the example of misdirected zeal has no other amuse-

ment; or he has suffered some rank wrong, and he thus takes revenge on humanity; or if he were asked to resign, mortification would drive him to drink; or his social position demands respect; or, well, there are many obstacles to your plan. This spoiler of the feast never misses a rehearsal; he watches the conductor, he is so industrious and so faithful that he ruins easily the performance.

The Hampden County chorus seems to be free from such veterans of song.

The sopranos and altos are excellent; and although the tenors and the basses follow the rule in being comparatively weak, the tenors do not howl on the upper end of their register, and the low E flat of the basses is a tone and not a grunt.

The volume of tone in forte passages is ample. In piano passages the tone carries and gives the idea of controlled strength.

I had the pleasure of hearing this same chorus a year ago. The chief works then sung were "The Spectre's Bride," "Phoenix Expirans" and "The Creation." I regret to say that the performance of the chorus last week did not show improvement in matters of detail. From the purely musical standpoint the performance as a whole was inferior to that of a year ago.

"Elijah" was sung by the association in 1889. It was undoubtedly familiar to many of the chorus of this year. But the "Requiem" and "Dream Pictures" were new to the singers.

Inasmuch as the difficulties encountered in the "Requiem" are many, the occasional slips might have been easily pardoned. There was no excuse, however, for the persistent disregard of indicated expression marks that characterized the performances of May 4 and 5. The piano of the composer was generally forte to the singer. A pianissimo was rare. Coloring was a monochrome.

The chorus at Springfield is not so unwieldy that musical expression is impossible. I do not believe in singing in bulk. I do not believe that an increase in volume of tone from year to year is an unfailing symptom of musical development.

Shakespearean part songs. Each lover of part-songs has his favorites, and if all tastes were consulted a concert would outlast a night in Russia. The programs of the Cecilia was well arranged; Mr. Nevill's setting of "If She Be Mado" is dainty and delightful; the selections from Stevens and Macfarren were excellent; and yet the piano solo of Miss Richter seemed superfluous and it could easily have been replaced by such exquisite numbers as Macfarren's dirge from "Cymbeline" and others of an older school.

Certain tempos taken by Mr. Lang in the earlier numbers, as in "Matona, Lovely Maiden," might be disputed, but the singing of the chorus for its purity and beauty of tone and its balance of parts deserves warm praise.

Miss Fanny Richter played the Italian concerto of Bach with a certain facility, but without individuality and without rhythmic distinction; in a word she played like an industrious pupil of an advanced class. The selection was irrelevant. A popular song informs us that

"Shakespeare could write a play,
But he never saw the day,
That he could write
'Ta-ra-rah! Boom-de-ay!'"

Nor could he have heard the Italian concerto however honorable were his intentions. Philologists tell us that oysters, if they can be obtained, may be eaten prudently in July; still there is an old superstition that they should not be served in months without an R. Bach and oysters are best enjoyed in cold weather.

Mr. Ericsson F. Businell of New York had a thankless task in singing "Summer is Icomer in" and the air by Morley. He gave a singular reading of Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," and he sang that frank song with over-elaboration. He was heard to better advantage in Mr. Foote's "When Icicles."

Mr. Lang played a prelude and pavane by Byrd and a galliard by Gibbons on a harpsichord, a substitute for the virginal of Shakespeare's day. The only form of the word "virginal," by the way, in Shakespeare's plays is found in the passage in "Winter's Tale," where the jealous Leontes speaks of his wife as "virginal" upon another's palm. It was a pleasure to hear the tinkling with its thin, acid tone and such an instrument might be recommended to any modern formidable pianist who delight in thundering at length; if he exerted his strength he would break the harpsichord and thus give an excuse for the early departure of the audience.

PHILIP HALE.

May 12 - 93

FINALE.

A Glance at the Musical Season of 1892-1893.

The Chief Events of Interest in a Dull Season.

Concerning a Case of Managerial Privacy.

The musical season of 1892-1893 is nothing of the past, and it is not impertinent to reckon up the gains and losses. It is confessed by many and in different cities of Europe the last season was dull. So, too, the musical season in Boston was not one of marked interest.

Let us first listen to the complaint of acute critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, for it is that he says may be applied to music in our own beloved town.

"The musical news of the day is at a discount. There is nothing to chronicle save the repetition of minor music by minor singers. We have lived out the great old days when Mozart visited to these shores, and when the new masters of a century and a half ago were concerned with their methods and ways of dealing with pianoforte. Nowadays our musical prodigies are mere puppets of accomplishment in technique and his performance at St. James's Hall is only for a mere days' wonder—an appreciation which we are ready enough to offer. But of immortality?"

"The fact is, musical immortality—like musical news of which we have but just spoken—is also somewhat at a discount. Musicians of the world seem to have died, left no true successors. In England, for example, who at this day is the successor of Handel? Are the several professors whose conception of music is eminently respectable, eminently correct, and whose music is beyond all praise—are these the true successors, the inheritors of great names such as just mentioned?"

"Looking abroad, one is immediately of frauds, as of the precise reverse. Musical fraud has a greater opportunity these latter days. Of old, everything was a matter of severe rule. Your melody was fashioned upon certain set rhythms, your harmony confined by the strictest rules. But rather than Wagner, Beethoven, indeed, second period, made changes in this rule whose general effect upon the musical world was quite incalculable. And in so doing the musicians made way for the absolute impostor, man of mighty ambitions and of the greatest achievements. The result is an inundation of the Brahms style of music in London, in Vienna, in St. Petersburg."

Does Max Steur of Berlin take a more truthful view? Listen to his wail:

"The concert season is over, a season pitiful, more uneventful, more resolute, any that we have seen for decades. Not years and years have blazed indecency and novelty so violently in the Berlin circles as to show themselves off, never for years have the artistic and financial elements been so wretched as in 1892-3. Leaving consideration the subscription concert, though in them too much of the standard stand washing, the individual virtuoso concerts must almost without exception be described as ending in a greater deficit. This is indeed neither a new nor

ingers who cannot as a body sing with marked expres-
a comparatively simple part song spend hours during
season in mastering the intervals of the choruses of an
rio. When they can repeat their lesson correctly it is
ly time for the performance. There are no doubt re-
ks made concerning the duty of observing the indica-
s of expression, but the singers' chief anxiety is con-
ing the proper interval.

e hear every year the same old oratorios, "The Mes-
" "Elijah," "St. Paul," "The Creation," "The Pas-
according to St. Matthew," &c., and they are
ost always sung throughout with hearty good will.
re is little or no improvement in the expression of the
hes of the imaginative composer. There is more con-
fidence in the treatment of that which is familiar, and this
fidence is lusty, even in scenes of subdued emotions.

is not necessary to go as far as do some of the ultra
lern French, and demand the nuance instead of the
or; but we should at least be allowed to enjoy color in
rus singing.

That singular species of musical entertainment known as
horatio certainly demands color galore to make it endure
to the men now on this side of the sod.

because the Springfield chorus is of such excellent ma-
al, because it seems ready and willing to be molded
shape, my disappointment in finding last week that in-
ad of an advance in actual performance there was a step
kward was all the greater.

Do we not after all in these festivals lay too much stress
the necessity of giving choral works of large propor-
ns? Are not the programs too long and too heavy? Is
music then a formidable thing of man's invention? I
fess I should like to hear the admirable voices of the
ringfield chorus in an old English glee, if pains were
eu in the preparation, or it would be agreeable to listen
one of the "Shakespeare Songs" of G. A. Macfarren, as

"Dirge in Cymbeline," if that widely pathetic lament
re treated sympathetically.

The audience would not probably share my pleasure.
e modern audience fears lest it may be treated as a child.
ere is an example: A waltz by Strauss was played at the
arth concert at Springfield, the 5th. The incidental zither
o was played with taste by Mr. Carl Behr, and the
ditz was given delightfully under the able leadership of
r. Mollenhauer. Would you believe it, there were local
otests against the introduction of a waltz in close juxta-
sition to a chorus from "The Creation." Why, Father
lydn would have been the first to have rejoiced in the
psuous charm and irresistible swing of this same waltz.

You have heard Mr. Chadwick's noble overture, "Mel-
mene," in New York. It was given in 1888 at a concert
the Arion Society. I do not believe that you know Mr.
E. Whiting's "Dream Pictures," a cantata for solo
ices, chorus and orchestra. The program book of the
ampden County Festival states that it is an early work
mposed for the Foster Club, of Boston. I notice that the
ntata was given in Chicago in 1891 by the Apollo Club,
d I am told that the instrumentation of the cantata is the
rk of Mr. Foley, the conductor of said club.

The text is a translation of Nielsen's "Traumbilder."
maiden wanders 'mid fragrant bowers, attends a ball,
tens to church music and a guitar, sees her lover in bat-
e and awakens with a start. Then of course there is a
and hymn of rejoicing over the fact that 'twas all a dream.
e music does not call for extended comment. It is often
vial; it is at times unvocal; it is again bombastic. The
ench have joked over the arrangement of the waltz in
unod's "Romeo and Juliet": "Je (1.2) veux, (1.2) vi-i-
e-eu-eu-dans (1.2) le (1.2) rê-ê-ve-eu-eu, &c., but Mr.
hiting's setting of "With wild delight her bosom pants"
not much better, and from the purely musical standpoint
is worse. The instrumentation of the cantata is crude
d coarse.

An interesting feature of the Festival was the singing of
e school children under the inexorable beat of a comely
uiden, Miss Lizzie O. Stearns. The numbers sung by them
re selections from Beethoven and Cherubini; "The
eavens are Telling," and Bishop's "Hark! Apollo Strikes
e Lyre," arranged by Pearson.

The solo singers, as a rule, gave marked satisfaction.
e feature of the whole festival was the superb singing of
ss Juch, and in the duet from "The Flying Dutchman"
e was ably assisted by Mr. Heinrich. Mrs. Nordica was
plauded enthusiastically, but she showed the wear and
e tear of the season's severe work, and she put her con-
fidence in a stage smile and loud tones of high pitch. Mr.
eger was admirable throughout, and Mr. Ricketson,
hough he was over deliberate and sentimental in recita-
e, sang "If with all your hearts" with beauty of tone.
a report that I sent by telegraph to Boston the transmit-
made me do Mr. Ricketson an apparent injustice, and I
re gladly make amends. When I spoke of Mr. Ludwig's

"passages of pure song" the operator made my censure re-
fer to Mr. Ricketson. Mr. Ludwig was realistic and dra-
matic in recitative, and Miss Edmunds sang exceedingly
well the airs that are usually spoiled by exaggeration.

Mr. Felix Winternitz was disturbed in his performance of
the first movement of Paganini's concerto in D by the
conversation of the school children on topics of the day,
but he gave a remarkable performance of a scherzo fantas-
tic by Bazzini. Mr. Van Vechten Rogers, the harper,
played with taste. The performance of the orchestra was
in the main excellent.

An officer of the association told me that the rain wrought
pecuniary damage to the extent of \$1 000, but he was con-
fident that the association would be at least able to pay all
expenses.

There has been a Columbian Musical Festival at Mecha-
nics' Building, Boston, this week. Brass bands and children,
a female orchestra, and a grand variety of plucked and
percussion instruments, Mrs. Fursch-Madi, Miss Behnne,
Campanini, Guille, Mertens, Miss von Stosch and other ani-
mate and inanimate attractions have not succeeded, I am
told, in drawing large audiences. Mr. John P. Sousa was
director in chief, and he was assisted by Mr. Arthur W.
Thayer and Mr. H. E. Holt.

pecially surprising fact. In previous years the
soloist who gave a concert in the capital did so
with the tacit assumption that his purse would
be lightened by from 300 to 1200 marks. He
did it amid sighs, with the silent hope that the
bundle of notices which he would take out of
Berlin with him would smooth his path in the
provinces and under favorable circumstances
recoup him for his outlay.

There was one great event during this last
season, and that was the first performance of
Verdi's "Falstaff."

It may here be said that the interest of Ger-
many in the operatic works of the new Italian
school is not abated. Italian works and Italian
singers were frantically applauded throughout
the season in the leading cities of Germany.
When Mr. Gerike gave his remarkable per-
formance of Verdi's "Requiem" in Vienna he
sent to Italy for his quartette.

But let us glance at the chief events in our
own local, or I may say parochial, musical life
of the last season.

There were several first appearances.
Master Cyril Tyler pleased by his boyish face
(called by the more impressionable, cherubic),
and by the natural sweetness of his song.

We were allowed to gaze upon Antonin
Dvorak, the Bohemian composer, who was im-
ported to this country that he might teach am-
bitious Americans the art of writing American
music, a task to which the process of extracting
sunbeams out of cucumbers is a joyful job.

Miss Eugenia Castellano, a swartny music-
box, turned a Symphony concert into a recital.

Messrs. Wolff and Hellmann, the violinist and
the cellist, disquieted sorely several members
of the Symphony Orchestra, who lamented the
fact that citizens of Boston really enjoyed lis-
tening to foreigners who did not happen to be
of German birth.

The same orchestral importations who have
found life sweet in Boston were still more
grieved when Henri Marteau was cheered to the
echo in Music Hall.

It is true that under the last musical consul-
ship violinists of the Symphony Orchestra were
given ample opportunity for the display of
their talents, until the audience would have
welcomed for variety sake that impassioned
song "The Tear" blown through a slide-tron-
bone; but the violinists protested against
Marteau on account of his youth.

Marteau, like Pitt, was charged with the
atrocious crime of being a young man.

Indeed, it is said one violinist forgot decency
and insulted him openly, while the applause of
the audience thundered through the hall.

Marteau will visit us next season, and will
again give a gratuitous object lesson to violi-
nists of more advanced years.

He will, in all probability, be beset by the
sweet and young maidens of musical feeling
who now mourn the absence of Mr. Paderew-
ski.

Even the measles have not robbed Marteau
of romantic interest.

Other appearances were those of pretty Miss
Mandelick, Mrs. Antoine Beaumont, Mrs. Max
Heinrich, a singer of taste; Mr. Schnitzler, a
violinist of excellent technique; Mr. Beresford,
who struggled with our raw and throat-destroy-
ing climate.

A Russian choir, under the direction of Mrs.
Lineit, gave musical illustrations to a lecture
by Mr. H. E. Krebill.

Miss Lillian Durell made a first appearance as
the heroine in Gounod's "Faust."

The season of '92-93 saw the apparition of Mr.
Eliot Hubbard as a tenor.

Death took Julius Eichberg from us—the ad-
mirable violinist, sound instructor, brilliant
conversationist and lovable man.

The performance of Mr. Chadwick's "Phœ-
nix Expirans" by the Handel and Haydn was a
marked event of the season.

The eroticism of the text of the "Phœnix"
did not disturb the bulk of the congregation,
as the burning lines were cooled in the ob-
scurity of the original Latin.

Other events of interest were the perform-
ances of Saint-Saens's A minor Symphony;
MacDowell's first piano concert, "Hamlet and
Opheia," and Tragic Sonata; Liszt's Grauer
Masa, under the direction of Mr. Koteli;
Loellier's string sextette.

The concerts given by the Kneisel Quartet
were admirable so far as the quartet itself was
concerned. The choice of an assistant pianist
was not in all cases fortunate.

The programmes of the Symphony concerts
do not call for unusually serious consideration.
The Symphony chorus, after two lamentable
appearances, disappeared in the abyss, like
Bryant's water fowl.

Novalties of little interest or absolute
worthlessness were introduced and fell flat, as
the pieces by Humperdink, Klomonschneider
and P. Scharwenka.
Paul Gilson's "The Sea" was butchered to
make a holiday for Mr. Nikisch.
Templeton Strong's symphony was found
worthy in New York, but Mr. Nikisch looked at
it askew.

Opera was sporadic. One traveling company
of slender resources gave, among other operas,
the first performance of "L'Amico Fritz" in
this city. Mr. De Koven's "Fencing Master"
won a popular success, and his "Knickerbock-
ers" was brought out here by the Bostonians.
Cellier's "Mountebanks," sung by Lillian Rus-
sell's company, was a failure.

The last season saw the first performance of a
cantata, "The Skeleton in Armor," and pieces
for organ and piano by Mr. Foote.

And what shall I more say? for the time
would fail me to tell of Fanny Richter, and of
Pinkett Greene, of Wm. Jenkinson, of Lusoni's
remarkable piano recitals, of Mrs. Alvos, of
Paderewski's hypnotic successes.

I cannot refrain from again acknowledging
gratefully the pleasure given by Miss Juch and
Mrs. Fursch-Madi when they sang together in a
Seidl concert.

It is to be hoped that the visits of the Dam-
rosch and the Seidl orchestras will be repeated
next season.

The somewhat melodramatic departure of
Mr. Nikisch was followed by the melodramatic
silence concerning the new conductor.

It has been announced, and on the highest au-
thority, that the Symphony Orchestra is a pri-
vate pleasure of an individual, and that the pub-
lic is rude in showing curiosity concerning this
new conductor, whoever he may be.

But the seats for this private entertainment
are sold publicly at auction and to the highest
bidders.

Speculators sit at the sale in the seats of the
scornful and gamble in tickets.

If a lover of music should present himself at
the door of Music Hall any fine Saturday night
of the season without a ticket, he would be like
unto the man of old who went to the marriage
feast without a wedding garment.

The people here and in other cities are pub-
licly invited to exchange their money for con-
cert tickets that they may thus grow in musical
wisdom.

Is not, then, the appointment of a conductor
a matter of public interest?

Or in what respect do the managers of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra differ from the
managers of any respectable place of amuse-
ment?

PHILIP HALE.

May 16 - 93

The New York Times indulges in an un-
worthy sneer at the wretched beings who
sing in the choruses of cheap summer operetta
companies. It speaks of "The gentleman
who sings 'Oh, what a dreadful event?'" in
unison with other ill-dressed gentlemen, and
the lady who sings 'Did you see that?' in
company with others clad in last year's cos-
tumes." The Times says they must sing or
perish. Then why should these singers be
taunted with their lot?

There is probably not one architect in town
that has not the ideal arrangement of Copley
Square in his brain. This arrangement
would leap into the public view as Minerva
from the head of Jupiter were it not for the
thought of Pierre Humbert, the incensor as
well as the censor of all drawers of plans.

An evening contemporary accuses Daudet
of suggesting the name "Human Docu-
ments" for interviews in a new magazine.
But before Daudet was known outside of a
small circle, the grim Goncourt brothers in-
vented this phrase. A human document is a
suggestor of "copy." The document may be
wife, bed-ridden mother or strolling vaga-
bond; this is immaterial, as long as the au-
thor gains mental nutriment by observation.

HUSBANDS AS HOUSEHOLD PETS.

Advice is given freely and publicly to
wives concerning the management of hus-
bands. This advice is offered frequently by
splinters, who, indeed, consider the subject
anxiously.

There is a preliminary statement, to the
effect that it is the easiest thing in the world
to get a husband, and "any woman can do
it." This statement hardly applies to Mas-
sachusetts, for an unfortunate apportion-
ment of sex makes the pursuit of the male
a trying sport, as the hunters are many, and
the game is comparatively rare and shy.
But let it be granted that a husband, even in
Massachusetts, may be caught easily: the
question is then, "How may he best be pre-
served?"

The rules to young housekeepers are many:
"Have what he likes to eat, make your
home bright and cheerful, tell the cheerful
incidents and fortunate circumstances that
have gone to make up the bright side of the
day's happenings." Much of this advice is
common and pernicious. The husband is
regarded as a household pet, a bird in a
cage, who rejoices in fresh water with a
rusty nail, who delights in cuttlebone, who
is encouraged by chirruping to sing, and
who is occasionally allowed an hour outside
of the gilded prison. "If you can discover
some dish that he is particularly fond of,
have it often"—the wife thus appeals to
the palate, not to the heart or the brain;
nay, the persistent reappearance of a dish in-
cites irritability.

May 17-1893
No reasonable man wishes to be treated like a child. Nor does he wish his wife a flatterer, a sycophant, an echoer of thoughts, a conjugal looking glass. The true lover agrees with Cobbett: "All in a wife beyond her own natural disposition and education is nine times out of ten the work of her husband." Mental or spiritual growth is not the reward of slavish subservience. Economy often forces the woman to manual labor; more to be dreaded than the necessity of such economy is the penury of thought that follows constant abnegation of individuality. The most lovable of men becomes a petty tyrant if his opinions compel superstitious awe, if the wife anticipates his caprice. Coddling lends false authority. The swollen importance shrinks outside of the front door. The man accustomed to fawning within cannot brook honest opposition without.

To the clear-eyed woman a husband is more than a cat, whose native cunning is controlled by superior cunning which gives the owner mastery. She says, with Montaigne, "a good marriage (if any there be) is a sweet society of life, full of constancy, of trust, and an infinite number of profitable and solid offices and mutual obligations; no woman that thoroughly and impartially tasteth the same would forego her estate to be her husband's master." She that relies on spell of cookery or on denial of individual opinion for the conservation of domestic happiness outbids the jest of Anthony Panormita, "a man of a most delightful conversation, who, being asked what circumstance was most necessary in order for the making the state of wedlock pleasant and easy, answered that two things only were required, viz., that the husband should be deaf and the wife blind."

New York thinks that she is afflicted with Mafia, and the Times gives a long list of Italians who have displayed marked proficiency in carving their countrymen during the last nine months. Italy should not be condemned for the crimes of Sicilians who come to us from domestic prisons, and yet there should be restrictions against criminal immigration.

If there is anything in the theory of Lombroso, and murder is merely the logical accompaniment of a peculiar cranial development, the birth of a criminal should excite the populace as much as does the final break-fast or the good-bye of the Sheriff.

May 18-1893
If our girls and young matrons persist in devoting their energies to dramatic art, wooing and the comforts of domesticity will soon be affairs of the stage door and the green room.

To many the "hustling" newspaper of today seems like an arena on which murderer, sport, scandal-monger and dressmaker strive noisily for popular applause.

That Connecticut widow who, although she is over 60 years, ran away with a young married man, is surely not one of William Watson's "Eloping Angels."

The cruiser Marblehead will visit Marblehead, much to the joy of the inhabitants. The vessel and the town are worthy of the promised gala day.

It seems as though the advertisers would prevail and Theodore Thomas must go. The fact that he is the one man pre-eminently fitted for the position is nothing to the gentlemen from Utah, North Dakota and Wyoming. These complainers are merely the tools of scheming makers of instruments. Chicago knows no fury like an advertiser scorned.

The coming of the Infanta Eulalie is McAllister's Waterloo. Even his aplomb deserts him at the thought of the necessity of always facing the August Presence. We might rightly be disappointed in the Arbiter of fashion, were it not that the most adroit diplomat consults constantly his manual and tradition at the Spanish Court. And yet here was McAllister's chance!

May 19-1893
There is weeping in public places over the imperfections of Sargent's composite, ideal woman. Ugly lines and misfit flesh are said to be the results of modern unreformed dress. The sensitive young man may find comfort in the thought that he comes in contact with the unit, not the composite; and however the composite may be at fault and sin against the H. garthian curve, the unit is often wholly sweet, graceful and lovable.

A ROMANTIC CALLING.

There are now \$25 young men engaged at the Chicago Exposition as chair-rollers, or chair-pushers, for the best authorities differ as to the proper term. These young men represent 100 colleges. Each applicant brought a testimonial from the Faculty. The ordeal of examination is unknown except to the initiated; the applicants may have been put to physical tests, and their lungs, arms and legs may have been thumped and felt by attendant physicians; or there may have been a rigorous trial of mental proficiency, or comeliness may have been considered; at any rate the preliminary proceedings are to the outside world as Eleusinian mysteries.

The pay of a chair-pusher seems low; it is \$1 a day, lodging, and 25 per cent. of the money taken in each day; the pay will not probably rise above \$2.50 a day in the rush of the season. But there are certain amenities in this calling that induce active and keen young men to now turn toward Chicago rather than toward Washington.

That the pusher, stretched at ease in his own chair, has time to read Plato or solve an intricate mathematical problem may attract some who forget that such leisure is peculiarly non-productive. When, however, the general manager of the company says apologetically that he has not yet heard of any "serious flirtation," the greatest inducement to this manual labor appears in characters of living light. The chair-pusher finds his chair a vantage ground for a short and decisive matrimonial campaign.

We hear continually the lamentations of womankind over the degeneracy of man. The male of to-day is too often regarded as a dude, an idler, a fortune hunter who, if accepted, leans heavily on the shoulders of his wife or father-in-law. It is not surprising then that fastidious women in their pursuit of a chimera elope with coachmen, tamers of horses, or look kindly upon athletes of distinction. And yet the native modesty of woman forbids as a rule her making of advances, and social laws debar propinquity, the greatest of match-makers.

Now a susceptible maiden or a lonely widow puts herself under the protection of a chair-pusher, a college boy or a divinity student. At first she regards him as a part of the machine. She soon rejoices in his strength. He shows evenness of temper by the smoothness and the sureness of propulsion. He explains quietly, with the reserve force of knowledge, the objects of interest. As he grows more talkative he drops into poetry, like Mr. Wegg. There is nothing that she sees that he does not adorn with information. He shields her from the nipping air. He brings her chocolate and cake.

The intimacy is renewed the following day; little by little the pusher seems a hero; all other men seem tame. She says to herself: "This strong, agreeable, intelligent man is indeed a guide, philosopher and friend for the exposition; why should he not thus serve me for life?" Is it then surprising that applications "come thick and fast" for positions that promise such golden rewards?

Why the enforced resignation of Mr. Theodore Thomas should be connected with the proposed Sunday opening of the Exposition is a problem not easily solved by any Eastern man who views the situation from a musical standpoint and is ignorant of the parochial and peanut politics of Commissioners and Directors.

The recommendation of the Committee of the Public Library in regard to the speedy making of special catalogues is one that commends itself heartily. It is said that the first of these new catalogues will be devoted to architecture. Nor should there be only a mere list of books and dates of publication. The investigator should be able to find out at once the extent and the limitations of each volume by aid of annotations. A library is comparatively useless, unless there are many keys to unlock its treasures.

A correspondent informs us that the catalogue of books in the Public Library which relate to architecture is already in print, instead of in preparation, as announced in this column Friday. The Examining Committee for '92 recommended indirectly the making of catalogues of all books pertaining to Chemistry, Domestic Science and Music.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, in speaking of his late dramatic scene with Mr. Illiard, declares that his ambition is not that of the prize fighter but that of the actor. He is more modest than those distinguished historians, Messrs. Sullivan and Corbett.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, May 4, 1893.

THE Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. Lang, gave the fourth concert of the seventeenth season in Music Hall the 11th. The concert was in illustration of "Music in Shakespeare's time and Shakespeare in Music." The part songs used in illustration were these:

Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake.....	Farrant
Matona, lovely maiden.....	Lassus
Since first I saw your face.....	Ford
My bonny lass.....	Morley
Down in a flowery vale.....	Festa
Fire, fire my heart.....	Morley
Sigh no more, ladies.....	Stevens
If she be made of white and red.....	Nevin
Ye spotted snakes.....	G. A. MacFarren
How sweet the moonlight.....	Leslie
Under the greenwood tree.....	Penelosa

Perhaps Shakespeare heard the first six of these part songs and perhaps he did not. The Cecilia claims that he might have heard them, and therefore they were sung last week at the Shakesperean concert.

We know from his plays that he was thoroughly acquainted with bacchanalian and slang songs, and it is not unlikely that he often roused the night owl in a catch that would "draw three souls out of one weaver." He put into the mouth of Sir Toby Belch snatches of songs that would certainly bring a blush to the cheek of the modern young person. He gives a scurvy tune to Stephano. If he loved a song "old and plain, that dallies with the innocence of love," he also knew the music that Othello, according to the clown, so liked that he desired the musicians "for love's sake to make no more noise with it."

How delightful is much of the vocal music of Shakespeare's day, even now, when the hearer, accustomed to endless successions of dissonances, is tempted to cry out against the apparent simplicity of the ancients, until he examines the cunning contrapuntal structure made beautiful by the display of the knowledge of vocal art. The English of later years are more conventional in their treatment of part songs: there are honored modern names, as G. A. Macfarren and Robert Lucas Pearsall, that restless amateur, who, wandering from town to town, wrote madrigals and talked of them until death found him in his castle on the Lake of Constance. But the Englishmen of 1893, be-doctored and otherwise be-titled, plough along sedately in the old and familiar ruts of cold, correct harmony; or they dream of possible oratorios, "Aholah and Aholibah," or a sacred cantata treating of the woman arrayed in purple and scarlet color, whom John saw sitting upon a scarlet-colored beast. And yet it does not seem that there are enough characters in the Bible, gay or solemn, to go round among the horde of English Doctors of Music.

But England in Shakespeare's time was a singing nation. The laborers and the handicraftsmen ruled by Queen Bess sang as they worked, as sang "the spinsters and the knitters in the sun." What did Fletcher say? "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching."

I know not how it is in New York, but here labor is unaccompanied by song. If a conservative Bostonian should surprise his tailor in a vocal burst he would suspect alcoholic stimulation; he might not accuse him boldly of intoxication, but he would mentally charge him with undue incalcescence and feverish aestuation.

The French still have street cries, and many were noted in music by Kastner. They are very old, these calls, very old. They go beyond the time of Henry of Navarre, and some, confounded or synonymous with plain-song, were heard in the mists of antiquity.

The Grand Monarch no doubt lent them gracious condescension.

They sounded in the ears of the Marquis de Sade as he sighed after the lost books of Elephantis and meditated on Heliogabalian enormity.

They rose mingled with horrid jests to the pallid guests of the guillotine, while the avenging women sat below and knitted and knitted.

Nor were they drowned in the booming of German cannon without the city walls.

I am told that the people of London town are invited with musical vehemence to purchase muffins, cat's meat, primroses and mackerel. In Boston we have only the wild shriek of the huckster of oranges or strawberries. Why should our workmen and errand boys ply their calling in morose silence? Each occupation should have at least a characteristic musical phrase.

Then might the messenger of leaden heels appease a wrathful humorist by the boyish freshness of an ironical presto.

Then might the seller of cucumbers accompany his acceptance and delivery with the initial strains of a dead march.

And even the plumber, that grim man, might then herald his approach by a soothing and a conciliatory tune.

But I have wandered far from the Cecelia.

The tempos taken by Mr. Lang were in certain instances open to dispute, but the performance of the chorus was admirable; there was such purity as well as fullness of tone; there was such a balance of parts; there was such an appreciation of nuances.

The part song by Ethelbert Nevin, composed for the Cecelia, is a delightful fancy. Its quaintness is not affectation; there is no palpable attempt to imitate the expression of a buried generation that long ago became a part of the kindly, absorbing earth. Yet the little part song suggests starlighted gardens with trees fashioned into strange beasts and birds; fountains that splash or whisper as though independent of the mechanic, man; lovers, whose blood is not so hot that death follows rejection and whom jealousy is a pleasing and ephemeral emotion.

* * *

And what, pray, has Bach's Italian concerto to do with Shakespeare? Yet Miss Fanny Richter played it, and it seemed lugged in as by the heels. She played it as though she were accomplishing a task and without a keen sense of rhythm.

Here was a sweltering night and the concert was chiefly given up to part songs. The audience was dosed with Bach, just as on a warm morning of spring a prudent mother physics her brood for fear lest her children may possibly be ill during the summer. Bach as a blood purifier.

There should be a musical calendar carefully prepared by a committee appointed by the mayor of the city. Bach should not be played in a month without an R. A man that listens gladly to the Great Cantor in July changes hisannels the 1st of May and the 1st of November without heed of the weather, and eats oatmeal for breakfast throughout the year as a sanitary duty.

There is summer music and there is winter music.

There are nocturnes and preludes of Chopin which are a part of the "mad naked summer night! still nodding night!" But we barbarians sit and hear them in December, played by a male or female barbarian in a stifling concert hall; steam and electricity, the smell of warm overshoes and of dripping umbrellas, accentuate the musical enjoyment, and we talk knowingly of the temperament of the player and the perfume of the nocturne.

Field is a man of summer, "Lakmé" should be given in summer, and only on summer nights when the movable roof would allow the hearer to look up at a feverish sky. "Sylvia" should be danced in summer, and Massenet's "Eve"

belongs to August. Scarlatti's sonatas tinkle pleasantly through half-closed blinds and over a cool matting.

But Bach and Brahms go with roast beef and beer, a fire of cannel coal, and a consanguineous party. Chopin should be served with shad roe, cold asparagus tips, and a thin girl with hectic cheeks and eyes full of strange longings, insatiable curiosity.

* * *

Mr. Ericsson F. Bushnell, of your town, sang four numbers, among them Schubert's "Who is Sylvia" and Foote's "When Icicles." The singer should look to the production of his upper tones, for a man who evidently takes his art seriously should first of all be master of his instrument.

* * *

Mr. Lang played pieces by Byrd and Gibbons on a harpsichord, a substitute for the virginal of Shakespeare's time.

A harpsichord in Music Hall reminds one of the famous sally of Abraham Lincoln when homoeopathy was mentioned at a cabinet meeting.

And yet it was a relief after the storm and the passion of piano recitals to listen to the tinkling of the old instrument, even if the tones were thin and acid.

I know pianists—they are described commonly as "formidable," or "heroic"—who should be obliged by law to confine their noble rage to a harpsichord; and if in the urgency of emotion they smashed the instrument into splinters, they should then be condemned to serve a year in solitary confinement, practising Raif's dumb thumb scales on a lumb piano.

* * *

The musical season is over. A pianist who, like Brer Rabbit, has been lying low during the winter, may emerge and play the "Waldstein" sonata and the Bach-Tausig toccata and fugue in D minor; some earnest singer may load through a Schubertian cyclis; a wandering operetta company may obey Scripture and not touch pitch; but the wise man reckons not of their endeavors.

The season as a whole was a dull one.

A review of it, as a matter of record, must be deferred until next week.

PHILIP HALE.

May 20 -

The letter in which Yale declines the offer of Joseph Pulitzer to pay all expenses in England of either the Yale or Harvard crew is singular in its confusion of persons. The writer uses the first person throughout, and he starts with "My Dear Sir;" but Mr. Pulitzer is always "Mr. Pulitzer," and never familiarly alluded to as "you."

to charitable institutions, and we of the benevolence of the citizen, but a man was found the West Chester Park starving to death had been eating grass, leaves and He is a laborer and a man of good looks, it appears, but he could not find work and he would not beg. And they that now assist him and have found work for him in future are the policemen and officers of Division 5, who deal with such subjects from a practical standpoint.

In view of the performances at the meeting of the suffrage contingent at the Woman's Congress in Chicago, it does not appear that the admission of the fair sex into politics would necessarily bring sweetness and light. Mrs. Gougar was apparently slighted by not being invited to participate in the exercises, and there were threats of rupture and secession; but she was finally invited to sit on the platform, and she now declares herself "vindicated." If such things happen in play, what might not occur if the women were real voters and heated by a campaign?

Mr. James E. Murdoch is dead at an advanced age, and another of the old school of actors has joined the majority. He was associated with the men and women that were great in the classical drama and paid marked attention to the impressive reading of the lines. In these days of so-called dramatic realism, in these days when discontented women leap suddenly and unprepared upon the stage, when young men care not for tradition, hastily learn the text and gabble it, relying too often on personal advantages or the reputation of a scandal, Mr. Murdoch must have felt lonely and ill at ease.

Who would not be present at the conference in Chicago in which Georgia Cayvan, Julia Marlowe, Rhea and others amiably dispute over the drama? Why should such dramatic discussions be confined to the gentler sex? An interesting combination of conferring play-actors would be Wilson Barrett, Louis Harrison, John L. Sullivan, E. S. Willard and J. A. Herne; and the subject might well be, "Realistic Tendencies of the Drama." Mr. Sullivan would be undoubtedly chosen Moderator.

May 22 93

In spite of the contradiction of the report that Mr. Kneisel has been asked to lead the orchestra next season, there is still talk of his accepting such an offer. The New York Times expresses regret at the improbability of the event, and speaks of Mr. Kneisel as follows:

"Mr. Kneisel is one of the soundest musicians in this country. He is unsurpassed here as a solo violinist. He is wholly admirable as a concert master and as a leader of the Kneisel Quartette. And he is a thoroughly good fellow. But the Boston Symphony Orchestra has got to have a big figurehead. And that will have to be imported or Boston will disapprove."

In other words, the element of curiosity must be satisfied. If tickets are to be sold at an advanced price, and Mr. Kneisel is, perhaps, too familiar a figure.

It is now believed in England that Mr. Lewis Morris will be the poet-laureate. Mr. Morris is a poet of mild respectability, whose calling and election would not seriously offend anyone, not even his readers. He is in no respect the equal of William Morris or Swinburne, nor does his mature work show the divine spark that is hinted at in the promise of William Watson; but he can sing prettily of the births and the deaths in the Royal Family and undoubtedly do full justice to any such event.

If a woman is warned against the bicycle as a sapper of health, she may reply by stating the fact that the first female bicyclist in New York was Dr. Oakley, who for four years has found such out-of-door exercise beneficial and recommends it to her patients.

Dr. Richter accuses Di Cesnola of unbridled imagination, and claims that his discoveries lie in cuckoo-cloud-land, not in Cyprus. This, however, is not the first time that charges have been brought against the General, or his archaeology pronounced a far.

May 23 - 93

There is a sad difference of opinion on a vital subject, and this difference disturbed our Universalist brethren yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Philbrick defined a crank as "a person who opens his mouth on every occasion to illustrate his views and makes a nuisance of himself." Dr. Miner differed; to him a crank is one "radically earnest and right on subjects of vital importance." There was no agreeing in the premises, and the argument that followed is of no interest to the stern logician.

It is unfortunate that at this same meeting the word "chump" was not analyzed. It is in common use, and should be explained. One somewhat vulgar definition is as follows: "Chump, a man that is an ass and does not know it."

It is an excellent idea, the commemoration by public tablet of the great fire of '72. In foreign towns the scenes of significant actions are marked so that the foreigner as well as the native is reminded of mighty dead or grave ovent. Boston is an historic town, and its records should be thus exposed to public view.

A pleasant feature of the run of the New York is the report of the comparatively comfortable furnace-room. The temperature is said to have been 95°, and although that may seem high to the inexperienced, it means an improvement on the great majority of steamers driven by forced draught.

It is perhaps idle to protest against the newspapers that even now are trying Lizzie Borden daily. They have established her guilt to their own satisfaction; they now hint darkly concerning her mental condition. There is occasional talk against the French Judge who recounts in court the deeds of an alleged criminal; but such a practice is nothing to the deliberate attempt to prejudice a court reading public.

THE SECURITY OF THE STREET.

It was about forty years ago that Alfred Bunn, theatrical manager and poetaster, visited the United States and recorded his impressions in a book, "Old England and New England." The book is a mirror of the singular man, who was the target for the shafts of the wits of Punch; it is a medley of cheap sentiment, hissalutin, absurd reflection, ill-disguised vulgarity; and yet there are shrewd observations, and the reader is often entertained.

Mr. Bunn was particularly pleased with Boston and its surroundings; he waxed enthusiastic over the sight of Longfellow and a fish dinner at Taft's; but it is the following paragraph that is now of special interest:

"You may parade the streets of Boston without being run over by a flight of omnibus, hack or car at every stop you take. * * * Coachmen and carmen rein up as they approach a crossing to let pedestrians pass over unsmashed, and, indeed, civility and propriety are distinguishable features in gentle and simple."

In other words, Mr. Bunn found here the "sweet security of the streets," the security so dear to Charles Lamb.

But this was forty years ago. If Mr. Bunn, the celebrated librettist of "The Bohemian Girl," were to visit us to-day, his musings, as he crossed Tremont or Washington Street, would not be respected by car driver or Jehu of herdic, and he would not be struck by "the tranquil, genteel and unpretending aspect" of the city, an aspect "somewhat bordering even upon primitiveness."

There are visitors who say that the street public of Boston is rude; that the stronger shoves the weaker toward the gutter; that an attempt to enter a fashionable shop is like unto a fight with the beasts at Ephesus; that apology for violent and unnecessary contact is rare. However this may be, it is an undeniable fact that the foot passenger is more and more stripped of his rights. Theoretically and by common consent, a pedestrian crossing a street at a proper crossing has the right of way, and if he uses ordinary vigilance, he is free from any suspicion of contributory negligence in case of accident. Since the introduction of rapid transit, so-called, Boston is more like a European city, where the man in the vehicle has the first right and the man on the street must get out of the way.

Teams too often follow in such close succession that crossing must be long delayed. In Tremont Street, on the side of the Common, teamsters seem to delight in preventing access to street cars, even when a tender-hearted car driver heeds the appeal of a would-be passenger and checks his speed. Nor is it unusual for the more reckless carmen to rejoice at the discomfiture of rapidly-retreating women laden with bundles by giving vent to remarks of contempt or ironical cheers. At certain crossings policemen do good service; but such crossings are few and far between.

The public road is, then, only for a portion of the public. It is no longer the public road that cried to Walt Whitman, "Venture not; if you leave me, you are lost."

May 24 - 93

Supt. Seaver of the public schools cries out: "Let slates and slate pencils be banished forever." He would probably include the sponge in his decree of exile, and the machine formerly so dear to children may be hereafter only found in museums with the dodo and other interesting specimens of earlier days. Supt. Seaver also believes in less rigorous written examinations.

According to the Melbourne Punch, Mr. R. L. Stevenson gets about 18 cents a word for a short story. That is why he steadily writes Samoa.

Talk of the Day.

No pitcher is a hero to his umpire.

If the rumor is true, Mr. H. L. Higginson said the other day that if the newspapers did not interfere with his plans, his choice of a successor would please everybody. Now, however admirable the plans might be, conductor after conductor seems to prefer an easy life in a German town to gilded splendor in Boston. But why does not Mr. Higginson look outside of Germany? Is your only and ideal conductor a German product, like pump-nickel or a Krupp gun?

Yesterday saw the opening of the Press Congress at Chicago, and the day was devoted to women, who had it all their own way. There was only one man who took any active part, and he began the exercises by praying for peace.

The hot weather opens windows and shows plainly to dwellers even in the upper stories the dirty condition of many of our streets; for clouds of dust arise like smoke, enter and cover floors, walls and furniture.

The establishment of a fencing club in Boston will give pleasure to many, and be of physical benefit to men and women. With us the rapier has lost its stern significance, and is now as the bean-bag or the Indian club. Duels are fought in the courts, and street encounters are with cars and teams. But fencing trains the eye and the wrist, gives freedom and grace to the body and disciplines the temper.

AN IDEAL MESSENGER.

Pigeons brought the details of the run of the New York to the readers of the Journal, who owe the satisfaction of speedy news to the instinct of location, the sight, the memory and the sensitiveness of the birds let fly from the vessel.

Such communication was enjoyed by the ancients. Izaak Walton divided birds into birds of pleasure and birds of political use, and the pious angler recalled the example of the dove "sent out of the ark by Noah, to give him notice of land, when to him all appeared to be sea, and the dove proved a faithful and comfortable messenger." Carrier pigeons were known to the sailors of Egypt, Cyprus, Crete and Phenice; Grecian athletes, victorious, let them fly with a purple ribbon, as newsmongers; wise, almond-eyed Chinese employed them; Sultan Noureddin built towers for them; they served the Crusaders; sent by the Prince of Orange, they encouraged the people of Haarlem besieged by the cruel Spanish Duke; they flew between Ormus and Balsora; they aided in the night wooing of lovers of Algiers; if Mark Antony knew their value, so did cheaters in the lotteries at Paris.

To-day these birds are attached to armies, the emblem of peace is in the service of war. But why should not the carrier pigeon be more generally employed, and be the swift and quiet messenger in domestic life? We read that in the theatres of Rome "the household masters carried pigeons in their bosoms, under whose wings they fastened letters, when they would send any word home, which were also taught to bring back an answer."

Our present means of quick communication are open to objection. The telephone has its tedious delay; the talker is suspicious of publicity; the act itself excites irritability, and in more aggravated cases tempts the thoughtless to profanity. The telegraph is feared by the secretive, and the fluid appears by sluggishness of operator to creep at a snail's pace. The special delivery is often inconvenient. The messenger boy is a classical instance of the irony of civilization; furthermore, he has the gift of speech, if not of speed. He might be summoned to the witness stand; and although his coming would prolong the trial, he might eventually confuse the sender. But that admirable bird, the pigeon, is discreet; if he has the gift of speech, he keeps it to himself. Earthly accident cannot detain him, for his path lies in the open air. He combines all desirable elements. When not in active use, he delights as a household pet.

The man detained by business could thus explain delay and send reassuring, loving words without fear of the jests of the indifferent or the easily-diverted attention of a human messenger. As the ambassador of courtship, the pigeon not only secures secrecy, he is himself a symbol of affection. As the medium of family communication, the very sight of the bird would allay suspicion concerning the absent husband or father; for is not the pigeon the emblem of innocence, faithfulness and peace? And it would indeed be a hardened, brutal man who would abuse the confidence of such an emblem, or soil innocence by the sooty blackness of a carried lie.

EXCITED SOROSIS.

Many women envy men their clubs. The more radical would have all clubs abolished unless women be admitted to full membership. The more conservative complain mildly of the greater advantages offered by the decrees of society to men.

The male sex is loath to abandon its retreat, its seclusion, its breathing place, or to share it with wife, sister or daughter. Call such conduct selfishness, if you will; there is much wisdom in the decision. The behavior of woman in a club specially and solely framed for her advantage was shown in photographic detail by the performances that attended a late ballot at the Sorosis, New York.

Two candidates of renown and of irreproachable character were proposed and rejected. This of itself is nothing; similar events are known to men; but, mark the attending circumstances.

When the first candidate was openly rejected one member sprang to her feet, and trembled with excitement. "This is outrageous," she exclaimed, "the most outrageous thing I ever heard of. I resign my membership." She was then s-h-l-l-d down, and her neighbors pulled her into her seat. Another member, "with flashing eyes," was sorry that Sorosis could be so "little, so narrow, so mean," and she was eager to resign; another member declared that she was individually insulted. Finally there was forced peace.

Another candidate was proposed and black-balled on account of her husband's political views, as it was alleged. Now he is said to be an Anarchist. A member then arose and, with bitter irony, remarked that she had not understood that it was necessary to vouch for the husband of a candidate, but in this instance she was "willing and proud" to vouch for the man in question. Many were with her, and the husband seemed popular; nevertheless the wife was rejected.

And then the tempest broke loose. One woman shrieked her desire to be a man, if only for a moment, although she did not state what would follow such mutation of sex. There was much screaming. The words "Shame," "Disgraceful," were freely used, and high above the din was heard the question, "Did you ever know anything like it in your life?" Such was the excitement that the fear of apoplexy burst from the lips of the stouter and more impassioned.

Are men to be blamed, if, after reading such descriptions of meetings in female club houses, they separate themselves the more closely in this instance from their life companions? If women were admitted to the Somerset, the St. Botolph or the Algonquin, what frightful scenes would attend the election of a member, let alone the inevitable loss of freedom and sweet security. A male candidate would suffer through his wife or daughter, and be the victim of female vengeance. For it was a philosopher that remarked: "If on one side women are generally more tender than men, it is certain on the other that those who are fired with a spirit of cruelty and ambition go greater lengths than men in these two vices."

Not far from the Journal office there is a restaurant where a "regular dinner" may be obtained for 30 cents. This fact is made known to the stranger by a placard that jumps up and down, frantically, in the window. To the symbolist the sign is appropriate; there is a complete symphony; the hurry of the luncher, the heat of the meal, the rush and the bolt, and the following indigestion. The judicious observer would prefer a stationary and reassuring sign; one that is not so prophetic of the luncher's fate.

Such inattention to æsthetics shows the crudeness of our civilization. Another and more glaring instance was the sight of an eating-house window in Washington Street at high noon of a late hot day. The window was stuffed with pies of yellowish complexion, pies of squash and custard. And so the hot window stared back at the hot passer-by. The pies were undoubtedly toothsome, but such vivid colors should be cooled by proximity to the ice-box; not flaunted in the face of perspiring humanity.

Squash recalls pumpkin. It is generally known that the Bostonian was formerly known as a "pom-pkin." In the second edition of Capt. Grose's "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (1788) "pom-pkin" is defined as "A man or woman of Boston in America; from the number of pumpkins raised and eaten by the people of that country. Pom-pkinshire; Boston and its dependencies." It would be interesting to know at what precise date the Bostonian openly defied the Pythagorean maxim and wedded his taste to beans.

When Mr. Harrie alias Carpenter said in his speech for the graduating class of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy that he "would endeavor to lift the profession above the dead level below which some have tried to drag it," his purpose is heartily to be commended, although his choice of an expression was unfortunate in its reflection on apothecaries of Mantua or Boston.

Maine did not put her trust in chariots at Chicago, nor did she rely on gross and commercial products. She put forward as her chief exhibit two of her girls, Mrs. Nordica and Miss Cayvan, and once again the "girl from Maine" monopolized attention and glorified her State.

May 26 - 93

THE DEADLY LOLLIPOP.

Dietary crusades are not uncommon. Tomatoes have been warred against unsparingly as cancer-inducing. Strawberries have not escaped the wrath of the reformer. Lobsters, mutton, mushrooms, cocoa—in a word the list of edible articles that have been included in an *index expurgatorius* is long and catholic.

Man is apt to look at such reformers as at Don Quixote charging at a windmill. When an earnest observer inveighed against Mr. Emerson for his passion for pie and protested particularly against his consumption of it at breakfast, the Sage of Concord parried by asking "What's pie for?" In such matters, even when the alleged evils are said to bring destruction and death in their train, the average citizen is a doubting Thomas, or more often intrepid in his sin.

The Rev. M. L. Gates, the pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Marion, N. J., sounds the trumpet against candy, and great is the rage of his congregation. He declares that the three chief enemies of man are rum, tobacco and candy; beside these foes, pork, pie and the frying pan dwindle into insignificance. According to Mr. Gates, candy breeds disease. "I know what I am talking about. I am a graduate of the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania, and practiced medicine eight years before I became a clergyman." Mr. Gates shows how catarrh is superinduced by a prolonged indulgence of the candy habit. He draws an awful picture of the little children of his town running about, fair to outward view, but victims to all manner of kidney troubles. To him the Jackson ball is more deadly than grape shot or shrapnel, and the sugar stick more poisonous than the upas tree.

It is to be regretted that his congregation seems a rebellious, sceptical flock. Mr. Gates receives, daily, anonymous letters, threatening him with personal violence, or recommending him "to saw wood." One member asks, "What's a Christmastree without candy?" An infuriated mistress of a grocery near the church points to her portly figure as an object lesson: "Do I look as if I was going to decay? I was brought up on candy and my children, too, and healthier children ain't in this town, if I do say it as shouldn't." The fact that Mr. Gates protests that he does not wish to abolish the use of candy altogether is not taken into consideration. The fact that cheap candy is adulterated is not accepted; neither is the approved statement that a riot in sweets injures stomach and teeth at all regarded. The people of Marion view candy as the inhabitants of Kentucky whisky: "Some whisky is better than others, but there's no bad whisky."

Tell it not in Chickering Hall, publish it not in the streets of Boston. The Musical Courier states that the first Kneisel Quartette concert at the Columbian Exposition was attended by only 14 visitors, seven of whom were critics.

Judge Hillborn of San Francisco regards the Chinese question as a "conflict of civilizations." The Judge admits that the Chinese are "wonderfully industrious, marvelously frugal, abstemious, saving and imitative to the highest degree." He therefore fears that they would prevail over "our luxury-loving civilization." But is reckless extravagance or wanton luxury a characteristic of genuine civilization? Or judged by these qualities alone, is the Chinaman or the American the barbarian?

The order referred to the Ordinance Committee to report an ordinance providing, among other things, that no person shall ride a bicycle in the street after the hour of sunset, unless there is attached to such bicycle a lighted lamp, will meet with the approbation of all. The swoop of the Bedouin of the desert upon an unsuspecting wanderer is nothing to the stealthy onslaught of the rubber protected machine at dusk.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1893.

THE musical season of 1892-3 is over. A season that, so far as Boston is concerned, was not marked by great events; a season in which mediocrity was often encouraged by hearty applause. Yet there were pleasing concerts, and singers and players of merit met with artistic success, even in the absence of patrons and patronesses.

Let us look first at our home industries.

The Händel and Haydn Society gave "The Messiah" (2), Cherubini's D minor mass, Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew" and Händel's "Samson." "The Messiah" and Bach's "Passion" are demanded yearly, it is alleged, by the subscribers to these concerts. These works are given as a quasi-religious service. There are two concerts then left for the performance of other works. The musicians may well ask, "Is it necessary to give these works of Händel and Bach each year?" or "Would they not be more effective if they were heard at rarer intervals?" The managers would probably answer, "But these two oratorios draw the crowds and enable us to venture in the direction of novelty."

A society does not grow in musical grace by repeated performances of familiar works. Familiarity with the text is often accompanied with carelessness of the singers, and though this last season the work of the chorus in the well worn oratorios was admirable, the mere going over known ground cannot be regarded as a step forward.

The feature of the last series of concerts by the Händel and Haydn was the introduction to this city of Mr. Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans." Works of such modern form and modern sentiment should be welcomed by the present energetic board of managers. The days of fetich worship in music are growing to a close. An oratorio is not necessarily worth the preparation simply because it is an oratorio, and one signed by a mighty name.

This blunt remark of the musical critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette" deserves attention: "We do not exactly rejoice to know that Anton Rubinstein is at present engaged over the composition of an oratorio called 'Christus,' the libretto of which has been composed by Mr. Bulthaup, of Bremen. To begin with, the oratorio is really played out as a form of composition. It cannot have a resurrection among forms that are quite alien to its spirit and inspiration."

The experiment of reviving Händel's "Samson" was vain. The work seemed intolerably dull.

The Cecilia gave four concerts. The first introduced Dvorák, who led his "Requiem Mass." There was the natural animal curiosity to gaze on a distinguished man, particularly as it was announced that Dvorák would by his individuality be the means of sowing a fine crop of American composers, who would ultimately write real American music; such music that if it were played in a foreign concert hall the delighted audience would at once cheer for American art, recognizing the flavor of the soil. As for the requiem, I doubt if any one in Boston now remembers such about it.

The other work of long breath given by the Cecilia was "The Damnation of Faust." The two remaining concerts were of a miscellaneous nature.

The Cecilia is an excellent body of singers. There is little to be desired in quality and purity of tone, balance of parts, willingness and intelligence. It would be a pleasure to hear Mr. Parker's "Hora Novissima," César Franck's "Ruth," or Dubois' "Seven Words" sung by this chorus.

There have been changes in the personnel of the Apollo. Good men and true have fallen out of the ranks, and good men and true have taken their places.

This club insists on the rule "the first comer gets the best seat." There is a rush at the opening of the doors; the men of the audience might well beguile the half hour before the first number with newspapers or games of chance, and the women might provide themselves with worsted work. I am told that the reason of the non-assignment of seats is to guarantee absolute quiet during the performance of the opening piece.

The concerts of the Apollo are of strictly subscription order, and they evidently give keen enjoyment to the audience. The hearers do not weary of the monotony of male vocal effects, and they are never tired of hearing the men sing sweetly of love, war and drink, the subjects so dear to composers for male voices. The audience is always

good natured, and it laughs whenever there is a deliberately "humorous" part song.

There was much said at the beginning of the season about the wonders to be worked by the Boston Symphony Chorus, an annex to the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This chorus is now dead and buried. It dug its own grave and then killed itself, and it thus won loud and unanimous applause.

This unhappy chorus made two appearances: in the Ninth Symphony and in a double bill that included Brahms' "Song of Destiny" and Foote's "Skeleton in Armor."

The power of personality in music was again shown by the interest excited by the departure of Mr. Nikisch and by the gossip concerning his successor. To-day it is the conductor that is examined curiously. The work, of which he is supposed to be the interpreter, is of secondary importance.

There has as yet been no authoritative statement made concerning the successor. There is an effort in a certain quarter to boom Mr. Kneisel for the office. Mr. Kneisel is an admirable violinist, concertmeister and quartet player; I do not believe that he would willingly give up his assured reputation for the risk of success or failure as a conductor, even if the managers invited him. Mr. Higginson still insists that the choice of a conductor is his own business, although no one disputes his assertion; and he still uses violent language when reference is made to the legitimate curiosity of the newspapers in the matter. A reporter, although his clothes are of approved cut and his hair is pleasingly combed, is to the owner of the Boston Symphony Orchestra as a red petticoat to a bull.

The following orchestral works were performed at the Symphony concerts this last season for the first time: d'Albert's first Symphony, Busoni's "Symphonic tone-poem" (MS.), Dvorak's overture "Husitska," a mangled version of Gilson's "La Mer," Grieg's second "Peer Gynt" suite, Humperdink's "Humoresque," Miss Lang's "Dramatic Overture" (MS.), MacDowell's "Hamlet" and "Ophelia," Paine's Columbus March and Hymn, Reinecke's overture to "King Manfred," Riemenschneider's "Dance of Death," P. Scharwenka's "Frühlingswogen," Saint-Saëns' second Symphony, Svendsen's legend "Zorahayda," Thierot's Sinfonietta, E major; Tschaikowsky's E minor Symphony (No. 5). Foote's cantata "The Skeleton in Armor," Gounod's "La Vision de Jeanne d'Arc," Davidoff's concerto for cello No. 3, Raff's "La Fée d'Amour" were also heard at these concerts for the first time.

The soloists were as follows: Violinists, Marteau, Kneisel, Loeffler, Schnitzler, Roth, Adamowski (five of them are members of the orchestra); pianists, Buson, Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, Paderewski, MacDowell, Stasny, Nowell and Miss Castellano; cellist, Schroeder, of the orchestra; singers, Juch, Basta-Tavary, Priscilla White, Louise Leimer, Marie B. Smith, Lillian Carlsmith, Raschowska, Mrs. Nikisch and Messrs. W. J. Winch, G. J. Parker, Max Heinrich, C. E. Hay and Heinrich Meyn.

Composers were thus represented: Wagner, 10; Beethoven, 9; Dvorák, 4; Brahms, 4; Liszt, 4; Saint-Saëns, 4; Schumann, 4; Berlioz, 3; Schubert, 3; Weber, 3; MacDowell, 3; Back and Goldmark, Haydn and Mendelssohn, Mozart and Raff and Tschaikowsky, 2, and there was one performance of a work by d'Albert, Bizet, Bruch, Busoni, Davidoff, Ernst, Foote, Gade, Gilson, Gounod, Grieg, Humperdink, Lalo, Lang, Moszkowski, Nicolai, Paderewski, Paine, Reinecke, Riemenschneider, Rubinstein, P. Scharwenka, Spohr, Svendsen, Thierot, Vieuxtemps, Volkmann.

The Kneisel Quartet gave a series of concerts distinguished as ever by purity of taste and perfection of performance. The chief novelties were Lalo's E flat quartet, Brahms' clarinet quartet, Loeffler's sextet and MacDowell's "Sonata Tragica" for piano.

Chamber concerts were given by the Adamowski Quartet, Mr. Baermann and Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Giese. Mr. Foote, assisted by Mr. Sautet, gave a concert at which pieces by the pianist, for oboe and piano, were played for the first time, and Mr. Whiting gave three chamber concerts.

The virtuosos visited us. There were comets that dazzled; fixed stars of serene beauty; wandering stars, "to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

But let us look hurriedly at the season and in chronological order.

Cyril Tyler made his first appearance October 11, and he pleased the audience by the native sweetness of his song and by his changes in dress—from little Lord Fauntleroy to the chorister of an English print.

The Henry Mapleson Opera Company gave "Fadette," a mutilated version of "Les Dragons de Villars," October 17, and the performance was deservedly a complete failure.

"The Fencing Master," an operetta by Messrs. DeKoven et al., was first produced in Boston October 31.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave song recitals with agreeable programs in November.

Messrs. Wolff and Hollman gave a series of concerts in December. Although the attending circumstances were in a measure unfortunate, the delight of the audiences irritated local violinists of foreign extraction, who resented apparently the intrusion of these brilliant players of salon pieces.

Paderewski appeared in January and again hypnotized his hearers.

The story about Vice President Stevenson and the Chicago gateman is like the tales told for the encouragement of youth. The end of the story, however, is against tradition. According to the ancients, the honest gateman would have been promoted, and the Vice President would have given him a purse with an emotional speech. In the modern version, the gateman almost lost his job.

In view of the recent decision in the Franklin Fund case against the heirs, Dr. Samuel A. Green, a beneficiary as a Bostonian, must have spoken in Philadelphia concerning "Franklin, printer, patriot and philosopher" with a peculiar zest.

It is said that a young lecturer at Harvard reviews each week the plays in town and advises his hearers as to where they may most profitably spend money for dramatic relaxation. Such a lecture course might well go hand-in-hand with the Theatre of Arts and Letters, that hothouse for forcing embryo playwrights to maturity.

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Our fellow townsman who created the part of Isabella in "1492" is known in New York as "the superb Harlow." The adjective before his coming qualified Gon. Hancock, and is now easily transferred. Lovers of dramatic art, which upholds virtue, lashes iniquity, and is yet the mirror of life, will be pleased to know that Mr. Harlow was obliged "to engage a female dresser, who waits in the wings for him with an opera cloak, so that he may not catch cold." And thus is he "absolutely in keeping with the role."

Lovers of fishing, who believe with Izaak Walton that

"Other joys
Are but toys
And to be lamented,"
are reminded of the fact that the 300th anniversary of the birth of the Complete Angler, the gentle, simple man, will be observed August 9 in Stafford, England.

Rumors of failures are now attended by rumors of deliberate dishonesty and scandal of all kinds. The suspected one is seldom given the benefit of the doubt, and satisfactory explanation would undoubtedly prove a paradox and disappoint many. It was the morbid young man in "Maud" who exclaimed, "We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame."

After all, one of the characteristics of a complete "chump" must be a certain moroseness. Sir Philip Sidney used "chumpish" in the sense of "sullen" over three hundred years ago.

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The Trustees of the Oliver Ditson Fund for poor and needy musicians report a comparative lack of deserving objects of such charity, and say that only one-third of the income was expended last year. There was a time when the musician's vagabond carelessness and extravagance brought reproach to the art, and saving, prudent men were the exceptions. Now there are as many ants as grasshoppers.

A lack of early educational advantages was observed at the grand ball given to the Infanta. After this the gait of the crab should be taught at all dancing schools that aspire to the patronage of "the upper classes," for royalty may descend upon us at any moment.

The tenderness of the female sex was again shown in the heroic conduct of the hippopotamus, Mrs. Murphy, who could not endure the sight of her husband forsaking herbivorous ways and endeavoring to lunch on Mr. Downey, the keeper at Central Park. It is more than likely that husband and wife are not now on speaking terms.

The promenade concerts and summer operettas will be welcomed by many men, who, doomed to stay in town, might not otherwise endure the absence of wives and children. But the visit of Miss Lucie Paliocot, who plays brilliantly on a pedal piano and thus exercises violently her feet and her hands, should be deferred until the time of ice and snow. The music should always fit the month.

Apropos of the recent crusade against taffy and gundrops, it is well to note that Herbert Spencer concludes from observation and experiment that the craving of children for sweets should be satisfied, as they demand sugar when they cannot deal with fat.

"T. Knieckbockers," an operetta by Mr. De Koven, produced for the first time by the Bostonians January 3. A friendly audience led by Mr. Tom Karl applauded the work enthusiastically.

The Nordica Company gave the first of a few old-fashioned concerts January 16. There was a frenetic and greedy audience, floral tributes were awarded at the proper, or improper time; and there was some good singing.

It was in January that Mr. Busoni gave remarkable piano recitals.

Henri Marteau appeared at a symphony concert January 22 and triumphed gloriously. The violinists of the orchestra complained of Marteau's youth. Never mind, he will be older next year.

"The Mountebanks," an operetta by Cellier, was given by the Lillian Russell Opera Company April 3. The work met with no favor.

The Hinrichs' Opera Company invaded Boston in April and gave the first performance of "L'Amico Fritz" the 25th.

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Miss Lillian Durell made her first appearance as the heroine of Gounod's "Faust" March 13.

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Now let us call a minor catalogue of givers of recitals; let us huddle together the just and the unjust without discrimination: undoubtedly they all did their best. There were singers, as Mrs. Sophie Zela, Miss Little, Miss Rollwagen, Miss Carlsmith, Mrs. Nikisch, Mrs. Heinrich, Messrs. Eliot Hubbard, Max Heinrich, Heinrich Meyn, S. Woodward and Plunket Greene; there were pianists, as Scharwenka, Miss Richter and Miss Lewing; there was the Russian Choir; there were lecturers, as Messrs. Krehbiel, Botume and Bancroft; there were farce-operettas, as "Jupiter," "The Lion Tamer," "1492."

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Welcome visitors were the orchestras under Damrosch and Seidl, and long to be remembered was the singing of Miss Juch and Mrs. Fursch-Madi in the duet from "Lohengrin." The string quartet with the long name, the quartet dominated by the presence of Adolph Brodsky, gave an interesting concert.

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Neither pianists nor singers went far from the beaten track. Miss Little introduced two strange songs by Gabriel Fauré; Mr. Greene was heard in ballads that were an agreeable relief to the ordinary program of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms; Miss Castellano played piano pieces of Martucci and Van Westerhaut; but as a rule it was the old, old story—Bach was chiefly represented by the arrangements of Liszt and Tausig; there were the familiar sonatas of Beethoven, the Carnival of Schumann, a rhapsody or legend by Liszt, and the stock pieces of Chopin, while the singers showed that they could sing all of the old songs, unlike the young woman in the sentimental ballad.

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Then there was the usual assortment of concerts that were rather social events, where fashionable mediocrity was rapturously applauded by fashionable ignorance, and where nothing was lacking but tea and wafers; concerts that were followed by impassioned paragraphs in the "Social Departments" of the newspapers.

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Yes, the season was dull, and there was more to blame than to praise. The faithful chronicler of such a season is apt to be regarded as the pestilence that walketh in darkness, as the destruction that wasteth at noonday, or the more charitable allege that he is a prey to cancer at the stomach. The faithful chronicler itself appears to the enthusiastic and indiscriminating amateur "like a doleful old song which a bewildered sick man goes on droning out to wearied listeners, and the attendants at the bedside say to themselves: 'If he were in health again he would sing to us some other song, for we have heard this a hundred times.'"

They have undoubtedly heard it a hundred times, and they will undoubtedly hear it a hundred times. For the old idea that the musician was born, not made, seems to be exploded. And yet it is not given to everyone to sing or to play any more than it was given to all the ancients to go to Corinth. The public has not learned that music is first of all an art. Nor does the public appreciate the fact that there is no place in Art for mediocrity.

PHILIP HALE.

made quartette, Messrs. Campbell, Don, Mollen and Evans, amused the audience by their antics in the second act.

The stern censor of the drama might protest, and with reason, against the utter inanity of "The Golden Wedding," for, judged by the standard of farce-comedy, Mr. Miller's piece could be easily condemned, as the nonsense is not of the irresistible kind that tickles the ribs of the gravest philosopher and defies analysis. But there is an evident demand for sketches of this light nature, and, with warm weather, audiences will not be critical.

There will be a matinee this afternoon, and the usual matinee will be given Saturday.

A MISDIRECTED BOHEMIAN.

Antonin Dvorak, the celebrated Bohemian composer, was imported by Mrs. Thurber to take charge of the National Conservatory of Music. It was announced with beating of drums and blowing of trumpets that he, as Director of the Conservatory, would inspire the young composers of the United States with a burning zeal to write American music, and that he would show them the way; he used Bohemian melodies in his own compositions, and he would tell our ingenious youth the secret of his success. Bohemia, however, was rich in characteristic, individual folk-songs. There is no music that is peculiar to the United States.

Yet Mr. Dvorak has discovered genuine American music. He declares "that the future music of this country must be founded upon what are called the negro melodies. * * * These beautiful and varied themes are the product of the soil. They are American. In the negro melodies of America I discover all that is needed for a great and noble school of music. They are pathetic, tender, passionate, melancholy, solemn, religious, bold, merry, gay, or what you will. It is music that suits itself to any mood or purpose. There is nothing in the whole range of composition that cannot be supplied with themes from this source. The American musician understands these tunes, and they move sentiment in him. They appeal to his imagination because of their associations."

So much pleased is Mr. Dvorak with these tunes that he announces his intention to take his young pupils to the negro minstrels "and have them comment on the melodies."

It seems as though the worthy Dvorak were the sport of some practical joker. The days of negro minstrelsy are over. The variety show has conquered the minstrel stage; and burnt cork is a tradition that is no longer inseparably connected with clog dance and plantation melody.

Nor were the plantation melodies sung in former days by minstrels indigenous, characteristic, genuine. The most popular of these tunes were written by more or less amiable white people; they were a close imitation of sentimental ballads dear to English men and women; they were suggested by strains of Italian opera. Possibly there were exceptions; but nine out of ten were invented by white men without a musical suggestion from the plantation or the levee, and they were not sung by slaves, during the days of slavery.

There are negro songs, however, that were directly or indirectly the outcome of negro suffering or negro religious belief; these are the wild and pathetic tunes that were revealed to the North and certain European countries by the Jubilee Singers. The critical and antiquarian examination of such tunes would be a task that might be attended with interesting musical and anthropological results. That they would be invaluable in the foundation of a national school of music is by no means an established fact. The noblest music has been written without the aid of folk-song. Mr. Dvorak should at present content himself with sound instruction in the art of composition. Melody is, first of all, a gift of nature. The musician without this gift will not be inspired by hearing "Gilligan's on the Tear Again" sung with great effect by a gentleman whose features are disguised by burnt cork.

"THE GOLDEN WEDDING."

"The Golden Wedding," by Fred Miller, Jr., was given for the first time in this city at the Park Theatre last evening. It is described by the author as a "ballad comedy romance." The piece may have been all this and more, too, in the original version; but as it was played last evening it is practically a farce-comedy. There is a plot, for there is mention of this dramatic ingredient at the end of the third and final act; but the mystery of the action surpasses that of Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone." There is Judge Blythe, the last of his race. There is a drunken General who does not appear on the stage. Philip Fairchild is a member of one of the oldest families of Boston, and he proves his birthright by indulging in character songs and revealing the identity of a wandering sailor lad who was inadvertently on the point of marrying his own sister. There is a comic English lord; there is a widow with dramatic inclinations; and there is a boat house girl who apparently exists solely for the purpose of giving Miss Jennie Yeamans something to do. There is much slapping upon the back, and old jests are repeated with irresistible effect, as far as the people on the stage are concerned. The play itself is worthless and dull.

The play is only a pretext for the introduction of acrobatic and variety comedians in their special acts. They that took part gave the audience pleasure, as was shown by repeated laughter and hearty applause. Miss Yeamans was cordially welcomed, and her songs and pantomime were duly appreciated. The chief comedians were Messrs. W. E. Mack, Andrew Mack, Gus A. Burke, Dan Daly and Barney Reynolds. Miss Grace Ozden and Miss Florence Pundar made the most of the situation, and Miss Maude Williams sang with

BEAUTY A-LA-MODE.

The pictures by Burne-Jones were lately thus described, or rather eulogized, by a critic:

"His work is the most unique, the most individual and the most touching to be found. * * * He has created quite a new sort of beauty—attenuated, delicate and almost painful. * * * The types of Burne-Jones are exquisite; no words can express the charm of these beings—pale, morbid, suffering and chimerical, with their wide-open eyes, too large for their emaciated faces; they seemed gnawed with unknown desires, exhausted, voluptuous, vague and unconscious. * * * The sentiment of his works is tender and penetrating as the scent of a flower, but it is also cruel, fatal, yearning, and the embodiment of all these phases in painting gives with a strange force the haunting impression of some nameless grief; they are all creatures that life has wounded."

This admiration of the morbid invades the literature, the art and the music of to-day. The question is not merely concerning the subject treated. The ancients, as well as the men of the Elizabethan period, often chose repulsive subjects, but the treatment was generally healthy and noble. Ambergis was taken from the diseased body, and the sweet savor remained when the corpse was forgotten. The abnormal, the morbid, the repulsive themes of to-day serve chiefly for detailed and loving analysis of the unhealthy characteristics. Analysis is the curse of the age, and analysis appears to seek deliberately that which is unpleasant and unnecessary.

Or we must again define all terms, and learn the true meaning of beauty, of power and of art. Bacon may have anticipated the reversal of judgment when he declared that "there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." When Walpole crossed the Alps he was shocked by savage waste of snow, glacier track and cruel mountain peak. Thomas Hardy, the man of our own time, tells, perhaps ironically, of the coming day when the lover of the beautiful will journey afar to gaze upon that which is dreary or awful in nature, passing by that which formerly delighted mankind.

The analysis of the style of Burne-Jones, which we have quoted above, might well be included in that dismal and pessimistic book, "Degeneration," by Dr. Max Nordau. The learned author sees in the art and the life of modern Europe not only the struggles of a dying century, but the absolute degeneration of tired man. He bunches together "the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," such poets as Rossetti, Swinburne and William Morris, the French Symbolists and Decadents, the novelists of the Russian and the French analytical school, musicians as Wagner, and, in a word, all those who, in their worship of mystical sensuousness or desire for originality or craze for reform that is practically revolution, pay attention to the cunning expression of the morbid and neglect genuine strength of thought and classical beauty of delivery.

But such tendencies as are seen in so much modern work are not without former parallel. The pendulum swings to an extreme, and then there is a return to true simplicity.

Nor does the clock to which this pendulum belongs set the time for the whole world; it is rather an expensive article of bric-a-brac that gives momentary pleasure to amateurs; it amuses, it is soon carelessly regarded, and watches as well as lives are regulated by a simpler and more substantial timepiece.

The species of bicyclist that affects low handles and crouches over his machine is known, it is said, as "a scorcher," on account of his speed that burns the road. But to the judicious observer a rear view of man and machine thus arranged is as the sight of a broiled chicken, one that tastefully served costs about \$1.25 in the restaurant.

It is said that even the most zealous followers of the Rev. Mr. Talmage smiled when their pastor delivered a powerful discourse, the Sunday after his settlement with his creditors, on the text "Who Touched Me?"

The New York Times seems to regret that Puvis de Chavannes is to adorn a wall of our new Public Library building by the display of his marvelous art, and asks why others than Americans are thus employed by the Trustees. It is passing strange that the Times, of all newspapers, should advocate such extreme protection; it might as well insist that all the books should be by American authors.

It was a lovely afternoon of one of the few perfect days of May. The soul of a well-known artist of this town was stirred mightily within him, and, turning to a maiden, his emotion thus found speech: "O what a glorious day. I should like to fill a drunkard's grave." There was a solemn pause—then came indignant protestations. "With flowers, Miss Delia," added the artist, unruffled by the interruption.

A young man, a Bostonian by adoption, and well known in literary and artistic circles, is preparing a book of apothegms. The maxims may whet the appetite for a little. "A little widow is a dangerous thing," and "He draweth best that stealeth best."

It was little Rollo's Uncle George that sneaked because he suffered from "a cruel, nervous disease." Burton long ago recommended the plant as "a virtuous herb, if it be well qualified and medicinally used"; and now Dr. Tassinari, an Italian sage, declares that all black and chopped tobaccos possess a very pronounced bactericide power in epidemics of typhus, in microbian affections of the throat and mouth, and especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. Thus is the smoker fortified with another authority.

The stuffed animals that in earlier days were supposed to take off the curse of theatrical entertainments at the Boston Museum have now another home, but the wax figures that have for years given children a fearful pleasure still remain to point a moral by their ghastly realism.

THE TRIUMPH OF MALVOLIO.

Two speeches were made in May by well-known men, Zola and Huxley. The former addressed the General Association of Students in Paris; his subject was, "The Faith in Work"; the latter, as Romanes lecturer, addressed in the Sheldonian Theatre upon "Evolution and Ethics." It may be well to consider the results of the patient examination of man and nature by these distinguished

Zola believes that according to science progress is certain that ideals will realize. "The unique joy that we should feel in living ought to be in the slow conquest, the gradual advance, even though it be saddened by the melancholy certitude that we shall never reach the goal. * * * I beseech you, gentlemen, to put your trust and your faith in work. * * * I, who have nothing but a worker, am a witness to the marvellously soothing effects upon the soul. The work I allude to is daily work; the duty of moving one step forward in one's allotted task every day. * * * Work is the one great law of the world which leads to organized matter slowly to its unknown goal. It has no other meaning, and our one mission here is to contribute our share to the sum of labor, after which we vanish from the earth."

Here, at least, is a display of courage. But Mr. Huxley the world seems a blank, and even labor is without possible result. He writes that he is a pessimist, and he is certainly not an optimist; he confesses, however, that he is willing "to submit." He admits that we are to advance, but "the summit will be reached and the downward route will be commenced." Evolution is of no avail, an end will come for all the striving, and when it comes a moldered and extinct world will be all that is left of us, spinning in the eye of the sun about a silent universe. "The average Karma of mankind to which the influence of percentage for thousands of hard and bitter years has contributed may be degraded and deteriorate. Ethical man is bound to aim at being the best, while that terrible cosmic process is always trampling down the best to make room for the fittest." Mr. Huxley seems to agree with Mr. Pearson, who claims that the doom of the Caucasian is to be squeezed out of the world by the Mongol, who have on less than half; and yet the virtuous Caucasian must not shoot the economical heathen, "or himself dispense with the baths and other superfluities which constitute him the best."

In these addresses the Frenchman seems the traver man, who finds comfort in steady work, believing that the individual must be lost in the general advancement. And yet neither of the lecturers alluded to the life of the soul as a thing apart. The element of spiritual growth that leads to immortality is apparently eliminated from the problem.

It was Malvolio who, a prisoner in darkness, tormented, resolutely kept courage; and many a man, though the plan of the universe be dark to him, can lift himself above the clouds, and say of Huxley or Zola, in the language of Malvolio, "I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion."

Is it true, as New Yorkers claim, that Harvard sets the fashion every year for the gilded youth, and that this season the young swells stick their heads forward and jerk along with one hand in the pocket? And how is the fashion settled at Harvard? Is the walk of the year recommended to a committee with full power, or is it a young Alcibiades or Ollie Sumner who is autocrat in these important matters? Let us not burst in ignorance.

The sneak thieves that now infest the Back Bay are guilty, according to Dogberry, of "flat burglary."

These sneak thieves are described vaguely as "young men of fine clothes and aristocratic bearing." The more humble of the robbed must feel like apologizing for the absence of old family silver and diamond necklaces.

It is possible that the life of murdered Bertha Manchester was not that of an absolute drudge, and it is recorded that she and her father were on the best of terms. But what a life of grim routine it was: Household work, looking after the milk and the butter, helping the men on the farm, often feeding the stock; and apparently there was little recreation. Out of such lives de Maupassant and Miss Wilkins have invented pity-inciting stories. Other Bertha Manchesters are working to-day in New England villages or on lonely hillside farms.

Mr. Edward Fuller may find the title of his entertaining novel of Boston life suggestive to the paragrapher. "The Complaining Millions of Men" lends itself easily to forced meanings: as, for instance, "Why add to their complaints?" or "Is not the author too sanguine of such an enormous circulation?"

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THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WRITERS.

It seems that there is a training for the literary man as well as for the pugilist. Experts differ in their recommendations. The latest scheme is as follows: Coffee at 6.30; an hour's work from 7 to 8; then, a good breakfast, walk and three hours' work; half an hour "in gentle sauntering in the fresh air;" a light lunch, "chop and bread, with a modicum of light pudding, accompanied by a small glass of lager beer;" a pipe and a saunter, black coffee and two hours' work; then tea and an hour's rest; work for an hour and a half; dinner at 7; rest; cocoa and toast at 11; and then seven hours' sleep: there should be only five days of work in the week. Theoretically this plan is admirable, although coffee or tobacco is poison to many; but from the practical standpoint such a scheme is impossible. Individuality arises and dominates in the question.

Malvus, for instance, studied by candle light in full day, and Malebranche meditated with his windows shut, in order to keep out the light. Albert Barnes wrote his notes to the Gospels before breakfast, and Mezeray concentrated his energy by placing in a circle upon the table a dozen of watches and a bottle of wine in the midst of them. Anthony Trollope turned out the same amount of copy a day, and kept regular hours of work like any bookkeeper. Fielding and Thackeray wrote when they were in the vein, and the printer's devil was always at their heels. Pegasus is an animal of fits and starts, and turning a crank in a brickyard is to him intolerable, although he sometimes submits for the sake of daily oats.

"One would like to persuade all literary workers to work in the day and to sleep in the night," says the latest oracle. Many, unfortunately perhaps, are obliged to write at night, although they would be willingly persuaded to reverse their habits. The morning newspaper is fed at night, and its maw is insatiable.

It may safely be said, however, that if in the days of Grub Street, when Pope lashed the hack writers, many were underfed, to-day many eat too much. Business men and writers are apt to overload their stomachs and clog their brains, and if the brains are sluggish they sometimes goad them with stimulants. Or meat is eaten in undue season. A light breakfast, after the fashion of Europeans; a light lunch, lighter than that suggested above; the one substantial meal near sun-down, after the heat and the burden of the day; this is a sensible course for the normal worker, but the night man cannot follow such a scheme. Nor is it true to say that the best work is always performed by the man who regulates his life scrupulously by the clock; for many of the most effective passages in literature have been written under forced pressure. There is no inflexible rule; individual constitution and surrounding circumstances are grave factors in the working out of any such problem.

Any strangers within our gates who wish to study the habits of our aristocracy should see "The Golden Wedding" at the Park. Mr. Fairfield, a character in the piece, is introduced as a member of one of the first families of Boston, a gentleman that would be received at the Somerset Club without hesitation. The stranger should not be surprised at any antics or eccentricities of the gentleman, for does not the stage hold the mirror up to nature?

German and French exhibitors unite in protests against the treatment of the Managers of the World's Fair, and they are particularly bitter against John Boyd Thacher. The Hartford Courant, by the way, says that Mr. Thacher made money by manufacturing car wheels. Now, he inherited a large fortune and prosperous business from his father, George H. Thacher, who was a man of singular force and a much respected Mayor of Albany. The elder Thacher was at one time in his life a Presbyterian clergyman.

The Rev. Mr. Van Ness is right in insisting on the need of wholesome papers for the young people of the Pacific coast, but the boys and girls of our own town should be protected from the contamination of certain illustrated weeklies that are exposed boldly on every news stand. These weeklies are more indecent than those of a somewhat similar character sold in Paris, and they are without the Gallic immoral wit.

The newspapers are now publishing lists of "delicious summer beverages." Strange to say, they omit the favorite cooling and temperance drink of John Phoenix: "Three parts water gruel and two root beer; thicken with a little soft squash, and strain through a cane-bottomed chair."

Ollie Teal has at last done a sensible thing in advocating a pledge "not to treat others or to be treated ourselves to any spirituous liquors." The absurd and distinctively American habit of treating is a great encourager of drunkenness.

It appears that Jose Carreiro left the employ of Stephen Manchester because he could not endure a daily diet of codfish. This stamps him at once in the eyes of every New Englander as a suspicious character.

Amelie Rives's brother-in-law, Mr. W. J. Chanler, went into the Bowery in search of "copy," as he intended to write a realistic, "strikingly descriptive story." From his own account he suffered from thieves and policemen, and he entered the Players' Club in battered and bleeding condition. The gifted writer is now at Tuxedo, where he hums the familiar refrain, "The Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go there any more."

The Pall Mall Gazette claims that there have been only "about two women of genius since the world began." It is clever enough not to name the two, so every woman can congratulate herself that she has finally been appreciated. The statement was called forth by a book entitled "Woman's Enterprise and Genius," and the Gazette adds these tart and unkind remarks: "Of Woman's Enterprise there can be no doubt. Only it is not a thing to write books about. It is a thing to be forgotten as politely and as amiably as possible." *Fy, fy, Mr. Astor; what's become of your American politeness?*

The English are practicing the correct pronunciation of Duse, and the following lines are given in all seriousness by a respectable newspaper of London as a lesson to the ignorant:

"He said: 'This weather makes one 'snoozy.''
'Yes,' said his wife, sweet Lady Susie,
'And these cool drinks make you half boozy;
Come dress, and see Signora Duse!'"

Travelers tell strange tales. One who has just returned from Africa asserts that it is the daily habit of ostriches at sunrise "to begin a regular and graceful movement which is none other than the waltz." The attention of museum managers is respectfully called to this phenomenon. The waltzing ostrich might be introduced on the stage in company with the boxing kangaroo, right after the appearance of the whistling oyster and the intelligent Welsh rabbit.

It is an irony of Nature that the most peaceful village, or quiet, secure farm, is often the scene of extreme cruelty or hideous crime.

Let not the fat man of middle age who rides his bicycle heed the coarse remarks of rude boys who eye him curiously. Let him, rather, rejoice in beneficial exercise and future thinness, and comfort himself by the thought that the Englishman of his build and years was the other day described by a public authority as "nothing better than a porpoise."

Alas for Rudyard Kipling! His neighbors in Brattleboro' find fault with his person and his household arrangements, and R. H. Stoddard says pooh, also pshaw, likewise judge to his latest book of poems.

According to the Rev. John W. Chadwick, a denominational architect would be a good thing to have. Such a division of architects into specialists recalls the legend of the deaf man who was rebuffed by an aurist, who only cared for the right ear, and the patient suffered in the left. At the same time, rigidly classified ecclesiastical architecture would save the asking of questions concerning the identity of a church building.

BOSTON, May 27, 1893.

It is rumored that Mr. George W. Chadwick will write the music of the operetta to be performed by the Concerts Next season. Mr. Barnett will be the librettist. I do not know whether this rumor is well founded, but the statement is full of suggestion. With few exceptions, our own writers and composers of to-day shun the operetta. In France the young and ambitious composer attacks the stage. He does not disdain the opera bouffe; he does not despise the saynète. Bizet wrote "Docteur Miracle," an act of "Malbrough," and an operette vaudeville, "Sol-si-re-pa-pa." The Chabrier of "Gwendoline" is the Chabrier of "L'Etoile," an opera bouffe from which Francis Wilson took his "Merry Monarch." Ambroise Thomas began with a little one act opera comique; Massenet's first attempt was in similar fashion. There is no need of running over the catalogue of the younger Frenchmen now living who are trying their hand at opera bouffe or pantomime.

"What! Write music for pantomime?" exclaims some young American composer who dreams of string quartets and symphonies. Well, why not? That is, if you can. There are shining examples before you: Gluck, Beethoven, Auber, Bizet, Wagner; names taken at random.

Does not René de Recy boldly assert that the pantomime will be the music drama of the future?

Have you heard the music that André Wormser, a prix de Rome, wrote for the pantomime "L'Enfant Prodigue?"

Or have you read Hugounet's "La Musique et la Pantomime," in which such men as Massenet, Vidal, Thomé, Widor, Pugno, Jocières, Pougin and others dispute amicably concerning the pantomimic propositions laid down by Champfleury?

These were the propositions, or rather the suggestions, of Champfleury: "Music plays an important part in pantomime, yet it does not dominate as in the classic school. Formerly actors played in pantomime according to the note; the show was then only the dance, treated seriously, didactically. Each scene finished invariably with a tune after the fashion of the 'Marche des Tartares.'"

"The actor was no longer inspired; his movements were dictated and regulated as a minuet."

"I have already given my opinion concerning the proper and becoming music; yet I could not say too much about such an important subject. The orchestra, however badly organized, has often at such a show thrown me into an ecstasy unknown at a concert of the Conservatory."

"Three violins, a viola, a clarinet, a horn and a double bass often play, without knowing the fact, pieces by Mozart and Gluck, that are taken from old volumes. The cornet should be suppressed and replaced by an oboe, a flute and a cello. Above all, no instruments of brass! Such instruments may be used when you have to do with singers; but when you accompany mimes, you need soft music; now lively now melancholy, which yet will not disturb this world so full of calm."

"Do not hunt up other composers than those of the eighteenth century, and stop with Grétry, whose instrumentation is simple, naïve. If the leader of the orchestra is fond of rummaging, there is a mine of German music, as well as Italian of former ages."

Now, heaven forbid that I should point derisive thumbs at Jules Fleury, otherwise known as Champfleury, although at times he advanced singular theories in music, as when he hinted that brass instruments should be reserved for dancers. He played the cello a little, and wrote a pamphlet on Wagner (1869), which is abused by Arthur Pougin, mentioned with reverential awe by all devout Wagnerians. I owe too much pleasure to the author of "Le Violon de Faïence" and "Les Enfants du Professeur Turck" to look askew at his musical vagaries.

But honest Paul Hugounet went about Paris, notebook in hand, to find out and record the impressions of musicians concerning the pantomime in general and Champfleury in particular.

Massenet would not be interviewed. He said: "Have I not given to the Pantomime the best of my pupils—Vidal, Hahn, Domergue?" And Hugounet recalls with pride that Massenet once wrote a pantomime for piano, "Le Roman d'Alequin."

Paul Vidal believes in the piano as sole accompaniment. When he wrote the music to "Pierrot Assassin" he was unable to find the appropriate rhythm for the scene in which Pierrot kills his wife by tickling her feet. He adopted the tarantelle. For the drunkenness of Pierrot he chose a waltz.

Thomé laughed at the Champfleurian theory. As a man of letters, who reserves the brass for the concert of fingers. He thinks nobly of the part of the orchestra. "I do not know a more difficult task than this, to write music, to dictate the music and the

gesture, to find the exact moment when the note and the arm should fall together, to realize the union of mime and musician, exacts a world of labor." Thomé does not see why familiar stories should not furnish the text, as long as they are gay, or tempered with irony. Fairy stories, for instance, in modern dress, just as Miss Thackeray treated Bluebeard and other tales. He wishes, however, an orchestra, say, of thirty-two pieces.

Pfeiffer thinks that the ideal pantomime would be a subject treated impromptu by mime and composer. "Put a young fellow of talent—and there are many in Paris—before a piano, the instrument that offers for this task the needed elasticity, put on the stage a mime who is really in love with the art, then let them go ahead, and let the music follow the movements of the mime in their fantastic grace, and accentuate wittily the slightest details. Marry the two inspirations."

To Gaston Paulin the ideal orchestra for pantomime is a string quintet, a quartet of wood-wind, one or two horns, and, if the work and the hall allow, three trombones, two cornets and kettle drums.

Wormser finds that the leit motiv is best employed in pantomime; that the piano is instrument enough for a piece in one act, although in a longer work it would become monotonous. "In a three act pantomime, keep the piano—that prosaic instrument—for the prose of the piece; reserve the orchestra to whip the audience when the occasion demands. Is there a scene of absorbing interest? then let the whole orchestra sound. Otherwise use only a violin or clarinet to give color to the piano."

Missa echoes Champfleury in his banishment of brass. Piano, string quartet, clarinet, oboe and flute—these are enough.

Raoul Pugno begins by saying: "Music is a special language that must be studied for years before it is mastered. I have heard men, who are regarded as very intelligent, say monstrous things about the opera. Frequently I was at Alphonse Daudet's home of an evening. When anybody played, Zola went away. Edmond de Goncourt would get close to the piano and amuse himself as a child by watching the hammers. He found the mechanism very curious. Daudet alone derived a certain pleasure in listening. And yet Zola and de Goncourt are men of more than ordinary force."

Pugno does not hesitate in calling pantomime music the most interesting task for a composer. He believes in introducing the piano in the orchestra, and he uses the brass when he feels like it, "regardless of Champfleury and his love of strings and wood."

So, too, Adolphe David, the maker of the music to the famous "La Statue du Commandeur," thinks that a piano in the orchestra is absolutely necessary to concentrate at times the attention of the spectator or to preserve the composer in an orchestral shipwreck.

De Maupéou agrees with David *et al* in their views about the piano, and to him the leit motiv is indispensable.

Victor Joncières is inclined to banish the brass, and Pongin recommends a piano and a string quartet.

Weber, the conservative critic of "Le Temps," will not hear of a piano. "It is a *pis aller*, of more or less use in rehearsal."

And there is Willy, who, like Shimei, the son of Gera, throws stones, and curses the Lord's Anointed. Hugounet's interview with him is delightful reading, but one would suppose after the publication that Willy took his exercises after dark, until the storm of indignation was appeased. "If you consult the literary class, my poor Hugounet, you will get replies of astounding absurdity." There's Huysmans. He has built in praise of Tannhäuser a little monument of polychromatic phrases, it is true; but read "À Rebours." His des Esseintes, to shake off boredom, essays the most perverse experiments: he inhales stinking flowers; he chooses a ventriloquist for his mistress; I think he even goes so far as to read Léon Bloy; but he never dreams of hearing music.

Daudet is worse, still, the *petit Chose*! Somebody sings in each one of his books, but what abominable songs they sing: "Ay Chiquita" in "Fromont," and a sniveling romance by Miss Massenet in the "Nabab." Look at Jules Renard, so young and so talented! I have often heard him say that a little music is beneficial to him, like a debauch. He goes to the opera once a year, as a man who says to himself after a long stretch of hard work, "Come now, next Saturday evening I will play the beast."

Let me here interrupt Willy by saying that his idea of the sanitary assistance of a debauch was plainly affirmed by Avicenna, the learned leech. Sir Thomas Browne treats of this theory as a vulgar error: "That it is good to be drunk once a month is a common flattery of sensuality, supporting itself upon physick and the healthful effects of inebriation." And although Avicenna recommends stated jags for alleviation of spirits, resolution of superfluities, provocation of sweat, Sir Thomas sends him to sleep in this

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

The First of This Season's Promenade Concerts.

There was smoking, and there was drinking, and there was the sound of musical instruments of many kinds in Music Hall last Saturday evening.

To change the bleak, shabby, cheerless hall into a "Dream of Elysian Delight," after the fashion of the final scene of a pantomime, would indeed be a hopeless task.

Yet the ingenuity and the energy of Mr. Ellis had done much, and the scene, viewed from a balcony, was one of pleasing jollity.

The crowd was bent on pleasure, and the crowd was great.

Mr. Adamowski was there. So were the faithful men under his baton. Marlboro' Street sat by the side of Columbus Avenue.

Neither was injured by temporary proximity. The matron who at the strains of the waltz recalled the days of maidenhood was there.

The maiden who longed for a clear floor and the music of Strauss was there.

Gov. Russell was there. The young man apparently created for the sole purpose of wearing this summer's broad and low straw hat was there.

The man with white whiskers was there, and he eyed approvingly beauty opposite, behind him and above him, until he was reminded forcibly of the presence of his estimable wife.

The lonely man was there, the man without friends, who welcomes a moment's chat with a waiter.

The passing stranger who wonders at Boston and its inhabitants was there.

And the mother and the child were there.

It was hot and there was an unflagging demand for cooling drinks.

Women drank strange, soft and sugary decoctions with pink and crimson and orange linings.

If drops fell on their gowns, they laughed good-naturedly, that is, when there were men present.

They did not object to tobacco smoke, oh, no, they were used to it; and they coughed violently from very delight.

There was a drawing of corks, and tight wines cheered a little party.

Young fellows with heavy sticks felt "real devilish," as they called for bottled beer.

And music accompanied the jest, the gossip, the business talk of those whom black care follows everywhere, the mother's praise of favorite daughter, the daughter's timid answer and shy glance.

And how about the music?

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring Your Winter garment of Repentance fling. The Bird of Time has but a little way to flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing."

And with the garment of repentance let criticism be thrown away.

For twenty-four weeks were we all dosed with tonic of a symphony.

For 24 weeks was there alleged necessity of opinion concerning the symphony.

"For lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell; arise, my love, my fair one," and come to the Pop with me.

And let there be no talk of rubato and modern allegro, and dotted sixteenths, and temperament.

And Timothy, O son of long oppressed Poland, look kindly this year, as in the past, on Strauss, Offenbach, Suppe, Waldteufel, Czibulka, and all other makers of gay, frivolous, heart-exciting, pulse-quickening, thirst-provoking tunes.

PHILIP HALE.

AN IDEAL.

A periodical entitled "The Young Woman" gives pleasing information concerning the duties of "the lady clerk." "Lady clerk," by the way, is a vile phrase, but let it pass. The paragon of clerks, it appears, should do exactly what she is told; she should work in silence; she should be scrupulously courteous, even when the employer enters in an irritable condition arising from unsatisfactory breakfast or "business engagement" at the club the night before. She should dress simply, and pay more attention to boots than to hats; walking to and from the office should be a delightful pastime; when it rains she should wear overshoes, and not be obliged to change her boots in business hours; her breakfast should be a good "staying" meal; she should rest her brain and cultivate bodily strength by joining a gymnasium with rings, parallel bars, horses, and a flying trapeze; gossip should be an abhorred thing; her handwriting should be legible without vulgar flourishes and accompanying facial contortions, and thus she will avoid cramps of every description; when she leaves the office at night she should refuse the company of man, or to use the chaste language of "The Young Woman," she should, "by her quiet, self-respecting bearing, find herself her best protector;" she should be an able speller and a discreet punctuator; it is advisable for her to always date her letters correctly; shorthand and the typewriter should be at her fingers' ends; extra work should be welcomed with open joy; at the same time she should never underbid her little working sisters; her interest in the employer's business should be keen, but she should also mind her own.

round of a sentence. "And surely that religion which excuseth the fact of Noah, in the aged surprisal of six hundred years, and unexpected inebriation from the unknown effects of wine, will neither acquit ebriosity nor ebriety in their known and intended perversions." But Willy is waiting.

"Then comes Taine, who is not a joker, with his 'music awakens all sorts of agreeable reveries.' Now this is the opinion hoisted up by 99 out of every 100 men of letters. The other one-hundredth is deaf and writes musical criticisms. Agreeable reveries! These men regard music as hashish, but less expensive and not injurious to the stomach.

"Nor will you gain anything if you ask musicians. If they are bold enough to write on paper without staves, their opinions are without value." And so on, and so on.

Masseuet, according to Willy, is Wagner for cabinets particuliers. His use of the leit motiv is intolerable, as in "Esclarmonde où l'on s'ennuie," where the exasperating "O divi-ne Esclarmon-de!" occurs 964 times in the score.

The "Revue blanche" is a "symboli-chlorotique" publication.

To the question, Should the subject of a pantomime be sad or gay? Willy answers: "It should be interesting. Why do you not not ask me if a woman should be brunette or blonde? Let her first of all be pretty; then we will talk—afterward."

* * *

And so by the majority poor Champfleury is flouted. Yes, it is true he would reserve the brass for singers, but he is also the man that compared the music of Boccherini to a "flame colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an olden, rose-wood bureau." He is also the man that wrote, "The artist is a goose; they nail the feet to plank and let it die near a hot fire, that the liver may be enlarged. Thus you have pâté de foie gras, which, rightly prepared, is excellent eating."

* * *

But the American composer may say: "I am willing to write pantomime music, but where are the pantomimes, and, in the next place, where are the pantomimists?"

These are sound objections, for such questions are not easily answered.

But this is all far away from the American operetta and American operetta composers. The story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles is more direct. Let us consider the American operetta next week.

This reminds me that operetta will soon invade our peaceful town. The Pauline Hall Company will be at the Tremont June 26, the company appears first in Czubulka's "Amorita." The George A. Baker Company will be at the Bowdoin Square; and to-morrow evening a romantic ballad comedy, "The Golden Wedding," will be given at the Park.

The Music Hall Promenade Concerts will begin June 3. Mr. T. Adamowski will be the conductor.

The annual meeting of the Ditson Fund for the benefit of poor and needy musicians was held last evening. The following are the trustees: B. J. Lang, A. P. Brown, C. H. Ditson, C. F. Smith and Arthur Foote. Mr. Lang was chosen president. The officers reported that they were obliged to search out musicians in need of assistance, and only about one-third of the income was expended in charity.

PHILIP HALE.

Thus will this accomplished woman "enjoy her life, receive untold kindnesses, and find and share much happiness besides enjoying the dignified and worthy pride of being independent and self-supporting and helping to make the world go round, as even the coral insect builds the island."

Truly an ideal character, although many a self-respecting woman would protest against her alleged resemblance to an insect, coral and exotic, or domestic and familiar.

But such a clerk would cause her employer infinite trouble, unless he were a bachelor and could marry her; for such a prize in the matrimonial market would at once awaken fierce competition. Male clerks, even the most frivolous, would exchange bitter words, possibly blows in their rivalry. The ideal clerk would seem to all the ideal wife; peaceful herself, she would engender strife. A more imperfect being would be more profitable for an employer in the long run.

The Eagle screamed loudly at Chicago the other day. It was Mrs. James P. Eagle of Arkansas, and she also struck the table in front of her "with her gloved hand." And all this because she did not agree with Kate Field.

Eulalia smoked a cigarette and lost \$40 at Morris Park. Such actions are not at all uncommon among well-bred Spanish women. Commander Davis, who seems a martinet in etiquette, will no doubt insist on the women of Chicago following this example.

Mayor Gilroy is not content with the Duke de Veragua's photograph. The letter that he looked for never came.

Amherst is in a high state of glee. Nothing pleases the "Irish water" college so much as a victory over Harvard or Yale. "I likes wapping a lord," said the bargeman in Thackeray's "Codlingsby."

Dr. Eob of Albany, who withdrew publicly yesterday from the Presbyterian Church, has been in the past a man of independence in thought and action. In Augusta, Me., he was a respected and beloved pastor, and in Albany his sermons have made a profound impression by their common sense and their broad, generous, loving Christian spirit.

The Anolent and Honorables save the State to-day, and for the 255th time.

The fashion of wearing gowns in the pulpit is said to be becoming more popular outside the Episcopal Church. The custom was continued by the Unitarians of the old school in the last generation, but seems to have died out a good deal among Unitarian preachers in this one.—Herald.

The Boston Herald should drop in our churches of a Sunday and see how well such men as Dr. Hale and Mr. de Normandie look in gowns.

Charles Sumner's coat needs sponging. It never fitted him across the back, but it surely might be cleaned a little, particularly as in his life the wearer was punctilious in such matters. The other statues in the Public Garden, as well as those in Commonwealth Avenue, might be dusted once a week with advantage.

Harry Furniss really doesn't know, he says, which he most dislikes—"the man who doesn't smoke or the woman who does."

June 6 - '93

A WORD IN TIME.

In the struggle for life women are more and more obliged to adopt callings that were for a long time thought suitable only for men. In Santiago women are found as street car conductors, and in our own land they appear as lawyers, doctors, preachers, or base ball players. Many who plume themselves on supposed physical advantages look to the stage.

There is no reason why a woman of talent should not sing or act in public, provided that she does not thereby neglect wantonly her household if she is married. Dr. Johnson commended the resolution of Sheridan, that his wife, the Linley, should no longer sing for money, although he had not a shilling in the world, and, as a singer, she would be liberally rewarded. Quoth Johnson, "He is a brave man. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for hire? No, sir, there can be no doubt here." But we live in a different age; the stage is now a cleaner place, and many a good woman prefers to add thus to the income than to see her husband with every effort earn barely enough for two.

Vanity and restlessness, however, urge some to public display of histrionic inefficiency. The girl or woman of this class begins generally by forming one of a mutual admiration society engaged in playing before flattering friends and relatives. Sometimes these societies are persuaded to play for charity. Then charity is doubled, and the spectators extend their commiseration to cause and players.

Ye who look forward without due consideration to such theatrical beginnings, hearken unto the story of the Prospect Comedy Company that appeared in Hackensack, N. J., the 30th ult. The drama was "Our Boys."

At a quarter-past eight there were 27 persons in the audience at the Opera House, and two-thirds were dead heads, the severest of critics. At 8.45 the constable went behind the curtain, which had not risen, and there was the sound of woman's wailing. A sleek-haired usher then informed the audience that there would be no performance, as the gentlemanly manager and his genial assistant had left the town between trains with \$3.75, the box office receipts. (It may here be remarked that no one stays in Hackensack longer than is absolutely necessary.) It also happened that the shrewd manager had previously borrowed money from members of the company, to pay, as he said, advance expenses. The constable insisted, with a stern sense of New Jersey justice, that the money should be refunded to the buyers of tickets. The women of the company went into hysterics, as they saw the prison gates yawning. After a long and anxious examination of their pockets, the men found money enough to appease the wrath of the ticket-holders, and watches were left as security to satisfy the demands of hall and hotel. Fortunately the comedians had provided themselves with return tickets, and so the Prospect Pleasure Club made its way by train to New York and Brooklyn.

The moral of this true story is at the same time simple and multifarious. First of all, do not take to the stage, if you have a comfortable home, unless, indeed, your demon is irresistible and drives you to dramatic fame. If you insist, choose your manager with care; and, if you are at all suspicious, chain him in the box office. Above all, provide yourselves with return tickets, when, like Thespians, you make excursions.

The terrible accident in New York by which five people were smothered to death reminds all dwellers in flats of their own risk. The elevator shaft is the plaything of fire. Or if the fire attacks the front of the house, how often is escape cut off in the rear particularly when the servant sleeps in the basement and has the key of the back entrance.

The books, paintings, furniture and bric-a-brac of the late George Snell will be sold at auction this week, and many friends will be divided between melancholy recollection and envy of possession. Mr. Snell had a singularly well cultivated taste.

Many refused to serve on the New Bedford jury on the ground of disbelof in the advisability of capital punishment, and yet their votes should not be prematurely counted. Serving as juror in this weather is no light task, and the present responsibilities are grave, willingly shirked by the timid.

June 7 - '93

MERMAIDS IN COPLEY SQUARE.

It is suggested by certain architects—and Mr. Pierre Humbert has as yet made no public objection—that the central ornament of Copley Square should be a fountain, a real fountain with water and mermaids. "In the copy of the coat-of-arms of Old Boston, in England, sent from that town to the St. Botolph Club of this city, the supporters of the shield are mermaids," say the architects, and they speak truly. "These figures, so emblematic of the maritime position of Boston, offer the clue the artist finds imperative in decorative design; their employment by us at the same time links us with the associations of the old town, and gives us a suggestion for the decorative ornamentation of our civic structures whose importance can hardly be overestimated. The mermaid, then, being chosen as the central idea of the fountain, the accessory figures and details at once suggest themselves as dolphins (which appear upon the library), tritons, sea animals and whatever lives or is fabled to live in the sea."

It is worthy of notice that the architects do not attempt to classify the mermaid; to them, it may, or may not, be a fabulous animal.

Now the mermaid, as well as the merman, was known to all people in all ages. Here, in Boston, we were acquainted for years with that fine specimen known as the Feejee mermaid, which was captured, after a desperate struggle, by the late Mr. Barnum. The Rev. Dr. Philip saw one near Cape Town in 1822; it was caught by a fisherman on the coast of China. Mermaids guided the fishermen of Antwerp. In 1187 a merman lived in captivity at Oxford, but escaped after his six months' enforced visit. In 1403 a mermaid was taken to Haarlem. She was induced to wear clothes, eat bread and meat, and go through the outward forms of devotion; but she held her tongue as long as she lived, and therefore this story may well be doubted. It would be easy to quote many instances, and the curious or the sceptical may read with profit Georges Kastner's "Les Sirenes" (Paris, 1858).

The mermaid of late years is shy, very shy; and it would undoubtedly take much time and money to secure a specimen worthy of Copley Square. A live mermaid, caged in the usual occupations of combing her long hair, looking in a hand-glass and singing melodiously would indeed be "a sweet boon," as Artemus Ward said of the Tower of London; but the architects will be obliged to substitute an effigy. Let them remember that all mermaids do not end in a fish's tail; some have feet like human beings. Nor is the mermaid's hair always green. The mermaid that appeared in Denmark in 1669 had red hair, and the merman of Martinique was gray. The more frivolous are seen with yellow, black, blue and even violet locks.

After all, this whole matter might well be referred to the Sea Serpent Club, with full power to act, and dedicate. The mermaid should be accompanied with counterfeit presentiments of the Kraken, the white whale that killed Captain Ahab, the snake seen by Elihu Vedder and Dagon, the mighty Fish God of Gaza. Mr. Samuel Roads might be easily persuaded to give his attention to such a fountain.

The black man in Paris is a happy witness the instance of Alkivi, the Dahomean chief, who receives love letters, flowers and sweetmeats. Nor would he probably have any difficulty at the barber shop.

This paragraph appeared in an English parish magazine: "The mothers' last meeting of the season will be celebrated by a tea, to take place on Monday, May 15. Tea and shrimps. (N. B.—Mothers bring their own shrimps.)"

This was the way the New York Press said: "The singer had complete sway; it was a triumph of art over animalism, the sway of soft cadence, the ascendancy of delicate and persuasive touch, the conquest of melody, the mastery of creative and telling vocalism over a mass of human beings delighted and reveling in the joyous sensation afforded it."

And all because Theresa Vaughan sang "Annie Rooney."

"Now is the time for disappearing," is still a popular song with brokers and promoters.

Mayor Carter Harrison, in the awful dignity of a plug hat, bending nearly double to kiss the gloved hand of Princess Eulalia, is a subject for an historical painter.

Valedictorian and salutatorian are named at Yale, but the announcement that Murphy will play with the University nine seems by far the more important news.

There is a lull in the manufacture of literary celebrities. Neither here nor in England is there a sudden granting of a patent or an immediate rushing of goods in open market. The comets that blazed last season are now in outer darkness, and the blaze of the rockets is as forgotten as are the sticks. There is no literary "fad" to-day in Boston.

AT STATED TIMES.

A reviewer of Baedeker's "The United States" called attention in a late number of the New York Times to Mr. Muirhead's comments on our hotels. Mr. Muirhead, by the way, is the accredited compiler of this admirable guide book. "Mr. Muirhead thinks that no hotel can be considered 'first class' which refuses to supply food to travelers who are prevented from appearing at the regular meal hours. * * * The higher-priced hotels are generally commended, however, while the second and third class hotels are thought not to compare with the less pretentious inns of the old country."

Now, Mr. Muirhead is known in this city as a just man of wide experience and a sense of values. Like the lover in Motherwell's ballad, he can say,

"I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through many a weary way."

He speaks authoritatively and yet modestly; nor can there be honest exception to many of his statements. He cheerfully admits the many excellent characteristics of the large and expensive hotels; but it is still a fact that in this country the guest must too often adapt himself to the habits of the landlord.

It was long ago decreed in the United States that men, women and children who lived in a hotel should at a given signal and for a given time eat and be satisfied. The horn, bell or gong incited the guest to gastronomic action. If he was not hungry, that was not the fault of the landlord. If he was hungry at other than fixed times, he must stay his stomach outside of the hotel, and he was often regarded as a frivolous or capricious person, who did not know his own mind. The fixed dinner hour was in a measure a tribute to American democracy.

This idea still prevails in many towns, both large and small. It is true that the system known as the European (sometimes pronounced with a vindictive emphasis on the second syllable) is now well established in all of our leading cities; it is also true that European hotels have a dinner at a fixed hour, but they also serve a guest according to his order and at any time. We have not yet thrown over the idea that a decent man should be hungry at only three regularly established times in the day.

Let us suppose, for instance, that a man and his wife arrive in Boston at midnight and that they need food. At how many hotels could they satisfy their cravings? Or how many travelers in New England of a Sunday, making a long journey, have found all railway restaurants shut, and though they may secure by piteous entreaty an arid sandwich, they must go from six to twelve hours without a substantial meal. Or who does not yet remember the unnutritious and ill-served dinner or breakfast at the pretentious inn of a small country town?

When Mr. Muirhead recalls the honest good cheer of old-fashioned taverns in England or the appetizing table spread in a town of Normandy at short notice and for the traveler alone, and contrasts it with the fare too often found in the East and the South, fare served with the regularity of prison meals, he may review his printed comments, and say with Clive, "I am surprised at my own moderation."

The bridal song from "Lohengrin" is now heard in many a church, although it is miserably adapted for marching purposes, and was not originally intended for a procession.

The Persians, from the Great Shah to the lowest peasant, smoke cigarettes. What's the matter with kailans, hubble bubbles, calabouks, and all the other pipes, that these Orientals copy European and American vices?

The dwellers in the vicinity of the circus ground will soon have food for imagination, as the savage wolves are said to howl most dismally. At dead of night the human sleepers who cannot sleep may comfort themselves by thinking of Siberia and the pictures of serfs thrown as propitiatory offerings from a fleeing sleigh. They can partake of the terror in their minds, then pinch themselves, and remember that after all they are in Boston.

It is Mr. Armour's habit, by the way, to put in responsible positions the men who have grown up with him in the business. He will not hire, it is said, an experienced outsider.

The title of Miss Murfree's new story is "His Vanished Star." The star will eventually be found with the lost chord, the letter that never came, the rug of Gyges, and Aladdin's lamp.

THE COMING OF "CAVENDISH."

It is announced that Mr. Henry Jones of England will soon be our guest; not Jones, the playwright, but Jones the whist player, better known to the world as "Cavendish." We are told that he may be induced to give a lecture or talk on whist in Boston, so that all those who are addicted passionately to the game may see and hear him.

There are already professors of whist in our town, men and women who for a pecuniary consideration explain the proper plays and enter deeply into the laws of chances, the code of signals, and the higher mathematics of the game; and these professors sit humbly in turn at the feet of Gamaliel Jones. They, by the way, would object to the use of the word "chances" in connection with their favorite and intellectual amusement; for do they not argue seriously that two skillful players with wretched hands should triumph over two indifferent amusement seekers armed with court cards?

And, indeed, to the initiated, whist is no longer an amusement; it is an absolute science. That which Robert Burton wrote concerning chess may well be applied to whist. According to Cavendish, "it is a game too troublesome for some men's brains, too full of anxiety, all out as bad as study; besides, it is a testy, choleric game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." Patritus, who forbade his Prince chess, would surely have put modern whist under the ban. Did not William the Conqueror knock the chess board about the head of the Prince of France, because the latter mated him? Deadly passions are also aroused in whist, although they may slumber for a time in sullenness of demeanor. The whist quartette is not unlike the church quartette; three are people of feeble intelligence and one is a scientific performer; the latter is the one with whom you happen to converse.

This is an age of lectures. We are told how we should cook, how we should save lives and how we should enjoy symphonies as well as operas. By all means, then, let Mr. Jones give an extended lecture course. If John Locke had enjoyed our privileges he surely would not have been the prig he was, when, in the company of the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Halifax and other persons of distinction and parts, he rebuked his noble friends for preferring cards to his own conversation. But Mr. Jones should not confine himself to mere explanation of leads and knotty problems; he should pay special attention to the proper deportment of players.

He should show the gross and common breach of courtesy in the scornful treatment of those who enter a game under protest and only to make up the party by the infuriated lovers of the science. It would be well for him to lend his great authority to the proposition that a poor whist player may yet be an intelligent and estimable person. It would be pleasant to hear from his lips the admission that those who play the game merely for idle amusement are not necessarily pariahs. And this might be the motto of the lecture: "So good things may be abused, and that which was first invented to refresh men's weary spirits, when they come from other labors and studies to exhilarate the mind, to entertain time and company, tedious otherwise in those long, solitary winter nights, and keep them from worse matters, an honest exercise is contrarily perverted."

Alas, it is not likely that Mr. Jones will turn his thoughts in this direction. He is the high priest of a cult. He cannot afford to incur suspicion of apostasy.

"Phil" Armour's conduct during the late panic in Chicago is an example for employers. When some of his workmen were frightened and wished to draw money from a trust company in which he was interested, he assured them that he, too, would lose if they lost, and he guaranteed that all their claims would be paid by him if the company failed.

What's become of those watering tubs in Boylston Street, near Charles? The West End horses would be glad to see them again.

Mr. Laidlaw, who stood between Russell Sage and the bomb, finds no comfort in the New York courts. This is an object lesson for all clerks who act as human screens for their employers.

A board for the display of Borden bulletins stands in the lobby of a Boston theatre where the other attraction is a farce-comedy. The dispatches are written in red chalk. Such juxtaposition of the tragic and the farcical and such morbid symbolism show the taste of the dying century.

Miss Holterling of Hoboken sues Mr. Freser for breach of promise and claims damage to heart and hope to the extent of \$200. Does this claim show modesty or contempt? It cannot flatter the pride of the defendant.

The men that robbed the People's Bank of Bentonville, Ark., stopped in their flight and partook heartily of canned goods at a grocery. According to a telegraphic dispatch, the robbers are now out of danger.

The New York Sun has just discovered that Boston has a drink "that is not sold elsewhere," known as musty ale. If our esteemed contemporary continues its researches, it may find traces of beans in our restaurants.

Ex-Gov. Robinson has shown again the superiority of molasses to vinegar.

The Mayflower was, in fact, the greatest freight boat of her size in the world.—New York Sun.

A cynical tobaccoist thus speaks of his own wares:

"Cigars are like women—very few of them are alike, fewer of them still are much good, and all of them must be coddled, humored and fussed over with the reward of a very little pleasure for a great deal of time."

A referee in New York found that a 15 year old boy needed \$7500 a year for his maintenance, but Justice Ingraham did not agree with him.

An elderly man, a boy and two or three girls are making music in our streets. The instruments are cornet, cello, guitar and mandolines. The melancholy and hopelessness of the music tell apparently of weary wandering and hunger; but the musicians seem prosperous, and in dress and mien above the crowd that gives them nickles. Are they political exiles? Are they the last of a noble Italian family? Or do they come from "Down East" to see the world?

Dr. Underwood will be Consul at Leth. That was the home of the lady of Maginn's famous poem, "The lady very stylish, man."

Zola says that the bicycle clears his brain of blood.

David M. Stone retires from his position to-day. After forty years' service as editor of the New York Journal of Commerce he has earned a vacation.

Come, come, Mr. Adamowski, don't take these promenade concerts so seriously. Don't frown, and scowl, and rap on your stand when people talk. They do not go to Music Hall for education. Besides, your facial indignation is not personally becoming.

Statues of Booth are even now proposed in Baltimore and New York. It is an American habit to propose a statue immediately after the death of a great man. Unfortunately the promise is often slow of fulfillment.

And no sweet girl from our State names the battleship Massachusetts to-day.

It is said that in Boston, where plain living and high thinking is the rule, the tight over-checking of horses is also the rule. The horses suffer agony, but the aesthetic tastes of our cultured and otherwise kind-hearted owners are gratified.—New York Tribune.

This is unfortunately true. Tight checking and docked tails flourish here in spite of the efforts of true lovers of the horse.

Sixty thousand Italian women, led by the families of world famous name, are petitioning the Chamber against divorce. Not perhaps because they are afraid of action on the part of their husbands, but because they regard divorce as an offence against religion.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, June 1, 1893.

JOSEPHIN PELADAN, or Sar Peladan as he is pleased to call himself, wrote in "Le Panthée" as follows: "And you, chaffers and worldlings, each time that you go to an operetta or to a café concert you assassinate the Bihns, the geniuses."

Now no one, not even pessimistic Dr. Max Nordau, denies the ability of Sar Mérodack J. Peladan (I believe he found the name Merodack in the book of Jeremiah, and he borrowed the title Sar from Assyrian kings); possibly he is in earnest when he writes against the operetta, as when he wears a blue or black satin doublet, arranges his hair after the manner of his favorite Assyrians, and has his entrance announced on solemn occasions—such as the gatherings of the Rosicrucians—by blasts of trumpet music, written expressly for him by a private composer.

But the Sar forgets that his proposition is reversible; that many geniuses are assassinated by inadvertently listening to operetta.

This reminds me of the first performance in this city of "The Golden Wedding," the 29th ult., at the Park Theatre.

"The Golden Wedding" was announced as "a Ballad Comedy Romance." The words and music are by Mr. Fred Miller, Jr., who, if I am not mistaken, was guilty of "Ship Ahoy," a species of entertainment which, under the skillful management of the Rev. J. M. Hill, aided by a kindly press, was played with a fervor and a persistence worthy of a better cause.

Mr. Miller's piece was first tried on a dog, and the dog happened to be Worcester, Mass. I am told that the result of the experiment was an immediate overhauling of the libretto and a postponement of the performance in Boston.

I wish to do justice to Mr. Miller's work, and I therefore wish that I could see it as it leaped from his brain, before the arrangers and the variety comedians acted as Comprachicos, and molded and burned and cut the infant into a monster. Sir Thomas Browne once imagined "draughts of three passionate looks of Thyestes when he was told at the table that he had eaten a piece of his own son; of Bajazet when he went into the iron cage; of Oedipus when he first came to know that he had killed his father and married his own mother." I add to this list the countenance of Fred Miller, Jr., when he first saw on the stage the revised version of his ballad-comedy romance.

For the piece is without form and void. I am speaking of it from the standpoint of farce, comedy or burlesque. In these latter forms of entertainment there is, as a rule, a motive; there is at least a rudimentary plot, or the chemist finds traces of a plot. In Mr. Miller's piece the plot was treated so rudely in revision that it is now shy, very shy, and it only appears in a deprecatory manner, and for a moment, in the third act.

There is Judge Blythe, the last lineal descendant of his family; he is a man of one song, and this song, although not of striking originality, is the most tuneful number and encourages whistling. There is a farce-comedy editor, Mr. Bolliver, whose lines have not fallen to him in pleasant places. Mr. Philip Fairfield belongs to "one of the best families in Boston;" his manners are easy, just as if he were in the habit of drinking champagne cocktails daily at the Somerset Club and then visiting Berwick Park.

Mr. Fairfield is also addicted to bursts of songs, on favorable and unfavorable occasions; thus, for instance, in the third act—everything happens, by the way, in the third act—while the action was resuscitated by charitable stage hands, Mr. Fairfield told in song the sad story of a policeman who shot a thief and found it was his brother, and then he assured the audience "'Twas in the moonlight, 'twas in the moonlight." (I wonder what Sar Peladan would say of this scene!)

Then there is a gaunt Englishman who is tired and stumbles over furniture. "Robert" is a wandering sailor lad, who refrains from telling his secret because it would take hours; for this noble deed he is applauded by the audience, and he is a favorite until the marvelous third act,

when he is debarred by "Philip Fairfield" from marrying the pretty girl of the piece; first, because "Philip" wants her, and secondly, because "Robert" and the pretty girl are brother and sister. You see that there is no "Siegmund" and "Sieglinde" business in "The Golden Wedding."

Then there is Foxy, a boat house girl, and there is Mrs. Tomstock, a widow, who writes tragedies and acts in them. There are some girls who are courted by a male quartet, and, very properly, the girls flirt with other men until their faithful sweethearts promise to give up singing. (To be sure, this is not reasoned out on the stage, but it suggests itself to the experienced spectator.)

These are the figures; arrange them as you please; any combination you make will no doubt be more satisfactory than the result of the labor of the arrangers.

The lines were without point. The male quartet introduced a song in which our old friends "the butcher, with his stake; the shoemaker, with his sole, and the baker kneading bread," all, all appeared.

But I have not the heart to dwell upon this mournful subject.

I should not be surprised if "The Golden Wedding" filled the Park during the summer season.

After the success of "1492" I am prepared to accept all miracles past, present and to come.

These men and women appeared in "The Golden Wedding" and exerted themselves to the utmost: W. F. Mach, C. A. Burke, A. Mach, Dan Daly, Barney Reynolds, Jennie Yeamans, Maude Williams, Florence Dunbar and Grace Ogden.

The music of this piece does not call for attention. With the exception of the introduced variety ditties the numbers are of an artless, unpretending order. The instrumentation, I am told, was given out as contract work, and it was apparently given out in sections.

Now, why should we not have operetta written by American librettists and composers that would furnish our theatre goers with legitimate amusement? I am not unmindful of the operettas already written by Americans, nor do I here speak of their merits or faults. But why do not our younger composers turn their attention in this direction?

I am afraid that some of them think such a task beneath them. That talented composer, Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, does not entertain any such opinion, and I am glad to find that Mr. Chadwick proposes to follow in his path. If there are really any that despise the making of "dance tunes," let them reflect on the words of Paul Lindau: "Only dance music! As though it were not enough, if it be masterly; as though Teniers were not a great painter, Labiche not a great dramatic artist, because the one, as the other, preferred to exhibit great talent in a little sphere; as though it were not better to be the Caesar of a village than the second in Rome."

Or if anyone persisted in despising operetta he should be condemned to close study of Brakl's "Moderne Spieloper," in which the author quotes indiscriminately from Schreckerberger and Plato, Ganghofer and Isaiah, Socrates, Kant, Shakespeare, Herodotus, Varro, Pausanias and Plutarch in support of his enthusiasm.

But Mr. MacDowell or Mr. Ethelbert Nevin or Mr. H. W. Parker might say: "Gladly would I write the music of an operetta if I could find a decent text." Thus might they all agree as they sat together, talking of things musical, as talked upon a time Vincenzo Galilei, Giovanni Bardi, Jacopo Corsi and other learned gentlemen of Florence.

The composers might say that well-known writers would not concern themselves with an operetta book, and the well-known writers might say that they could find no congenial subject.

There is a constant demand in certain quarters for an all pervading, dominating element of nationality in the music written by composers of the United States, a characteristic musical streak that would suggest this country, or even express it, with the bald headed eagle, Yosemite Valley, plantation life, smell of caraway seed in old fashioned meeting house, Dismal Swamp and Mammoth Cave. This class of enthusiasts would have an American operetta, subject, words and music all American.

But first, where is your subject? Christopher Columbus has already appeared in "1492," that nightmare dreamed by Barrett and Ed Rice.

Burlesque Red Indians of the American Forest have been introduced in American and English musical farces and operettas, and the genuine monarch of the woods has been lately treated by Americans of the East and the West.

"Puritania" and "Priscilla" tell of the early days of New England.

"The Knickerbockers" is a lame and impotent version of

a good story which was suggested inadvertently, I am told, to its composer, as he once toyed at meat and asked languidly for a new libretto.

Rip van Winkle has masqueraded in operetta; and various incoherent plots have been laid in American towns and villages, in the mountains or by the coast.

What subject is left to-day that admits of character drawing, local color, pretty contrasting costumes and scenic decorations?

are preached in the pulpit and by the press against the morbid curiosity that accounts for a murder or a murder trial. Such morbid curiosity is not confined to our country, nor has it been confined to our country. The Newgate Calendar, in one version or another, is a favorite book; the "Book of Horrors" is an irresistible attraction to the majority of travelers. Is it strange that women show such hysterical interest in hearing ghastly details or in reading of a life at stake? But is it not strange that Thomas Beard, D. D., a minister of Cromwell, told with relish of a nacking of the tongue and at length of a horrible crime in his "Theatre of God's Judgments?"

The unwillingness to merely state or record the fact that an atrocious crime was committed is shown strikingly in the enlargement of the simple statement in Genesis of the murder of Abel by Cain. The text is as follows: "And Cain talked with Abel, his brother, and it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him."

First, the commentators ask what the text is talked about. Some believe, with the Jews of Jerusalem, that they disputed a religious subject. Others follow the Patriarch of Alexandria, in that they quarreled over a woman, Azra, whom each wished for a wife. The twin sister of Cain, and in Eve for Abel.

Was the bloody deed accomplished? The Patriarch above mentioned declares in a stone which was flung at Abel's head, the brothers came down from a mountain. Milton accepts the stone, but Cain "smote him into the midriff."

St. Irenaeus is sure it was a scythe; others think it was a hedging bill. That Cain tore Abel to pieces with his teeth, others that he knocked him down with the jaw bone of an ass. "However," writes another, "Abel was drowned nor strangled, since the text says his blood was split." Father time relates, and as though he had been a witness, that Abel got the better of Cain; that he threw him and did kill him, but that Cain sprang to his feet and killed him.

The sentence of this story of the first murder has been morbidly analyzed and commented upon. Take these words, for instance: "And the Lord set a mark upon Cain." What was the nature of this mark? Some think it was a letter on the forehead taken from the name of Abel, or it was the word "Repentance." Others believe that the dog of Abel followed Cain in his wanderings; that the leprosy covered all his head and his whole face; or that he was "a wild aspect, with bloody eyes, rolled in a horrid manner;" or that he had such a trembling of body that he could hardly get his meat and drink to his mouth; or that wherever he stopped, there was an earthquake all around him, etc., etc. This morbid examination of a simple story extended in an incredible fashion, a worthy of the leaders of the sects of the East and Cainites. It was extended by divines and holy fathers. They went to the ends of the earth to find the subject for the display of their unhealthy imagination. Is it after all surprising that men and women of this age are morbidly curious concerning the details of their own time and in their childhood?

June 12 '93

Talk of the Day.

Circus clarinet goes a long way.

As we saw the procession this morning the women and children gaped at the beasts who sulked in their cages. They envied the riders, but not the chariot. George Washington and the Pilgrims, Penn and John Smith were evicted and aware of the vanity of great men, real or fictitious.

What did the elephants think of the people of Boston and its suburbs? Like the beasts, these beasts of awful wisdom have many cities and many men. They were very voluble, and since they gave advice to the writers of the Hindoo sacred books they were not talked in public.

Montaigne who suspected his cat of attempting for him when he played with it, is it not probable that to the sagacious sight of sidewalks lined with a circus, and that, although he was above it, he is secretly flattered by such attention?

But why should the librettist be obliged to survey the United States with extended view? Why is he not allowed to invent country, characters, laws, morals, superstitions? Why should there be any attempt at realism? Is not Lorenzo XVII, the mightiest of the princes of Piombino? Is not the Princess Toto more interesting than any of Victoria's daughters? Is not Baron Grog more finely drawn and yet more familiar than Metternich with all his orders?

And why should not poker have been the favorite amusement of the people of Milan in the fifteenth century, or why should not the Salic law have been invented by the Javanese? Menelaus with hat box is not to me an anachronistic and therefore loathsome object, provided that the operetta or musical burlesque in which he carries the box does not make claims openly for realism, truth to nature, &c. But when the genial advancement presents me with a slip from which I learn that "the refined musical comedy about to be presented is commendably free from all horse play and gags that too often disfigure," &c;

When I then take my seat in the pit with a certain confidence in the manager's rhetoric, and the curtain rises on a jest in which "straight" and "ace high" are heard in the common speech of the court of Louis XIV.; or when members of the present board of alderman of our town are referred to in a flippant manner by well-known characters in classical mythology—then I admit I feel rebellious.

* * *

I see, by the way, that Marie Tempest is to have "a splendid part" in Mr. De Koven's new operetta, and that she rejoices in the fact that she will dress it in petticoats. She might well exclaim, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of tights." PHILIP HALE.

June 13-93

REDUCING AVOIRDUPOIS.

There was a time when the Englishman was devoted to athletic pursuits to the very day of his last sickness. If fortune favored him he was a globe-trotter. Gray hairs did not remind him of the rest that might well prepare for his final journey. Tropic sun and arctic snow did not kill his enthusiasm. At sixty years or over he killed elephants and tigers, he climbed mountains, he explored strange countries. Or, if he stayed at home, he rode gallantly to hounds, or defended cunningly his wicket. In his love of exercise at an advanced age, as in other respects, Palmerston was a typical Englishman.

It seems, however, that these brave days are over. A writer in an English periodical, *The Hospital*, assures us that the average middle-aged Englishman of the professional and business classes grows "fatter, wheezier, more pompous and more dull and uninteresting; poor old porpoise." From want of outdoor exercise, "he is a moving mountain of ponderosity and fat, but all this rotundity, wheeziness, irritability of temper, incapacity for work and general disgust with life and all things in it can be cured, cured easily and cured forever" by one or two hours' daily exercise in the open air.

That the American must be necessarily gaunt and peaked is an idea that now prevails only in caricature and burlesque. In this generation age often brings fat that is uncomfortable and unhealthy. Many a professional or business man watches with anxiety the gradual enlargement of his waistband, and considers the question of exercise. He finds many excuses, however, for not doing his duty; the streets are slushy, or the sun blisters; the piazza and solitaire are more inviting than a rapid walk; whichever way he looks, a lion is in the path.

Now Sir James Paget says that "good, active recreations" ought to include "uncertainties, wonders and opportunities for the exercise of skill in something different from the regular work." English writers suggest that the best recreation for middle age is cricket, played at least an hour and a half a day. Cricket is to the Englishman a patriotic function; in bowling or batting he is conscious of performing a solemn, national duty. Such exercise would doubtless commend itself to him, even when he were past the zenith of life.

With us it is different. Base ball attracts many of the older generation, but they exercise vicariously, watching from the grand stand the struggles of athletes. Not one in twenty of the "porpoises" could be persuaded to face a thrown or batted ball.

The question of a saddle horse involves the care and the expense of keeping. But the bicycle might be employed to great advantage. It does not eat; it does not call for condition powders; no docked tail or straggling check rein excites the pity of lovers of animals. That vanity which prevents a stout man from mounting a bicycle is weak indeed. Let the fat man persevere systematically, and the cause for self-reproach and coarse remarks of bystanders will be surely removed.

Familiar news from New London. "Bob" Cook's face wears a "troubled expression," and he declares that he expected to find the Yale crew in better condition.

The parade of the menagerie, after the opening of the ark, was marred by the absence of excited spectators.

The shield of the State and the shield of the nation is a phrase that is more than mere "vocal gymnastics and fireworks." That phrase is of vital importance not only to Miss Borden but to every man and woman in the country.

It is possible that Leoncavallo, the composer of "I Paglicci," is not a real musician, for it is said that he is without long hair or personal or mental eccentricity.

The Institute of Technology may well be congratulated on its choice of a lecturer and instructor in English literature. Mr. Arlo Bates is not only a poet of genuine fancy and a story teller of wit and power; he is a man of sane judgment and a keen sense of values. His lectures will, then, not be merely the stilted platitudes of the rhetorician or the amiable maunderings of the conventional enthusiast.

June 14-93

Talk of the Day.

Dr. Hale's remark that the habit of nine hours' sleep is very apt to bring happiness to the sleeper will excite discussion. There is no fixed rule for the measurement of all in diurnal and nocturnal diet.

Epimenides slept 57 years at a stretch, although this is disputed by some, who say it was only 55. And he was regarded, therefore, as a favorite with the gods.

Napoleon got along with four hours, and it was he who said that a man could get everything in this world except happiness. So these two worthies seem to prop up Dr. Hale's position.

On the other hand, we have the high authority of Melancthon that too much sleep induces phlegmatic, swinish, cold and sluggish melancholy. And Dr. Hale remembers the case of the young man in the Acts, who suffered by sleeping in church.

Gladstone is an authority on poultry; he subscribes to all periodicals and buys all books on the care of hens. Such a homely diversion is not without parallel in the history of statesmen. Aeropus, King of Macedonia, made lanterns; Biantes of Lydia filed needles for amusement; and Hareatius of Parthia was one of the best mole catchers in his kingdom.

But perhaps there is symbolism in Gladstone's interest in poultry; for there is an old tradition that all lions—and the British Lion is of course included—are afraid of the voice of the cock, and will not eat the crower under any circumstances.

Irony of fate. The inventor of a bullet-proof uniform is now in the hands of the Sheriff.

That women, in appearance "gentle, sweet-faced, soft-natured," should show in open court such cruel curiosity and stare without pity at the skulls and at the accused excites wonder in many quarters; and yet the history of the world abounds in this feminine paradox. The Vestal virgins were the most eager in watching the death-agony of a gladiator.

It will not be surprising if Edwin Booth left by will his valuable library to the Players' Club, which was the great pleasure of his later years. Nor would the library find a more congenial resting place.

June 15/93

"Railroad Jack," the famous dog of Albany, is through with his travels. He had a habit of suddenly disappearing, but his estate was left in good order, and when he was weary of adventure he knew that he would be welcome at home.

"Sizzard," the new word for an intensely hot spell, is compounded evidently of "sizzle" and "blizzard," after the ingenious fashion of the etymologist of "Alice in Wonderland."

A CLASS OF SUMMER BREAKERS.

Teachers and students of music near vacation time. Many of them know the value of absolute rest or the rest that comes from a change of occupation. They therefore leave the tools of their trade behind them when they go into the country or visit the sea. Throats and fingers are then at ease.

But the indiscreet and the infuriated regard such rest as Capuan, fatal to all progress. Musical instruments of various kinds and different degrees of intensity are added to summer baggage. The music of nature is openly flouted, and winds and birds and bees and the strange voices of the earth and the sea heard at sultry noon or dead of night are as nothing to the developers of thumbs and fingers and the climbers of vocal ladders.

If these misguided enthusiasts went into a retreat, secluded themselves as though they were victims of a contagious disease, they might then excite pity, but they would not be recognized summer breakers. They delight, however, in herding with their fellow-men. They are at home in crowded hotel; they have the best room in the farm house. The piano arrives simultaneously with the trunk; it even sometimes precedes the guest. The quiet village is soon acquainted with Clementi's Gradus and Coneone's exercise. Cool mornings stimulate early practice. The pianist arises with the cock; he puts the bat to bed. The singer shows superiority over the silly bird by redoubled industry when the sun's blaze is fiercest.

Now there is delightful music for summer, outside of that provided by Nature. The symbolist may object to trumpets and trombones as they have sympathy with dazzling colors; but harps, mandolins, banjos, oboes, clarinets and even flutes suggest soft, gentle pastoral colors, green and blue in all their shades from robin's to celadon. It is true that such music should be in moderation and discreetly administered.

In hot weather the piano irritates. The musical paprika offends the summer appetite. Unlike many other instruments, the piano gives forth readily its sounds. Its keys invite all comers, it responds to the tiny and destructive hands of children, to the brutal attack of those who play confidently and by ear; it does not disdain to answer a wandering and experimenting cat.

The nervous, the worn-out, the longers for rest are not only disturbed by the direct attacks upon the ear; they suffer that most acute torture, so graphically described in a tale by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, the torture of hope. But hope as they do, the pianist is never weary. When there is a pause it is simply for a mopping of the face or for a gathering of forces for the attack on the most difficult passages.

Summer should be protected by legislation. The pianist as well as the oyster catcher should be confined in the pursuit of his calling to certain months. Each singer should have a keeper. And these strict measures would not only give the weary rest; they would be of incalculable physical and mental benefit to the would-be offenders.

They that value sentiment above ventilation may sigh at the possible destruction of Music Hall; but Boston needs a more comfortable and more worthy building.

If the scheme of enterprising men is carried out and we then enjoy a grander hall, attention should at the same time be paid to the claims of chamber music, and the greater room should include the less.

At present there are cries of alarm; the situation is "critical;" and it appears that we are threatened with "a musical famine." These phrases are taken quite seriously by some whose dissipation is a symphony.

The practice of hearing symphonies is not unlike dram-drinking. It is, to the majority, an acquired taste. After a while it masters the individual. The weaning, when it is necessary, is attended at first with dire results.

But after these cumulative symphonic doses, would a sudden and enforced rest be absolutely fatal? Why should not opera be substituted for a year as a stimulant? There stands the Boston Theatre, the fitting home of grand opera.

Then, too, in the matter of opera, in knowledge of the remarkable new works of the last five or even ten years, we Bostonians are barbarians, although we are on speaking terms with Brahms.

A LOST ART.

Newspaper controlled by the Hon. [unclear] gives valuable information concerning a question of feminine deportment. It may carry home any package that the slightest practical suggestion about it. That is to say, she may carry flowers, a bottle of perfume, but nothing that her preference in matters of house-keeping or intimate dress.

Unfortunately, this eminent authority does not see the proper loading of the male as a burden. It would be interesting to know whether a man should be allowed to carry an article that in suggestion is distinctly feminine, and the question would arise, Should a husband be urged or compelled by his wife to shop for her in the department apart from woman's dress and its accessories? There is no discussion of the propriety of the personal conducting of the laundry to the laundry. Nor is there a suggestion of the question whether a visit to the market, fish, meat or vegetable, should be made publicly by the presence in street of a bundle not to be disguised.

It was a time, and as near to us as the days of Jeffersonian simplicity, when the husband did not disdain to return home with the materials for a savory dinner. Men of science in those simpler days had the feel of commerce as well as the science by the tail. A dried codfish, carelessly in brown paper, lent dignity to the grave statesman. Nor was beneath the dignity of a clergyman to wear a coat or pair of trousers to the tailor when the rent was beyond domestic care.

The present civilization may be real; or, at least, this, at least, is certain: the age of bundles is over, although no Burke pronounced a set lament. The man proclaims the burden of a can of peas, or a marmalade; the youth insists that the which bridges him over to the weekly of the laundryman shall be sent to his school boy, though coaxed by mother, sinks at the thought of a bundle, perchance, the ill-considered ridicule of his playmates.

The bundle is avoided, not respected as it was by the great Napoleon. Democratic simplicity exists, then, merely in theory. It is an age of McAllisters and Teals; of the hands of foreign potentates; of rules of costume and deportment. It is surprising that the bundle should be avoided, or that the fashionable mother can support the weight of her babe.

Talk of the Day.

There is a dispute concerning the proper location of the new Music Hall even before any necessary for building is raised. This dispute confined to real estate and owners of possible adjacent land.

It must be remembered that centres of gaiety shift rapidly. Districts that were held as fashionable are now common and unclean, and so vantage for convenience are not fixed immovably. The corner of Westchester Park and Boston Avenue would be of undeniable value to Greater Boston, although to the people on Beacon Hill it may seem anathema.

Thomas, formerly of Kentucky, and Doddwood, has given it as his judgment that, in the national game of three hearts and a revolver are not for three aces, but are certainly ten years in the penitentiary.

A negro brass band from Petersburg has attracted attention in our streets. It is impossible for any one within a mile of the scene of operation to ignore the existence of theurchins and their instruments. The volume of sound was in inverse proportion to the size of the players. What will the boys be capable of when they are at man's estate? An awful thought; they may be persuaded to choose some peaceful calling.

Accuracy of statement is not generally secured unless it enters into questions of property or life. But how often is it which was seen or heard described literally, exactly, even when there is no attempt to excite or deceive?

The plans for the new Music Hall should include an adequate organ. The Handel and Haydn Society has suffered severely since taking away of the great instrument, and its entreaties have not been heeded.

Although consumers may hear with dismay a probable shortage in the supply of lager beer, they may learn a lesson from the cause of the shortage. "Musical rubian," a substitute for hops, tried by many of our brewers, and cases were burned in New York this from spontaneous combustion. The lesson of the moral is obvious.

The language of Governor A. may be homely, but it applies to cases of subscription: "It depends altogether on how a fellow feels at the time. Sometimes you feel as poor as a crow; at other times you feel pretty well off."

The latest theory is that drunkards are martyrs to an evolutionary process, whereby alcohol in combination with some azotic solution will take the place of meat and vegetables.

Cold tea does not apparently induce that feminine gossip defined by an English journalist as "tea-table treachery."

Musk seems to be a favorite perfume with many and its dense, choking, abiding smell assails pedestrian and passenger. Women are the chief offenders, who forget that the sweetest of all perfumes is compounded of health, cleanliness and beauty.

The lounge in the Common should not be viewed askew as a mere idler. The greatest philosophers have depended largely on observation, and the panorama of life is stretched daily from the Park Street Church to Boylston Street.

The exercises of the Brooklyn Lotus Circle, a Theosophical Sunday School, are certainly varied. Children are catechised on a blackboard diagram which represents allegorical trees of life and death. The little ones are familiarized with the Sanskrit words for body, soul, spirit, etc.; then they are invited to look at pictures of Annie Besant and Paderevski.

The Hinrichs company has now assumed full proportions and deserves its title, "grand opera company," for the two leading sopranos quarreled violently, and Tavery left the company.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, June 11, 1893.

PUPILS of Miss Gertrude Franklin gave a pleasing exhibition of their teacher's capabilities and their own proficiency last Thursday afternoon.

A violin recital was given Wednesday afternoon by the classes of Mr. Eugene Grünberg, of the Boston Conservatory of Music. Mr. Grünberg was a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for some time; in fact until, owing to a misunderstanding of a private nature with the late Mr. Nikisch, he resigned his position. After the lamented death of Julius Eichberg he was called to the Boston Conservatory. The pupils displayed last week the results of excellent instruction. Mr. Grünberg is a violinist of the Vienna School.

It is to be regretted, by the way, that Mr. Eichberg did not make greater headway with his autobiography. He began to write his reminiscences, and he told in his own delightful fashion of life in Düsseldorf and Mayence in the '30's. He related curious stories about Norbert Burgmüller, who died before promise was fulfilled. Mr. Eichberg's manuscript stops at about the time that he went to Brussels. What a pity it is that he did not write of his adventures there and in Geneva, in which latter place he saw much of the Elder Dumas and Eugene Sue. And the still greater pity that he did not live to tell of Boston musical life during the last thirty years.

The George A. Baker Comic Opera Company is at the Bowdoin Square Theatre. Last week the operettas were "The Beggar Student" and "The Black Hussar." The performances of this company—well known, I am told, on the New England circuit—are marked by conviction and robustness. Not a point is lost; it is inserted in the ear of the audience and driven home. The singers labor faithfully; there is no attempt to temper the volume of tone, and no shyness about acknowledging recalls. Men singers and women singers grow red in the face, but there is no cry from them for indulgence; they shout heroically, although they know blood vessels may burst or heart strings may crack. I heard two acts of "The Black Hussar," and I do not believe that there were five measures piano that evening. The chorus, however, has been well drilled, so far as sharpness of attack and knowledge of intervals are concerned. The chief parts are taken by Miss Irene Murphy, the daughter of Mr. Con Murphy, of the Boston Theatre; Miss Maude Dickeson, Miss Josie Intropidi and Messrs. Arthur E. Miller, Arthur Woolley, Wm. Wolff and A. E. Arnold. Mr. Wm. Robinson is the musical director.

There are many weddings this month and organists are busy. The bride as a rule insists on the nuptial song "Treulich geführt" from "Lohengrin" and the march of Mendelssohn. The first does not lend itself easily to a march up the centre aisle, but brides will have no other music. They often ask for the "Prize Song," possibly to remind the groom of the value of his capture.

Out of these many weddings questions rise questions of etiquette: (1) Has an organist a right to refuse to give up the keys of his organ when the bride or groom asks the presence of another organist with or without his choir? (2) If he allows another organist to invade his territory should he expect that the usual fee should be doubled, so that he may be rewarded for "good will," &c.? (3) Should the organist have in all cases a fixed fee, the same for rich and poor?

These questions are now seriously discussed. There is talk even of forming an organists' trust, and fixing the rate of fee at a wedding, when there is no choir present, at \$20. Surely if the bridegroom cannot pay the organist \$20, he should not marry. If the procession is late, and the man in the loft is obliged suddenly to improvise in a state of nervous uncertainty, the fee should be doubled.

Sometimes I think the organ is incongruous at weddings. Dramatic organists may make an effect during the ceremony—if the Episcopal service is used—by pausing on an imperfect cadence after "or else hereafter forever hold his peace;" or they may chill the bride or groom by a skillful use of the pedal double open diapason when the phrase "the dreadful day of judgment" is spoken by the minister; but would not other instruments be more in harmony with the affair? This of course is a matter of individuality. Willette, the famous designer, cares only for one "orchestra," as he calls it: that is, an orchestra of harps, and he wishes five.

I once played at a wedding where the bride yearned after Rubinstein's "Thou art so like a flower," arranged for organ and cornet-à-piston. It was played, and to her great satisfaction; for she told me afterward that it moved her to tears. I was not surprised, for the cornetist was a graduate of a traveling circus, and had an uncertain and alcoholic lip. But this was long ago.

Instruments that are now only found in museums might beautify the marriage ceremony. If I were a bride I should insist on a theorbo. To be sure I know not its sounds, but the name always fascinated me—theorbo, or cithara

bijuga. It would be more appropriate at a wedding than its cater cousin, the lute, would be; for the theorbo has two necks. Then I read that a Neapolitan called it "tiorba," from its resemblance to an instrument used for crushing perfumes. There's symbolism for you. Yes, the theorbo is your only wedding instrument.

Maidens in white should usher in the bride; maidens in white each with a theorbo; maidens in white, and all of them desirable. They accompany her to the altar; they play soft, simple, melancholy, haunting music, music that is picked by fingers of flesh from strings that quiver at the touch of flesh; and the strings throb even when they are not plucked, feeling the presence of the bride, standing glorious there.

"In glory of gold and glory of hair,
And glory of glorious face most fair."

Nor for a finale to maidenhood would I endure the brassy blasts of the Mendelssohn march. Better far the "Scène du Bouquet" from Delibes' music to "Le Roi s'Amuse," or the exquisite Romance of Antonia in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann."

I fear that our American girls regard marriage as a conventional thing and wish the outward show to be conventional in all the detail. To be sure there is decency in all things. "Un Mari Sage" would certainly be out of place, even though the advice contained therein might be of profit to the groom.

Why do they not give "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" in our country? Perhaps the audience would not understand the libretto, for who reads Hoffmann to-day, and falls in love with the cold "Olympia," or shudders at the fate of the daughter of "Rath Krespel?"

And yet what a delightful opera it is, from its strange and unique first act to the final scene in Luther's cellar. Or what modern composer has written more wildly dramatic, exciting music than the two trios in which "Dr. Miracle" strikes lurid sparks from his knuckles, or plays madly on his violin, while the voice from the picture urges the dying girl to sing? Ye that shrug your shoulders at the name of Offenbach and think of him only as a jig maker, listen to his posthumous fantastic opera as it is given at the Opéra Comique.

The promenade concerts at Music Hall are now in full blast, and the Bostonians amuse themselves after their own peculiar fashion. The orchestra is made up chiefly of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Timothy Adamowski leads with Polish grace, and a brother of Franz Ondricek is concertmaster. The programs are in the main excellent, and they suit the weather.

But I wish that Mr. Adamowski would not take these concerts so seriously. The audience does not promenade; it talks over beer, and wine, and sugary drinks with pink and orange linings. The conversation disturbs the leader when he attacks such a number as "Away from the Ball," or "The Funeral March of a Puppet," he scowls, and he frowns, and he hisses, and he raps fiercely on his desk, and he stops the orchestra and thus shows his displeasure.

A Vice President of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor is reported to have said, "There is too much charity in New York." Misapplied charity, no doubt, for men and women starve in the great city in spite of associations and boards of relief and reports and complacent conventions.

June 19-93

June 21-93

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

SENSIBLE SENSIBILITY.

But O estimable leader! this is summer, "almighty summer," and the scene is Music Hall. The Symphony concerts have gone with ice and snow. We are not now listening to symphonic poems; concertos with patent attachments of cadenzas by Reinecke and never ending symphonies. Would you have the men and the women, the youths and the maidens, like the company in "Peter Bell?"

"Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned?"

Mr. Adamowski considers the American composer; so last week we heard a berceuse for strings by Mr. Clayton Johns and this week Mr. Adamowski proposes to play a concert arrangement of airs from "Pounce & Co.," that witty operetta by Mr. Woolf, which might well be reproduced.

* * *

The heat drives musicians of all degrees from the loathed town. Blest be he that leaves his instrument behind him, and does not trouble the peace of farmhouse or ocean beach! Mr. Wm. J. Winch will go to Europe; Miss Clara Smart and Miss Elizabeth Hamlin will gladden life in St. Albans, Vt.; Mr. Charles R. Adams will be in Plymouth, and so there is a general scattering. There are, however, unrelenting churches that compel the attendance of organists and choirs until August 1.

* * *

Did you ever hear of the pianist Mrs. Cathinka de Dietz? Her name is not mentioned by Fétis, Pouglin or Riemann, and yet she must have been a remarkable apparition. I read her life the other day, as told by William Mackenzie, Esq., and published in Brighton in 1850. This little pamphlet should be in the hands of all advance agents and strictly commercial teachers, for it is a model of its kind.

Cathinka was born in a castle; her father was entitled to bear the arms of the house of Nassau, and was on speaking terms with all the kings of Europe; Cathinka crawled into a stove to hear Hummel play; she sat in Goethe's lap.

although, as Mephistopheles remarked, she was not the first; Lamartine called her "Stella della Musica;" she read newspapers to the Countess d'Haussonville; she was robbed of jewelry valued at 6,000 frs.; she sprained an arm, and was cured by putting it inside of a newly killed sheep; the Parisian butchers were so gallant "that they offered her the use of three sheep every morning, merely requesting, if a cure were effected, they might be favored with a concert ticket on occasion;" she wrote a paper on antediluvian fossils and a tragedy entitled "Die Norne;" she played in London in 1844, and four duchesses, three countesses and a handful of marchionesses were so "well pleased with the taste and execution which she displayed that during the whole of her performance they listened with the greatest attention."

This is the closing paragraph: "The style which distinguishes this superior artiste is sweet and melodious, with an exquisite delicacy of touch, which the rapidity of her execution is never allowed to interfere with; it is simple and expressive, and combines harmony with rapid and exact execution. This style she has the rare faculty of being able to impart to her pupils, with whom she has always had much success."

* * *

Max Heinrich will pitch his tent in Boston about September 1. He is now in Winter Harbor. PHILIP HALE.

It seems that the hissing which accompanied applause after the performance of a musical selection at a "Pop" concert, angered certain members of the audience, although the hissing was a protest against the repetition and not the performance. And yet why should not a spectator in a theatre, or a hearer in a concert hall, have a right to show displeasure as well as pleasure?

Our neighbors across the Atlantic are more civilized in this matter. If a play is silly or repulsive; if a singer stabs the ear; if a piece of music displeases, hisses arise. We are said to be a very good-natured people, and we submit gracefully to much imposition.

Here, if a man hisses, and thus expresses an honest conviction, he insults the theatre manager and becomes a subject for the attention of the police. And yet the man paid his money for a supposed equivalent. He is allowed to applaud; in fact, if he does not applaud he is called unappreciative and cold.

Now, an honest, well-considered hiss is a great purifier of a rank or dull theatrical or musical atmosphere. Furthermore, it has been for years the inalienable right of the European lover of amusements.

Lucy Stone does not believe in women jurors. "Women are nearly always a woman's most severe critic." Mrs. Stone here stands on the rock of history. Nor is it likely that twelve women would deal out summary justice to a male criminal of cheap fascination.

To some the circus of last week brought recollections saturated with melancholy. Not that the show was inferior to the announcement. The animals were all there; there was the old familiar smoo of the arena; there was gallant riding, and there were thrilling acrobatic feats. But to the man of forty years or over, there never was but one circus, and that was the circus of his boyhood.

He that went with child or nephew to the show of last week was obliged to admit the greater variety of entertainment, the greater comfort and the greater cleanliness. He was perplexed, however, by the number of rings, and he thought with a sigh of the single ring that saw the triumph of Robinson and Melville and Carlotta de Berg. Then he gasped with every motion of the rider. Now only he that is cross-eyed can enjoy the spectacle in its plenitude.

Gone, too, are those fine fellows, the Shakspearian clowns, whose life seemed to the village boy so enviable. And it may be here remarked that the exquisite delight of anticipation and the frenzy of realization were best known to the country boy. One circus afforded conversation for a year. The gorgeous posters, with representations of dashing women, jugglers and acrobats of marvelously constructed anatomy, fed the boyish fancy until the arrival of the tent, and they that did the business therein. Money was saved; or the neighbor was sometimes spoiled for the benefit of the junkman. Not infrequently there was a stern parental refusal, for 30 years ago circus performers were regarded by the judicious as the sons and daughters of Belial—that is, if Belial had daughters. There was the danger of detection, and the joy at the spectacle was often turned into sorrow before the dawning of another sun. But to go back to the clowns.

Where, pray, are those Shakspearian jesters, with wealth of amazing rhymes delivered with incredible volubility? It has been suggested that the genuine circus clown disappeared with the appearance of the funny column in the newspaper. Whatever may be the cause of the departure of glory, the man of forty years longs for the conversation between the ringmaster and the clown, the conversation that always ended in warm praise of the bare back rider, who rode well "for one so young."

Nor to the praiser of by-gone days does electricity seem suitable for circus purposes. He misses the smell of the lamps, and the occasional obscurity that intensified the spirit of action. Nor do the spectators seem so earnest in their attention as were the solemn men of his village; and, as he remembers, the audience of his youth was made up mostly of men and boys.

He is tempted to rebuke his child for evident enjoyment; and then resentment turns to pity. And yet the circus of the father is no doubt an illusion of the imagination. Just as in earlier days, the ice was thicker, and dogs were more intelligent, and doughnuts had a sweeter taste, so the circus provoked more honest enthusiasm. If all such things exist only in the mind of the individual, the mind was more receptive and at the same time less exacting. When youth died, the glory of the circus faded.

The unfortunate Corwith, the American who died from excesses in Paris, remarked a day or two before his death that Paris had killed him. He is not the first.

A well-known instructor in medicine in this town tells the following story: "During the course of recent examinations a student came to me and said: 'Say, doctor, I've been offered a position as bookkeeper for \$10 a week; would you take it?' I thought that a medical student who would ask such a question might do better as bookkeeper, and I told him so. But he was not satisfied, and he returned to the charge: 'Come now, doctor, between ourselves—on the dead level—is there \$10 a week in medicine?'"

A play entitled "The Life and Death of Carlyle Harris, or The Road to the Electric Chair," is now given at the Windsor Theatre, New York. Not only Harris, but his mother is introduced on the stage. Such realism as this would not be tolerated in Paris, the hotbed of naturalism. Here surely is an offence against good morals as well as against taste.

June 21-93

Why do some apparently clean and intelligent women hold a street car fare in their teeth while with their hands they rearrange the pile? The trick is not only dirty; there is a risk of infection.

A full account of the generous gift to the Boston Public Library will be found in another column of the Journal. The people of this city will have the opportunity of consulting at pleasure the chief newspapers of the world. The political or the religious character of the said newspapers must not be considered by the Trustees. While there are reading rooms of a somewhat similar nature in certain towns of the West and in New York city, there will be none in this country apparently so fully equipped and so admirably provided for as the room created for the benefit of our townsmen by the sensible generosity of Mr. William C. Todd.

This generosity is eminently sensible. It will be of substantial comfort to many, who will thus be able to read in their native language the record of life in their native land. The city merchant who left a village often takes the leading newspaper of the country of his boyhood from a feeling of vague or real sentiment. Of how much more lively interest is the sight of a journal in the language of his home to the wanderer in a foreign land, or to the adopted son of a foreign country.

Nor is it necessary to speak at length concerning the value of such an exchange list to journalists, literary and scientific men of all descriptions, and all students of man as a social and political animal.

It is the fashion in these days to sneer at the newspaper and deny its usefulness or influence. This complaint, however, is of long standing, and the answers have always accompanied the complaint. If Bayle refers pleasantly to the essay of Ahasuerus Fritschius (1676), entitled, "Of the modern use and abuse of news," he also declares that "Mankind are so much used to newspapers that they would consider the suppression of them as an eclipse. It would produce a sort of public mourning." If Dr. Johnson did not call on women of his acquaintance because the newspapers would tell of it, we find him speaking of the newspaper as the great disseminator of knowledge. If De Quincey in 1840 wrote: "In half a century the newspaper has expanded from the size of a dinner napkin to that of a breakfast tablecloth, from that to a carpet, and will soon be forced, by the expansions of public business, into something resembling the mainsail of a frigate;" he allowed gladly that "it is in newspapers that we must look for the main reading of this generation."

The newspaper is the mirror of daily life, and for this very reason obnoxious to the super-sensitive, even when the newspaper is edited discreetly, with full sense of the dignity of the profession. This mirror now includes the great globe. By the thoughtful generosity of Mr. Todd the mirror will be set in our Public Library, that all who will may look therein.

Mr. Higginson, in his letter to the public, sums up concisely the matter of Music Hall. Unless a new hall is built and unless assurances of such building are given within a few days, he must disband his orchestra "and finally abandon the Symphony concerts."

Nor should the lover of music rely blindly on the zeal or good nature of a few rich men, nor should he see a vision of a hall, commodious, decorated, well-equipped with ushers and heating apparatus, descending as from the sky and taking its appropriate position.

This hall must be built by the subscriptions of many. Woe to that city that leans heavily and constantly on the shoulders of one rich man.

It is a pleasure to see that Mr. Higginson realizes the importance of opera, and suggests that the new hall can be built so as to be used for opera. At present we have no Music Hall worthy of the name, and no building set apart especially for operatic purposes.

Above all, there is need of haste in completing the subscription.

These two books, of pocket size, may now be commended to certain persons in the neighborhood. Jevon's "Primer of Logic" would be of benefit to all those who argue that Miss Borden should have been convicted, "because if she did not do it, what did?" And Stephen's Digest of Evidence might persuade some wandering, doubtful Thomas that the Judges were reasonable in excluding certain testimony.

The rough treatment of Capt. Anderson and his men by the Brooklyn police was without excuse. At the same time there is the material for an heroic poem, or a comic opera, entitled "The Jailed Vikings."

June 20

June 22.

MALE HELP.

The following advertisement appeared lately in a New York newspaper:

"HOUSEWORK—By a young man, German, to do general housework in a first-class private family; best reference. Call or address No. 48 — St."

The thoughtless may smile at the willingness of man to do a woman's work, to give a modern version of Hercules at the court of Queen Omphale. But the apparition of man as a domestic servant is by no means surprising or unknown in history. The value of the Chinaman as cook, chambermaid and washerwoman is appreciated by many a housekeeper on the Pacific coast, and here in Boston there are women who have tried male servants in all capacities and are delighted with their intelligence and amiability. The fastidious aristocrat in De Maupassant's tale confessed that a disguised convict proved himself to her an ideal lady's maid, so that she mourned his detection and forced departure.

Men in the daily routine of manly life have shown an aptitude for cookery. Many a clubman is proud of his mastery of the chafing dish, or his ability to prepare a dinner from soup to toasted crackers. Many a bachelor knows how to handle a broom and make a bed. Many a college student has utilized memory and insight into character as a waiter at a summer hotel. The male dressmaker is an acknowledged potentate; why should not man show a like superiority in caring for the costume of woman, recommending to her the appropriate gown for the occasion, the climate and the complexion? Many a father has shown the ease with which man, the lord of all creation, takes the place of nursery girl in an emergency.

It would be just and logical if the answer to the vexed domestic problem should turn out to be "Man." Woman should not complain that her peculiar territory is invaded, for has she not forsaken the hearth for the clinic, the bar and the pulpit? Is she not bookkeeper, confidential clerk? Why should a modest young man who finds many employments closed to him on account of the energy displayed by the other sex be debarred from gaining his meals and shelter by the cry that he thus encroaches on forbidden ground?

Of course, there are rules which the male servant must be prepared to obey. Some Lucrezia Gonzaga of this century should at once prepare a manual. The cook should not be allowed the use of tobacco until the labors of the day are over, and then he should not smoke in the kitchen. The waiter that does not smoke would naturally command the higher price, and the male chambermaid should be forbidden absolutely the pungent weed. It should be the duty of the mistress of the house to inquire carefully into the character of the company kept by her servants, and plain and pretty "cousins" should be regarded with impartial suspicion. No mistress would be so hard-hearted as to refuse her men one evening in the week that they might see their parents, attend lodge meetings and vote at caucuses; nor should these servants be expected to tell of their private affairs as members of a family or the State. Whether they should be allowed to wear whiskers is a subject of debate, and here the master of the house might give the casting vote. A bald-headed cook would, however, be a well-spring of pleasure.

Justice Ingraham of New York remarked the other day: "It seems to me that lately lawyers try to get the last dollar out of their clients." The learned Justice has seen suddenly a great light. He should read Rabelais, who centuries ago said the same thing, but at greater length and in words of caustic.

Wayne MacVeagh refused to pay a New York cab driver \$4.50 for a short ride. He called in the aid of the police and paid the legal fare, \$2.50. This is mugwumpism worthy of imitation.

June 23

The history of art in Boston as it is written by Mr. C. Howard Walker is a summary of lost opportunities, mistakes, trouble and expensiveness; and yet does Boston stand alone in these respects in the list of American cities, even if the charges made are true? Art is a plant of slower growth than confidence, and at first in the struggle for existence our towns could give no thought to the purely ornamental or what seemed to our forefathers the unnecessary and extravagant. A public building was placed in a certain position because it was needed immediately and suited the convenience of the time. There was little thought of the artistic education of the people or of the artistic needs of future generations. Mr. Walker, a man of fine architectural taste, sees about him much that offends; but let him be a prophet of hope, not the Jeremiah of his own city.

June 23

A subscription to the new Music Hall is regarded by many as an excellent investment. Speculation and art may well go hand in hand.

The shares are 4000 of \$100 each. There are lovers of music who, no doubt, would gladly give smaller amounts for the sole purpose of assisting in the preservation of the orchestra.

A young man told Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells that if he were poor he would marry a college girl, "for she would help support the family." Here is an advantage of mental training that is overlooked by the average college girl.

We were told this morning that a "Mr. Hopkins was the premier name on the original list." What is the matter with the English numerals!

Richard Croker, Judge Tighe, Boss McLaughlin and ex-Mayor Grant were among the audience at the Coney Island Club when Mr. Butler, "the hard-hitting negro, sent to Daly's jaw a blow which could be plainly heard throughout the vast hall." This audience, by the way, is graphically described as made up of "5000 dead game sports on the yell." New York and Brooklyn were officially represented.

If it is true that the Chairman of the Committee on Clocks spent \$112 on hacks in 22 days and did not visit a clock, the Common Council did well in passing the censure of abolishment. Our public clocks are not regulated apparently with mathematical precision, for they vary, not by the minute, but by minutes. Still each citizen has his own favorite, by the aid of which and his own watch he regulates his affairs.

June 24-93

STEVENSON ON STYLE.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson gave lately "a word of advice to young New Zealand on the methods to be pursued in the cultivation of literary style." He recommended the following course of study: "If a young man wishes to learn to write English he should read everything." This statement was qualified by the exclusion of "the present century in a body." Shakespeare, Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, Dryden and Samuel Johnson should be carefully considered. In this century authors are too "slovenly;" but Mr. Stevenson hastened to add that he has "one feather in his cap, and that is, I am not a sloven." Forgetting advice just given, Mr. Stevenson recommended Scott, although "he makes me long to box his ears," Hazlitt, Ruskin, Napier, Leslie Stephen, Pater and Saintsbury. He also spoke kindly of the Latin language.

Now style has been variously defined. George Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" (1589) described style as "a constant and continual phrase or tenor of speaking and writing, extending to the whole tale or process of the poem or history," and to him "every man's style is for the most part according to the matter and subject of the writer, or so ought to be, and conformable thereunto." Each author has his own definition, and this is often the expression of self-appreciation.

Not long ago, in this very town, two men were talking over literary matters. One is an author of reputation, the other is a journalist. The latter finally asked, "And what is style?" To him the author replied as follows: "Style, my dear fellow, is what I have, and what you lack." The author was not intentionally disagreeable; he defined the word as he best understood it.

Many young writers are zealous in the cultivation of style, and they ponder the advice of such men as Stevenson. But if style is in great measure the supreme expression of individuality, is it to be gained by close study of other individualities? Sir Thomas Browne was a man of profound learning, nimble wit, and rare imagination; the expression of his day influenced in a measure the expression of his individuality, so that at times he is obscure, involved and pompous to readers of the present year. Would it be wise, then, to follow him closely and build sentences after his models?

Blind admiration of a writer may easily turn a voice into an echo. That which is attractive in Mr. Stevenson's books is his own presentation of his views of men and life. The fretful and anxious sentence-builder is apt to turn his back on ideas and look only at a possible rhythmical and colored result. There are some who go still further and demand with Verlaine, not the color, but the nuance, the shade. Then there is word-juggling, hunting for phrases that suggest, balancing of sentences; and the music and the color are, after all, as naught, for no idea gives strength and sanity and life.

Miss Carrington is the author of a book on children. The pleasantly alliterative title of the book is "Workers Without Wages." One of these workers, it seems, is the familiar and domestic flea. Miss Carrington has discovered that Blako was wrong in thinking that the souls of bloodthirsty crabs and murderers are doomed to fret in the bodies of these insects.

Miss Carrington goes further. "Parasitic insects which attach to the human body are sent as a warning to man himself. They bring a message that he must be up and doing." The flea must henceforth be classified as a moral as well as a physical inciter.

Mr. Brander Matthews was talking with a Bostonian at the Players' Club, New York, and a young American author was mentioned, a writer who shot up in the public sky with the blaze of the rocket. "I believe," said Mr. Matthews, "that a literary man should either be a genius or a gentleman. Now Mr. — is not even a genius."

The Infanta Eulalia shrinks beside the Empress of Austria, for the latter smokes from fifty to sixty Turkish cigarettes a day, and several "terribly strong cigars" of an evening. The Empress is nervous, and tobacco soothes her.

That admirable playactor, Mr. Herne, delights in discussing economic questions, and even lectures on taxation and poverty; and now we find the ingenious playwright, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, defining capital, and flogging Mr. Mallock in magazine articles. Is it that these men of the theatre grow tired of stage illusions, and find rest in the contemplation of the rigorously prosaic?

How seldom a suit of nankeen is seen in the street, and yet how comfortable is such a suit. Your duck is hot and deceptive. Your flannel is the sport of the elements and varies its shape with them. But there was nothing more attractive to wearer and spectator than the yellow costume, characteristic of the East Indian uncle in the play. It is true that nankeen calls for dignity of carriage, a well filled waistband and a cheerful face.

It is the opinion of that celebrated Eastern expert, Mr. Rustomjee Pestomjee Jehangir, that opium freely used wards off dysentery, cholera, rheumatism, malaria; it kills pain, it does not intoxicate, it does not incite to crime. The fact that Mr. Jehangir is an official of the Indian Opium Department may temper his statements.

And, then, these paragraphs of Mr. Jehangir read like the famous prospectus of the patent medicine invented by Mr. Punch: "Excellent substitute for family butter, removes superfluous hair, try no other, none genuine unless stamped on the blade, it does not bite the tongue."

June 22

Mr. C. Howard Walker says there are but two sites in Boston to be thought of in connection with Music Hall; one is the north side of Copley Square, "which is good," and the other is at the end of Commonwealth Avenue, near the Ericson statue, "which is better." The proposed site on the corner of Huntington Avenue and West Chester Park is dismissed contemptuously as in "a district devoted to small apartments and to storage warehouses."

Now this discussion is all very well, and, in fact healthy; but would it not be better to first raise the money necessary for building the hall?

Preacher Van Elderen, in his defence before Judge Hardy, began with the fall of Adam, followed the course of Moses, wandered in the fields of Buddhism, and then spoke at length on the true meaning of Christianity. For this and for preaching on the Common without a permit he was fined one cent, which is a proof of the mercy of the Bench.

Messrs. "Cavendish" and Twist, the real authorities on whist, were beaten at Chicago Wednesday by Messrs. Morse and Ames of Newton. Of course the theories of the authorities were all right, but the cards were against them. Whist is not yet an exact science, although it is taken seriously by enthusiasts, who profess to prefer poor odds that they may show their skill.

The objectors to men smoking in open places start with one false premise, viz: that smoking is necessarily accompanied with excitement, and therefore when a car is reaped the floor at each end is in a filthy condition. The truth is that many smokers, or smokers against public decency, as they are called by the gentler sex, do not expectorate at all in the cultivation of their "vicious habit."

Music in Boston.

JUNE 18, 1893.

There was consternation last week in Boston. There was talk in the streets and in the clubs. There were scareheads in the newspapers, and the phrases "crisis," "musical famine," "immediate action," were employed freely. Letters were addressed by the anxious to editors. And all this pother was about Music Hall.

For it appears that our Music Hall is doomed. If the method of rapid transit that was adopted recently by the Legislature is approved by the citizens, Music Hall will be demolished.

They that set sentiment above comfort and ventilation deplore the probable destruction.

The hall was built in 1852. Its proportions, "carefully studied for acoustic effect," are as follows: 130 feet in length, 78 in width and 65 in height. There are seats for about 2,600. The hall was originally owned in joint stock, held largely by a few subscribers. The inauguration was November 20, 1852, and these musical societies took part: The Händel and Haydn, the Musical Education Society, the Musical Fund Orchestra, the Germania Serenade Band, and Kreissmann's Liedertafel. Alboni assisted, and the famous contralto sang music associated with sopranos, as "Casta Diva." She also sang a canzone from "La Fille du Régiment," "Non più mesta," and in a trio from "Il Barbiere," with Sangiovanni and Rovere. Choruses were given from "The Messiah," "The Mount of Olives," and "St. Paul." The instrumental numbers were the overtures "Magic Flute," "Oberon," and the andante from the fifth symphony. The next evening Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was given, and the solo singers were Henriette Sontag, Caroline Lehmann, Badiali, Pozzolini and Rocco. Carl Berginann led the violins.

Mr. John S. Dwight, the enthusiastic chronicler of the Händel and Haydn, speaks of Sontag's delivery of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (for there were other numbers besides the Stabat Mater), but it was reserved for W. G. Armstrong in his "Record of the Opera in Philadelphia" to note the fact in 1853 that Sontag took kindly to tobacco, and "now will smoke a whole cigar at a time." Armstrong adds that Badiali's voice was improved by smoking; "Pozzolini also says that since he smokes his voice is better."

Music Hall was ornamented with a cast of Apollo; busts were given by Charlotte Cushman, and the bronze statue of Beethoven by Crawford was presented by Charles C. Perkins.

In 1863 the great organ built by Walcker & Son, of Ludwigsburg, was put in. It was sold to a friend of the New England Conservatory in '83, and to quote Mr. Dwight, "to this day the pipes and all the works and costly frame of the great organ lie packed away in a rough wooden shanty in the corner of a burying ground. It cost originally \$60,000; it was sold for \$5,000."

The organ now in use is wholly miserable.

Music Hall has been the home of entertainments not strictly musical. Theodore Parker preached here during the last years of his active life. The hall was the seat of Adirondack Murray's "Metropolitan Church." Then there is a long list of fairs, balls, cat shows, walking matches, wrestling bouts and all manner of amusements, real or alleged.

The existence of the hall has been threatened often; in 1814 a controlling share in the ownership of the property was purchased in the interest of its retention as at present.

I am told that one of the chief stockholders, if not the largest, is Mr. Henry L. Higginson, the inventor and the supporter of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The proposed destruction of Music Hall is indeed a serious matter to Mr. Higginson. The existence of the Symphony Orchestra is threatened, unless action is taken at once. Mr. Higginson, in an interview published in the Boston "Herald," speaks as follows concerning the points of musical interest.

"The matter is important with me, for I have to make my arrangements for the orchestra for the next five years, and in the next few years. You have got to get far away from the railways, from the ringing of bells and from the sound of steam whistles. A man came to me two or three years ago with a plan for a music hall, but it was not for me.

"I know it has taken a good deal of work and a good deal of money to get the orchestra together. We have not had so large an orchestra gathered before, nor has anybody else. There is no such orchestra in the world. They use orchestras for concert purposes in the world. They use orchestras in operas, and they play them in concerts, but ours is altogether devoted to concerts. In Vienna, Berlin, Paris and London all the great orchestras are used for opera purposes and for concerts, but ours is for concerts alone. I should be very sorry to see it go. It has cost a great deal of time and strength to get it, and a great deal of money. If the orchestra once goes apart I don't know how we can get it together again.

"I know the players well. I know where to find a place. It won't be long before I have to make engagements for five years. I have to give a gift, or it won't be done. These gentle-

men haven't got to put any money in now. The money would not have to be paid at once—not for some months, in fact. I think the people will do more if it is made perfectly clear that it will be only a few days before I shall have to throw up the sponge. I cannot keep people waiting. To-day I got a cable from Europe asking what I had to say. I don't yet know what I have to say. I have to take these men out of places where they are well placed. I want to know something tangible. If that place goes down, we want another place to go into.

I am going to have a very good conductor. Of course the best men get high wages and that is the reason it costs so much. The expenses go on increasing from year to year.

We have \$70,000 or \$80,000 insured. It seems to me that the concerts are my share, after all. It has been a great risk and a great responsibility, as everybody knows. I think there is risk about it. I don't want to carry the load. I have all I can do anyway. There are enough other gentlemen interested in the plan to help it along.

The building lot that is proposed by many, and apparently favored by Mr. Higginson, is at the corner of Huntington avenue and Westchester Park, and it is situated centrally, as far as Greater Boston is concerned, although to the dwellers on Beacon Hill it no doubt seems an Ultima Thule.

Mr. Higginson thinks that the land of the proposed site would cost \$100,000 and the building might be erected for \$300,000. He does not see why the same building could not be used for an opera house and concert hall.

Mayor Matthews does not wish to see "our grand symphony concerts discontinued for want of an adequate hall," but he prefers the Public Library property on Boylston street, although the land would cost from \$35 to \$40 a square foot.

Ex-Governor Ames thinks the best location would be a corner on Commonwealth avenue and Westchester Park, "the corner diagonally from where I live." He also approves of the corner of Dartmouth and Boylston streets, opposite the New Old South Church.

The ex-Governor, whose "baronial mansion" reminded Mr. Causten Browne of the "Age of Shovelry," does not believe that any music hall would pay as a business operation. In answer to the question whether he would give personal assistance he replied as follows:

"I don't know. It depends altogether how a fellow feels at the time. Sometimes you feel as poor as a crow; at other times you feel pretty well off. At this time I do not think a subscription would succeed, because everybody feels a little distressed by the trouble in the market."

Mr. T. Dennis Boardman believes in the Boylston street location; a correspondent of the "Transcript" recommends the site on Tremont street where the "Cyclorama" building now stands. Real estate agents and owners of property that needs booming are ready with suggestions.

What will come of it all?

Meanwhile subscriptions are taken, but times are hard, and earnest appeals must be made if the orchestra is to be assured of regular employment this next season and the seasons that follow.

Do you know whether any of Cabener's music was ever published? Did Cabener exist and haunt the "Nouvelle Athènes," or was he merely seen and heard by George Moore in a dream? In all his privation and poverty the musician wore a silken shirt. His music, according to Moore, was extraordinary; "music that might be considered by Wagner as a little too advanced, but which Liszt would not fail to understand." It was Cabener who set with unbroken melody Villon's ballade, "But where are the snows of yester-year?"

It was also Cabener who, when they were discussing how silence might be rendered in music exclaimed, "To portray silence by music I should need three military bands."

I wonder whether Cabener agreed with Mallarmé in his admiration for the barrel organ! Mallarmé's praise is in

the prose poem, "Forgotten Pages." "The instrument is the saddest, yes, truly, the piano scintillates, the violin opens the torn soul to the light, but the barrel organ, in the twilight of remembrance, made me dream despairingly. Now it murmurs an air joyously vulgar, which awakens joy in the heart of the suburbs—an air old fashioned and commonplace. Why do its flourishes go to my soul and make me weep like a romantic ballad? I listen, imbibing it slowly, and I do not throw a penny out of the window for fear of moving from my place and seeing that the instrument is not singing itself."

The interest shown in the subscriptions to the new Music Hall must be agreeable and flattering to the inventor of the Symphony concerts. It looks as though the hall will be an assured fact.

So that it will probably not be necessary to consider Mr. Parker Chandler's scheme, which is that the city should erect a hall for public purposes, perhaps with the Frank fund, and this hall should be rented for Symphony or other concerts.

Mr. Chandler would use the income from free concerts, "which would attract to the Back Bay Park" (for that is his choice site) "on summer evenings, thousands of people."

Mr. Chandler would also have the great local orchestra give at stated times in the public hall, "free performances to the public who may not be able to pay for admission." And to this wish many add a de A-men.

While we rejoice in our Symphony Orchestra and plume ourselves thereon, let us not be led into exaggeration. It has been stated of late that instrumental music was given here at exceedingly low rates to the people of moderate or scanty means, and that in the world no orchestra constituted for the sole purpose of giving orchestral concerts was superior in numbers to our own. Neither of these propositions is true.

The sinking of the Victoria is to Mr. Charles H. Cramp an assurance of the superiority of the English ram. In his opinion all modern great battle ships are liable to such disaster on account of the weight of armor and guns.

If officers and crew of the Victoria had gone down in the fury of battle, or even in the rage of the tempest, the phrase "died in the service of their country" might not seem so without comfort, or even ironical, mourning England.

Eugene Cowles, the well-known bass of the Bostonians, acts sensibly in going to Europe to study. Nature gave him a noble voice and physical attractions. At present he sings without art and like an amateur. Few, however, can resist the popular verdict of success and leave the stage and applaud for the fatiguing exile of study.

The fame of the teacher is a rushlight, the blazing glory of the virtuoso, and yet the labor of the former bears fruit after the performer and the applause are forgotten. Such men as Mr. Oliver, who died at Newt Centre this week, were pioneers in music among us. Pioneers soon grow to be familiar objects, and a new and bustling generation often repudiates all debts of gratitude. Yet there are many musicians and others scattered over this country who will learn with unfeigned regret of the death of the teacher.

This "spell of weather" is said to tempt Harvard punch, but college punch can stand dilution.

Hearth and Home makes the surprising statement that women are learning to talk.

Anson, the Nestor of base ball, and President Linnehan of Cincinnati are quarrelling over a Parrott.

When we hear of Socialistic success in Germany, let us not confound these Democrats with the Socialist who haunts the low drinking dens of Chicago and New York. It is an interesting fact that the German Socialists in their opposition to the Arm bill do not wish to weaken their country; on the contrary they think that a militia system like the one in Switzerland would afford a defensive force of 8,500,000 men, and with half the expense.

The typical Bostonian was once represented as a wearer of shawls. The shawl seems to have vanished with the duster, and yet one was noticed in Tremont Street Sunday. If the Bostonian carried his shawl as gracefully as the Italian his cloak nothing could be said against the habit; but the wearer always looks uncomfortable, ill sheltered, as though he needed a mother's tucking-up.

In the entertaining article by Brande Matthews on Slang, (in the July Harper's) the word "deck" for "pack" of cards is treated as though it had not been established use from Elizabethan days. "Deck" in this particular sense appears in the dictionaries without qualification, as "obscure" or "popular," or "vulgar," and seems to have always had the hall mark of respectability.

O symbolists and decadents! Are ye the end of all, or are ye the prophets of the new? Is the suggestion of your music more potent than the actual performance of symphonic poem or dramatic scene? Could any of the fleshly musicians, as Goldmark or Massenet, surpass this prose of Mallarmé? "And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cold fountain in its banks of gilt work—what is reflected there? Ah! I am sure that more than one woman bathed there in her beauty's sin; and, perhaps, if I looked long enough, I should see a naked phantom."

"Wicked one, thou often sayest wicked things."
"(I see the spider's webs above the lofty windows.)"

* * *

Turn, on the other hand, to the calm reasoning of Paul Souriau, a professor at Lille, where the young Thackeray lay in pawn. "Modern instrumentation is now in the period of complication; as, if one can guess at all of the future, I believe a period of simplification will follow. When the laws that govern the composition of timbres are really known, the musician can produce by the aid of a few instruments uttering very simple and pure sounds all the effects which are obtained to-day by heaping together, pell mell, sonorities. As yet we have only an empirical orchestra, the reunion of all the instruments invented from the most remote age even to our own day, and our composers are just able to make them sound together without charivari. Sometime we shall have the rational orchestra."

* * *

The George A. Baker Comic Opera Company still holds the Bowdoin Square Theatre. The operetta last week was "Boccaccio," and Irene Murphy in Mephistophelian red rejoiced openly in the possession of a shapely form.

* * *

Mr. Gardner S. Lamson sings in Bach's "Passion Music according to Matthew" at Chicago the 30th.

* * *

Mr. H. W. Parker will give an organ recital at the Church of the Advent next Tuesday evening.

* * *

I regret to learn that there are singers and players in this city who propose to pursue vigorously their calling through the summer months. In some cases this summer breaking is necessary to the support of the offenders, and for them there is nothing but sincere pity.

When, however, a young man in a prosperous condition sends a piano to a once peaceful farm house, that he may without interruption worship at the shrine of Johannes Brahms, the action should provoke the rage of Nature.

Over two hundred and fifty years ago Thomas Beard, who, according to his own words, "painfully preached the Word of God and led life without scandal," wrote a book for the benefit of the inhabitants of Huntington. It is entitled "The Theatre of God's Judgements. Wherein is represented the admirable justice of God against all notorious sinners, both great and small; but especially against the most eminent persons of the world, whose transcendent power breaketh thorow the barres of humane Justice."

This volume of 592 pages tells quaintly of all offenders of every sort. Perhaps musicians were regarded as notorious sons of Belial, and open rebuke was not thought necessary; for I find only one instance of a musician's evil conduct and summary punishment, and this is in the chapter "Of notorious offenders in all kinde of Sinne." Here is the anecdote:

"There was another king of the Scots, called Atherto, in the yeare of our Lord 240, who shewed himselfe also in like manner a most vile and abominable wretch: for he so walved in all manner of uncleane and effeminate lusts, that he was not ashamed to goe in the sight of the people playing upon a flute, rejoycing more to be accounted a good diller, than a good Prince."

Now, supposing that the piano of to-day had existed as a machine in the days of Thomas Beard, Doctor of Divinity, that an infuriated player had disturbed the summer ice of the said Beard, "old and ready to lay down this thly tabernacle," as well as the tranquility of the "Right worshipfull Master Mayor, the Aldermen and Burgesses of town of Huntington," would not the wretched varlet be pilloried for all ages by the stern man of God in "Theatre of God's Judgements," and pilloried decidedly?

PHILIP HALE.

It would be interesting to settle the derivation of "fake." Mr. Matthews claims that the public took it from the smaller vocabulary of the playhouse, which in turn borrowed it from thieves' slang. There is a cant song of age in which the refrain is "Nix my dolly palls, fake away."

Some look at the work fakir; others hold that "fake" came from the university arrangement of facio—to make. Mr. Matthews mentions neither of these possible derivations.

The word "fake" is not defined in Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," but Mr. Howells introduces it in a recent novel and without quotation marks.

Nor is it likely that Mr. Matthews is correct in claiming that "hoodoo" is a term invented in the theatre. The Southern negroes know full well the awful import of the "hoodoo," and it is not possible that the word is a corruption of "voodoo?"

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

The average American looks upon the street as the waste basket or the refuse barrel of the town. Newspapers just read, letters that are torn in pieces, the refuse of fruit and nuts, all that joins in making clutter or confusion is consigned to the street. Too often his barrel of kitchen refuse stands in slokening proximity to the sidewalk.

This is not because the American is foul or slovenly in personal habits. The bathtub is an indispensable article of furniture with us; not an object of art and curiosity, as on the Continent of Europe. The cleanliness of the ordinary Northern housekeeper is a passion that is almost a crime. But the moment that those Americans go beyond the doors and yards of their houses, they lose, too often, a sense of responsibility; they dump it into the street with the refuse, and say, "Let the Selectmen or the police take care of it. We have done our duty." As a result there are many towns in which the main street is an eyecore and a side street is an abomination.

It is true that there are towns—as in Berkshire county—which are remarkably free from this reproach. Village improvement societies have been organized, and each family has felt a pride in public cleanliness. But such a society as the Women's Health Protective Association, organized lately in Brooklyn, is not commonly found in large cities. Let us not quarrel with the name, although it is misleading, nor with certain methods that may seem chimerical. Let us rather praise the spirit and the effort. Now this effort, as described by Mrs. Fanny Holmes, is simply to keep the streets clean.

The women that belong to this association go about and ask their neighbors "to be particularly careful about the ash barrels;" a duty, by the way, that demands no ordinary heroism. "The neighbors tell us that they will put anything they choose into their ash barrel, and that they wish other folks would attend to their own business." The women make complaints to the authorities where there is gross untidiness, and they are not put off by the official smile that rewards feminine protest. They fight against the throwing of fruit skins on the sidewalk. They themselves use barrels, "of hard wood, varnished, of handsome appearance, with the initials of the association on the side;" and they pay a fee so that these barrels can be furnished to all who cannot afford to buy them. The members promise to burn up waste paper; to hire men to act as inspectors in the streets; and they have issued a circular that is a Macedonian cry to men.

The authorities of our cities might frame and carry out such ordinances as keep Berlin, Dresden and other European towns so clean, but our people would probably rebel against police tyranny. Individual action is then necessary, if our streets are to be kept in decent condition, after the authorities have done their share. These women of Brooklyn are moving, at least, in the right direction.

Harold Frederic is authority for the statement that straw hats are seen in the London Stock Exchange and that a Minister wore one to a Cabinet council. Yet this all seems incredible, for the stovepipe has always been held a pillar of English conservatism.

"The Englishman's house is his castle.
The Englishman's hat is his crown.
The Englishman's hat is as sacred
As English traditions are strong."

Mr. A. G. Massey of New York demands judgment against Mr. Moses King of Boston and values blows and a handful of whiskers at \$10,000. This estimate may or may not be reasonable; but Mr. Massey is surely in the wrong when he charges Mr. King with saying, "Drop them proofs," for Mr. King enjoyed the advantages of education at Harvard.

The Germans may still boast of being the most sentimental race on earth. Mr. Stoer killed himself and his wife the other day at Canterbury, England, because they "were dead of fate and conviction," whatever that may mean. In a letter he declared "that the marriage was a tender and sublime accord. Never was there a woman so noble as my wife." But because Mr. Stoer could not get his poems published, he deprived the earth of this "harmony together." There was no question of poverty or sickness; it was a matter of romance.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Pauline Hall in "Amorita" at the Tremont—"The Golden Wedding" Continues Its Engagement at the Park-Comic Opera at the Bowdoin.

The Pauline Hall Opera Company, under the management of Mr. George B. McLellan, began a summer season at the Tremont Theatre last evening, and the operetta "Amorita," by Czibulka, was then given for the first time in this city. The cast was as follows:

Amorita.....	Pauline Hall
Angelo.....	Clara Lavine
Perpetua.....	Rose Cooke
Fortebraccio.....	John E. Brand
Fra Bombarda.....	William Blaisdell
Spanciant.....	Jacques Kruger
Lorenza.....	Alf. C. Wheelan
Castrucci.....	Alf. C. Wheelan

"Amorita" is the name of the English version of "Pflingsten in Florenz," which was first produced in Vienna in 1884. The original text is by Gence, Zell and Klegen. The music is by Alphons Czibulka, a Hungarian by birth, and a military band master in Vienna. The first production of "Amorita" in this country was at the Casino, New York, Nov. 16, 1885, and on that occasion Miss Hall, Miss Madeline Lucette and Francis Wilson were in the cast.

The first English version was made by Sidney Rosenfeld and Leo Goldmark. The version used by the Pauline Hall Company is by Mr. Louis C. Elson, but it would not be just to hold Mr. Elson responsible for the dialogue that abounds in gags and aged jests.

"Amorita" is unlike many operettas seen here within the last three years, has in the original version a well defined, coherent plot. The arrangement presented last evening allowed the presentation, development and end of the plot, but much of the dialogue was the plaything of the comedians; and so Florence in the 16th century was near Philadelphia, was acquainted with poker and base ball, and took judicial notice of the Columbian Exposition. In a word, there was much gazing, and there was little of it that was original or irresistibly amusing. One unexpected question of Castrucci in the second act excited spontaneous laughter and applause, and it is not to be denied that although the dialogue is dull, there were many in the audience who laughed freely and continuously. Mr. Wheelan at his best was an imitation of Mr. Francis Wilson, but there is only one Wilson. The other male comedians were hard in their methods, but they labored earnestly in their efforts to please.

Czibulka's music seldom, if ever, rises above a pleasant jingle, and "Amorita" does not compare favorably with the best operettas of Strauss, Suppe or Millocker. As in nearly all operettas of the Viennese order, emotions of love and hate find most complete expression in waltz form. There are in "Amorita" other dancelike rhythms, and there are numbers that accompany well the evolutions of the chorus. The music, as a whole, is without individuality, and there is no one melody that haunts the hearer.

Many liberties were taken with Czibulka's music. Numbers were omitted, and two English ballads were interpolated for the benefit of Miss Hall and Mr. Brand. The opening scene made of the third act is the work of Messrs. J. Henry McLellan and C. M. S. McLellan, and it proved to be effective. Miss Hall was welcomed cordially, and was applauded heartily throughout the evening. Miss Lavine was vocally unsatisfactory and dramatically conventional. Miss Cooke, by her drollery, provoked honest laughter. Mr. Brand is a favorite here, and, as usual, his efforts were appreciated by the audience.

The operetta was mounted handsomely, and the promises of the management were fully carried out. Miss Hall's wedding costume excited admiration, and the shapely girls of the chorus were most becomingly clad. The performance of chorus and orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Steindorf, was smooth, and although numbers of the operetta were repeated, the audience was dismissed at a reasonable hour.

The theatre is cool and comfortable. Seekers after amusement are not disposed to be hypercritical when there is so much to please the eye in scenic decorations and chorus groupings. A pleasing feature of the performance was the dancing of Miss Sozo in the second act.

Sandow, the strong man, will be introduced

to the Boston public during a week of the engagement of this company, probably in July. "Amorita" will be sung this week and the coming week.

The apparition of Mr. Reginald de Koven as conductor of his own copyrighted works at a promenade concert in Music Hall recalls the fact that a composer is seldom his best interpreter.

But the public in the case of Mr. de Koven is glad to see the face of the author of "Robin Hood," and lovers of operetta, in view of the genuine pleasure given by that work, applaud the young man and forget his later musical indiscretions.

Foreigners at Chicago eulogized the dead Anarchists last Sunday. And now the Governor of Illinois pardons three Anarchists and thus releases them from Joliet Penitentiary.

It is true that there is such a thing as Executive clemency, and if Gov. Altgeld had yielded simply to the dictates of compassion or to the belief that the Anarchists had repented, his action might not excite such universal condemnation.

But the Governor attacks fiercely the Judge that presided at the trial and the Chief of Police who kept the howling mob in awe. Thus the greatest safeguards in a city like Chicago, the uncorruptible Bench and police, are openly mocked by the official whose sworn duty is to maintain the law.

Talk of the Day.

With Lincoln, Farragut, Porter and Dana in town, it seemed like war times.

When Justus Schwab was not drinking beer in honor of the released Anarchists he was comparing Gov. Altgeld to Patriok Henry. Most, who is a ferocious fellow in print, wondered why "Gary, Grinnell and their accomplices should not be arrested, tried and hanged." Beer talks.

But Schwab, Fielden and Neebe propose to lead a quiet life. Imprisonment is a great discourager of anarchy.

Walter Besant is a Harvard man. At least he prefers Cambridge to New Haven. Perhaps it would have been wiser for him to have waited the result of the third game.

The fall of silver seems like unto the fate of Humpty-Dumpty.

Sandow is now convinced that he is a strong man. Dr. Sargent has thumped, measured and approved.

Will Harvard break its record and win a tie-game?

Mr. Dana was one of the 13 members of Harvard '43 who held the annual dinner. The Sun is not superstitious.

Whenever Siberia seems to us of greater importance than Russia, let us remember that Russian rulers have always shown their friendship for us, and in times of our need. Nor have the Russians pointed the fingers of scorn at the convict-slave system in certain Southern States.

It looks as though Harvard would establish its post-graduate course in oarsmanship in England, but it is not yet determined whether Mr. Perkins will be the first professor.

After all, what is an "equine paradox?"

June 2 - 93

A PROBLEM OF ETIQUETTE.

The visit of the Infanta called forth various and contradictory opinions on matters of etiquette. Spanish courtesy and formalism were thrown in close contact with alleged American simplicity. There were inevitable, jarring shocks, and perhaps the greatest of these were the Higginbotham problem and the question of proper introduction.

The first of these is easily decided. The established rule in the United States is that a "dress suit" should not be worn before 6 o'clock P. M. This decision is based on the American code; for by the common law, as it exists in Europe (with the exception of England), "evening dress" may be worn at any hour of the day; and so in Paris men singers, joyous feasters, or lie that has his other clothes in pawn, is seen at high noon in festal array. Even in our own land there are lawyers, few, it is true, and like the shipwrecked swimmers of Virgil, who grace a country office by the multitudinal donning of a swallow-tail.

But the question of introductions is perplexing, and there can be no general law that governs. Circumstances are here of mighty import. Time and place are factors. And yet instances of improper conduct in the matter of introductions are of every-day occurrence. There are people—the English would say persons—who are demented with the mania of making mankind a mass of acquaintances. The victim of this habit regards not propriety or personal dignity. He starts with a false premise, viz.: If he, Jones, knows Smith and Brown, Smith and Brown should know each other. Smith and Brown may be with Jones at a funeral; the solemnity of the occasion does not chill the ardor of the latter, and in his haste to bring together strangers where an extended interchange of views is impossible, the introducer often disturbs the mourners and enlarges their grief.

Or Jones chooses the street car for exploiting his alleged philanthropic mission. The names of the summarily acquainted are lost in the rumble and the confusion. Brown, knowing nothing about Smith, is apt to make a remark that wounds his feelings or is in direct conflict with a pet theory. If there is no such unpleasantness the two are under the necessity of bowing vaguely whenever they meet. This is a bore, for neither one is sure of the other's name. Soon this constraint develops into positive dislike, and each wreaks revenge by cutting Jones, the disturber of peace.

There are only two instances of the annoyance that accompanies miscellaneous introductions. Other instances will readily occur to all men and women. It might be well to try the experiment of a Bureau of Introduction. The claims of any applicant for introduction should be filed, and the hunted "introducee" should be allowed an opportunity for refusal. Hours, and even the conversation suitable to the occasion, should be regulated by a committee appointed by the Mayor.

Lists of names are dangerously suggestive, and muster rolls excite the attention of the idle. Readers of Figaro say that monuments should be erected in Paris to these women: Rachel, Sand, Sister Rosalie, Boucicault and Roland. And now we shall probably be afflicted with lists of American female worthies from Joyce Keth to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

The list of Yale graduates, old and young, who attend annual dinners in New Haven, includes a formidable number of "Honorable." The Yale man takes kindly to politics in college and afterward.

Mrs. Peary is a brave woman to go with her husband to the North Pole. But daily knowledge is better than nerve-racking uncertainty. It is they that are left behind who suffer.

The question of the legality of the citizenship of Gov. Altgeld might well have been raised before the election of the Prussian-born to office. So far as the Anarchists are concerned, the evil has been done, the system of Judge and Jury has been mocked and discredited by the Executive.

It is evident that ex-Minister Lincoln feels keenly the disgrace heaped upon his State, for he spoke right out in meeting.

The courage of Walter Besant's face is not contradicted by his actions. He is a-going to visit Rudyard Kipling.

The hospitality extended by the Russians to naval visitors is said to be of uncommon strength.

Clement Scott cannot explain the reason why Europeans sing so loudly the praises of the Japanese women; yet in the same breath he admits that "there is much mirth and a ceaseless fund of good nature to be found among the women of Mikado Land." Perhaps there is no such verb as "fret" in feminine Japanese.

June 30 - 93

EDUCATED INDIFFERENCE.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in a recent address to the Northwestern students on "The College Graduate and the State" called attention to "the selfish indifference of the educated classes." His sermon was founded on the alleged fact that the educated of the United States "hold aloof from public life, and to a greater extent than in any country in the world shirk the responsibilities that belong to their position."

It is without doubt a fact that many men of education and what is vaguely known as family position are slow in this country to discharge fully or even partially the duties of citizenship. In England politics seems the congenial pursuit of the young man of fortune and birth. He may dislike the idea of going into trade; for the old belief that the professions are alone worthy of the attention of a "gentleman" still prevails in England; but tradition and current sentiment uphold him in his determination to serve his country in an official capacity. So in other European countries a political career is eagerly sought.

We have wandered far from the old ideas that governed town meetings, where the man in the smock frock disputed with the lawyer or the wealthy man of the village, and was sure of the patient hearing of his fellow-townsmen. The man in the smock frock is, perhaps, not so ready for the verbal fray for the good of the town; nor is his antagonist of greater social advantage so ready to debate with him.

In the city it is not unusual to find the educated young man careless of his duties as a citizen. He is quick to sneer at the jury system, and when within a year a very rich man of Boston served as jurymen, his appearance in the box was regarded as a phenomenon of nature; yet the rich man was only doing his duty. Nor is the young man of education willing, as a rule, to enter the field of practical politics in the caucus; it is often, unfortunately, only with personal urging that he is persuaded to go to the polls. It is much easier for him to view political questions from the club window, to sneer at those of his own class who join a party or take a quick interest in social and economic ques-

tions that are influenced, if not settled, by the result of a campaign. These sitters in the seat of the scornful ascribe easily unworthy motives or undue ambition to men who are known as earnest workers, and they gladly speak of "the decadence of the republic."

There are many exceptions, however, of late years, in this State and in other States. The value of the educated young man in politics is now admitted by all parties. Mr. Roosevelt himself showed the way, and in spite of jibes and misunderstanding he is now justly regarded as a worthy example of what the college graduate may be in active politics.

These college men are terrible fellows. At Yale a letter box was blown up by a cannon cracker; mail matter was destroyed, and there is a prospect of 20 years in prison for the offender. At Cambridge there was a still more startling outrage. The class of '93 is accused of having wantonly consumed the punch of all the other years, and for this offence no punishment of Phalaris could suffice.

The Sistine Chapel Choir will visit Chicago, and it will not be surprising if there is musical disappointment. The effect of such a choir depends much on the traditions of its home and on solemn occasion.

Gen. Walker believes in the education of college faculties. His plea in their behalf will turn many an undergraduate's resentment to pity.

The General admits that the task is—"perhaps hardest of all," but patience and time may bring about mutual appreciation, discrimination and esteem.

"O how the heart strings crack," has always been thought a mere Elizabethan figure of speech, but out in Burlington, Ohio, a woman's heart burst asunder, "although she was in perfect health." The newspaper diagnosis claims "emotional convulsion."

July 1 - 93

Talk of the Day.

George Ade was undoubtedly right when he said "Yale won because she was better drilled."

And in the Yale triumph there were classical characteristics. First of all, the report that an eagle flew over Mr. Ives' head before the race. Then the victors improvised songs and sang them on the train and in the street.

The venerable fathers of the State of Connecticut bedecked themselves with blue, even in their executive session. Jewels were given spontaneously to the victorious Ives; diamonds, arranged as a collar clasp; and, by the way, it is to be regretted that accounts vary so concerning the value of the gift, spot cash.

Nor was the human sacrifice wanting; for Mr. Ellsworth of Pennyan, while leaping with joy in the city of New Haven, blew off four fingers of his right hand with a cannon cracker.

The Anti-Smoke law went into effect today. This is not the prohibitive street car measure, only the regulation concerning the use of bituminous coal.

The people of a German Evangelical church in New Jersey must be hard to suit. They dismissed one pastor because he drank beer when he pleased, and they have just ejected his successor because he objected to the sale of beer at a Sunday School picnic.

Mr. A. J. Drexel gave away during his lifetime much money, with discretion, with benefit to many young men and women, and without ostentation.

George Alfred Townsend insists that the mistake in American life will ultimately be found to be in the breakfast. Beefsteak and hot rolls and buckwheat cakes and all the bewildering detail of our breakfasts undoubtedly clog the morning brain and bring stupor or irritability.

The Duke of Veragua says good-by with a sigh as he looks for the last time at American women. We still have a lineal descendant of a discoverer of America among us, and his name is Ogmundsen. His ancestor was Erie, and his employment is that of a hospital steward.

College degrees have fallen like the rain this year, and there are few men of comparative note who have not some title. It was the ingenious Labouchere who remarked the other day that the competition in the sale of degrees had been carried in England to such a pitch that "any one who cares to pay for the privilege should be entitled to append the whole of the letters of the alphabet after his name if he so pleases."

The ostrich should be more of a pet. He is never sloth, and he is contented with sweet potato vines and alfalfa.

"Once more the devout and the reverent
 feed their sight upon the glory of the mas-
 ter's hair, thrill their hearing with the splen-
 dor of the master's touch." This means, of
 course, that Paderewski is at it again, and in
 London.

July 3 - 9.3

ONE REMEDY.

There were homely signs once hung in country stores and country hotels to the effect that Tray was a good dog, but credit killed him. It is, of course, better to pay cash; it is wise not to buy a thing unless you have, the present means to pay for it; but credit is undeniably a convenience. Certainly with Quarter Day this credit should be rewarded for its confidence. If each one should pay his small bills, the result would surprise not only the creditors, but all concerned in daily barter and sale; and confidence, the plant of slow growth, would then receive generous encouragement.

Chicago claims 2,160,000 inhabitants. Well, this is a modest claim—for Chicago.

Talk of the Day.

The exhibition at Chicago of the historic Paul Jones flag brings up the recollection of the strange man himself. Nowhere has he been so picturesquely described as in Herman Melville's "Israel Potter," a book, by the way, that is of local interest. Our boys and young men should read the chapter therein devoted to the great sea fight between the Bon Homme Richard and the Scapris. It is a masterpiece of word-painting; it is a ~~triumphant~~ call to patriotism.

THE CITY THEATRES.

PHILIP HALE.

THE GRIEVANCES OF REVIEWERS.

Publishers complain that books sent for review are sold immediately and uncut. They should not send books to papers which they know do not review books of the sort in question. The next answer to the publishers' complaint is worthy of full quotation:

"To sell books you have conscientiously reviewed is quite justifiable. The alternatives to doing so are five: (a) You must give them to your friends, and consequently live solitary and die unregretted. (b) You must try to burn them, and, so trying, burn down your house. (c) You must throw them into the street, and be indicted for a nuisance. (d) You must take a huge place in the country, or rent Devonshire House.

(e) You must warehouse them and devote the whole of your earnings, as a reviewer, to the cost."

In conclusion it is alleged that authors hold all the popular fallacies. But this reviewer has grievances against the authors. "There is the quality of their work which tends to drive reviewers into madhouses or premature graves. Most contemporary fiction, for instance, seems to be produced by uneducated and thoughtless people, who have spent their lives in the moon."

The reviewer admits that there are other grievances, and that they would fill an extra. He should rest content, for he has had the pleasure of demolishing first the book and then the indignant author.

July 6 - 93
FORK VS. SPOON.

It is well known that the Sunday news paper of a leading city is a mine of miscellaneous information. Sartorial and ecclesiastical subjects are treated alike with conviction. The personal habits of the dead and the living are revealed to the gaze of the reader for a trifling sum. There is, in fact, no topic of antiquarian, contemporaneous or prophetic interest that is not discussed, often with cuts. The newspaper is, then, a combination of encyclopedia, sporting calendar, fashion journal—in fact, it is the microcosm of the world.

But the patient reader finds that as the seasons roll the same topics come to the surface; summer brings with it rewritten copy, and in winter is seen the rearranged article of the winter before. There are subjects that bloom the year around; that is, the motif is unchanged, although there may be trifling variations in the detail. One of these subjects relates to table manners.

Now, asparagus is going, and strawberries, fresh vegetables and salads are with us. This is also the peculiar season of ice cream. Ice appears as the most important element of many a drink. And it is now that the authorities on deportment at meat again draw up the code of summer manners.

Their efforts in the past have not been wholly in vain. They no longer see an endless procession of mistaken beings enjoying lettuce with the aid of sugar and vinegar; yet, on the other hand, particularly in the West, claret is relished the more keenly if ice and sugar are added. On account of the endeavors of these reformers, the fork is frequently seen pursuing and trying to hold the evasive pea. The strawberry is harpooned by many, who secretly would fain welcome the security of the spoon, or even squash it with the same weapon. The thoughtless, however, still persist in administering to this berry generous doses of sugar.

And why, pray, is the spoon under the social ban? There is reason in the rejection of the knife on account of danger in its daring use. Is the fork less dangerous, if the eater is lost in contemplation of the hidden meaning of George Meredith, or of a tariff problem? Originally the fork was used merely as a means of securing vantage ground, so that the knife could do its full and deadly work. The tines of the primitive instrument did not admit of carrying, unless the article of food was transixed, speared, impaled, harpooned. But now we must, forsooth, use the fork with ice cream, and lose the pleasure of that which is melted. Or what comparison in delight can there be between the forked transit from plate to mouth of scattering peas, conscious of their fate, and the calm assurance of the delicious globules contained safely in the hollow of a spoon?

There are conservatives, men and women of intelligence, who snap their thumbs at these decrees of fashion. They prefer comfort and enjoyment to pretended elegance of manner. And of such fibre were those worthy Romans who, in the days of Grecian invasion, clung to the simpler habits of their forefathers, who made the phrase "a Roman citizen" a phrase of vital meaning.

A rowing regatta on Labor Day is at any rate not a contradiction of terms.

This Indian tragedy in Maine, with its incidents of costume-dance, sudden jealousy and prompt stabbing seems like a chapter of ancient New England history in which the Passamaquoddy play heroic parts. But the fact that the slaughtered Indian was "a brother of Selma Soper, the famous base ball player," gives the affair a hopelessly modern touch.

A report comes from New York that Julia Marlowe, the play actress, and Robert Taber, her leading man, are now on their honeymoon. This report is neither new nor authoritative.

Miss Marlowe's contract with her management forbade her the use of a husband as long as her theatrical engagement lasted. This contract expires next year; but love is impatient and laughs at contracts.

For some time have the friends of Miss Marlowe suspected the tenderness of the relations between her and the handsome Taber; but Miss Marlowe has made no confession; she has dropped no hint.

She would naturally wish to keep a marriage secret, for her success has been in great measure due to her girlish appearance. Whether marriage would give to her playing greater dignity, reserve force and the consciousness of supreme womanhood is an open question.

If she is married, Mr. Taber is a very fortunate man, and hundreds congratulate and envy him.

THE JOY OF SEPARATION.

We have here no salon in the French acceptance of the word; no meeting ground where clever men and women sit regularly of an evening and gossip concerning literature, art, manners and life. Salon with us is too often confounded with saloon in its American and obnoxious sense.

Perhaps the street car is the nearest approach to the French Institution, although the publicity of conversation would be repugnant to our Gallic neighbors. The judicious looker-on hears in these cars frivolous gossip, domestic revelations, discussions of business and political problems; in a word, all that is knowable, besides certain other things. It was in one of these ambulatory salons that a woman remarked in a loud voice the other day: "I am thankful that my husband does not come home to lunch." They that heard her were curious concerning the reasons of her public rejoicing, but the car stopped, the woman descended, and the hearers were in danger of bursting in ignorance.

There are many possible solutions of the problem. The woman may be lazy, careless in housework; the husband may be cross, rude in table manners, a brute. But let us think more nobly of human nature. The woman is, then, a philosopher, who knows the enduring value in love of occasional separation.

It is true that it is not good for man to be alone; it is also true that incessant propinquity is an evil. No thoughtful, loving wife really enjoys the presence of her husband during the morning hours, day after day. He is in the way, like a cumbersome article of furniture. He becomes too intimately acquainted with the running of domestic machinery; he hears the creakings, he feels the need of lubricating oil; and yet he is powerless when confronted with a cook or chamber maid. Nor should he be allowed to appear within his walls at noon, the zenith of the heat and the burden of the day. He is often either roasted or frozen in his passage from office to house. His head is full of care, his nerves are on the rack. His favorite dish then seems unpalatable; he threatens to change the meat man and the grocer; the serving maid is a sloven. If he keep silent his wife accuses him of sickness or financial embarrassment. If he give vent to his feelings he too often provokes tears or wifely repartee. The man then returns to the office in angry or sullen temper, with body unrefreshed; the wife is left behind with unpalatable memories.

How different is the scene when the broad-winner enters in the evening after the toil is over for the day! He has not seen his wife since morning, but he has worked for her. His very absence is to her a proof of self-denial. She knows that no dish in restaurant or hotel is so savory to him as the meal at which she sits. She may be mistaken, but no one can convince her. That which would have excited commotion at noon seems laughable at night. Sundays and holidays are then all the sweeter to Darby and Joan; and a vacation, however short, is to them as a return to the days when Darby went a-wooling, and Joan welcomed him by displaying the banners of love in her fair cheeks.

No. That woman in the street car is not callous or a flirt. She is a philosopher in love. She knows the joy of separation—a joy because it surely brings the greater joy of true companionship.

Talk of the Day.

Mr. Emil Paur will be the successor of Mr. Arthur Nikisch. According to expectation based on pleasant reports of Mr. Paur's successful leading in various German towns, the choice will give satisfaction to the audience of the Symphony concert.

His coming will no doubt be accompanied with loud demonstrations of joy, and the modest man will be surprised at the eager interest of his future townsfolk in his private affairs.

Too often our musical importations at first arouse injudicious enthusiasm; then hot admiration is tempered with the chilling sense of familiarity; and then there is the departure in which the going guest is speeded, i. e., hustled out of the country.

Let us hope that Mr. Paur's sojourn with us be one long, steady crescendo of success.

Mr. Paur, it is said, was applauded in Leipzig for his courage in directing a symphony by Mr. Bruckner which lasted one hour and ten minutes. This may do in the musically sleepy town of Leipzig, but such symphonies do not jibe with American impatience or common sense.

De Maupassant is dead, and the news is welcome to his friends and the admirers of his talent; for in the blackness of the last year of his life death seems a burst of sunshine. He was a great master of the art of using words. He had a profound knowledge of the workings and the caprices of the human heart. He knew the enduring value of

simplicity in description of nature or in the expression of passion. And unpleasant as are some of the subjects chosen by him, the treatment of them showed the sympathy and the pity of the author for poor humanity.

This petition that Sampson should leave out the p in his name, and "illustrate the writings of the Bible on the strength of Sampson" in connection with sacred concerts at a theatre in town is an excellent specimen of unconscious humor. Who would be willing to take the part of the Philistines?

Milk is sterilized, fish is dessicated, meat is robbed of its "most inherent qualities" for the benefit of children, and now a reformer insists that every child should be taught to eat before a looking glass, "and then she can see for herself what a painful spectacle she makes of the perfectly natural process of chewing and swallowing." It appears that the male will be left to his own devices.

And now there is more Paur to Mr. Higginson's elbow.

Mr. "Jack" Highlands has just received the highest honor in the collegiate course of to-day, viz., an offer from the New York as well as the Boston base ball nine.

Boston girls and women are singing their own compositions in Chicago; they are playing the piano and other instruments, and lecturing on all things connected with music, and thus glorifying our city; for the audiences at the Musical Congress are large and polite.

The punishment of Carl Dinsmore is none too severe, and it is to be hoped that mutilators of books will take warning. In the present instance theft assisted a scrap-book. There are other mutilators, however, who do not come within the law, but are still deserving of public reproach—the enthusiastic enlargers of books. To enrich one volume, they destroy a thousand. And why? That they may have the selfish pleasure of a unique copy.

Attention is called to the fact that the son of Adlai, the Vice President, registered modestly at a New Jersey hotel as "Mr. Stevenson of Chicago;" and great was the surprise when his identity was discovered.

But how, pray, should he register? Should he openly proclaim the fact that his father is Vice President? The young man registered as a sensible young man.

By the way, does the modern hotel register still record the fact that Mr. Brown or Mr. Robinson is traveling with his "lady?" It would be interesting to know the origin of this vulgar attempt at elegance, which was once unfortunately common.

Music in Boston.

Boston, Mass., June 25, 1893.

It was proposed the other day by Colonel Eliot, of London, that the English public should subscribe for a memorial to Jenny Lind in Westminster Abbey, and the Dean promised to find space. The "Pall Mall Gazette" vigorously fought the project, and gave these reasons in objection: "Jenny Lind was a Swede, and we cannot have an alien immigration where there is scarcely room enough for Britons. If she be admitted it will one day be found impossible to exclude Dr. Ibsen or Leoncavallo, besides inducing a further complication in the miserable relations between Sweden and Norway. Then, again, she had a marvelous voice, but no better than Adelina Patti's, or Grisi's, or many another singer's."

These arguments are by no means unanswerable. Händel was a German, and Clementi was an Italian; yet the two enjoy snug lying in the Abbey. That the voice itself of Lind was marvelous was disputed during her operatic and triumphant years, and disputed by men of authority. Grisi died near Cremona, and Adelina Patti still sings "Home, Sweet Home," so that the comparison seems lugged in by the heels, as far as any application to the matter in hand is concerned.

But one paragraph of the "Pall Mall Gazette" deserves republication in full, and, when you consider the temper of the English public, the bravery of the writer is as conspicuous as his hard sense in this instance:

"The truth is that the estimable persons who back this appeal are ridden by the absurd fallacy which vitiates the national judgment in matters of art. She sang for charity, we are told. She was the pride and glory of her sister women, her gifts were exercised as a trust from God. She was to thousands a revelation, and her noble motives were felt vibrating in her song and became an impulse to a higher life. So that, coming to the quick, the public is asked to set up a medallion of a pious Swede in the home of the great dead of England. The truth is that Jenny Lind vocalized the Great National Blush that bloomed on the country's danask cheek through the early Victorian period. England blushed self-conscious at its own respectability. But that is no reason why we should make monuments to a professional singer because she happens to be generous and respectable. It would not be 'a fitting tribute to Genius and to Worth,' so much as a complacent tribute to our own preference of Worth before Genius."

This habit of the English, this judging an artist chiefly by the morality of private life, is seen in Dr. Mackenzie's lecture on "Falstaff," in which he "concluded by some references to the admirable private life of Verdi." The "Pall Mall Gazette" is moved to cry out against "the more or less paltry credentials of a charitable private life." It closes its protest with these words: "If Jenny Lind had cheated her husband, and gone off to Paris with a leading tenor, we should not have heard a word of this medallion."

And what, pray, will Holland, the canon and precentor of St. Paul's, and Rockstro, the man Friday of Sir George

Grove, say to these bitter words? For did they not write the voluminous, pretentious and wholly inadequate Life of Jenny Lind in two volumes, in which we are told that the Bishop of Tasmania approved of the singer's character; that her manner toward the Bishop of Norwich was intensely reverential; that Dean Stanley thought highly of her singing; that she preferred the Bible and sunsets to the life upon the stage? This swollen and yet incomplete work abounds in such pious orgies of cheap rhetoric.

Now, the Lord forbid that I should jest at man or woman on account of righteousness of life. The purity and the charity of Jenny Lind excite the admiration of readers to-day, in spite of the sentimental and fulsome eulogies of her biographers. Alfred de Musset, however, once said that George Sand used the word chastity until it became indecent; and when the purity of a singer is extolled and italicized for a thousand pages, the reader may easily be pardoned for hoping that there might have been at least one peccadillo, un péché véniel, after the manner of Blanche d'Azay, that escaped the notice of the canon of St. Paul's and the British Matron.

Or when he sees a sentence like this: "The very existence of an artist, who responded to Mendelssohn's Ideal, is bound to set us thinking," what can the reader do but drop the book. It is as bad as the "Hoot mon" that starts the opening chapter of so many "novels of character."

I wish that Jenny Lind had written her own life, the record of her private and artistic life; that if she had written honestly, without affectation, and without concession to popular English taste. We might then gain some idea of her real personality. For even your selfish scoundrels, when they write apologies for their existence, show as a rule their evil disposition, and the good of which perhaps they, as well as the world, were unconscious.

The autobiography of a virtuoso should be peculiarly interesting. Ulysses-like, he sees many cities and many men; he is thrown in with singular dwellers in Bohemia, and smug inhabitants of the land of Conventionality. There are books written or dictated by musicians that are delightful reading, and again there are autobiographies that disappoint and are dull.

Perhaps the most fascinating of all these books is the joyous and pathetic account of Dittersdorf's life, dictated to his son, a wretchedly printed volume of about 300 pages. It bears no motto, but this one would serve:

"O, how wretched is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors!"

Then, there are the books of Grétry, garrulous, shrewd, a queer mixture of nonsense and acuteness.

There are the stories told by Spohr, Adam, Roger, Duprez, Rubinstein,—there is a long list.

Take for instance the "Souvenirs" of Giuseppe Marco Maria Felice Blangini. How charming is the innocent vanity of the man! Do you remember his account of his relations with S. A. I., the Princess Pauline, Princess Borghese? How discreetly indiscreet the sad dog is. "Now, I arrive at the point where I must speak of my acquaintance with the Princess Pauline. My relations with her have made too much noise in the world for me to think that I should be constrained by useless discretion; but in speaking of her, I shall point out characteristics that have not, perhaps, as yet received just treatment. The rumor of my reputation as a chamber singer and composer reached her; she wished to know me, to hear me, to take lessons. As soon as I was informed of her wish, I was at her command. She took several lessons, and in a few days she named me 'Director of her Music.' But before I pursue this delicate theme I must note here other recollections, which might escape me."

Giuseppe, your promotion was as rapid as that of Fritz in the service of La Grande Duchesse. But you and your Princess Pauline and the 300 of your noble pupils, whose names you so diligently record, where are you all to-day? Where is the Baroness de La Bouillerie, or Lady Doyle, or Miss Sullivan? Perhaps, although you yourself died over fifty years ago, some very old woman, with snow white hair, with shaking knees, some venerable woman may even now blush for a moment at the recollection of your name, and sigh at the distress of your latter years? For you were loved by women, Blangini, and you melted them by your romances. But where are your 174 romances in thirty-four volumes? And where are your 170 nocturnes for two voices?

And now comes Charles Dancla, with his "Notes et Souvenirs," published this year by Delamotte in Paris. Here we have no Blangini with his amourettes. It is a set,

sad, earnest face that meets the reader at the very start. This is Dancla, the violinist, composer and professor; the man of prizes, medals and decorations. His book is not without lovable naïveté. He tells you when he was disappointed; when he was treated unjustly. He expresses his opinions freely.

He does not tell us when he was born, but it was in 1818. The first impression was made by Robinson Crusoe; he sought adventure in the neighborhood, and on his return was trounced by a heavy handed father.

When he was thirteen he heard Paganini. "His violin still sings in my ears." Dancla's remarks concerning the peculiarities of Paganini's performance are of great interest to violinists, and they, as well as his comments on other masters of the fiddle, should be translated at length. He declares that the finger ensemble of Paganini, "so indispensable in obtaining sureness of intonation," was approached by Vieuxtemps alone. Listen to this man of severe taste and rigid views. "Some artists have said that Paganini was a dazzling meteor who left no trace of his path. I dispute the validity of this opinion, erroneous, unjust, because to-day, as then, Paganini has rendered a great service to intelligent violinists, who have gained inspiration by novel effects once peculiar to him. I believe that outside of the works of Bach, Tartini, Locatelli, Campagnoli, and other ancient and modern works especially contrived for enlarging the play of the fingers, it is necessary to study seriously the studies of Paganini, which are masterpieces, a very monument of the art of violin playing. In spite of the abandon which Paganini gave to a phrase, he was exact in his delivery of a measure."

A New Yorker has made himself responsible for a charity that is worthy of imitation in all towns great or small. He has agreed to furnish the means of supplying men on duty at a big fire with food and drink. Furthermore, he does not call this charity; he prefers the word hospitality.

They that shuddered at the Suicide Club of Robert Louis Stevenson will learn the horror of a younger branch at Galveston. The members draw straws; then the unlucky one writes to his relatives, saying that he will kill himself unless his debts are paid. This scheme works well at present, but the patience of relatives is a movable feast.

It is said of Sandow that "a general look about the shoulders as if his coat did not quite fit is the principal ocular evidence of any unusual muscle." If this be so there are many Sandows in our streets.

A paper by Mrs. Lillian Nordica was read at the Musical Congress in Chicago, and the singer declared by proxy that a musician could not be a fair critic.

Tut, tut, Mrs. Nordica; likewise go to. How about Schumann, Berlioz, Ambros, Dorn, Hanslick, Saint-Saens, Reyer, Joncières, Ed. Taubert and others? There is, indeed, a long list. Would you reason from the premise, the less you know of a thing the more honest is your judgment?

Nor can you say truly that a good musician has no opportunity to be a judicious critic. History is against you.

This recalls the curious position of Georg Ebers in Germany. The novelists say he is no doubt a profound Egyptologist, and the scientific understand that he is a pleasing novelist.

At this same Congress Mrs. Maynard Butler of Boston affirmed among other things that music is "scientific, ethical and intellectual." That's exactly the trouble with so much of our modern music, it is anything or everything but musical.

Boston has enjoyed for a long time a monopoly in the display of culture in street cars, but it seems that in St. Louis a large per cent. of the passengers read books (chiefly paper novels) and newspapers. Such a literary passion is to be deplored, for thus the eyes are seriously injured. It is far better to talk amiably with a fellow passenger, examine the claims of street car advertisers, or meditate on "time, space, reality and abstruse of them, prudence."

A sunken garden as a decoration of Copley Square is in many ways an admirable idea; and other plans suggested are also worthy of praise. It is doubtful, however, whether a question of art should be settled by a show of hands. The great majority does not often appear to advantage as an aesthete.

The people of Boston might easily enjoy one of the finest opera houses in the world. That the people of Boston enjoy opera is proved by the large audiences that welcome any sporadic and ambulatory operatic company.

Money has been raised, and by comparatively few, for a Music Hall in which symphonies may be played. The symphony is not as popular as the opera, for the latter is a diversified amusement appealing to the eye and the ear.

It is the fashion to call the Symphony a nobler form of musical art than the opera; but it is only a fashion.

It is proposed to build a building with reversible action: Now an opera house, now a concert hall; and yet the necessary conditions for acoustical enjoyment in each case are widely different.

Why can not more money be raised and a great opera house include a fit concert hall? And why should so many be deterred from joining the public pool by the fixing of \$100 as the lowest entry?

It was said of old, "There is death in the pot." To-day it seems that there is death in the freezer.

The Journal has before this recorded several remarkable instances of bargains and sales in wives. All students of anthropology will at once record the fact that at West Hurley, N. Y., delivery of the goods followed the payment of 45 cents. Even in South Sea Isles the price is more flattering to womanhood.

...and "Danc" admired the elegant and irreproachable style of De Beriot, as well as the purity of his tone. "His style was of exactness, and his bowing was remarkably simple." Danc was convinced that De Beriot adopted the same *staccato* as that of Paganini in the performance of his concerto, *i. e.*, all the strings were raised a semitone. "De Beriot was an honest and loyal artist." In 1869, when he was asked to serve on the Conservatory jury, he refused on the ground that he should not judge publicly his own pupils.

In 1837 Danc played for the first time at the Société des Concerts, and an amateur offered him a fine Stradivarius. Danc worked with it for ten days, but he did not master it, and he played on his own, an instrument of Gand père.

Vieuxtemps was a virtuoso in the best meaning of the term; his style was large, of clear sonority, powerful, transparent, perfect in intonation; his bowing was supple, his staccato was pure. * * * Everything was united in him, and he was a remarkable composer."

"According to my opinion, a conductor that is not a violinist cannot indicate in an orchestral work, or even in opera, the proper bowing and fingering, which vary the timbre of the strings and give ensemble, homogeneity and finish."

"My colleague, Mr. Massart, always a teacher thoroughly engrossed, preferred that a pianist should accompany his pupils, as he probably thought that the ensemble is more complete and the pupil better sustained. I do not agree with him. The violin supports the pupil better, and inspires him more."

"The chief characteristics of the instrumental works of Viotti are nobleness of thought, grandeur and elevation of style, expressive and charming melody. Viotti should be regarded as the true chief of the French violin school."

In 1841 I heard the young violinist Thérèse Milanollo. This twelve year old girl triumphed, and justly. I was struck by her precocious skill and the accuracy of her execution. Besides true sentiment and great purity of style, she had a sympathetic tone that moved the hearer.

* * * As I left the hall I saw Berlioz, who, as a critic, was surely Somebody, and he was enthusiastic."

In 1845 Danc played with Liszt at Lyons. The pianist did not wish to play the variation written by Osborne and De Beriot in their duet founded on "William Tell," as "the variation was pretty without doubt, but for little girls." Danc wondered at the fire, the dash and the fancy of the pianist.

"I never understood why ancient and modern masters paid so little attention to useful and necessary indications, without which it is difficult to interpret their works, I asked the reason of this of De Beriot and Vieuxtemps. 'To what good,' was the reply; 'when one is intelligent he should divine that which is necessary.' Now, I should not like to say that these masters perhaps wished to keep their traditions and secrets."

"I am struck by the slowness and sweetness of the clarinet solo in the overture of 'Zampa' as it is played to-day. Herold used to say, 'Yc! In! Dash and vigor, for it is Zampa that speaks.' I remember aright, the celebrated clarinetist played the C clarinet instead of the A so as to be biting tone."

* * *

But this is enough of Danc for the present. His comments on contemporaneous music are interesting and perhaps irritating, but they will keep.

* * *

The total subscriptions to the new Music Hall up to Saturday evening amount to \$334,100. The subscribers are 242, and the amounts range from \$100 to \$25,000. The sum of \$65,000 is still needed, and earnest appeals are made to the citizens "to retain for Boston its pre-eminence in music."

* * *

The report of the engagement of Mr. Weingartner as conductor of the Symphony Orchestra is denied at Music Hall.

PHILIP HALE.

July 11th 93

In the account of the awful accident at Chicago it is stated that the company controlling the building knew it was a firetrap; that the Marshal had pronounced it unsafe; and that insurance companies had then canceled risks. Surely here was warning enough, and why was it not heeded? Nor is the Fire Department at the Exposition supplied with nets.

Three good examples of practical philanthropy: Mr. Augustus Hemenway sending 26 school teachers to the World's Fair; Mr. Abbott Lawrence leaving by will to the Massachusetts General Hospital \$10,000 for free beds; Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild supplying the hot, great crowd in Piccadilly with cold water the day Prince George was married.

July 1 - 93

A virulent letter anent Philip Hale came to THE MUSICAL COURIER last week, and in the natural course of events reached me. The writer, evidently of the female gender, deplored the fact that Mr. Hale had too great a sense of humor; that he couldn't appreciate "Reggie" De Koven's music, and that he evidently did not believe that the "Bostonians" was the greatest musical organization on the continent. I am not the keeper of Mr. Hale's conscience, dear lady; he has that commodity well under personal control; I only wish here to add my mite of admiration for the charming and wholly original letters he contributes to these columns. Esprit de corps is an excellent thing at any time. I have it largely, but over and beyond that I declare that no man of the music press of this country could fill the particular, the unique niche that Mr. Hale does. His scholarship is a delight and is gentle, not forbidding; and then he has the modern note of curiosity in his work, which leads him in paths blossoming with fantastic flowers and strange odors and shapes. In a word, dear unknown vilifier of talent, he hates the commonplace, and if he quotes scripture, why, the better the book the better the quotation. This last must certainly appeal to your largely developed sense of feminine logic. Selah!

July 11/93

MECHANICAL MUSIC.

An electric organ for church purposes was brought to this country the other day, and it will soon be heard in Taunton. A button is pressed, and electricity does the rest. There is no need of manuals, organist or blower. The organ is loaded with the desired hymn tunes and they are discharged according to the wish of the congregation, as expressed, by the man who attends to the cylinders. It is said that this is the first of these machines that has invaded our land.

It is well known that ancient congregations of rigid views objected to the use of the organ in church worship. Architects, as Christopher Wren, disliked to arrange their plans for the benefit of "a box of whistles." The conservative saw in the grand instrument a device of the evil one. But the organ triumphed over fiddle, clarinet and double-bass, and choirs either resigned, as in Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree," or accommodated themselves to the new conditions.

The introduction of an electric organ may well provoke discussion. Such a machine will do away with the organist, and may be a money saving investment; but, on the other hand, there is the total depravity of inanimate things. There must always be a feeling of uncertainty as to what will come out from this organ, after the announcement of the hymn. It is possible, for instance, that the cylinders were mixed in the factory, and secular tunes thus alternate with profane ditties. Imagine the feelings of a congregation hearing "Papa won't buy me a bow-wow," when the hymn is "Blest be the tie." Or let it be taken for granted that the machine is sober-minded and in sympathy with the denomination of the church, yet a cog may slip and the tune play sevens when long-metre is required. There must always be momentary hesitation, and the relief of certainty ill-atones for the anxiety of the moment.

If such instruments come into common use the occupation of the organist will follow that of Othello. The years of preparation, the brilliant fancy, the sweet spirit of the individual will all be as naught. Organ concerts are now out of date, pupils will turn their attention to other instruments, and what, pray, will be the future of the organist? There will be another triumph of machinery, and the idea of diversified labor will not be a Gileadian balm to him that is without occupation. There is no time to lose. Organists should band themselves together, offer resolutions, petition the authorities, for, if these machines once win popular favor, organ playing will be a lost art.

Think of the evils that will follow. The electric piano will drive Paderewski from the stage; the orchestron will take the place of the orchestra, and Pauer will hasten back to Leipzig. There will be a new world of music in which the circus calliope will have an honorable position, and the phonograph will sing heroic or tender operatic roles.

July 12

The important announcement is made that the rival strong men now in town call each other "Charley" and "Eugene." This is as it should be. It would be terrible if they came to blows.

July 12

The Americans are indeed a patient people. That they hang from a strap or sit on the brake of a crowded street car without complaint has excited the wonder of the civilized world.

Their patience is still more tried when they are summer passengers of daily railroad trains. Nearly every morning men and women stand for half an hour, or even a hour, because a rich corporation neglects to provide sufficient cars, although it insists on payment of fare. There are no curses, loud or deep. The victims laugh good naturedly they do not apparently regard themselves as wronged.

Now your Englishman under similar conditions would write a fiery letter to the Times. The Times would publish it. Protestation would be effective, and the wrong would be remedied. And the travelers of the Continental nations would act in like manner. But we submit, suffer, and grin.

The Southern gentlemen who disposed summarily of Miller, the alleged negro murderer, now "concede" that they probably made a mistake. It is even possible that they will apologize, not to Miller, but to Miller's friends.

The taste of Harvard in its concrete recognition of merit is ever chaste, severe. Victorious Ives of Yale was decorated with gaudy jewels. Triumphant "Jack" Highlands of Harvard will be the honored guest at a clambake.

July 13 -

REMOTE NEPOTISM.

When the late lamented John Phelan made his famous survey in California called to his aid all of his cousins, first and second and more remote, nor did he refer in fact, the claims of any relative. It is said at the time that the satire of Phelan was directed against the Bache family which was represented liberally in the Survey.

The cry of nepotism has since that time been often raised, and the public officer took nephew or cousin as assistant was regarded as a featherer of the family nest. The fact that the man chosen was capable that the officer personally knew that he was trustworthy, was not taken into consideration. The unknown seemed more desirable than the known.

Now Secretary Carlisle has given the subject of nepotism in all its branches his earnest attention; he has made out a list of ramifications of nepotism that for thoroughness can only be compared to the catalogue of marriages forbidden by mediaeval ecclesiastical law. This list is the matter of order issued June 26, which reads as follows:

"To Heads of Bureaus, Treasury Department and Chiefs of Divisions, Secretary's Office, Treasury Department:

"Referring to Department Circular of the instant, calling for certain information there described for use of the committee of Congress to inquire into status of the laws organizing the Executive Departments, you are required to furnish said information on the large blank sent you, giving the name of each officer, clerk or other employe, followed by the statement printed on said blanks.

"The degrees of relationship to be included are as follows:

"Grandfather, grandmother, husband, wife, father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandson, granddaughter, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, granduncle, grandaunt, grandnephew, grandniece, cousins (first and second), grandfather-in-law, grandmother-in-law, father-in-law, mother-in-law, son-in-law, daughter-in-law, brother-in-law, sister-in-law, stepgrandfather, stepgrandmother, stepfather, stepmother, stepbrother, stepsister, stepson, stepdaughter.

"J. G. CARLISLE, Secretary."

It seems, then, that the atrocious crime of being a young man is nothing in comparison with the unspeakable offence of being grandfather-in-law or a stepgrandmother. Let us take the case of some old man whose hairs have whitened in the service of the Government—his mind is unclouded; he is still physically competent; he is master of his duties. In an evil moment his granddaughter marries a young clerk in a department. From that time the grandfather-in-law is doomed. The contracting parties were wedded in the light of day, some malicious person reports to the relationship of the clerks; or the damnable fact escapes in spite of precautions; the grandfather-in-law is sacrificed on the altar of youth and happiness, and the Government of the United States wields the lethal weapon. This order will surely be a discourager of matrimony.

Or is it possible that Secretary Carlisle has invented this ingenious scheme for the benefit of hungry Democratic patriots who seek the places now filled by men of experience?

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 9, 1893.

THE Higginsonian drag-net has caught a conductor, who will stand before the Boston Symphony Orchestra next October.

The name is Paur, and it belongs to a conductor now in Leipzig. The notices sent out from Music Hall to the Boston press say that the full name is Emil Paur; but is not the new conductor, he that was formerly known as Ernst Paur, born at Czernowitz in 1855? Perhaps he has changed his name to Emil, so that he may be distinguished from the well-known Ernst Paur, born in 1824; or perhaps Emil and Ernst both belong to him; or perhaps the management made a mistake. I confess that I do not know his full name.

Of course all such feeble jests as "More Paur to your elbow, Mr. Higginson," are barred, and summer sickness of the brain will not be accepted as an excuse.

* * *

Now that money enough has been subscribed for a hall and the conductor is known, there is a sigh of relief. The frequenters of symphony concerts are glad in the assurance of the continuance of the concerts, and they hear good reports concerning the successor to Mr. Nikisch. The public that does not care for music is delighted at the prospect of a change of conversation in street cars—for the Boston street car is the Boston salon—and a change of reading matter in the newspapers. And yet the announcement of the choice of conductor is only the preface; a large volume of printed matter will follow.

* * *

Members of the orchestra will be interviewed and they will express unbounded corybantic delight at the selection. Can you imagine one of the players expressing regret? There will be gossip of a personal and tender nature. Boston will be told how Mr. Paur first met his wife, if he is married; and if he is a bachelor, we shall hear the sad romance of a rejected passion. But I understand that there is a Mrs. Paur, who plays the piano and is the mother of two children.

Then we shall be told that which Liszt said when he first heard Paur read from score. Dr. Hans Guido von Bülow will undoubtedly figure in an eccentric but appreciative rôle. Someone that was on speaking terms with Schumann will certify to the faithfulness of Paur's reading of the Rhenish symphony. And so on, and so on.

* * *

There should be a Manual for the use of conductors contemplating an engagement in Boston, and the directions in the matter of Boston customs, dress, deportment should be explicit and indexed.

When Mr. Nikisch first appeared on the stage of Music Hall he wounded unconsciously the feelings of several of our most esteemed patronesses of music; for his trousers, although they were said to be a triumph of the sartorial art of Leipzig, were of the accordion pattern.

Mr. Nikisch made a fatal mistake in slighting the honorable advances of a patroness who affects to make or mar the success of musical aspirants. This patroness is an attempted combination of Minerva and Venus, a classical two-headed woman. Now Mr. Nikisch, a man of genial disposition, preferred the society of musicians and agreeable male amateurs of music.

Mr. Paur should be provided with a chart by which he may steer his course. All social shoals and ledges should be marked, that he may sail safely in the currents of popularity.

* * *

Mr. Reginald De Koven appeared the 27th ult. at a Promenade concert as the conductor of some of his own compositions. Unfortunately I was unable to be present.

I understand that he was welcomed cordially, applauded heartily throughout the evening, and that knowing the excellence of the strings, he gave his undivided attention to the drummer, who under the spell of Mr. De Koven's steady glare did noble work. After the concert Messrs. Ellis and Dimey, of Music Hall, invited the composer of "Robin Hood" to sit down at meat, and after he was thus refreshed he was escorted properly to the train that bore him to New York.

"The Observant Citizen" in the Boston "Post" of the 8th ult. reviewed Mr. De Koven's methods of conducting.

"Mr. DeKoven conducts with his whole body and both hands. His stage presence, so to speak, is peculiar, and he has a habit of bending his body at the hips, toggle joint fashion, which would be amusing if it were not so earnest, and which, despite its frequent approach to the grotesque, carries with it a force and magnetism which have their effect upon his hand.

"With the baton in his right hand, in forte passages, he resembles blacksmith pounding on his anvil—although few blacksmiths can hammer out such financial results. His left hand, when not moving in sympathy with its fellow, is rested on his hip or thrust into his pocket.

"But, thanks to that toggle joint movement, he has come near to the discovery of perpetual motion, for the tails of his dress coat are ever still; indeed, they are frequently dangerously near a right-angle to the rest of his garment.

"I am pained to relate that Mr. DeKoven dangled in front of his eye a monocle, and, horror of horrors! his trousers were perilously close to the fashion said to be affected by one Newman Nogg's."

You see again, and in the present instance, there is severe criticism of trousers. The Boston musical public may be liberal in its enjoyment of music of all ages; it can hear with apparent pleasure two performances of "The Messiah" in the same season; it can enjoy Brahms and native composers; but in the matter of conductors' trousers it is adamant, as was Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy.

* * *

The "Pall Mall Gazette" gives the following definition of a leit-motif: "These leeches thought better of 'roots of radish' than the modern digestion would warrant. This recalls what happened on a Wagner night in Paris. Several ladies received the visit of a musician in their box, and one of them hailed him: 'Come and explain it to us—you who know all about it. What is a leit-motif?' 'Well, it is not easy to tell you—a leit-motif is—a leit-motif is—Baroness, suppose yourself to have eaten a radish!'"

* * *

Now, perhaps, this is an ancient jest; for your well appointed jest is like unto a well bred comet. It blazes for a season; it then is lost; but after a long interval it reappears, blazes and again attracts attention. There is, it is true, a museum where jests with long, white and unkempt beards and without teeth are so arranged that the public must see them; and this museum is the comic opera.

* * *

This reminds me that Czibulka's "Amorita" was given for the first time in Boston the 26th ult. at the Tremont Theatre by the Pauline Hall Opera Company under the management of Mr. George B. McLellan. When you heard this operetta at the Casino in '85 the English version used was by Messrs. Rosenfeld and Goldmark, if I am not mistaken. The version used by Miss Hall's Company is the work of Mr. Louis C. Elson, the accomplished musical critic of the "Boston Advertiser." I hasten to add that no one of Mr. Elson's many friends believe that he is responsible for the dialogue of the piece, which seems to be the plaything of the comedians. There was much gagging, and the fun was trite and stupid.

The operetta was handsomely mounted. The chorus and the orchestra were fully under the control of Mr. Steindorf.

The music of Czibulka was more or less disarranged; numbers were omitted, and there were interpolations of the English drawing room school. The chief parts were taken by Miss Hall, Miss Clara Lavine, Miss Rosa Cooke, and Messrs. John E. Brand, Wm. Blaisdell, Jacques Kruger and Alfred C. Wheelan. A serenade for female voices composed by Mr. J. Henry McLellan and C. M. S. McLellan, and introduced at the beginning of the third act, met with marked favor, and familiarity has not cooled the desire of the audiences for repetitions.

The operetta has met with popular success in spite of the inadequacy of the comedians. Mr. Wheelan works incessantly to amuse the audience, but his comic stock in trade is limited; its chief characteristic is an india rubber face, which he moves apparently at will to either cheek and fastens there securely. And then he has well defined memories of the pranks of Francis Wilson. Mr. Brand, on the other hand, takes his part very seriously, and plays it with intense self respect. His "Fra Bombarda" suggests vividly "Richard III." as played by a robust, deep lunged actor of the old school, now happily extinct.

* * *

Sandow appeared at the Tremont the 3d inst.; not to hold up "Amorita," for the pleasant jingle of the music, the popularity of Miss Hall, and the handsome setting of the operetta have insured its run; but he serves as an athletic epilogue. He excites attention and admiration. Harvard University has approved of him, for Professor Sargent thumped him, looked down his throat, stood on his belly, applied tape measure, litmus paper and test tubes, and gave him an unqualified certificate of merit.

Meanwhile the hated rival Sampson is at the Park Theatre. A petition has been addressed to the authorities, which asks that he may be granted leave to omit the p in his name, and thus "illustrate the writings of the Bible on the strength of Samson," in connection with Sunday "sacred" concerts. I hope this petition will be granted. It would be a pleasure to see him in realistic Biblical scenes. But who in the "Golden Wedding" company will take the parts of the Philistines and "Delilah?"

PHILIP HALE.

July 13 - 93

The people of Colorado are already coming to their senses. It was the Rev. Myron W. Reed who advised his hearers to "soak in oil and burn" any Western representative who "goes back on silver." At the time he was applauded; to-day he is "criticised."

The Concord Reformatory reminds the summer boarder of his own retreat. Each inmate is allowed just two towels a week.

Lieut. Gov. Wolcott is right in protesting against two cots in a cell. The close association of criminals brings with it disorder, conspiracy and hardening of heart. And it is an unwise thing to bring together intimately the vicious by instinct and the offender through carelessness or a great temptation.

There are streets in the Back Bay that now mourn the dwellers therein. The houses closed and barred seem the abomination of desolation.

But neither owls nor satyrs haunt the waste places. It is the cat, the common domestic cat that, lonely, hungry, enlarges the gloom of the scene.

In the song it is the cat that came back. In real life it is the cat that waits until her mistress comes back from mountain or seashore. And in the mean time who provides for the faithful beast?

The society with a long name has in years past called attention to the cruelty of leaving cats without suitable provision; but in spite of its appeals each year sees abandonment, suffering and untimely death.

It may be said that the cat should be able to earn its own living. This is true of the animal in its wild state. It is man that has tamed and pampered the beast; given it the pomp of burial as in Egypt; sung its praises through the mouths of Baudelaire and Gautier; spoiled it in every way. The death of the Back Bay cat is too often the criminal negligence of the Back Bay householder.

It was said of old that only by a surgical operation could a joke enter a Scotchman's head. But there are other people who cannot take a jest. When Dumas' "Denise" was played the other night at Drury Lane, an enemy of Oscar Wilde wrote to a London journal that epigrams in "Denise" were borrowed evidently from "Lady Windermere's Fan," and he asked who is this bold Dumas. A Frenchman, Maurice Spronk, swallowed the bait, and rose to the surface in the Debats with a long account of Dumas, and indignant denials of plagiarism.

The Pall Mall Gazette protests sensibly against the slush that is written concerning musical prodigies. "We are told of one that his tender insight into music is beyond the dreams of the average prima donna," this must refer to Cyril Tyler. "Of the other, that he has already composed fifty 'works,' being barely half a score years of age," and this refers to Raoul of an unpronounceable Polish name. "The artistic world has the right to protest against precocious immaturity as a substitute for art." This slop admiration is not confined to London; we suffer from it in Boston.

Public waste barrels for street use are provided in Brooklyn by a society. Here in Boston the experiment has been tried for a week near the Post Office, and with success. These barrels are a part of the street cleaning system of the town, and our citizens should help the authorities in this matter.

July 14

The barber shop is a thing of the past. The barber now lives only in Arabian nights and in Rossini's opera. The "tonsorial artist" is his successor, and he is found in a "tonsorial studio," or "artistic hair-cutting parlor."

So, too, there are no more plumbers, pure and simple; that is, if a plumber can be pure and simple. There are "practical plumbers;" there are "sanitary plumbers;" there are "engineering plumbers." And they all charge about the same.

Boots and shoes are now known as "foot-wear"; cravats and neckties are "neck-wear"; but hats are still hats; and trousers, although "trouserings" is a word affected by æsthetic tailors, are still trousers; for no self-respecting person wears "pants."

All these specimens of hifalutin are symptoms of a desire to ennoble a prosaic business; and yet Walt Whitman tells us there is no trade in which a man cannot be a hero. We are losing the simplicity of conscious power and rectitude. The shoemaker of Decker's play gloried in his calling and was named Lord Mayor of London. Nor did the venerable and learned man of the Arabian tale blush at the name of barber. The world was younger then.

Professor Holden of Maine is not alone in the belief that the world is flat. A book embodying that theory, written seriously and with a considerable display of learning, was widely circulated a few years ago in England and found attentive readers.

The same year that celebrates the triumph of Columbus sees the apparition of Professor Holden in Boston. To the men of his day, Columbus was as Holden is to us. And thus the pendulum swings.

This story of Dr. Meyer with his unknown poison is like a chapter out of Italian medieval history.

The committee appointed to examine the buildings of the World's Fair condemn two of them, and declare that if a fire broke out in either of them, many lives would be lost. It is reported that the commission will "probably make recommendations in conformity." And so action is bound with red tape. Mayor Harrison, however, declares that the city will require that any dangerous building must at once be made safe, and he proposes to cut the tape with his official sword.

Another terrible accident is added to the list of this summer. The saddest feature of the latest, as indeed of the others, is that the slaughter was apparently the result of gross carelessness.

The "Pops" end this week, and it is to be regretted that they are not prolonged at least until August. They have given amusement of a healthy nature to many, and a summer in the city without some such amusement is dreary. The weather does not inspire a lonely man with the desire to stay at home of an evening in a heated room and read "improving books."

The last bulletin of the Public Library shows recent additions in the line of the drama. These additions are chiefly in French: 20 pieces by Goudinet; 7 by Laya; 6 by Barriere, and 41 by Meilhac, or Meilhac and Halévy. Of course it is an excellent thing for a Public Library to own as many books as possible; but a sense of proportion in selecting for an English-speaking city is also desirable.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Men and women spoke at Chicago this week concerning children's literature, present and future. The subject is one of universal interest, for the mental food of the child should be chosen as carefully as the food that nourishes the body.

The children of to-day are fortunate in this: that the opportunity of selection is greater than in days gone by. There are newspapers and magazines, handsomely illustrated and carefully edited, for the delight of boys and girls. In former years the young were not so considered; there were fairy stories, and there were books of an educational tendency that often induced priggishness, as "Sanford and Merton," with its intolerable Mr. Barlow and his never ending sermons. Then came the entertaining Rollo books, in which Jonas figures, the incarnation of a type of prudent, successful Yankee that is now unfortunately as extinct as the dodo. Mayue Reid appeared with his stories of adventure in which lessons of geography, botany and natural history were pleasingly disguised as pills in jelly. Oliver Optic and Horatio Alger, Jr., were in a measure realists for children's use; and then there is a long list of names, Ballyntine, Kingston, Miss Alcott, the creator of Prudy and the teller of the strange adventures of Alice. Then there were those great books, read enthusiastically by the wise, old and young, "The Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe."

Children to-day are perhaps more exacting than were their parents before them. It is not uncommon to find girls of tender years who scoff at the deeds of Jack, the Giant Killer, and read Little Red Ridinghood without a quiver. There is no such country to them as Wonderland. Grimm's stories, Arabian legends and tales from the Norse are to them alike absurd and frivolous. They, as their elders, must needs analyze and reject. They are the legitimate children of the age. They want facts. There never was an elf, a sylph, a dwarf with magic power, a giant with vast stomachic capacity. Princesses, beautiful or ugly, are only found in the Statesman's year book. Before these children know the meaning of the word myth they have rejected the legend with its apparent meaning.

Too often these children are encouraged by their parents in their rejection of fairy stories, which are the disguised results of the experience of ancient nations and ancient people. The parents say, "These stories are silly; they are also untrue." But are there no lessons of bravery, truthfulness and general goodness to be learned from these same tales? And are not these books, when used in moderation, an agreeable relaxation, a desirable change, from the primary books of instruction?

Children will in due time, and as a rule too soon, lose many of the illusions of infancy. Let them, when they are men and women, learn, if they will, that the story which once delighted them is a sun-myth; but let them for a time believe that long ago there was an age when innocence was always rewarded and wickedness was always punished; when the birds and the beasts were kind to the good; when Nature herself was not the raw, cruel being of modern scientists, but smiling, beneficent to all who were pure in heart.

Is a strange tale that comes from Paris, and it seems hardly possible that the famous editor of the distinguished *Revue des Deux Mondes* should be a victim of enormous blackmail. It is well to wait for the whole story. There have been men in New England who endured reproach and paid great sums, perhaps unwisely, to shield others from disgrace.

The talk at the World's Fair concerning novels and how to write them is all very interesting, but it brings criticism rather than creation. No great work of fiction springs from such a debate.

But this is an age of talk and rushing into print. As Mr. Frederic Harrison remarked, we see more disposed to read about the authors of famous or enduring books than to read the books themselves.

In other words, this is an age when individuality is mighty interesting to the world at large. Individuality rules in art, if we accept the popular estimate, and thus the success of a Paderewski is explained. We read eagerly the personal gossip, the recollections of men who have known others of their kind, whose names are in the mouth of the world. Thus many a reader, although he does not know Mr. George Riddle, will follow his professional life to see what he says about play actors with whom he came in contact.

The danger in the pursuit of such a chimera is this: That there is an absence of sense of value. The chambermaid's gossip finds as many readers as the thoughts of the blue-stocking whom she serves. The valet often seems more important than the statesman whose toilet he prepares. The subordinates are singular to relate, often held the more worthy of belief; for it is said that they have no object in deceiving; but this is a strange illusion.

The Misses Borden were legally entitled to their step-mother's property. The delicacy as well as the modesty shown in the waiving of their rights is certainly a rebuke to some who still persist in declaring a most unfortunate girl to be sordid and hardened.

Russia's friends are the United States and France; an absolute despotism is the best of friends with two republics. A century ago saw a similar strange bedfellowship, when Frederic the Great was friendly to the American patriots; levied toll on Hessians who, as "bought and sold cattle," passed through his dominions; and sent a sword of honor to Washington.

From many a summer resort comes the same story; and that is one of comparatively little business. It is not that Nature has deteriorated; it is not that the hotels are not well kept. But the times are hard, and if people leave their homes it is to visit friends or to see the World's Fair.

The attention of Mr. Brander Matthews, who is so interested in slang, is respectfully called to this speech of Senator Jones of Nevada: "Confidence be gollyswashed; what the people want is money."

This is the season for driving in the suburbs, along the ocean beach, and over country hills. Our men and women too often sit bolt upright, with a pained expression, as though they were the victims of extreme discomfort.

They are not devitalized. Their angularity when they sit on carriage seats has always excited the wonder of French and Germans who naturally lounge in curves.

A railway car this stiffness of position is surprising. The passenger is torn by conflicting emotions. He is thankful if he has a seat; but he dreads delay from a possible hot-box, and the upholstery of the car aggravates the natural dust and heat.

This species of passenger was described graphically by an unknown, whose lines are preserved in Mr. Charles A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry":

"I met him in the cars,
Where resignedly he sat;
His hair was full of dust,
And so was his cravat;
He was furthermore embellished
By a ticket in his hat."

There is no excuse, however, for stiffness of body when the passenger is borne along in a smoothly rolling carriage. Men and women should show the outside world that they are relaxing. They are not on parade; they are not going up the broad aisle; they are not in the hands of the photographer. Relaxation has a definite meaning. There is a time for lounging.

There is savage war in the Peace Union, and denunciatory letters are written by angry men and women. It seems also that Mrs. Ormsby "burst into a flood of tears, saying that she had been grossly insulted" because Judge Day spoke as follows at a meeting: "This work was done with a courage not less than that displayed by Mrs. Ormsby at Rome when she dropped the peace flag in the arms of a gladiator and stood upon the Tarpeian rock." It is hard to find the insult lurking in this burst of rhetoric. There surely is nothing improper in the act of a woman standing upon the Tarpeian rock.

Many will learn with regret of Mr. Bernhard Listemann's intention to settle in Chicago. As violinist and conductor he has made much in this town for musical righteousness by the introduction of novelties. The lovers of music owe him a heavy debt, for he is a man of to-day, and appreciates the fact that music did not die with Mendelssohn, and that it is not confined within German boundaries.

The irony of the Greek tragedy is surpassed by the fate of a low comedian in London. In the first place, he lived at a house called "The Chestnuts." Then, the chief actor in his domestic drama was his mother-in-law, who in the concrete avenged all the wrongs in the abstract endured by her kind for so many years upon the stage.

Is the summer visit of to-day as prolonged and exhaustive as that of former years, when a family, from baby with coral to grandmother with her knitting, arrived in the country with the departure of the snow and left with the arrival of the same? The citizen protects himself against counter invasion by dwelling in a flat; for the flat is a destroyer of hospitality.

INSOMNIA AS A SPUR

The horrors of insomnia have been told graphically by many. Perhaps the most vivid expression of this form of mental agony is the celebrated poem by James Thomson, in which he describes in haunting verse "The Images of the Hours." But there is a certain pleasure when the victim has descended to "these hideous Malebolges deep," if he is a man of fantastic imagination, and one who can look with analytical eye on "the awful image of a nameless dread."

This strange pleasure comes from the intense quickening of a sense. Take the case, for instance, of a dweller in a lonely flat. It is summer, and the windows are open. The man is in bed. At first he does not feel his isolation, for the street cars thunder by, and he is conscious of the existence of fellow beings; he could call to them if it were necessary. But it is midnight, and the street itself is asleep. Then the eyes and the ears of the sufferer begin their active work.

He hears the closing of a window a block away; the saunter of a remote policeman seems the iron step of Fate; the laugh of a belated cook, as she bids her swain good night, is of Mephistophelian hardness; the cracking of a floor, three doors removed, is as the discharge of a cannon. Then there are those mysterious noises only heard at night: strange sighs, long conversations in the hall, the rumble of a lounge moved apparently by heavily shod beings, the rustle of curtains that feel no air, the stir or stretching of something that has no natural form. All this is in the dark; the lanterns work in the medium's cabinet; when lights are brought everything is in its place, and the disturbers are creatures of air. Yet not for jewels or public honors would the lonely man walk through the long and narrow hall. Behind each door stands a masked man with an axe; ironical chuckles would follow timid footsteps; or something quiet and undefined would confront the searcher, who would never return alive.

Or it is the eye that is at work. Light appears where there should be darkness. Noiseless walkers are half seen as they pass the chamber door. There are geometrical figures on the ceiling. A head by Durer looks steadily at the wretched man, and watches him without pity. The looking glass has a dweller. The eyes of others crowd space.

Now if the would-be sleeper could utilize these sensorial enlargements as food for the imagination which is his stock in trade, temporary insomnia might be courted eagerly. Fuseli ate extravagantly of raw pork before going to bed that he might dream frightful dreams and afterward reproduce them with his brush. Civilized man thus by insomnia approaches the quick-witted animals in natural advantages. Cats see in the dark; and it is thought by many that dogs in full day see the inhabitants of the air. So, too, the hearing of the dog is so acute that a musical sound pleasing to man gives him intense pain, and he howls.

At the consequent exhaustion of the way
in a variety of cases the ability to repro-
duce the sensations of night watches. Other-
wise the sleepless might be easily the first of
poets and novelists. Science may yet do
away with this exhaustion and regulate in-
somnia, so that the author may stay awake
at will until he is charged sufficiently with
ideas and then gain recuperative sleep.

July 15
Robert Buchanan declares that the literary
profession is "mean, snobbish and ill paid."
He adds:

"I have chosen, in preference of joining any
clique of authors or log-rollers, the liberty of
speaking my mind, with the result that the
whole tribe of professional literary men has
been up in arms against me. I care little for
fame, less for money. I know too many famous
men to respect them, too many rich men to
envy them."

But Mr. Buchanan is a poor witness. He
first won notoriety by an indecent and anony-
mous assault on brother poets. His life since
that day has apparently been one of quar-
rels, complaints, denigration of others and
self-justification. And yet the singer of "The
Ballad of Judas Iscariot" is a man of un-
doubted talent.

Mr. Buchanan should not thus abuse the
trade he plies. If he believes that he is not
duly appreciated, he should put his trust in
the senger, Time.

It is true, perhaps, that "literary fellows"
are the irritable race described by Horace.
Lawyers, doctors, business men do not sneer
so generally at their colleagues as do the
makers of reading stuff. Mr. Besant advises
young men who wish to cultivate the Muse
to earn a livelihood some other way, and thus
be independent of literary work.

But prosperity does not necessarily kill
foolish sensitiveness or envy.

Apropos of the interesting article by Mr.
James Means on "The Problem of Man-
flight," it may be said that the failure of fly-
ing machines is attributed by certain enthu-
siasts to the unskilled passenger or rider.
They say "No one can ride at first a blye-
glo." There is this difference: The prac-
tice ground of the airships is at killing dis-
tance from the earth.

Lick Telescope intimates that comets,
if they make, go in pairs.

Consensus of English oculists is that
electric light is preferable to either gas,
lamps, or candles, and that there is no
documented case of injury to eyesight
from the incandescent light. It is well-
known to all travelers that the sun in Eng-
land is not of much account.

The wounded in the late West Shore acci-
dent receive letters from enterprising lawyers
in New York who are anxious to bring suits
on percentage. There is an article in the
Code by which such lawyers could be thrown
out of the bar.

Civilization may be, after all, an evil, as
Rousseau preached. Of 159,732 persons test-
ed for color blindness in America and Europe
nearly 4 per cent. were found to be color
blind. When the same tests were applied to
a mixed lot of pure bred natives and Indian
tribes the proportion was only 0.7 per cent.

July 19
Mrs. Henrietta Russell told "a congress of
representative women" at Chicago that she
once talked with Mr. Gladstone about dress.
This is not surprising, for Mr. Gladstone is
courtious, and is willing to talk on any sub-
ject that pertains to humanity.

The great statesman would gladly see "all
women dressed in an art robe without a belt
or a collar." And, then, looking at Mrs.
Russell over the height of his collar, he add-
ed, "Men's clothes are all wrong, too."

Unfortunately he did not name correctives.
It is fair to presume that his devotion to the
classics would lead him to approve of the
toga as the proper robe of statesmen. The
toga, however, and the plug hat are not in
sympathy, and the conservative Englishman
would never give up the latter.

Nor would the toga pass with every states-
man or ruler. Mr. "Tom" Reed, for in-
stance, might welcome its reappearance; but
to such men as Mahone it would be irony.
In the far West a suit of armor would be
preferable in legislative halls, and a light
coat that is easily turned has already found
favor with some of our local statesmen.

The pride of Boston was indeed humbled
Tuesday. Our fellow townsman, Mr. Flat-
tery, was knocked out by "Cyclone" Morris
in the sight of the people of New York; eight
soubrettes were dismissed ignominiously by
Vaccas, the manager of a Coney Island entor-
tainment, because they were "Boston girls";
and the Bostons were beaten by the New
Yorks at baseball, eighteen to six. Ichabod!
Ichabod!

The summer philosophy of Mr. John Stet-
son is homely but timely, not unlike the terse
saws of the ancients. His words should ring
in the ears of all that take vacations. "When
I work, I'm a hard worker; when I loaf, I
suppose that I'm a big loafer."

In the interesting "Impressions" of
George Riddle, which are published daily in
the Journal, it appears that as far back as
1878 Mr. Riddle named Josiah Quincy "The
Agitator," and said of him: "He is not only
a born orator, but, if I am not mistaken, a
born manipulator of persons." Perhaps fif-
teen years ago Mr. Quincy was a fiery force;
but to-day he works like a mole in the
ground or with the frozen dignity of a gla-
cier.

All the Year Round makes the discourag-
ing statement that in nine English villages
out of ten, the one notion of enjoyment is
drunkenness. "It is not the fault of the in-
habitants—it is the only description of enter-
tainment which offers." Great, too, is the
monotony of life in many of our own villages.
In former years the chief amusement was
that severe entertainment known as the
Lyceum. But the days of the Lyceum are
over, and the barroom of the country hotel
has now few rivals.

IN AIR.

A long and interesting article entitled
"The Problem of Manflight" appeared this
week in a contemporary. It was written by
Mr. James Means, who is enthusiastic in
whatever he undertakes; in the formation of
a new political party, or in the investigation
of a scientific problem. This article was fol-
lowed by the announcement that the Charita-
ble Mechanical Association has appointed a
committee "to inquire into the questions
whether it would be likely to encourage
aerial experimentation for the association to
offer prizes to inventors for models and plans,
and whether it should put the space of the
Mechanics' Building at their service."

Since the days of Dædalus man has tried
to be master of the air. The machines have
been elaborate or simple. Robert Hooke, in
the 17th century, an ingenious fellow, tried
various experiments; he rigged a machine of
springs and succedaneous wings, not unlike
those of the bats; he also tried horizontal
vanes, which turned an endless screw in the
centre, which helped to move the wings; but
we are not told that Mr. Hooke actually
flew.

Men have flown. The celebrated Mr. Bayle
gives the history of John Baptist Dante, an
excellent mathematician of Perugia in the
15th century. "One of his most subtle in-
ventious was to make a pair of wings so
exactly proportioned to the weight of his
body that he made use of them to fly with.
He made the experiment of it several times
over the Lake of Trasimenes, and with such
success that it inspired him with the bold-
ness to divert the whole city of Perugia
with the sight. The time he pitched
upon was the solemnity of the mar-
riage of Bartholomew d'Alviano with
the sister of John Paul Baglioni. When the
crowd of spectators was assembled in
the great square, behold, our Dante at once
shooting from the highest place of the city
appeared all covered with feathers, and
moving two large wings in the midst of the
air. He directed his flight over the square,
and struck the people with admiration.
Unfortunately, the iron with which he man-
aged one of his wings broke; and then, not
being able to balance the weight of his body,
he fell on the Church of our Lady and broke
his thigh."

The amount of it is that man's proper
place is on the earth, and, as a rule, when he
has tried to rob the bird of dominion, he
has fallen like Lucifer and Dante. Nor has
his fate excited more than momentary pity.
Dr. Johnson said that the first balloon
experiment was bold, and deserved applause
and reward; "but since it has been per-
formed, and its event is known, I had rather
now find a medicine that can ease an
asthma."

No. Man is a creature of the earth, to
which he must finally return. On the earth
he is at home. This ball may whizz through
space at an alarming rate, but man is used to
the motion. He may sail over the water, but
he knows that there is a good chance of
touching land in safety; a fall from the ship
does not seem so appalling as the rapid and
perpendicular transit through the air, be the
air damp or dry. Bold men may yet fly grace-
fully from the spire of Trinity Church, New
York, to the Bunker Hill Monument, and
glory in their flight; but the average citizen,
in air ship or air machine, may well echo the
speech of Panurge, when in danger of ship-
wreck: "O twice and thrice happy those
that plant cabbages! O how few are there to
whom Jupiter hath been so favorable as to
predestinate them to plant cabbages! They
have always one foot on the ground and the
other not far from it."

The delivery of ice is often the occasion of
domestic heat.

This seems paradoxical, although science-
primers assure us that the sensations of heat
and cold are to a blindfolded subject the
same. But this domestic heat is kindled by
the frigidity of the ice man when questioned
concerning weight.

The delivering of frozen goods should not
necessarily freeze the manners of the deliv-
erer. It was long ago proved that the driver
of fat oxen is not necessarily fat.

It is true that the trade of an ice-man is
not one that of itself arouses the finest feel-
ings and the most generous emotions. But
the complaining housekeeper—and her name
is Legion—has a remedy. The law provides
that each ice wagon must be provided with
scales; and if the ice-man refuses to weigh
he is liable to a fine of \$10 and the dealer to
a fine of \$50.

Mr. Dillon Bronson addressed New Eng-
land Chautauquans on Mt. Wait, and his sub-
ject was "Man's Inhumanity to Woman."
He said that women were "tyrannized over
until they had no freedom even for their
religious views;" that women ought to have
the ballot, manage public affairs, and the
men should be guided by their advice. Mr.
Bronson is indeed a traitor to his sex.

There were thoughtless females that ap-
plauded; but one, "a stately woman," de-
nounced Mr. Bronson, for she thinks "men
are broader and more easily forgiving than
women." This defender of man, who saw
that Mr. Bronson was making an improper
use of his hat, is described as attractive; and
she wore a pink rose in her hair.

The last street car accident was appar-
ently the result of the recklessness of the vic-
tim. There is a city ordinance against boys,
who are not passengers, jumping on and off
the cars in motion, and the police would do
well in enforcing it. The purpose of this
ordinance might be heeded by all passengers.

It is said that Koster & Blau's new Music
Hall will rival the Alhambra in London. For
the deceucy of New York it is to be hoped that
the result will fall short of the ambition.

The Captain of the Dimitri Donoski, in
objecting to the production in New York of
the play "Darkest Russia," says that "Si-
beria is one of the loveliest countries you
ever saw. Just like your country scenes up
the Hudson River." Sing Sing is on the
Hudson, but it is not used as a permanent
retreat for men and women whose political
views are opposed to the Government.

The estimable bride of Judge Maynard of
Springfield was Supervisor of Drawing in
the public schools. The fascination thus ex-
erted was long ago immortalized by the poet:
"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

The guilt of the father is too often the ruin
of the son, according to the stern Hebraic
law. Mr. Perry of England committed the
atrocious crime of refusing a baronetcy. His
disgraced son, John Charles, left immediately
for America, and having gone through about
a million of dollars in betting at races, has
now disappeared from public view, much to
the regret of his fellow boarders.

Mr. Boughton, the artist, "is anxious to
have it known that he is by birth an En-
lishman, and not a native of America." But
perhaps Mr. Boughton is ashamed of the
fact that he was raised and educated by
American relatives in Albany, N. Y., who
made it possible for him to win a name in
England after he left this country.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives the secret of
Duse's genius in these words: "The secret
of her realism consists not in refraining from
acting, but in refraining from appearing to
act." That is to say, "The art of arts is
simplicity."

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 16, 1893.

THE "Golden Wedding," at the Park Theatre is no longer "a romantic ballad comedy;" it is an excuse for the introduction of variety business, much of which is excellent. The entertainment is strengthened by the appearance of Mr. Sampson, the strong man. Strange tales have been told of the rivalry between Sandow and Sampson and some have therefore expected a meeting that would result in the demolition of adjacent buildings and bystanders; but a Boston reporter assured the timid last week that the giants always speak when they meet, and call each other "Charley" and "Eugene." Mr. Sampson was a guest of the Athletic Club, and it was announced gravely in a journal of the city that he was much pleased at the gentlemanly conduct of the members, because they did not ask him to lift heavy tables with his teeth or stop the elevator while in motion. Mr. Sandow was a guest at the Tavern Club, and he pleased the hosts by the "ease of his manners."

Mr. Sandow receives "lady visitors" after his performances. Mrs. John L. Gardner and some of her associates have felt of his muscles. This scene of feminine admiration was worthy of the brush of an historical painter. The women were "simply delighted," and, according to a cynical reporter, "the athlete was as calm as a statue; in fact, no well bred iceberg was ever more cool, and surely no mortal man ever so self possessed in a situation in which most men have appeared absurd, and which the slightest break on his part would have queered. His ability to get through a scene of that sort with dignity was fully as remarkable as some of his physical feats."

"Amorita," with "Sandow" as an afterpiece, is a drawing card.

Mr. Arthur Gordon Cyril Weld, of Milwaukee, appeared in town last week on his way to the Maine woods.

The last of the promenade concerts was given Saturday evening, and Mr. Adamowski, the conductor, gave a supper to a few invited guests after the concert in the "artists' room" in Music Hall. The concert was announced as a "complimentary testimonial" to the conductor.

The theatrical feature of the last week was the appearance of Mr. J. W. Kelly at the Park Theatre. He was introduced in the third act of "The Golden Wedding," and his success was instantaneous.

I have been looking over the books on "Colored Hearing." Don't be alarmed, I am not going to name them all, not even the incomplete list of fifty-nine volumes which is found at the end of the study by Dr. Suarez de Mendoza. Surely it is an interesting subject, this same "Colored Hearing," and in Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera," I found unexpectedly two singular pages bearing upon the theme.

"Music and flowers! Delicious sounds and bright colors. I hope I shall be pardoned the digression when I state that I know a person with whom music and colors are so intimately associated, that whenever this person listens to a singer, a color corresponding to his voice becomes visible to the eyes. The greater the volume of the voice the more distinct is the color, and when the voice is good, the high and low notes are of the same color. Whereas, if different colors appear during the performance of the same singer, the voice is naturally unpleasant or has been forced out of its natural register.

"To show that my gifted friend is not content with maintaining a mere theory I give a list of celebrated singers with the colors which it is asserted correspond to their voices."

Then Lumley gives a list of twenty-four singers and the colors suggested by them:

SIM REEVES—A golden brown, something like a spot silk. ALBONI—A blue (cobalt). Voice like so many raised lines or divisions, mechanically and formally correct. Later, some of the notes with color less bright.

PATTI—Light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral.

CIARA NOVELLO—Jornata, always the same, but a cold, glaring color.

LOUISE PYNE—Pale sky blue; very pretty and delicate, but a little faded.

PESCO—Some notes yellow, like a beautiful canary color; but some notes are like yellow ochre—a vulgar yellow. The voice is unequal." And so on, and so on.

Mr. Lumley adds: "This faculty of perceiving colors while listening to music, though it sometimes increases the pleasure of the listener, may also be a source of pain. I do not mention names, but the person bears witness to the existence of voices that have caused an appearance of the color of snails, stale beer, sour milk, curry powder, rhubarb, and splashes and tea leaves from which the water has been strained."

And listen to the conclusions drawn by the solemn Lumley: "Some may smile at the above, as the mere cre-

ation of an idle fancy; but I am inclined to regard the association between sound and color as a proved fact, worthy of scientific investigation, and perhaps in another work I may descant more amply on the subject."

These remarks are found in Lumley's chapter on the season of 1844, and the book was published in 1864.

In 1864 Lussana knew two brothers to whom the bass voice was a dark shade; the tenor, chestnut; the soprano, red; and to one of the brothers the speaking voice of a young girl was sky blue; the voice of a woman from 25 to 30 years, violet.

Bleuler and Lehmann in 1879 experimented with a girl of 16 years, an excellent musician: to her thunder was grey; a saw in action, yellow; the rumbling of a carriage, black; the colic, green, the toothache, red; the headache, brown.

A certain air of "Haydée" seemed to an old lawyer examined by de Rochas, in 1885, a chocolate color: "Le Pré Aux Clercs" was green.

Suarez de Mendoza in 1890 found a woman of 49 to whom the music of Mozart was blue; that of Chopin was yellow; that of Wagner a luminous atmosphere with changing colors. To another subject "Aida" was blue; "The Flying Dutchman" a misty green; "Tannhäuser," blue.

In his study on colored hearing Suarez de Mendoza gives a detailed account of pseudophotesthetic experiments with 134 subjects, and the carefully arranged charts are curious reading.

A still later work is "Audition Colorée," by Jules Millet, and he gives in a few words the history of this science, from Pierre Castel down through L. Hoffmann, Goethe, G. T. L. Sachs, Schlegel, Gautier, Gozlan, Baudelaire to the modern Décadents and Symbolistes, as Rimbaud and Ghil, and modern scientists, as Bleuler and Lehmann. And it seems as though to certain susceptible beings geometrical figures and colors and sounds and names and perfumes are all interchangeable, or rather corresponding.

Perhaps the most whimsical of all the literary appreciations of such sensitiveness is the passage from Gozlan's "Le Droit des Femmes," 1850. Here it is:

"As I am a little cracked I have always connected—I know not why—a color or a shade with the sensation that I experienced. Thus for me religion is a tender blue; resignation is pearly ray; joy, apple green; satiety, coffee with milk; pleasure, soft rose; sleep, tobacco smoke; reflection, orange; ennui, chocolate; the thought of an unpaid bill, lead; money to come, red. To go to a first rendezvous, light tea; to the twentieth, strong tea; and I do not know the color that goes with happiness!"

You know Rimbaud's sonnet, "Vowels." "A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue."

And it was De Maupassant who on board of his yacht wrote: "I really do not know if I breathe music, or hear perfumes, or sleep in the stars."

But J. K. Huysmans in "A Rebours" presents a man, the névrose Jean des Esseintes, who enjoyed "sonorous gustation."

Each liquor, according to him, corresponded to the sound of an instrument. Curacao for example to the clarinet; kummel to the oboe with its nasal tone; mint and anisette to the flute, at the same time peppery and sweet; kirsch is the fierce blast of a trumpet; gin and whiskey are strident cornets and trombones; and rakis of Chio and mastics give in the mouth the thunder of cymbals and of drums beaten with might and main. He also thought that the quartet of strings might thus affect the palate; the violin represents old brandy, smoky, fine, prickly; rum is the viola, more sturdy, with more of a snore, deeper; vespréto, melancholy and caressing, is the cello; the double-bass, firmer, solid, dark, is a pure and old bitter. The harp might be added, for it has the vibrating flavor, the silvery detached tone of cummin.

The comparison might be extended further; "for tonal relations exist in the music of liqueurs. Thus, to cite a single case, benedictine stands for the minor tone of that major of alcohols known in commercial scores as green chartreuse."

These principles once admitted it was his fortune, thanks to learned experiments, to play silent melodies or mute funeral marches on his tongue; to hear in mouth solos of minthe duos of vespréto and rum.

"He even transferred to his mouth true musical compositions, following the composer step by step, rendering his thoughts, effects, nuances, by the union or neighboring contrasts of liqueurs, by cunning mixtures."

One cordial would sing to him a pastorale that might have gushed from the nightingale; or the tender cacao-chouva would hum sugary airs, such as "The Romances of Estelle," and the "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman" of long ago.

Millet declares that we only color words when we regard the sound and not the meaning: "Chromopsie does not

A few days ago David Dudley Field said that a singular verb should not be used when the subject is "The United States." Mr. C. A. Dana and Prof. A. S. Hill agreed with Mr. Field, and the New York Sun and Harvard University were in sweet conjunction. Our own Evening Transcript nodded solemn approval.

But Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, a writer of singular brilliancy, a writer whose use of words is most felicitous, protests as follows:

"There seems to be no room for doubt that it depends entirely upon the context whether we shall say the United States 'are' or 'is.' And all the fiscal authorities to the contrary notwithstanding, 99 per cent. of the American people will persist, and that correctly, in saying 'The United States is the greatest nation on earth,' and nothing will ever induce them to say 'are,' when speaking of it as one country. The idea in the mind in such cases is singular, and a singular verb is naturally used."

Thus do doctors differ. No one has yet suggested the revival of the archaic "be" as a compromise.

In these days, when many men are talking and writing hot nonsense, it is a pleasure to meet such a woman as Miss Blanche Weaver, who lectures on physical culture. She utters cool, refreshing words; as, for example, this advice to her sisters: "When you are in a hurry and are on a street car, don't clutch your pocketbook and scowl. It doesn't hurry the car at all. Let go!"

Too many in this city, as Mr. Russo of North Square, divert the razor from its proper channel of usefulness. The razor is primarily an implement of peace, not a weapon of war. Its proper place is next a shaving mug, not in the boot of an excitable mau. If a gentleman of sporting proclivities must carry a razor in the pursuit of his calling, let it be a safety-razor, fashioned after the principles of the lawn mower.

This sketch of "the beautiful American" who for years past has exerted so potent an influence in London society" is written at least once in two years. It has its orbit like a comet, and its reappearance may be safely predicted. There are slight variations in the detail, but the great and important facts remain unchanged.

Jennie Collins was a woman whose memory may well be cherished on anniversary days, and yet she needs no special memorial service, for her influence is an ever-present, quickening force.

It seems incredible that anyone should now be swindled by thimble riggers, as at Lawrence. But the foolishness of man is perennial, and the hope of something for nothing springs eternal in the human breast.

It is a curious fact that Elia Rodde, who speaks nine languages and is likely to be interpreter at the New York Quarantine, can neither read nor write.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Herald, has just discovered that Miss Mary E. Wilkins lives in Randolph, and it is moved to say: "One of the chief distinctions of the pleasant town of Randolph, which has just celebrated its centennial, has escaped mention." But this lack of mention was confined exclusively to the Herald.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann, the great interpreter of Chopin, is suffering acutely from over-indulgence in watermelon. The technique of the watermelon is without a flaw, and its touch is more effective than that of the most athletic or acrobatic pianist.

The latest American triumph in London is that of the mosquito. For it is the American imported specimen that now torments English nights.

"Huggers" and hoodlums are bad citizens but they infest certain defined districts. The beggar is found in any street, and there is decay in his art. Formerly there was a plous tale and the expression of a devout wish to join loving relatives in Portland Providence. Now there is simply a demand for money, and alcoholic desire spurs a plausible disguise.

It is a sign of the times that the Institute of Technology announces the establishment of a four years' course in naval architecture.

Mr. Henry James receives this delicate attention from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"They tell us that very soon we shall have no need of the telegraph or the telephone; but that by looking at a piece of metal in one hand one may be able to transmit one's exact thoughts to another piece of metal in the hand of a correspondent miles away. Some of Mr. James's stories will better fit this highly advanced and spiritual state of society."

And this from one of Mr. James's adoptive countrymen!

The English are surprised at the luxury Daly's London Theatre. They notice with wonder that there is good ventilation, as they gaze at the idea of "a lavatory basin in each dressing room."

July 24-3

show itself in conversation or in reading. Once alone did cries seem to us colored: we were at the Maternité hospital, near a woman in childbirth, and her cries were red and yellow, because they were distinctly 'hiii-i' and 'ho! ho! ho!' In other words we heard vowels, and vowels appear to us always colored."

A learned leech in Boston tells me that each day of the week is to him a geometrical figure. A lawyer tells me that for some reason unknown to him the word Monday always suggests a chime of bells.

* * *

Now this subject is well nigh inexhaustible, for individuality enters seriously into the problem.

If the flute seemed to L. Hoffmann (1786) red, it seemed to Raff in 1855 an intense sky blue. If the trumpet was to Hoffmann bright red, to a young physician examined in 1879 it was green.

* * *

Millet regards the following facts as indisputable:

- I. The hearing of tones can awake perception of color.
- II. Vowels are the sounds most favorable to the provocation of chromatic sensations.
- III. Acute sounds have bright red as a fundamental color; deep sounds suggest sombre colors.
- IV. That which is abstract can be clothed in color.
- V. The excitement of other senses, determines sometimes chromopsies.
- VI. Chromatic perceptions are subjective.

* * *

If general laws could be made, based on all these experiments and fantastic flights, we might employ new terminologies.

The man who seeks whisky on account of a cruel nervous disease would then order of the barkeeper a trombone; and if the saloon were of doubtful repute he might well demand a brass band.

The theory of des Esseintes might be reversed, and the first violin of the string quartet would in the hands of a master be three starred; if it were badly played it might justly be called that mysterious liquor known in country barrooms as cog-nac (the first syllable pronounced as in the dictionary of machinery; the second as though it were written "nag").

* * *

Musical criticism would then be revolutionized. The critic might follow the example of Lumley's friend and write as follows: "Miss Stornelli sang the air from 'Linda.' She is a delicate pea green." Of a pianist he might say: "Mr. Swett played the Waldstein Sonata. Although he was applauded loudly by the audience, his performance was dirty yellow."

* * *

There would be no need of a long analysis of a new composition. A sonata might be tersely described as laudanum; a symphony as jalup in four movements.

* * *

We need a new vocabulary. With the beginning of each musical season the familiar phrases and the pet adjectives are taken down from the shelf and dusted. The program 'is as follows,' or it 'included.' The adjectives are arranged in thermometrical scale; from the freezing point of 'crude' or 'inadequate' to the heat of 'noble,' 'sublimed' or 'supreme.'

PHILIP HALE.

July 25

Mr. E. Woodworth Masters of this town protests in a letter addressed to the Commissioners of the World's Fair against the dances of the "so-called Algerian and other women" now in Chicago. He indulges himself in rhetoric and in erudition.

It may here be remarked that Mr. Masters is a dancing teacher; he is also "Secretary of the American National Association of Masters of Dancing." He therefore in all probability teaches the art of waltzing.

Mr. Masters invokes in his wrath the name of "the American National Association," as well as that of Terpsichore, with whom he is on familiar terms, as he called her "our dear old Goddess." But to many who have seen these characteristic dances in Chicago, the evolutions do not appear as "indecent" or "vicious," as dances taught by members of the "American National Association;" as the waltz, for instance, which years ago excited the satire of Byron.

Lola Fuller, by the way, has moved the stolid Englishman, and her serpentine dance is called by one enthusiast "a rapture of color, a ritual of grace."

Starch is the enemy of the day; yet many clasp it hypocritically about the neck.

Mr. Walter Besant in a letter about New York speaks kindly of Central Park, although "you must not walk on the grass, because turf in Massachusetts is a delicate thing." Mr. Besant likes Boston, and so geographical blunders may be forgiven him.

Major Nahal Singh, who accompanies His Highness Jatat Jit Singh, the Rajal Rajagan, or king of klags, in his visit to this country, is a born diplomat. Although he had not been in New York 24 hours, he baffled an experienced reporter. The question was this: and it was a trying one for a hot day—"How much silver do you think has been coined in India?" And then the Major said: "Oh, I'm a sport. I spend my time in pigsticking."

The Orientals speak in hyperbole. It is possible that the major summed up in a parable the whole silver question; and yet oriental courtesy would prevent a local application in our West.

Mr. John Shepard, Jr., a merchant of Providence, sends his head bookkeeper, Superintendent, buyers and floor walkers that have been in his employ over one year, to the World's Fair at his expense. This action is not only philanthropic; it is shrewd. For the cultivation of the taste of the employed will benefit the employer.

The taste that dresses handsomely a shop window and arranges dry goods, bonnets or groceries so that customers are attracted, enriches the proprietor. At the World's Fair will natural taste be kindled, irritated, inflamed. He that returned from such a show without a practical suggestion would indeed be dull.

Taste in the display of wares is, in a large degree, a matter of nationality. The Pall Mall Gazette acknowledged the other day, apropos of the royal wedding, that the English were not much of a people for shows and decorations, and deplored the lack of taste. The French, on the other hand, will so arrange surgical tools in a window that the passerby is well nigh compelled to buy, although he is a peaceable man.

Our own taste is mixed, as is our nationality. Taste was by many early settlers regarded as a characteristic of the Evil One; even now some claim that when a repulsive is in a high state of cultivation it is near its downfall. Taste is clarified from day to day, and we are learning gradually the beauty of simplicity and the true value of color.

Twenty-five "well-armed" Deputy Sheriffs at the Memphis Jail did not prevent 100 lynchers from stabbing, slashing, hanging and mutilating a negro. Sheriff McLendon "ordered his men not to hurt anybody." But what, pray, are the duties of a Sheriff?

It is not pleasant to record the fact that near Palmer, in our State, yells of "lynch him" and "hang him" accompanied the capture of the assailant of Mr. Lawrence. Is it possible that foreigners are right in claiming that human life is cheapest in the United States?

It is said that Messrs. Kipling and Besant contemplate an exploration in comparison with which a trip to Equatorial Africa is as a pleasure jaunt. They will visit Chicago "for the purpose of making a careful examination into the characteristics of the American girl."

Miss Emily Faithfull, "the apostle of woman's work," is a constant smoker of cigars. Her excuse is asthma.

Clemenceau's refusal to fight the editor of the Petit Journal is an agreeable variation in the history of French duels. The code now reads: Insult your man; if he challenges you, reply that he is not a gentleman, and therefore cannot be insulted. This seems logical, and it prevents any exposure to weather or weapons.

Our visitor, Jatat Jit Singh, abstains from beef, not because, as Sir Andrew Ague Cheek thought, it does harm to the wits, but because to him the cow is a sacred animal. The ancients believed that beef inspired melancholy; but in his investigations into American summer food our visitor may find that passionate indulgence in soft-shell crabs, watermelon and ice-water produces a darker gloom.

The dismissal of Mr. Joseph W. Rogers from the Charlestown Navy Yard excites the disapproval of Democrats as well as Republicans. This disapproval is not merely sentiment or sympathy on account of the death of his son, who was lately drowned when on duty; nor does it spring from the fact that he is a veteran of three wars. Mr. Rogers has been a faithful servant of the Government, and now in the midst of his affliction and when he is old he is discharged without excuse.

Nothing shows more vividly the change in national character than the personal assurance of the Spaniard, the Duke of Veragua, that he will receive cheerfully pecuniary aid from strangers. This aid might be given on condition that the Duke refrain in future from furnishing bulls for the arena.

The St. James Gazette of London reveals the long hidden fact that "the practice of tattooing is on the increase among American women." This makes the conduct of noble and impecunious Englishmen, who lead fearlessly our rich girls to the altar, all the more gallant.

July 25

Reverenced by the people of Siam is that solemn and wise albino, the white elephant, as belonging to the regalia, as the abode of a soul far advanced toward Nirvana. The image of this beast on a crimson ground is the national flag, and it may be said that Siam is the elephant.

The French should remember that a white elephant is an expensive luxury; and the foreign owner is glad to part with it, unless he be a monarch of surpassing wealth or the owner of a successful menagerie.

It is reported that the English are "very angry" at the presumption of the French, who insist on Siamese territory and money. And how about the Siamese, who are playing the part of the bone between two dogs?

His Highness the Maharaja of Kapurthala, our visitor with the opera bouffe name, is delighted with the American women, to whom he "bows often and profoundly." But let not our women prescribe to themselves too preposterously. His Highness has one wife with him; three at home await the return of their beloved lord.

His Highness is enormously rich, and after his departure there will be no necessity of a "graceful tribute of admiration," as the people of Chicago call the subscription that may enable the Duke of Veragua to continue the raising of bulls.

There's no ridiculous and traditional Spanish pride about the Duke's brother, the Marquis de Barboles. He expresses himself in favor of the proposed fund, but he regrets that the Duke will alone be benefited, as he, the Marquis, is poor. It might be well to hunt up the whole family, uncles, aunts and cousins, bring them over here and board them at so much a week. Spain certainly could spare them, and we would have the nucleus of a genuine aristocracy.

Our new pitcher made his debut and belied his name—which is Gastright.

Mrs. Gouger may well protest against any circular of a Board of Health that advises in hot weather whisky added to water for the benefit of children. The story of poor Gervaise Macquart, whose life was ruined by liquor, is most pathetic in its childhood, when her mother, through mistaken kindness, gave her little doses of anisette.

Without any reference to politics, is not the removal of a capable officer as District Attorney Allen before the expiration of his term a grave mistake? Here is a man familiar with a most important case that is set down for the first week in September. A successor cannot be as familiar with it, and however willing or zealous he may be, it is not likely that the side of the Government will be as thoroughly represented.

There is a long list this week of accidents in sailing. It cannot too often be urged that people should not enter a sailboat unless they are perfectly familiar with its management. The calmest sea is treacherous, and a sudden squall may well try the experienced.

Readers of newspapers are now naming the five best novels in the English language. The utility of such lists may be readily seen when that published by the Buffalo Express is consulted: It excludes Fielding, Scott, Hawthorne, Hardy, Meredith, and includes Ouida.

Exhibitors at the World's Fair wish rewards of the old-fashioned order. The maker of a steam plow wishes a piece of metal or of paper which certifies to the world at large that his plow is the best that is made. These exhibitors do not care for the scientific methods of Mr. John Boyd Thacher, who, for instance, will chemically examine grain "to discover if the farmer is utilizing his land for the best purpose," etc. In the language of the gentleman from Texas they exclaim "What are we here for?"

People who are annoyed in a quiet summer retreat by young women who play upon a shrieking piano at an indecent hour will sympathize with Mr. Dailley of Williamsburg. Mr. Dailley was disturbed by a musical brother, and as he had gained strength in his profession, which is that of a pugilist, "he entered the parlor, where he tore out every one of the keys and strings in a new \$250 piano." Nor should they be deterred by the fact that this philanthropist is now arraigned for malicious mischief.

July 26-27

It is a pleasure to find that our advice of a few days ago has at least been considered by the judicials. The action of a man in drawing a razor at a union basket picnic at Essex "was severely criticised by members of the lodges, and one gentleman said that if he did pull a razor he was a coward."

We again say that the razor is not adapted for pocket use, nor should it lurk in the privacy of a boot. The razor, even when its handle is ivory, cannot be called justly an article of jewelry, and it is dangerous when used as a penknife. Nor is it now employed in polite society as an aid in manicuring.

Our crowded streets might be relieved, as far as sidewalks are concerned, if people would keep to the right when they pass. To many the street is as a village common, where they may stray at will.

We are called, perhaps by envious neighbors, provincial. The fact that lookers at shop windows block the way is derided; and they that watch the elevation of a safe or the progress of masons are dubbed idlers and passive disturbers. But shop windows are made for inspection, and it is sweet to watch the toll of another. There is no excuse, however, for not observing the traditional habits of the road.

The furnishing of ice water to the inhabitants of Haverhill may prove to be an act of doubtful public philanthropy. We are the only people of hot weather who chill our insides by such sudden applications. The more experienced dwellers along the Equator cool their water so that it is refreshing, but they do not deliberately assault the stomach.

"I Wonder If Dreams Come True?" may now be sung with fervor by Messrs. David Henderson and Eugene Tompkins until the decision of the United States Court in regard to the song.

It appears that officials of the road cannot find any one who is responsible for the accident at Dodgeville. But there are Railroad Commissioners in this State, and we may well abide by the results of their investigation.

The New York detectives who exposed the swindling practices of "The Preparatory Medical College" got into the right Pew.

The Rae of Arctic light is at last extinguished.

Some of our esteemed contemporaries persist in calling the wife that accompanies His Highness Rajah Rajagan No. 6. Heartiness of welcome should not be confounded with gross flattery. She is only No. 4.

The French preserve the outward show of politeness. The proposed bombardment of Bangkok is called by the Liberte "a painful measure for the preservation of prestige."

The meeting of the New York silverites was enlivened by wit and repartee. The more serious minded were called "stiffs." Several speakers were described publicly by the audience as "liars from way back," and the description possibly contained more truth than argument. However crude these discussions may have been, they were at least free from the bombastic nonsense of the shouters in Colorado.

The Selectmen of Egremont and Sheffield have at last offered \$15 for the recovery of three drowned bodies—that is \$5 apiece. They believe in the proverb that a live dog is worth more than a dead lion.

The statement that "other banks and business houses are expected to collapse" appeared in a prominent place in the Boston Herald of to-day. Is this the way to restore the public confidence that is so dear to this Independent Journal?

There is an epidemic of accidents. In Middlesex county, N. J., five persons were killed by four separate trains in one and the same day of this week. Three were victims of their own carelessness.

Printers have organized against theatrical managers, and pictorial and typographical sheets will not in future be delivered until the seller has seen the color of the buyer's money. And now there should be a company organized for insuring a manager an audience. Then will come the turn of the public; amusement will be guaranteed by responsible officers of a trust or disappointment will receive pecuniary compensation.

The young men of a church in Brooklyn "do not seem to take the interest in church work that they should," so the pastor has chosen a dozen young women as ushers. "It is understood that these ushers are all pretty." The experiment will be watched with interest. Will the ushers show stern impartiality? Will their unfortunate rivals be shown to conspicuous seats?

THE FUTURE OPERA HOUSE.

July 27-93

There is much discussion concerning the character and the location of the new Music Hall. Some believe that the new building should be available for concerts and for opera; others, as Mr. William F. Apthorp in a carefully-considered article, protest against this double use. All agree in this: That the new hall should be built with a view to the future, and that it should be in every respect an ornament to the town.

An admirable opera house is not necessarily an excellent concert hall. Experiments have been made the world over, and, as the opera is a distinct form of musical art, it apparently brooks no rival; the building dedicated to operatic exhibitions gives a cold welcome to the orchestra when used in the performance of a symphony. It is not necessary to go out of our own city for the proofs of this assertion. Our theatres, admirable as are many of them, are not proper places for orchestral concerts; and when the orchestra is placed on a theatre stage the sonority is not the same, the tone is muffled, the resonance is dissipated, the different instrumental choirs are not sharply and equally defined. This is even true of the Boston Theatre, which is the natural home of grand opera, which for purely operatic purposes is one of the finest buildings in the world from the acoustical standpoint.

So, on the other hand, is a concert hall a wretched place for opera. Here, again, we have ample proofs in our own town. For who remembers with satisfaction any opera that was ever given in Music Hall, which in many ways served its purpose as a home for orchestral and choral concerts?

It would seem unwise to again attempt an experiment that has failed in every country, and apparently must always fail from the very nature of things.

Now, we need a concert hall, and we also need an opera house; in fact, we need two opera houses. There should be a suitable building for grand opera and there should be a home for operetta and operas, in which the singers and the audience must be in close relationship. The musical-fluid, as Berlioz called it, cannot travel a long distance unless it is emitted in quantity by a great chorus and a full orchestra. "The Barber of Seville," "Don Pasquale," "Lakme," "Carmen,"

are not heard to best advantage in a large room; indeed, they suffer thereby, for there can be no intimate relations between the comedians and the audience, and the detail of the instrumentation is lost, as was that of "Don Giovanni" when given in Mechanics' Building during the last operatic season. For operas of this intimate nature the theatre should not be larger than the Park, just as an opera by Meyerbeer demands a capacious room.

It may be said that in designing a building for opera or concert we are too apt to be impressed by the value of size. Bulk in music and vast proportions in a building do not, however, make necessarily for musical righteousness. A peace jubilee may act at a proper time as an awakener of slumbering enthusiasm, but it is not the highest development of art.

Nature delights in see-saw.

One day the mercury is high, and General Humidity looks down on us and laughs; the next day humanity rises and enjoys in life stirring air the upper end of the plank.

Although advice galore in regard to the proper care of mind and body during a hot spell is given constantly, how many pay attention to it? There is Smith, for instance, a most estimable man; prudent in business, affectionate in his family. He is at present a suburban.

After Smith leaves the train he makes a wild rush for a street car. There may be four in line, each one suitable to his purpose. Unless he gets an end seat in the first, he sulks; and in extreme heat he bursts into passionate rage; he abuses the conductor, the West End company and the city for "lack of accommodation." Thus inflamed, he enters his office and begins the day.

How foolish is his conduct, yes, how dangerous! The great traveler, Capt. Burton, assures us in his "Mission to Dahome" that death by fit of passion is not an uncommon occurrence in hot-tempered lands.

There are students of sociology who believe in the punishment of whipping for certain offences, as, for instance, wife beating, cruelty to children or animals.

There are sentimentallists, parents and professional philanthropists and the peculiar class of persons that seem to have no other business than that of writing letters to newspapers, who say that Solomon and Dr. John Brown were all wrong in their flagellatory views concerning the education of the young.

Judge Caldwell of Kentucky gave the other day a singular expression of his own belief. Eight young negro boys were caught breaking into a house. The Judge told the mothers that if they would flog them soundly in court he would not send the boys to the penitentiary. The mothers therefore wielded rawhides with no uncertain hand. When the Judge thought the punishment sufficient, he checked the avenging arms.

In that particular region where the jail is a hothouse for foreing crime, did not the Judge show good sense? The punishment, as described, was severe; the boys cannot be the objects of false hero-worship; and they are not thrown in close contact with depraved men.

The Rajah Rajagan should be told at once that we have nothing in Boston as gorgeous as McAllister.

It has been suspected that the treading of Sampson on the heels of Sandow is for the benefit of the general business. And no sooner is the Rajah Rajagan an object of popular interest than the arrival of the Nawab of Rampur is announced.

Some will condemn the conduct of Dr. Robert L. Watkins of New York as foolhardy, as sensational. He has been inoculated with the bacillus of consumption to prove a theory that the bacillus is not the cause of that disease. Yet through such apparent foolhardiness may come knowledge and relief for the race. In science the individual is nothing except in his labors for humanity.

The interest, perhaps fascination, that such inoculations awake in imaginative men is shown by the treatment of the character of Dr. Pascal in Zola's latest book. Pascal seems to be a compound of Pasteur and Brown-Sequard.

Is it too fanciful to think that in the future inoculations may regulate the mental temperament, change a possible poet into a practical plumber? If it is true that genius is merely a disease of the nerves, why should not genius be stimulated or controlled by an hypodermic syringe?

The English have discovered that "another American notion is what is called a 'forget-me-not luncheon.'" During hot weather, when appetite outstrips prudence, this title may be unexpectedly appropriate.

A New Jersey man who was reproached this week for his avowed intention to sell disguised horse meat replied that sausage is sausage, no matter what the contents may be. Many in the daily struggle for life have been compelled to entertain a similar belief, but it would be a pleasure to have the question settled definitely by the courts, whose decision would be of more practical advantage than the judgment of a congress of etymologists.

IS IT VANITY?

How angry we were when Dickens, Capt. Hall, Mrs. Trollope et al. stepped on our national corns; and we lost all sense of values and humor in our rage. Let it be granted that there was caricature, or even malice in the accounts of English travelers; there was at the same time much that was truthful and deserved. Many of the follies or the evils that were then satirized have disappeared. We have grown mentally and spiritually as well as physically. There is one national characteristic that remains.

This characteristic is now revealed by the visit of His Highness Rajah Rajagan, who seems to be a good-natured, mirth-loving, rollicking sort of a potentate, not unlike Mr. Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch" before he learns his fate. This ruler comes from perhaps the most interesting country in the world, from the venerable mother of the West. Do they that meet him, reporters and reported, ask concerning the preservation of strange customs, the influence of English rule, the legends of the gigantic mountains, the realism of Mr. Kipling, the agricultural future, the possible extinction of caste, the statistics of widow self-burning, the truth about fakirs that climb up trees and disappear, pulling the tree after them, the genuineness of the deeds of Mrs. Blavatsky; do they ask one question of the hundreds suggested by the mention of this hoary, mysterious land? No. They ask His Highness what he thinks about the United States.

Now our turbaned visitor is, like Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman. He is suited to a T. Our rivers are the largest, our houses are the finest, our water-melons are the most refreshing, our women

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 23, 1893.

SAMPSON'S engagement at the Park Theatre closed yesterday. I do not know his next halting place; it may be Gaza; it may be Detroit, of which town I understand he is a citizen; or it may be the valley of Sorek, where grapes abound, where lives Delilah.

Sandow is still a great attraction at the Tremont Theatre. Last week an enthusiast, nettled by the claims of Sampson, worked for a meeting of the two men, with an accompaniment of measurements of forearms; for the enthusiast believed in modest Sandow rather than in the boastful Sampson, and he wrote a letter to the "Herald," and he named a sum of money. His attempts were vain.

I confess that I should have watched with interest an eating match between the athletes. Neither of them need spurn the conflict. Did not Hercules himself boast that he could eat more than any other man at a meal? Did he not vie in eating with Lepreus and triumph gloriously?

Nor would my curiosity concerning the respective capacity be necessarily vulgar; for grave scientific problems may enter into such a contest.

Read, for instance, the following extract from the celebrated Mr. Bayle's article, "Hercules:" "A very particular circumstance is told concerning the greediness with which he devoured his victuals, it being said that the motion on these occasions made his ears move. This is a very rare and uncommon thing."

The Journal of the Academia Naturæ Curiosorum mentions a girl, a virgin, who could move her ears.

Crassot, a philosopher, slovenly, with long and bushy beard, possessed the same accomplishment.

Saint Augustine knew a man who not only moved his ears at pleasure, but also his hair, and without disturbing his hands or head.

Causaubon tells a story of the ears of a certain man of

learning which "were plainly seen to move. When traveling by the borders of Savoy he found that he was in danger of being burned alive by the magistrate."

Vesalius saw two gentlemen of Padua whose ears moved gracefully; and the dignity of his birth did not prevent a Spaniard from treating Valverdes to a similar sight.

You know Procopius, who wrote so intimately of the Empress Theodora, who showed a malicious pleasure in describing the extraordinary uses made by her of great bodily beauty. Well, this same Procopius compared Justinian to an ass, "not only on account of dullness and stupidity, but likewise because of his self-moving ears, whence he was called in a full theatre 'master ass' by those of the green faction or Prasini."

Or why should not the victor in such a contest be celebrated in a poem of mighty line?

Rollinat wrote strange verses concerning an absinthe drinker; why should not heroic deeds with knife and fork be worthy of a poet's rage? Epicharmus did not disdain to sing of Hercules in the act, and the appearance of the phenomenon above mentioned did not escape him:

Should you behold his furious meals you'd die;
Hear his jaws crash and his swollen cheeks resound,
The thunder of his grinders and the roar
Of his wide nostrils, see his moving ears.

Last week I spoke of color. Do you remember that chapter in "Moby Dick," entitled "The Whiteness of the Whale?" I wonder if people read Herman Melville now, for I notice that some of his books were republished within the past year. Are "Typee" and "Omoo" forgotten names? Has "Mardi," that singular mixture of rubbish and "Rabelais," disappeared utterly? Let them all go; add to them "Pierre" and "Redburn," which told a startled world that a coronet was always stamped on the boot heel of an English nobleman; throw in "The Confidence Man," but spare us the short tales and "Israel Potter," "White Jacket" and "Moby Dick." Do you remember Ishmael and Captain Ahab with his ivory leg, and Starbuck and Stubb? Or that eventful night in New Bedford when Queequeg tried to peddle a "balm of New Zealand head—Queequeg, the harpooner, who began dressing "by donning his beaver hat, a very tall one, by the bye, and then—still minus his trousers—he hunted up his boots," which he put on modestly under the bed.

To Melville the whiteness of Moby Dick was a vague, nameless horror, mystical and well nigh ineffable. In attempting to examine the reason of this horror he first gives in the gorgeous sentence of an octavo page the glories of

the color white, from the "old Kings of Pegu placing the title 'Lord of the White Elephants' above all their other magniloquent ascriptions of dominion, to the Vision of St. John;" and then he adds: "Yet for all these accumulated associations, with whatever is sweet and honorable and sublime, there yet lurks an elusive something in the innermost idea of this hue which strikes more of panic to the soul than that redness which affrights in blood."

To Melville it is "ghastly whiteness which imparts such an abhorrent mildness, even more loathsome than terrific, to the dumb gloating of the aspect" of the white bear and the white shark.

"Bethink thee of the albatross, whence come those clouds of spiritual wonderment and pale dread in which that white phantom sails in all imaginations? Not Coleridge first threw that spell, but God's great, unflattering laureate, Nature."

And here is a list of white things, animate and inanimate, that filled the soul of Melville with dread. The White Steed of the Prairies, the Albino man, the White

Squall, which is "the gauntleted ghost of the Southern Seas;" the White Floods of Ghent, Whitsuntide, a White Nun, the White Tower of London, the White Mountains, the White Sea, the tall white man of the Hartz forest, Lima, the white city.

Let us go back to Dancla, whose "Notes et Souvenirs" we considered the other day.

Dancla heard Mars, the playactress, in several of her best parts. "What a golden voice; how penetrating, how distingué! She was an old woman when she created the rôle of 'Mlle. de Belle Isle;' but in spite of her age, if you listened without looking, you were spellbound by the pure and fresh voice; and what true declamation!"

His words concerning Saint-Saëns are of present interest.

"Among our modern composers there is one whose talent and character I esteem highly; I allude to Saint-Saëns. Let me recall here a memory of youth. A young solo violinist of the Opéra Comique, Charles Dancla, went one day to the house of Saint-Saëns' mother to play, by request, with the little Camille a sonata composed by the boy. He was then hardly eight years old, and I was astonished at his musical aplomb and his precocious intelligence. His sonata was written in rather a retrospective fashion, but, really, it was not bad. You knew at once that the young artist, nourished by good and substantial music, would amount to something. It is interesting to observe the points of departure and arrival in an artist's life, especially when the man is Saint-Saëns, who honors art by his great talent and by his loyal and independant character.

"Let us leave out of the question the great talent of Saint-Saëns: no one has known so well as he the art of assimilating all species and styles, and with prodigious ease; but this has not always been of advantage to him.

"In certain of his instrumental works you find an affinity between him and old masters, such as Bach and Händel, and modern composers, as Schumann and Rubinstein.

"I have heard it said, 'This andante of his quartet is very beautiful; it is Bach, or it is Händel.' Without doubt it is ingenious, beautiful! but I should like it better if it were Saint-Saëns! He is rich enough, and he should not borrow from others."

Dancla complains of the inaccuracies in certain German editions of violin works; "editions that are very fine in paper and print, and are at a price within the reach of modest purses."

"When one sees a talented artist, as Ferdinand David, of Leipsic, change the text of the concertos of Viotti and Rode, and often without leaving a trace of the original, you may well ask by what right an artist claims for himself such an incredible liberty. Shall I speak of the modifications, the suppressions, the errors in bowing and fingering that exist in the German editions?"

Here is a curious incident in the history of modern French music. In 1868 Lehmann, the president of the Académie des Beaux Arts, announced that an amateur named Chartier, in recognition of the pleasure given him by the chamber music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and wishing to encourage students, founded "un prix de quatuor et de musique de chambre." It seems from the following words of Dancla that the founder's wishes have not been carried out.

"Now, when I see this prize awarded to a composer whose musical baggage consists only of orchestral suites, or a piece concertante, either for flute and oboe or clarinet, or for other wind instruments, or a trio or two, I ask if the intention of the worthy testator has been followed. There is no question here of the merits of such compositions. The founder thought of the quartet, the trio and the quintet, especially of the quartet.

"Far be it from me to dispute the talent of the composers who have received this prize; but when they do not fulfil the conditions of the founder, I do not understand why the Institute should consider their claims; the indicated conditions should be followed strictly.

the Rajah speaks with authority, the loveliest, etc., etc. He would not add, if he were asked, that never had he seen in India anything exactly like Mr. Sampson. As it was in the days of Dickens so it is in the year 1893; the inquiry meets the stranger at the dock is, "What do you think of our country?"

When Gen. Grant met Blisnarek he was a little surprised to find that the latter asked many questions about the United States, and preferred to gain information rather than to talk about that which was familiar to him. Barbarous Kings ask their visitors about the manners and customs of far-off lands unknown to them.

Is our burning zeal to hear the opinions of foreigners simply vanity, the desire of flattery? Or are we modest, and do we find comfort in the replies of our visitors, to their questions?

July 28

The trouble about smoke ends in smoke.

Protests were without avail, and smokers may continue to find enjoyment on street seats. The democracy of tobacco will rule the day; the day laborer will find mysterious pleasure in a potent pipe, while the business man by his side will try to dispel his cares in smoke rings. There will be room even for the pale, thin-chested, finger-stained victim of cigarettes.

Now that the decision is known, the benefited should use their triumph modestly. Above all, they should do away with the reproach, just or unjust, of uncleanness. No decent man makes a nuisance of himself, nor should he be tolerant toward a neighbor's nuisance.

The Americans have a world-wide reputation for accuracy and copiousness of expectation. This national trait was embalmed in a satirical ballad—was it by Ayrtoun?

"And like a true American
Upon the floor he spat."

But your really able smoker does not thus make himself objectionable. Let it be the delight of the sitters in the rear seats to show by their example that their favorite habit is not uncleanly.

The English with pen and pencil in times past ridiculed the proceedings of our Congress. From their accounts and from the pictures in Punch an historian of the twentieth century might easily believe that the revolver and the knife were the favorite weapons of American debate and that "gouging" an opponent was the preferred closure. And yet it is doubtful if in the exciting days before 1860 there was ever such a disgraceful scene at Washington as that of the 27th in the House of Commons.

There was not merely physical discussion between two members; there was a general free fight, and the motto seemed to be: "Punch a head whenever you see it."

"Curses, yells of pain and gross insults were heard on every side." One honorable gentleman was thrown to the floor head first; another was knocked over a bench; there was "a struggling mass of members striking, elawing each other."

Honors seem to have been easy. If Messrs. Healy and Redmond were bruised Col. Sanderson was seen "holding a bunch of keys to his black eye," nor did this local application cool him, for after order was apparently restored he was very noisy. The gallant Colonel should have followed Mr. Alfred Jingle's advice and tried the soothing effect of raw beefsteak.

It is a striking symptom of the materialism of the day that whenever a man kills himself there is great surprise at his action if he was very rich. The inference is that a rich man must necessarily be serenely happy, free from care, eager to live, sane in mind and body. The prayer of Agur is forgotten.

The acquittal of Captain Bourke was, indeed, expected, and the court martial at the very start did not reflect upon his action. But what are English naval officers in the future to do, if they remember the Delphian utterances of the Court? for the Court "expressed regret" that Rear Admiral Markham did not ignore the signal displayed by the Victoria, and "added, however," that it would be fatal to the service to say the Admiral was to blame for obeying the said signal.

In view of the fact that the members of the royal family of England speak English with a rich, fruity German accent, the sneers of the Berlin press at the prospect of a long trouble between England and France seem peculiarly indelicate. This state of mind is not, however, cater-cousin to the traditional hatred between blood relatives; it is the dislike that one greedy boy entertains for another when there is jam or cake in sight.

July 26
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Rossini, the man of genius who wrote 'The Barber' and 'William Tell,' and who in his youth put into score the quartets of Haydn and Mozart, said that one could make a good opera and meet with only moderate success in the attempt at a string quartet. Halévy agreed with Rossini. As Philip Adam once told me the same thing.

These composers were right, because for style, for inspiration, for purity, for the choice of ideas, the quartet, as Cherubini said, will always be the touchstone of the composer.

"Many things go in an opera, with shouting of the chorus and orchestral figures. Put these same ideas in a quartet, and they would seem insignificant, because they are exposed in their nakedness."

A foot note shows the naïveté of Dancla: "I had the honor to obtain the Chartier prize the first time it was awarded."

Dancla, by the way, has written fourteen quartets for strings.

This naïveté is also shown in the chapter entitled "My Retirement," in which he speaks sorrowfully of his enforced withdrawal from the Conservatory after a service of thirty-four years, and publishes at length the indignant letters of Marmontel, Lamoureux, Danbé, Boulanger and others.

He even hints at political martyrdom: "Political influences play their part in questions of art."

* * *

Dancla appears to great advantage in the controversy between himself and Anatole Loquin, who reviewed his "Miscellées Musicales," a pamphlet of nineteen pages. Dancla in this pamphlet expressed bluntly his opinions, as these instances will show:

"The D minor sonata of Schumann, op. 121, is a composition that lacks sense; confusion reigns therein; it is a work destitute of interest and inspiration."

And again: "Rubinstein is long winded, diffuse; in his compositions are certain negligences and licenses that should not be found in the works of an artist of such merit."

This deserves a separate paragraph, for it is likely to inflame all who regard Wagner as a fetish and not as a musician. "The overture to 'The Mastersingers,' as well as the prelude to 'Tristan and Isolde,' is an error, a true aberration of taste; it is music just as algebra is painting."

Loquin wrote a long review of this pamphlet; the review was argumentative and without undue heat. To him Dancla replied modestly and politely. "I gladly render homage to the qualities that I recognize in certain works of the new school, and I have quoted compositions that appear to me worthy of the attention of all men who are accessible to appreciation of the beautiful. But I have also pointed out other works that do not seem to me in any respect to deserve the exaggerated praise of some passionate enthusiasts."

This correspondence was conducted on each side with dignity and with intelligence. And here is an example for all that are tempted to scream for or against Wagner, or Rubinstein, or Offenbach, or any other composer who may be the subject of discussion. Look at the sad, earnest face of Dancla, opposite the title page of his "Souvenirs." You could never convince him of a mistake in opinion; but he would not deny you the right to an opinion directly at variance with his, provided the opinion were one of taste and not a question of fact.

PHILIP HALE.

July 28

It is a characteristic in English nature that in political debate the fiercest invective frequently includes quotations from the Bible or is pointed with Scriptural allusions. For instance, we find Mr. Chamberlain drawing a parallel between Mr. Gladstone and Herod; and Mr. Chamberlain in turn is jeered at as a Judas. The very language used often takes the Scriptural turn, so intimately is the language of the Bible connected with the general verbal expression of Anglo-Saxons. This peculiarity is not observed in the debates of the Continental nations.

The experiment of appointing girl ushers in a Brooklyn church to arouse the interest of young men was a failure, although the girls were "pretty, bright-eyed," although they wore pink roses. There were plenty of women, old and young, in the congregation, but the young men were not as curious. Here is a problem for students of sociology.

July 29

Mr. Bok's allusions to the early life of Mr. T. B. Aldrich and to the escapades of Fitz James O'Brien are interesting. It is a curious fact that our townsman does not include in his collections of verse the pretty poem, "At Pfaff's," that appeared in one of the first numbers of "Vanity Fair." Mr. Aldrich's recollections of Bohemian days in New York would be delightful reading.

And so it would be a pleasure to learn of O'Brien's adventures in Boston; for he once walked our streets, and the young "Atlantic" knew him. It was a short, brilliant, sad life that was offered willingly on the altar of his adopted country in those bloody days of the early sixties.

Mr. Lloyd Aspinwall has a generous and forgetful brother.

Straw hat, overcoat and russet boots make an incongruous combination of dress that is popular along the coast.

John Morley, as Postmaster General, has given up the forwarding of American mails to London by special train, and he does not think a slight delay will make much difference to those concerned. It was an English philosopher who never opened his letters until the thirtieth day after the receipt; for he then found that the natural course of events had answered half of them, and the other letters were trivial or impertinent.

Is it possible that the water supply of neighboring towns is rightly called Mystic?

The attention of professional reformers who point steadily the finger of scorn at the women of Europe that help their husbands in field labor is called respectfully to a letter addressed to Gov. Flower by two women of Italy, N. Y.: "Owing to a scarcity of farm help we are compelled to do a man's work on the farm, and petticoats being very inconvenient, we want your consent to our donning the dress of the sterner sex." Here is a sweet mingling of woman's rights and dress reform.

The New York Sun maintains its reputation for terse and vigorous English. In the Sun of the 28th we find that an engine on the Pennsylvania Railroad "goes scooting along," and Mr. Spreckels is described in an editorial article as a "sly old skeezics."

It is to be regretted that the new English Dictionary, published by Macmillan, does not give a sketch of the origin and historical development of the word "corker." To be sure, it speaks of "corker" in the popular sense of "settler," "clincher;" but the more familiar use escaped the attention of the compilers. Mr. Eugene Field derives it from the Greek "korka, the adorable one," but his position is disputed by men of acumen.

England may well be mortified on account of the rioting in the House of Commons, but has she lost her boasted sense of fair play? It seems that Mr. Jo. Chamberlain was the victim of "disgraceful insults," but how about Mr. Chamberlain's language? Of course it was all Mr. Gladstone's fault. He is responsible for everything that happens in the British dominions, from the failure of a crop in a remote colony to the bad temper of Col. Saunderson.

He was an amiable man with a kindly face and educated, refined white whiskers. He sat on a truck in a shabby railway station, and waited for a train. He beguiled the time with remarks to a jaded friend who sat beside him.

"It's all very well, this living in the country, and I suppose the children enjoy it, but I wish it was September. When I get back to the city I shall be comfortable again. In the afternoon I can go to the club for an hour, and then I can dine at my own house and rest. There's no horse there."

"You see if you spend the summer where I am now, you must drive in the evening. The drive is a parade, and you are on inspection. If your turnout is very handsome, people wonder how you can afford to have it; if it is simple, your friends say, 'Robinson is a mean old hunk; why don't he enjoy life?'"

"Or if you avoid in your drive the beaten track you race unwillingly with a railroad engine or an electric car. It's a great nuisance, this summer enjoyment, and I wish I were at home." As the train was seen backing in the speaker sprang to his feet and ran to meet it, that he might jump for a seat. Is he alone? Is he not one of many?

July 31

The first batch of Paur's has arrived, all the way from Leipzig, and we are allowed thereby to examine the domestic life of the new conductor of the Symphony orchestra.

We are told at length and with considerable sentiment in rhetoric that "this very interesting and accomplished couple are highly esteemed, and they are very gracious, charming, vivacious;" a description that is of close kin to the embalming of the virtues of an English woman, who was "bland, passionate, and deeply religious."

Nor does Mr. Paur as a musician escape a storm of adjectives. His zeal is "almost fiery," his aim is "clear," he has "untiring physical perseverance and an amazing freshness of spirit." Of course, with all this, he is "very graceful," and "he inspires his men."

Furthermore, he is such a remarkable pianist and wonderful violinist that, in case of the non-appearance of the orchestra on account of the grip or a mutiny (perish the thought!) he could entertain the audience pleasantly for an hour and a half by his individual exertions.

In spite of all these advance notices, which are, however, incomplete, as they do not tell an anxious public whether the Paur's will bring with them their old family servants—in spite of all this hifalutin, Mr. Paur is said to be by good judges an agreeable man and an excellent musician.

May the winds favor his course; and after he is among us may he escape all social pitfalls, all perils of flattery.

Col. Thomas P. Ochiltree, whose rare imagination has in times past excited the wonder of two hemispheres, expresses himself at length concerning the possible solution of the silver problem. The gallant warrior stands in awe of "the strong band of Senators that will fight for silver," and he mentions as a fact that "Senator Stewart can make a two weeks' speech without the least difficulty." This is indeed discouraging.

Is there a training school in deportment for coachmen? Or where do they learn that tenebrous expression they wear when they hold the reins? Is it symbolical of the dignity of the household, contempt for the public or the equipage, or doubt concerning the security of wages?

A laughing coachman would be as rare and possibly as incongruous as a laughing Beethoven. At the same time a coachman with a face not entirely devoid of cheerfulness would relieve the afternoon drive of its church-yard solemnity; and, as an innovation, it might excite the approbation of the hunters after social novelty.

The caricaturist and the paragrapher have received fatal wounds. Four tramps near New Haven took a bath. To be sure, they chose a public reservoir as the proper place for sanitary disportment, but their intentions at least were honorable.

That Kabler slashed and ruined his picture at Chicago because he thought it was not appreciated is an example of strange artistic madness, not without parallel in the history of art. Twelve thousand five hundred dollars was too low a price, and he refused it with scorn. Or possibly he loved the work of his hands, and, having had the keen enjoyment of the making, he destroyed it, unwilling that it should fall into the clutches of some rich unworthy, saying to himself as he cut it,

"At least no merchant traffics in my heart."

Labouchere takes the London Times to task for using the "preposterous and impossible" verb "to gown" in describing the clothes worn by a woman at a ball or in a theatre; and he adds that it is an "Americanism." But he says the thing that is not.

The word "gowned," as an adjective, was used in early times in England, as by Bishop Taylor in speaking of "gowned Romans." The word in its present sense is a slang expression cherished by snobbish men and women who sell snobbish gossip for the delectation of snobbish readers.

"Gowned" for "dressed" is dear to the readers of weekly society papers in London, and dearer still to the anglo-maniacs of this country. It is found in the vilo list that includes such phrases as "smart set," "swagger set" and "well-groomed."

The ancient Siamese, in their worship of that remarkable man, Sominona-Codom, who arrived at a state of supreme happiness, ascribed distributive justice to a blind fatality. Do their descendants of to-day entertain the same opinion?

English journals find fault with a young man on a voyage to Australia, "her art too cheap, slugging for passengers in the saloon and in the third class, and to the sailors in the fore-castle." Well, this is just like Autolnetto Piering, who always thought that her voice was given her for the benefit of the world at large, and therefore she is loved by the plain people whom she in turn understands.

TRICKS OF SPEECH.

Women are often taunted with inclination toward exaggeration in speech and correspondence. Perhaps from delicacy they regard a nude noun as a thing, poor and shivering, to be clothed at once in an adjective. Of degrees in grammar, they only admit the superlative. In their qualification there is no middle distance. Their instrumentation of a simple phrase taxes heavily the resources of the full orchestra. The epigrammatic woman is an invention of the playwright to heighten the effect of a scene. Silence may be gold, but a woman knows that speech is silver, and she burns with the passion of a Colorado speculator for that metal. She punctuates with interjection marks, and condemns the full stop as an impertinence. There is but one font, and that is full of italics.

And thus has man, lord of creation, abused and loved woman from the beginning. Is his language, spoken or written, always free from tautology, undue emphasis, vain exaggeration? Is man the master of the adjective?

It may be said truly that the modern writer—for it is not necessary to explore the dust bin of antiquity—is enamored unduly of the adjective. He pads with stock phrases. Take your newspaper, for instance. The flame is always "devouring." The fireman, whether he be engaged in his specific duty, or found at an annual ball, or in domestic privacy is always "gallant." The hands that lift the car which crushes a body are always "willing;" the men that faint at such a scene are always "strong." The ship which sails out of our harbor is "good," although the sailors pump, and remember that the rats left her in a body and are now inhabitants of Boston. The young lawyer that, clientless, kills flies with a ruler is always "rising." There is a long list of such conventionalities of expression; and the *index expurgatorius* would make a bulky volume. The public protested against some phrases, and they are now dead. No one falls to-day with "a dull, sickening thud;" the accident may kill the one that fell, but there is no "thud," "dull" or "sickening" or enlivening.

To some writers there is no such thing as a woman; others admit her existence as a synonym to person, in the English sense; a term of reproach, or one used by a superior in speaking to or of an inferior. To such writers "lady" is the proper word. Eve, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Cleveland, Duse, are all "ladies." The girl that "presides" at a candy counter is a "lady," and all benevolent people hope she is; but she is not a "woman." Then there is a subtle subdivision; there are "perfect ladies," the more unfortunate are "ladies," for the phrase, "imperfect ladies," is not allowed by these authorities.

There should be a metronome in speech as in music. The pianist if in doubt as to the speed of a movement can govern himself by the pendulum adjusted to the indication of the composer. The writer stands in need of a mechanical mentor. If the report is concerning a small matter that does not call for rhetoric, the machine should set a sober pace, and there should be no spur of sharp adverb or prickly adjective. Accident and crime admit of spice, if the seasoning be of original piquancy. In describing a political convention De Quincey in his heated moments is a model for the ambitious. The only machine now in common use is the blue pencil, which is used freely and often wisely by those who sit with authority in newspaper rooms, but few writers have the courage to take this weapon and kill the pet children of their own brain.

The Hon. Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany's paper on "A College Education," which was read lately at Chicago, may be considered, in a measure, as a reply to Gen. Walker's Phi Beta Kappa address. Mr. Mahany goes too far in his unqualified denunciation of the influence of athletics, but the truth of such a paragraph as this concerning "athletic heroes" will be acknowledged by all thoughtful graduates:

"And sometimes the melancholy spectacle is presented of such men continuing for that period after the reception of their diplomas to 'hang around' the university for the cheap glory of athletic applause."

The result of the first international yacht race, in which the Navahoe made a most respectable showing, proves again the characteristic sangrinity of the Americans. The third, the "splendid third" of the Navahoe, is to them more glorious than the pale first of the Britannia, which only succeeded in winning.

This sangrinity is also shown in the elaborate calculations which prove beyond a peradventure that in all of the forthcoming races our yachts will lead. Amen, with all our hearts! But this sangrinity is of heroic proportions, like unto that of the late Judge Hogeboom, well known along the Hudson River, who, when he was an aged man, said good-by in court to the assembled Bar of the district, and, smiling upon lawyers of good and bad repute, court officers, loungers and three or four criminals, expressed his great pleasure in the probability that he should meet them all in a better world.

But let us not belittle apparently the brave deed of the Navahoe. She sailed in foreign water, and, as Artemus Ward said in explanation of the defeat of a Pittsburg oarsman on the Thames, our sporting men are not always accustomed to English water. Besides, we can always fall back on the record of the America.

The ingratitude of the great republic of music is strikingly shown in the present treatment of Theodore Thomas. His salary—\$12,000 a year—is regarded as extravagant; he is accused of seeking in every way to fill his pockets; and it would appear from Western newspaper articles, inspired no doubt by intriguing exhibitors, that he is responsible for the small audiences at the orchestral concerts.

To those that know the character of Mr. Thomas, these charges are foolish when they are not absolutely and maliciously false. The salary is none too large for the necessary work, and in comparison with the salary paid to the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is only modest. The Chicago authorities planned their musical scheme on too large a scale. The summer months do not favor concerts of a serious nature. But why should Mr. Thomas be held responsible for events absolutely beyond his control?

It is too often the habit of Americans to tire quickly of favorites in music and art. There is passionate enthusiasm for a year or two, then neglect falls like ice water on the back of the heated idol, who, after the chill, is thrown down from the pedestal, often with rejoicing. The good work of the past is forgotten or openly denied.

Our old friend Carl Zerrahn is a singular exception to this rule. His popularity here and throughout New England is unabated. Vigorous, fresh in mind, he is to-day as conspicuous a figure as in the years when the life of music in this region was precarious.

That Mr. Arlo Bates should resign his position as the editor of the Boston Courier was not unexpected; for the news of his appointment as professor of literature at the Institute of Technology hinted strongly at the said resignation. And yet the retirement is to be regretted, for his common sense treatment of topics of the day, his acute criticisms of current literature, and the pellucid and polished language in which he clothed his thoughts were highly honorable to the profession he adorned. The practical training of the past will be of rare advantage to the students that will listen to him and to himself.

To many of imperfectly adjusted digestive apparatus the description of the watermelon that sickened the people at North Adams as "poisoned" seems tautological.

The authorities of the World's Fair regard the dances of the Midway Plaisance as "an ethnological exhibit." It will be remembered that Col. Henry Watterson found "ethnology" a stupid study, while Mr. E. Woodworth Masters of our own town is eager to banish it from the Chicago curriculum.

Two hundred years ago the "witchcraft delusion" was a bloody tragedy in Salem; to-day it furnishes amusement here in the dialogue and the jingle of a comic opera.

The leaven of New England still leaveneth the whole Western lump in spite of Anarchistic Governors and Russian and Hungarian chemists. A newspaper in Missouri complains that two burglars attempted to rob a house in its town, "regardless of the Sabbath."

Baron de Hirsch will be a welcome visitor, not because "he can draw his check for five hundred million francs," but because he uses his money most generously for the benefit of the poor and the oppressed.

It would seem then that a picture obtained by a snap-shot, or a sketch flavored with imagination, may stand a little page and shall be read.

Why should not the Emperor William confine himself exclusively to yachting? On the Britannia he helped in getting in the mainsail, "grasped the ballards," and no doubt after the victory was conspicuous in splicing the main brace. In the second race he objected against the Valkyrie and saved time on the Britannia.

To play with a yacht is not so expensive as to play with soldiers. The German people would undoubtedly encourage the former amusement and without a protest. The exercise would benefit him, and he could defend the honor of the Fatherland against all comers. In yachting France would never be his formidable rival.

The scheme of improvements at the City Hospital shows the great progress made of late years in surgery, owing to the knowledge of the value of non-absorbents and antiseptics.

Certainly there should be more than one operating room, and separate rooms for alcoholic cases are demanded by common decency.

The Duchess of Sparta has a son. Will he be educated according to the doctrines of Iycurgus? Will he be taken at 7 years of age from his mother's care, subjected to severe bodily discipline, and taught tenseness of speech? But Sparta to-day is only a name, and black broth no longer nourishes heroes.

That impure milk is still sold in Boston in spite of the efforts of Dr. Harrington and his assistants is shown this week by the scenes in the Municipal Criminal Court. On Tuesday alone fifteen keepers of restaurants were fined, and some of them were old offenders.

The adulteration of food cannot be punished too severely; and yet the carelessness of the consumer invites the fraud of the seller. Fortunately in the case of milk, which is indispensable to the well-being of children, the tests are easy and the law is well-defined.

In New York the charity of Nathan Strauss is a blessing to the poor. He opened a milk depot on the pier at the foot of East Third Street the 1st of June. Three kinds are sold: Pure, rich milk at 4 cents a quart, sterilized milk at 6 cents a quart, and diluted sterilized milk for sick babies at the same price. Then the diluted and the sterilized milk is sold in bottles at one cent and at two cents.

The sterilization is a safeguard to the babies and also to their elders, for we now know that even life-giving food may at the same time bring death.

The conflict between the authorities of Indiana and the Columbian Athletic Club will be watched with interest. The other night four men pounded each other without display of "science" until two were unable to stand.

Brutes without were wild to see the brutes within. They made an attempt, but a revolver stopped effectually the activity of one and discouraged the others; but only for a time, for there was another attack; a gun was used with gratifying success.

The lights were finally disgusted and went out. Two locomotive headlights were unable to endure the sight of the human battering rams. The scene was finally lighted by the indifferent stars and a few lanterns.

Here is realism, no doubt, and here is local color; but such entertainments should be suppressed summarily, whether the theatre be in New Orleans or near Roby, Ind.

The news of the third trial of the play-actor Curtis, better known as "Sam'l of Poseu," will awaken pleasant memories of an excellent piece of character acting and regret that the giver of such amusement is now cast in a tragic role.

The Hebrew of Curtis was a shrewd, kindly, lovable character, who although he might get the best of a bargain was nevertheless liked and admired by the outwitted. Before the appearance of Curtis, the Hebrew was a familiar figure on the stage; heroic in proportions as Shylock; repulsive, hideous as Fagin; or oppressed, as in the gloomy play of Mosenthal. "Sam'l of Poseu" was an unexaggerated, carefully studied, composite-photograph of several Hebraic types.

According to Judge Colt's decision, any one can take the life of a public man—in print.

When the picture of the victim is obtained by an express agreement, the picture cannot be used in embellishment of the work if the agreement is violated.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, July 30, 1893.

MANY reasons are given in these days for the alleged decay of the art of song: Ignorance of the teacher, haste and superficial contentment of the pupil, carelessness and lack of knowledge shown by the applause of enthusiastic hearers, abuse of the voice by composers, longing for realism that substitutes spasmodic declamation for bel canto, blunting of the ear through the passionate employment of dissonances, habitual employment in practice of the piano which is inherently a compromise, an untuned instrument, loss or neglect of traditions, the fact that singing is regarded by many otherwise estimable persons as a necessary accomplishment which is easily within the reach of all owners of property.

Some claim that German singers have corrupted the taste of the American singer and hearer; but in Germany there is the same lament over a lost art.

We are told by others that song is the birthright of an Italian; but Italians shrug their shoulders and mourn the singers of the past.

We are continually reminded of the great masters of song of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, whose voices are now choked with dust; of the men and the women of the early decades of this century who sang before Wagner dreamed of reformations or trilogies.

But in those days of golden song were there no complaints, were there no longings for the dead, longings detrimental to the living?

Pier Francesco Tosi was born at Bologna in 1647, and he grew up to be a soprano of great fame. The cities of Europe applauded him; he was courted by monarchs and noble dames; he was crowned with riches and honors. His voice failed him, and he taught, and even then the greatest of his contemporaries heard him gladly. He settled in London in 1692, and he died there in 1727. In 1723 he wrote in Italian a book entitled "Opinions Concerning Ancient and Modern Singers," which is to-day regarded by the judicious as a masterpiece. It was first published at Bologna. It was translated into English in 1742 by John Ernest Galliard, oboe player and composer of much music. Among his compositions was a piece for twenty-four bassoons and four double basses. There was a second edition the year following. Agricola turned Tosi's book into German in 1757 and added many notes. In 1874 Lemaire made a French translation.

We know by the testimony of men who associated with him that Tosi was fair-minded, lovable. His judgments were respected as final. But Tosi writes as though he were of our own time.

It is a little book, this translation by Mr. Galliard; it is dedicated to the Earl of Peterborough, who met Tosi in "his Travels beyond Sea." This Peterborough was the famous Charles Mordaunt, described by Swift:

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics and gives the toast.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corps, though full of vigor,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

Shines in all climates like a star,
In senates bold, and fierce in war,
A land commander and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
N'er to be matched in modern reading,
But by his namesake, Charles of Sweden.

Was Peterborough fond of music? Tosi speaks in his dedication of the uncommon penetration of the judgment of this general of marines, and he compliments him on the possession of a soul sensible of the charms of singing.

Walter Savage Landor introduces Peterborough in conversation with William Penn, and makes him applaud Penn cynically, when the latter declares that "there is something in a violin, if played discreetly, that appeareth to make hot weather cool, and cold weather warm and temperate; not, however, when its chords have young maidens tied invisibly to the end of them, jerking them up and down in a strange fashion before one's eyes, and unless one taketh due caution, wafting their hair upon one's face and bosom, and their very breath, too, between one's lips, if peradventure one cometh to shut them bitterly and hold tight."

At any rate this same Charles Mordaunt was fond of

and he invited him to his delightful seat at Parson's Green, where there was a tulip tree in the garden.

book of Tosi tempts continually to quotation, but let ourselves to extracts which show that even in the day of unequalled song, there was harshness, here was hurrahing for the ancients. Now, the old writer means "those who lived of forty years ago."

First of all, note the modesty of the man: "The abuses, the defects and the errors divulged by me in these observations were once almost all faults I myself was guilty of; and in the flower of my youth, when I thought myself to be a great man, it was not easy for me to discover them. But in a more mature age the slow undecit comes too late. I know I have sung ill, and would I have not writ worse! but since I have suffered by my ignorance, let it, at least, serve for a warning to amend those who wish to sing well."

Does not Tosi here speak of many teachers of to-day? "Let the master hear with a disinterested ear whether the person desirous to learn hath a voice and a disposition, that he may not be obliged to give a strict account to God of the parent's money ill spent, and the injury done to the child, by the irreparable loss of time which might have been more profitably employed in some other profession. * * * Very few modern masters refuse students, and provided they are paid, little do they care if their greediness ruins the profession."

Tosi charges certain professors of his acquaintance with ignorance of their own language. It seems also that in his day there were men who although they might have been respectable in other callings, preferred, rashly, the teaching of singing. "There are nowadays as many masters as there are professors of music in any kind. I am now speaking of those who take upon them the part of a legislator in the most finished part in singing, and should we then wonder that the good taste is near lost, and that the profession is going to ruin? So mischievous a pretension prevails not only among those who can barely be said to sing, but among the meanest instrumental performers, who, though they never sung, nor know how to sing, pretend not only to teach but to perfect, and find some that are weak enough to be imposed on."

Nor does Tosi neglect the fond parents. "The ignorance of the parents does not let them perceive the badness of the voice of their children, as their necessity makes them believe that to sing and grow rich is one and the same thing, and to learn music it is enough to have a pretty face." This by the way reads as though it were an extract from Marcello's "Il Teatro alla Moda" (1720).

But in Tosi's time—that golden age—there was surely no false intonation in the opera house. Listen to him: "One who has not a good ear should not undertake either to instruct or to sing; it being intolerable to hear a voice perpetually rise and fall discordantly. One that sings out of tune loses all his other perfections. I can truly say that, except in some few professors, the modern intonation is very bad."

And how about the enunciation? "If the syllables are not distinguished, the singer deprives the hearer of the greatest part of that delight which vocal music conveys by means of the words. For if the words are not heard so as to be understood there will be no great difference between a human voice and a hautboy. This defect, though one of the greatest, is nowadays more than common, to the greatest disgrace of the professors and the profession."

The book from which I quote was in 1821 the property of J. Cawse, and his sympathy was so moved by the words just quoted that he underscored them heavily.

There were tricks of the trade. One singer trilled until the "eruption of an E viva! or bravo from the populace." Another affected coldness so that "one would believe that the science of music implored his favor, to be received by him as his most humble servant." Another talked and laughed on the stage "to induce the public that such a singer who appeared the first time did not deserve his attention, when in reality he was afraid of or envied his gaining applause." Another, "full of himself from the little he had learned, was so taken with his own performance that he seemed falling into ecstasy, pretending to impose silence and create wonder, as if his first note said to the audience, Hear and Die; but they, unwilling to die, talked loud, and perhaps not much to his advantage."

Then there were singers "who imagined to satisfy the public with the magnificence of their habits." Tosi was not unduly impressed: "They who have nothing but the outward appearance pay that debt to the eyes which they owe to the ears."

We read much in the books of such enthusiasts as Vernon Lee of the wonderful phrasing that was apparently com-

mon to all singers of Tosi's century. Yet Tosi forbids the student to take breath in the middle of a word, and adds: "Anciently such cautions were not necessary but for the learners of the first rudiments; now the abuse, having taken its rise in the modern schools, gathers strength, and is grown familiar with those who pretend to eminence. There are singers who give pain to the hearer, as if they had an asthma, taking breath every moment with difficulty, as if they were breathing their last."

AN EPIGRAM OF BURTON.

In Lady Burton's voluminous life of her husband we find this opinion of Burton concerning Stratford de Redcliffe: "He thought him a man who had gained a prodigious name in Europe chiefly by living out of it." Here Burton crosses swords with Kinglake. It is not necessary now to inquire into the merits of the case; but the epigram in its direct application and reversed may serve as a peg for digressions.

He whose name in the great town fills the mouths of men is too often a poor thing in his native village. Whether his greatness was consequent on early removal is open to debate. Kant was never fifteen miles away from Königsberg, and yet he shook the world. But after removal success is doubted by some of those left behind; by others it is attributed to the stupidity of his new associates. The polished orator is to the villager only "the boy that had the gift of gab;" the great merchant is the son of the man "that was always so near" in business relations; the preacher of spotless life "must have changed mightily since we knew him," and there is an ominous shake of the head.

If a successful man visits the scenes of his youth, his return is rather a test than a triumph. He is viewed narrowly to see if his appearance justifies the extraordinary conduct of city people; just as the invading

elephant is compared with the flaming poster that heralded his approach; and as a rule the elephant is more fortunate than the man. If he is tired and needs rest, if he keeps therefore by himself, the oracle at the grocery store voices the general sentiment by saying, "Well, he always was stuck up." If he is glad to see again the faces he first knew, his cordiality is regarded with suspicion. If he gives money for a library, or church memorial window or drinking fountain, there are remarks to the effect that he "owed it to the town," that "he might have given more."

It is true that there are exceptions to the rule, and there are little towns in New England that are proud of their absent sons and cherish the memory of such benefactors. But churlish acquiescence in the judgment of the outer world or absolute denial of the truth of the city verdict is found in the village life of every country; and the literature of any civilized land includes strong works of fiction that are based on an intimate knowledge of such characteristics.

Now, if Burton and Stratford de Redcliffe had lived together in England, Burton, according to his epigram, could not have been blinded by a fictitious foreign glory, and therefore the diplomat would have cut but a sorry figure. And yet the idol of Kinglake might just as well have been worthy of worship, if he had never seen Constantinople. It is the old story of the prophet. In the present instance, sympathy between the diplomat with "exaggerated respectability" and the wild adventurer whose prejudices were equally "iron-bound," was impossible. Two men of force were utterly unable to understand each other.

Dr. Cyrus Edson contributes an interesting article, entitled "Disease and Death on the Stage," to the August number of the North American Review. The Doctor laughs good naturedly at such dramatic attempts at realism, although he pays high tribute to Croissette and Richard Mansfield.

And yet who would have absolute realism on the stage? If the insane do not really wear straw in their hair, they should at least in the play, for otherwise they would shock tradition. If a man who is actually shot and receives his death wound does not "wallop about" (to quote Dr. Edson's phrase) for five minutes, his stage-counterfeit knows better the value of convulsive kicks and serpentine writhings.

In spite of the efforts of the naturalists and the promoters of theatres of arts and letters the public of to-day expects and demands the old-fashioned punishments and sufferings of old-fashioned villains. It repeats the wish of the newsboy at the old Bowery: "Wake me up when Kirby dies."

In olden times our sturdy forefathers went to church armed with muskets for fear of savages, but in our age of piping peace a gun is not regarded as an indispensable article of Sunday dress.

In Council Bluffs the other night an unknown man carrying a revolver walked into a prayer meeting, not for the particular privileges of the place, but for plunder, as he ordered the congregation to hold up their hands. Mr. Goff, who was praying at the time, grappled with the would-be robber and was the means of his confusion.

Here, surely, is an example of muscular Christianity that would have delighted Charles Kingsley; a concrete example of the Church Militant prepared against bodily or spiritual foe.

At least the audience was discriminating, made up as it was of skilled amateurs. Tosi thought otherwise. "There are numbers who blindly applaud everything that has an appearance of novelty. An audience that applauds what is blamable cannot justify faults by their ignorance; it is the singer's part to set them right." In another place he speaks of "the scarcity of excellent performers, and the stupidity of auditors." He marveled at the "bewitched age in which so many are paid so well for singing ill."

* * *

Tosi knew full well the eternal failings of his race. "A discreet person will never use such affected expressions as 'I cannot sing to-day;' 'I've got a deadly cold,' and in making his excuse falls a-coughing. I can truly say that I have never in my life heard a singer own the truth and say 'I'm very well to-day.' They reserve the unseasonable confession to the next day when they make no difficulty to say, 'In all my days my voice was never in better order than it was yesterday.'"

"At first sight, arrogance has the appearance of ability, but upon a nearer view I can discover ignorance in masquerade. This arrogance serves them sometimes as a political artifice to hide their own failings; for example, certain singers would not be unconcerned, under the shame of not being able to sing a few measures at sight, if with shrugs, scornful glances, and malicious shaking of their heads, they did not give the auditors to understand that those gross errors are owing to him that accompanies or to the orchestra."

"He is still more to be blamed who, when singing in two, three or four parts, does so raise his voice as to drown his companions; for if it is not ignorance, it is something worse."

* * *

O rare and excellent book, worthy to-day of the deep study of all that sing!

O mirror of the thoughts and affectations of singers of all time! Let him that is tempted to believe in the utter worthlessness of the modern singer read this ancient book carefully, and become saturated with the reflections of Pier Francesco Tosi, who meditated his art near the tulip tree that grew in the garden of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough.

PHILIP HALE.

Ward McAllister is found among the prophets. A modern Isalah, he lifts up his voice in the high places of Newport and denounces the absurd extravagance of millionaires.

"There is no country in the world in which the cost of living is so great as in ours." Mr. McAllister rebukes sternly rich men for keeping head cooks with gubernatorial wages.

There is but one step more. Let this modern Petronius Arbiter burn his own cook book and code of manners. Let him be a conspicuous example of simplicity. Many will follow him. His table must no longer know terrapin or Maryland chicken or delicious sauces and rare wines. Let him turn at once to

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring."

The climax of the National Bimetallic Convention at Chicago was marked by bursts of indignation and of rhetoric. Abraham and the Pharaohs were invoked, as was the memory of a mysterious individual with the alleged name of Ornest Seyd, who in 1873, it seems, was the go-between of the Shylocks of two continents.

The cat's-eye is a charm against witchcraft, and the agate quenches thirst. The emerald fosters friendship, and coral is a talisman against the thunder-bolt. The diamond too often excites laughter akin to contempt, for it is frequently the token of sudden wealth with crude attempt at enjoyment.

Go along the coast, and at many hotels and boarding houses you will find diamonds considered as indispensable at breakfast as coffee, rolls, boiled eggs or fruit.

There is no attempt to "dress up" to these diamonds. Slippers and wrappers often accompany the largest stones. Nor is there here a question of race. Gentle and Hebrew alike find hot comfort in cold brilliancy.

Some may wear them in a matutinal casing. At dinner the cases are unscrewed, and the glory is revealed. Nor are the wearers disturbed by the fact that they handle awkwardly a corn-cob, or make a singular hissing as they enjoy soup.

The Nawab of Rampur has seen strange sights in many lands, but his courage failed him in New York. He did not visit the Stock Exchange, because the visit was thought to be "too exciting."

It is rumored that Bourke Cockran has deserted Tammany and will lead the Cleveland forces in Congress. No one knows the peculiar force of Cockran's oratory better than Mr. Cleveland.

"DEGENERACY."

Dr. Max Nordau, who some years ago excited the attention of Europe by his book "Conventional Lies," has just seen the publication of the second and final volume of his remarkable work, "Entartung" or "Degeneracy." The learned doctor is a Hungarian who lives in Paris, and Nordau is only an assumed name.

The purpose of this strange and fascinating book is to show the degeneracy of the European races as revealed in the art and literature that now prevail in Europe. The writer starts with an analysis of the real meaning of "fin-de-siècle," for which phrase he would substitute "fin-de-race," as he argues with reason that a century is not like an animal in birth, growth and death. He then devotes considerable attention to mysticism as shown by the writers that followed the pre-Raphaelite school in England, Rossetti, Swinburne, by Tolstol in Russia, by the decadents and symbolists in France, as Verlaine, Mallarmé, Pelladan, Rollinat, and by such a musician as Wagner, against whom the writer is hot in his wrath. Then Ibsen, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Zola and Nietzsche are discussed at great length. Even Oscar Wilde is treated seriously.

Nordau rests his arguments upon the studies of the modern French and Italian specialists in nervous disorders, insanity and crime; and the book is dedicated appropriately to Lombroso. He finds in the characteristics of the writers and musician named the symptoms that stamp hysterical men and women—for King Lear was not the last of hysterical men, and, indeed, the specialists of to-day claim that male hysterical patients outnumber the female; he finds even the symptoms of diseased minds, of idiosyncrasy in the peculiar tricks of language and trains of thought that endear the writings of such men as Ibsen et al. to sympathetic readers.

The causes of these symptoms thus revealed in writers and readers are attributed by Nordau to the present conditions of life in Europe. He asserts that men and women are handicapped at their start by heredity, by the irritating food and drink and stimulants of the men and women before them; and that the handicapped in turn constantly overstimulate themselves. Such bodies cannot contain sane minds, nor can the minds endure the grand simplicity of classic models in art and literature. The manias of literary hunters after style delight them; they find comfort in the expression of a thought rather than in the substance of thought; their inordinate egotism provoked by insane introspection leads them to accept the pessimistic gospel of Ibsen; their craze for so-called realism is only quelled by strong doses of Zola; their hysteria is turned into lively pleasure when they listen in the music of Wagner for the climax that never comes.

Such a book as "Degeneracy" is not, undoubtedly, without exaggeration; but it is a wholesome, strong and bitter tonic. Nordau's examination of the claims of Ibsen, Zola and Wagner is a masterly specimen of sane analysis; it abounds in irony, wit and common sense. Furthermore, the book is an encyclopedia of the strange literary artistic mannerisms of the last fifty years, as well as an index to the equally curious literature inspired by the recent discoveries in the science of mental alienation. A translation would be of positive benefit, although the reading of it would hurt the feelings of chasers of chimeras and followers of fads.

"As You Like It," when announced for out-door performance, almost always brings rain, and the title of the play seems irony to audience and players.

The Duke of York has taken to farming; he proposes to raise pigs. His experiment will be watched with interest by our "gentleman-farmers," who have found it cheaper to buy ham and bacon at the corner store.

Science is at present a destroyer of poetry, although Prof. Clifford believed that the poetry of the future must deal with scientific subjects. The familiar verses about the insect which "gets there just the same" in spite of absence of wings, are stripped of truth by the discovery that the wings of a bird do not propel.

Wisdom uttereth her voice in the street car, and finds greedy listeners. The most seedy in appearance have ready solutions of the silver question, and surprising facts and intoxicated statistics drown the conductor's signals and the rumbling of passing teams.

It is the concealment and not the announcement of cholera that is especially to be dreaded. The Latin races are sad sinners in this respect, and such is their terror in the presence of the plague that they vainly try to keep up courage by denying the existence of disease when there is daily death. Marseilles and Naples are to-day instances of this criminal conduct.

It is said in New York that the rich men are the poorest patrons of American artists; that the appreciative buyers are the people who must deny themselves in other ways to gratify artistic taste.

And it is said by artists who have tried to live in Boston that however appreciative Bostonians may be, they are very slow to buy pictures by Americans; that, in fact, it is almost impossible for an artist in this town to make both ends meet.

These statements may be taken with reserve, for artists are notoriously sensitive and few think that they are appreciated. The amount of it is that there is a limited demand for pictures, and many who might succeed as handicraftsmen or in trade persist in following art. Such complaints of artists, real and alleged, are not confined to our own towns; they are heard in the cities of Europe.

The announcement of a new Indian story by Edward S. Ellis calls to mind the disappearance of the dime novel that was so popular 25 years ago, for Mr. Ellis was then conspicuous as a teller of tales of Western adventure, and his works, published by Beadle, were dear to the school boy, who read them stealthily behind the covers of a geography or under a desk.

These cheap novels were perhaps sensational; they were sometimes sentimental, but they were almost never immoral. There was a noble Indian, a false half-breed, a persecuted maiden. The hero shot with an accuracy that would have inspired Dr. Carver with envy; the boy was a preternatural being; the maiden surpassed in beauty the fancy of an Oriental improviser; the half-breed was a desperate villain.

Or the story was of piracy, with plenty of walking of planks and burying of treasure. Whatever the story, virtue was generally rewarded, and vice severely punished.

Authors of repute did not disdain to write dime novels. The name of Major Ben Perley Poore appears, for instance, in the catalogue. Nor did the North American Review disdain to study carefully this literature.

Brettenstein, the pitcher of the St. Louis Ball Club, is tired of filling his position, and proposes to fill the pitchers of others in a beer saloon.

While they are discussing in Chicago the best methods of flying, there are Englishmen who claim that we have not yet mastered the art of walking.

Death seems to-day too often a spur to idle curiosity, and there is no privacy in the grave.

The attempted suicide of the young girl at Summit, N. J., is said to have been the result of close application to sentimental fiction. Her home was comfortable; she had "steady company" in the shape of an estimable young Algernon, who was assistant to the town undertaker. Apparently the professional gloom was contagious; she courted laudanum, fortunately in vain.

Oscar Greiner, the violinist who died last week at Lowell, was probably unknown to frequenters of our Symphony concerts, who idolize for a year new comers; and yet had it not been for the exertions of such pioneers as Greiner there would be no Symphony concerts to-day, and our favorite violinists would not reap such rich rewards. It is to be hoped that some one will write the early history of music in Boston, before facts become vague traditions. Mr. John S. Dwight is amply qualified for such a task.

The many friends of Pundita Ramabai will read with pleasure the appreciation of Subodha Patrika, a Bombay newspaper: "The history of Pundita Ramabai's school may well deserve to be written in characters of gold. It is a Hindu woman's pluck which has brought it into existence, and it is American generosity which supports it."

Do the young of to-day enjoy themselves as heartily as did the young of twenty, or even ten, years ago? Surely, the waltz of this season seems a depressing "social function." Hands are grasped convulsively, and the left arm of the cavalier is shaken violently up and down as though it were exercising a pump handle. Meanwhile the face of the revelers wear an expression of settled gloom.

Aug 8/93

A man sits down on a bench in a park. It is 6 o'clock in the evening, and the park is alive with people. Half-asleep, he finds some one robbing him.

There is immediate pursuit of the thief, who is caught by one of the chasers. No policeman is in sight. The crowd rescues the thief, and he escapes.

And where did all this happen? In some Asiatic town? In a wild Western village? No, on Boston Common.

There is no mystery about the accident on Lake George. An inexperienced pilot was in charge of the Rachel.

Gov. McKinley has decided to drop the "Jr." from his name. Apropos of changes in names, what a singular alteration has taken place in American custom. Formerly, that is with few exceptions, an initial stood for the middle name, but now every Zebulon H. Higgins spells his name in full on visiting card, Zebulon Henderson Higgins. This often marks the first advance in "social" progress. A hyphen inserted between Henderson and Higgins marks the full initiation.

There is still confusion concerning the use of Mr. and Esq. In England there is invidious distinction: Mr. is used in addressing a "tradesman or common person," and Esq. in writing to a "gentleman." With us Esq. is thought by some to be an honorary title, as "Col." or "Judge," titles which are often loosely applied to persons of solemn or pretentious bearing. Mr. John Milton and Mr. John Hampden are names that occur in English history, and no "Esq." or supposedly honorary title would glorify the men.

It looks as though the Emperor William was prepared to follow our advice and devote his attention exclusively to yachting. He asked Mr. Watson, the builder of the Valkyrie and the Britannia, whether he would undertake to build a yacht faster than any now afloat. The Emperor should come right over to us, order his boat and take in the exposition.

The Navahoe, victorious or defeated, has at any rate excited warm discussion. The

builder hints that the owner is not a master of his business, and accuses the skipper of the atrocious crime of youth. Furthermore, Mr. Herreshoff disowns the design of the yacht, which is "a whim of the owner."

Then the London Times indulges in noisy squeals of joy, and hugs itself in the delusion that the centreboard yacht "is only fit for fine weather." The Times sees the triumph of "British ideas," although it is good enough to admit that "we learn a great deal from the Americans." And it notes with alarm the reports of the speed of the Jubilee.

Meanwhile Mr. Carroll is "good humored." Like John Paul Jones in a famous international episode, he has not yet begun fighting.

Aug 7/93

This is, indeed, a season "of moving accidents by flood and field."

The bursting of the Portland reservoir was, fortunately, not attended with such a frightful loss of life as made the similar disasters of Mill River and Johnstown historically famous; but there were heart-rending scenes and brave deeds.

When Charles Reade wrote his dramatic description of the flood in "Put Yourself in His Place" he was assailed by some reviewers for the extreme improbability of incidents introduced therein, but each similar accident confirms the realism of his account.

Reade has been compared to Hugo in strength and vividness of description; but there is this important difference: Reade was singularly accurate; Hugo was often absurdly wrong in fact even when most impressive in rhetoric. The different treatments of the sinking of a ship in "Foul Play" and a similar episode in "The Man Who Laughs" are cases in point.

Reade is again brought to mind by the news that the empty tank of turning a heavily weighted crank is still a favorite punishment in certain English prisons. It would seem that the evils and the cruelty of such unproductive enforced labor were sufficiently exposed in "Never Too Late to Mend."

A PUDORIAN MUSIC HALL.

It is announced that the committee in charge of the building fund of the new Music Hall will probably consult the advice of subscribers concerning the proper location. It is to be hoped that after the site is chosen and before the architects are definitely instructed, due attention will be paid to the ideas of Heinrich Pudor of Dresden. These ideas are expressed in an article entitled "The Concert Hall of the Present and the Future," and published in the Dresdener Wochenblatt *Fuer Kunst und Leben* in 1892.

Pudor insists, first of all, that the hearers should be seated with their backs toward the stage. After the audience is seated, the lights in the auditorium should be turned down, until there is only a glimmering; that is to say, the players or singers on the stage should be lighted for the sake of convenience, and the audience should have no other light. "Then," says Mr. Pudor, "will the hearers be better prepared for music as an art that is heard than for music that is merely a spectacle." Nor is he here a follower of Wagner, for the unseen orchestra at Bayreuth was primarily a means of obtaining a clear and undisturbed view of the stage.

Pudor claims that such an arrangement of seats and lights would be of great benefit to musician, hearer and art. However grotesque his ideas may at first seem, a closer investigation shows there is much reason in his claim.

For the hearing of music under such conditions would do away with several evils. The great evil of the day is the arrogance of personality. It is not so much the piece that is played or sung; it is the performer. Take that astounding craze, the Paderewskismania. Here is a man of undoubted gifts as a pianist; but greater pianists have visited us, without provoking such acute hysteria in men and women. Paderewski would often not announce his programme until after the house was sold out; it made no difference; the people flocked to see the man, and then to hear him. This absurd importance given to the personality of a player would be almost impossible under the Pudorian conditions. So, too, the exorbitant value set on mere virtuosity would become merely a matter of record, an incident of a concert hall before a reformation. The diamonds of a prima donna and the exulting of wonder by visible conquering of an apparent difficulty would alike be in vain. The true artist, not annoyed by the gaping of the crowd, would be more truly at home, and he could enter more intimately into the meaning of the composer. At least so thinks Heinrich Pudor.

But how about the size of the audience in Boston under such conditions? Would there be a rush to the box office? Would the speculator be able to lift up his voice and rejoice at the general "cultivation" of music? Do not many people regard certain concerts as "social functions," where they must see, or at least be seen? And if they sat in a dim light with their backs to the stage, might they not exclaim with Gautier, "Music is the most expensive and disagreeable of all noises."

George Gould doubts if he could raise \$10,000,000 at short notice. Several of us are in the same fix. Times are hard.

Lieut. Totten claims that the appearance of spots "upon the golden face of the sun fittingly synchronizes" with the extra session of Congress. This statement is open to dispute, but when the Lieutenant adds that "the day of judgment is at hand" all will agree with him. The day of judgment is indeed at hand for Senators and Representatives.

The man in Providence who lost his money almost immediately after it had been withdrawn from a savings bank is not the only one. There is a timid prudence that is of close kin to carelessness. A bank is safer than a boot or a hole in the wall; and the officials are more to be trusted than casual companions of familiar speech and alcoholic inclination.

The unfortunate one who now lies in a New York Hospital with a broken neck is not the first of such living paradoxes. We have seen in Boston this season a man who with his broken neck thereby gains a handsome income.

Many reasons, romantic and absurd, are given for the decay of Jean de Reske's voice. The truth of the matter is that Jean is no longer young. There is no "restorer," no wig, no padding for the voice.

The news of the death of Edwin Lasseter Bynner, while it was not wholly unexpected, will be received with deep regret by his friends, who knew the sweetness and purity of his nature, and by strangers, who recognized the qualities of the man in the refined and delicate works of the author.

And in this age when expatriation is fashionable, Mr. Bynner felt the romance that lies in our colonial history. He did not go abroad for his subjects; he found ample material for Milieu and for character drawing in New York and his own beloved New England.

Aug 9-93

That a watermelon should be shattered by lightning and a book agent be held up by foot-pads shows the irony of nature and the possible falsity of the proverb about wolves.

The Board of Lady Managers at Chicago has its own parliamentary code. Umbrellas are used freely in debate, and long and involved sentences are punctuated by punches of parasols. The more serious sex, it is said, often enlivens the tedium of summer debate by digressive punches, which are not compounded of silk and whalebone, but of milk and an old and well-known New England product.

A Government interpreter at the Boston Post Office is worth \$600 a year if he understands French, German, Spanish, Italian, has "a fair knowledge of Russian" and can pass other examinations. This salary shows the lively recognition of linguistic ability. If the candidate should turn out to be a master of Russian, the salary should surely be raised to \$625.

It is not a pleasant sight to see labor supporting anarchy. Why should honest workmen in convention indorse Altgeld?

The health officers of New York give "confident assurance" that there is not "the slightest danger" of any contagious or infectious disease reaching the city through the port. May this confidence be well founded! But there is a good old English phrase known as "cock sure," that is sometimes the equivalent of "don't know."

President Cleveland is not the only man at Washington who regrets that he cannot celebrate appropriately the ter-centenary of Izaak Walton.

It is singular that there is no memorial edition this year of "The Complete Angler," the delightful book which pleased and pleases thousands and only vexed Leigh Hunt. Boston has in the past, however, contributed handsomely to the memory of Walton, and the edition edited by John Major, and limited to one hundred copies, is a beautiful specimen of bookmaking.

The members of the Harlem Young Women's Christian Association met lately in solemn conclave to discuss the ideal husband. These are his characteristics, as defined by a majority vote: He should not be ill-tempered; he should not be selfish or in-temperate; he can smoke, and he must be "just good looking enough to escape ugliness." This last requisite will comfort the entire male sex.

Walter Besant from the depths of his experience, advises his countrymen who propose to "do" this country. "Bring your own tobacco." But what's the matter with our own plant? It was good enough for Sir Walter Raleigh.

Aug 10

A college is always an easy mark for the shafts of orators at a loss for a subject. That the pursuit of athletics encourages drunkenness is a proposition so absurd that it requires no serious argument to combat it. What Horace wrote of the athlete of his time is true to-day.

Where so many young men are gathered together, there is, unfortunately, drinking, and, in some cases, to excess. This is true of colleges, both great and small. But judicious observers agree in this: There has been less dissipation in proportion since the great interest in athletics than in the days when rest from study was merely idleness.

In papers on musical subjects that were read lately at Chicago there are many directions to pupils in the matter of "reaching true greatness." These excellent teachers forgot one important thing: greatness in art is, first of all, a birthright. The Italians have this familiar saying: A good voice counts 99 in the 100 points of singing. Music in its purest sense is not a trade; it is an art. Nor is temperament bought and sold.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, August 6, 1893.

THERE may be music in Boston, but I do not hear it. "Puritania" is now played at the Tremont by the Pauline Hall Company, and "The Golden Wedding" still amuses audiences at the Park.

* * *

And down at Swampscot, where I spend the nights, there is little music. I have not heard the sound of piano studies since I have been there. No one apparently is learning the use or the abuse of the cornet. No musical athlete is practising "The Tear" on the slide trombone. At one of the hotels there is "music," and it is made by a violinist, a cornetist and a musk-scented pianist; the music is for dancing; the favorite piece is "After the Ball," which is played with unmistakable energy, surprising endurance and considerable accuracy. You are not obliged to listen to this music, however, and as a rule the land has peace.

* * *

There is to be sure the music of nature. Birds sing at daybreak; the cock incites to activity; there are the strange sounds of the night. Then there is the refreshing swish of the waves, "the fluttering of the spray," the sound of the "husky-noised sea." Thus far this oceanic music has been gentle. The water has lacked the incisiveness of soda darting from imprisonment in siphon; it has rather the mild murmur of a comforting Holland gin-fizz when brought into close contact with the feverish lips of a jaded reveler.

* * *

In Boston they are forcing the season a little. Mr. Apthorp has been describing the nature of an ideal Music Hall, and the first batch of Pauriana has arrived, all the way from Leipsic. The Boston "Herald" of the 30th contained a letter from a "special correspondent," and there were pictures of Mr. Paur, Mrs. Paur, the two dear children, the opera house (front and rear views), and the inside and the outside of the Gewandhaus. The writer of the article is a dealer in superlatives; in rhetoric he (or she) could answer the test of Western oratory, viz.: the successful introduction of "eagle" and "bugle" into the same sentence.

The first paragraph tells us that Paur is "thorough,"

"capital," "extraordinary," "best," "admirable" and "accomplished." After all this, the statement that he is "a man of parts" comes like an anti-climax.

The writer intimates that Mr. Higginson offered to pay the forfeit money, as Paur's contract had still two years to run.

Paur's room is "pretty well trimmed with wreaths of laurel." It was Glinka that said, "I do not like laurel in my soup or on my hair."

Mr. and Mrs. Paur are "a very interesting and accomplished couple," it is not surprising, therefore, that they are "highly esteemed." "They are very gracious, charming, vivacious," and "they live very simply but very prettily." You notice that "very" qualifies constantly their lives and actions.

Mr. Paur has "an almost fiery zeal," his aim is "clear," he has "untiring physical perseverance and an amazing freshness of spirit." He is "very graceful" and he "inspires his men."

He is such a "remarkable pianist" and "wonderful" violinist that in case of the non-appearance of the orchestra on account of epidemic or mutiny he could entertain the audience delightfully for an hour and a half by his individual exertions, without change of costume, without the aid of the spring-board or any other mechanical appliance.

* * *

You see it is the old story: individuality rules; it is not so much the music that will be played as it is the nature of the man who will hold the stick.

* * *

Mr. Paur is recommended heartily by the judicious; indeed he brings a clean bill of musical health. May he be able to avoid all social pitfalls.

* * *

Yet Paur's first week in town might now be well described. Mr. Lang, who has been for years the confidential friend of all celebrated musicians, from the pioneers of the Salem of his youth to all the members of the Wagner family, will give a reception in his honor immediately after his arrival—before he has recovered his land legs.

Paur will be proposed for membership in two clubs at least, and one of his sponsors will certainly be some talented local composer whose manuscripts burn their portfolio in eagerness to escape.

The society columns of newspapers will groan with items concerning the habits, likes and dislikes of the conductor; with notices of the appearance and costumes of the wife, in which the words "gowned" and "well-groomed" will jostle each other. Her name will undoubtedly be included in lists of the "smart" or "swagger" set, lists which are kept in type for ready insertion after the occurrence of a social function.

* * *

And pray, Mr. Paur, remember the victims of the Sirens, "that taint the minds of all men whom they can acquaint with their attractions." Except at rehearsals and at concerts stop your ears with "sweet soft wax." Their admiration and their flatteries last to be sure longer than the loves of "Carmen," but they are apt at the end of—say two years—to look eastward for a new and fresh conductor.

* * *

I intended to write you a serious letter this week, and a life of Borodin, Pedrell's "Pour notre Musique" and the second and final volume of Nordan's "Entartung" are now before me awaiting discussion, but it is too hot to read, and I prefer to watch the trees, the beach and the water. Nordan is indeed a terrible fellow. In this last volume he attacks Baudelaire, although it is rather late in the day. He then demolishes Ibsenism, whacks Nietzsche over the head, dances and whoops on the body of Émile Zola, and raises the devil generally. If you believe Nordan there are three hysterical men on every corner and twenty idiots in every street car. What a blessing it is that we have a Nordan to point them out, for some of them might escape us!

* * *

Was Abraham à Sancta Clara an "hysterical" or simply a too curious explorer? For this monk busied himself in investigation of the musical tastes of Satan, who has always been an acknowledged master of the art of dancing. In these days Satan appears on the stage to the accompaniment of piccolo, bassoon, cymbals, big drum, stumped horn or plucked strings of double bass. The question that perplexed Abraham was this: What musical instrument in accompaniment is most agreeable to Satan? "Is it a harp? By no means; for it was with the aid of the harp that he was chased out of Saul's body. Is it a trombone? Not at all; because the brilliant tones of the trombone have several times dispersed the enemies of the Lord. Is it a drum? Impossible; for Marie, the sister of Aaron, after the submersion of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea took this instrument in her hand and praised and thanked the Lord." But according to our version Miriam played on a tambourine, which was without jingles, and perhaps may be properly called a drum. "Is it a violin? Certainly not; for an angel violinist soothed the soul of Saint Francis. I do not wish to abuse the patience of the reader, so I will say at once that nothing is more agreeable to Satan as an

companion in his dancing than the ancient lyre, and everyone knows the meaning of his choice."

Now, what is this mysterious meaning? Is it, as Kastner supposes, because die alte leyer or die alte leir (figuratively "the same old song") suggested to the monk the tendencies of his contemporaries to always fall into the same sins, into the same old practices condemned by the Church, especially into those spotted with heathenism?

Kastner, however, and there is no greater authority in these matters, prefers to believe that Satan is fond of all musical instruments. Tartini bore witness to the rare skill of the evil one in composition and in violin playing, and that was no longer ago than 1713.

When Tam O'Shanter looked in at the dance in Kirk Alloway, Old Nick used neither lyre nor violin:

"He screw'd his pipes, and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

At the Sabbath the Evil One was much pleased with the music of hand bells, and others say that he was moved mightily by the combination of flute and tambourine. When a sorcerer exclaimed at one of these functions, "I have drunk of the tambourine, and eaten of the cymbal," there was, according to the Abbé Migne's "Dictionnaire des Sciences Occultes," no allusion to music, the meaning was symbolical; for the tambourine was an inflated goat skin from which they drank a demoniacal brewage; and the cymbal was the kettle or basin in which they cooked a strange stew.

* * *

The favorite instrument of Satan of to-day is undoubtedly the piano.

* * *

If there was discussion of old concerning the true nature of the music of the Evil One, there was a fair degree of unanimity about the music of Paradise. Arnoul, the canon of the cathedral at Riez was cock sure, and he described it in a book published at Rouen, 1665.

"If beatific vision sees all that is desirable, so will the hearing find music truly melodious, agreeable in harmony, with pretty quavering and with voices fresh and sweet and beautiful. There will be a chapel master; there will be singers and players in plenty, there will be thousands of millions of very delightful voices, perfectly in accord, and in exact observance of all the rules of music. The chapel master will be Jesus Christ; the singers will be the angels with all the blessed. There will be three squadrons of angels, and each squadron will be divided into three choirs; the Cherubim, the Seraphim and the Enthroned will be the sopranos and altos; the Rulers and the Princes will be the counter tenors; the Virtues and Powers will sing tenor; the Archangels and the Angels, who are placed below, will

There was no doubt in a complimentary mood when he assured the junior member of Massachusetts by telegraph that he was "a Lodge in the wilderness," but he did not stop to consider how often the Senate must have heard that same identical joke.

That is the trouble with so many humorous, real, alleged, or unconsciously. They believe in their own originality. They are introduced to a man named Hand, or Foot, or Corn, or Whitehead; and what is their first move? They perpetrate a pun, to put everybody at ease, and to flash their own brilliancy. But the poor victim has been accustomed to the very jest from his youth up; so that the pun seems practically an insult.

Aug 11 -

UNRESTRAINED ART.

Pope once wrote a famous line about women. It is neither witty nor original nor new, and yet it lives in the English language. If the brilliant master of antithesis declared in his polished verse that a "civilized woman was at heart an artist—that is, an artist in the looser and more modern meaning of the term—he would have recognized a universal and eternal fact. The Anglo-Saxon, or, as Captain Burton refers it, the Anglo-Scandinavian, woman is particularly addicted to domestic decoration, or, as the Pall Mall Gazette calls it, domestic disfigurement. Every Sunday newspaper tells how home may be made beautiful by a slight outlay in paint, brushes, tacks and string. But we do not now deal with disguised barrel heads and self-ornamented coal-hods; the question, as we are reminded by the Pall Mall Gazette, is about the unbridled passion of the average woman for contributing personally and publicly to decorative art.

The Gazette calls the list. There are menu cards and name cards, door panels and uncovered wall space, chairs, chests and tables. "Foolish flowers, preposterous fruits—these by comparison seem almost tolerable when you consider the pestilent productions of the brush and pencil that are vended as something a little higher than those mechanically produced. * * * Better far the manufacture of the crochet antimacasser, the comparatively blameless creation of wax flowers and fruit, for these were kept, as a rule, in the bosom of the family; the harm they did died with them. Odious, but scarcely pestilential, they existed independently and unbecomingly, and perished in private."

But now the frenzy of the decorator is seen revealed in shop windows. She has tired of plaques and vases, and she adorns old furniture to its complete disfigurement. "Once upon an unoccupied woman (and her name is Legion) to suppose that she is imbued with artistic tastes, give her her head and some painting materials and she will run amuck amid the simplest principles of taste, breathing destruction as she goes to all that crosses her path. It is but the first hand-painted article that costs, be it stool or cupboard or table; she will have tasted blood, as it were, and craving grows with indulgence. From that moment whatever germ of an æsthetic conscience may have lain dormant in her being is wiped out at once and forever."

And so we find an etiolated maiden splash-painted popples across a quaint, rare table; or dishonoring "an oaken dower chest with garlands and Christmas roses." Rosewood itself is regarded only as a background for the effluence of her fancy.

There is no help for it all? The Gazette says but one treatment and that is heroic: There's no help for it, unless perchance the bad-habit comes to be recognized as last as one of the dire diseases of the day, and a home be instituted for the restraint and special treatment of its victims, and the general good of the community at large. "If homes might be instituted with advantage to the world at large for the fashion-who insist not only on taking lessons in singing and piano playing, but also on the display of their lack of voice and ear, and temperament; but these homes would be at a considerable distance from the

The girls along the coast complain of the rudeness of young men. Now this rudeness consists in an evident unwillingness to dance.

This reluctance is not without excuse. Is it not sweeter for to sit on the piazza and watch the swell of the ocean under the faint light of the stars? Why should a tired youth be forced to prance in a hot room in a glare of gas, or gasoline, or electricity? Besides, dancing, as it is now conducted, is a rude, violent exercise.

The band—fiddle, cornet and shrieking—always plays the same tune—"After the Ball." And the young men have heard it before.

sing bass; the sails will swell the chorus. Jesus Christ gives the pitch, and in tones the motet, which is always new. To be added to this melodious and celestial music, are the sounds of harps, flutes, violas, spinets, lutes and all other instruments, which will tickle marvelously the sensitiveness of our ears."

Nor will such social distinction in the arrangement of the celestial choir provoke the envy and the heartburning known to our poor flesh here below. PHILIP HALE.

aug 11 - 93
It seems that Mr. Edward Fuller in his entertaining novel, "The Complaining Millions of Men," satirizes celebrities of Boston, who, with names thinly disguised, prance incidentally in his story.

Certain newspapers tax Mr. Fuller with ill-nature; but they take pains to quote carefully all the descriptions that seem to them disagreeable.

Now, such pen-sketches of piquancy have been introduced into famous books. Sterne, Smollet, Thackeray, Dickens, Disraeli drew characters directly from contemporaneous life, but, as a rule, the cap was so made that it would fit more than one head. And so, for instance, there is a dispute to-day concerning Harold Skimpole's identity with Leigh Hunt.

Mr. Fuller's method is more direct, more personal. It may be said, and without any reflection on the excellence of his literary work, that the men and women satirized have little to do with the knot of his story. He has not created types; he has caricatured definitely local followers of local fads. In this age of passion for personality such hot spice is not unpalatable to many.

That the older members of Plymouth Church should look askew at the new hymnal prepared by Dr. Abbott is not surprising, and yet excellent hymns have no doubt been written during the last forty years.

Mr. Beecher's collection, which is now superseded, was compiled, it is said, during the Fifties. The editor of a hymnal should respect the best hymns of the past and those made sacred by association; and he should preserve them in their integrity. There has been too much finical alteration in the history of hymnology.

It is an interesting roll, this list of persons known or seen by George M. Towle, who has now joined the great majority. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Disraeli, Bright, Russell, Derby, Hugo, Thiers, Dickens, Renan. Have we lost the sense of proportion, the feeling for value, or is this generation a race of lesser men? Gladstone, to be sure, still lives, but he seems a man of all time—not of a particular generation.

The local advocates of cremation claim that Bishop Brooks was a strong believer in incineration; and yet his body was committed to the earth. There are many who admit the future necessity of cremation as a sanitary precaution, especially in large cities. But, as the New York Sun remarked this week, "The Christian world clings to the method of burial with a tenacity which cannot be loosened except by an exceedingly slow process."

aug 12 - 93
Loie Fuller brings with her a mamma, maid, manager, companion, private secretary, 27 trunks, and this definition of her dancing: "A combination of effects produced by form, color, motion, music and light; that is dramatic, is it not?"

Miss Fuller is modest. Her latest English admirer forgets the traditional sobriety of English criticism, and breaks out in a burst of analytical enthusiasm: "She has invented a new science of clothes. It is the apotheosis of drapery; the woman is merely the animated pivot, the sympathetic clothes horse, who interposes her vital energy into this dream of 'woven paces and of waving hands.'"

The intrepid women of Boston that advocate for their sex an approach to masculine garb are not alone. In New York a well-known teacher of physical culture wears corduroy knickerbockers and black hose, and is described as "perfectly at ease."

But she is also described as looking "like a big boy." Here, alas, is an insuperable obstacle to many women who can not wholly put man from the mind. Woman is dear to man because she is woman, and not a species of androgyne.

Besides, how many men are there who would welcome a return to the male dress of a former century, with small clothes, etc.? Are women more confident of natural advantages?

Gen. Humidity outranked Gen. Famine in the fight for the Goelet cup. At the same time he might have given the boat a fair play.

It is announced that Alexandre Guilmant, the most famous organist of Europe, will visit this country in the fall. If he should be persuaded to come to Boston, where could he play?

We have no concert hall with an organ of any size or value. In this respect we are behind Worcester.

The organ that revolutionized organ-building in this country, ornamented Music Hall, and for a long time was the boast of our city, now slumbers, neglected, forgotten, in a South End churchyard.

Would it not be possible for the people of Tremont Temple to include an organ fully equipped and for public use in their scheme of rebuilding? And surely the new Music Hall should not be without a worthy instrument.

It is unfortunately true that there is little public interest here at present in organ recitals. Such recitals are not necessarily dull, and the visit of Guilmant may remind our people of the glories of the noblest of instruments. But where could he play in this city of boasted musical culture?

aug 14 - 93
Now is the time for Congress to remember the wisdom of Demosthenes: "Action, action, action."

AS WE DRIVE.

At different times this summer we have referred to the solemnity that marks the roll of carriages of all descriptions along the ocean coast. The Italians or the French, when they in the cool of the evening are borne along in procession in public places, seem thoroughly idle, happy, at ease. They lounge gracefully; they smile at each other and at the sitters or the pedestrians. But our carriage folk, even when nature laughs outright from sky and field, forest and sea, must needs maintain a reputation for sobriety, industry and intense respectability.

Solemnity is, however, qualified at times by curiosity. Perhaps this does not hold true in the regions of cottagers, where the unknown are warned off and threatened with social spring guns and man traps. But wherever there are hotels and boarding houses curiosity sits behind the horses. "Who do you suppose she is?" and "I wonder what his business is?" fall at stated intervals from the lips of those driven. The solemn stare includes inquiry.

Some, suspecting that they, too, will be tacitly questioned, seek to gratify desire in a pompous manner by adorning their vehicles with a coat-of-arms. These decorations are not readily deciphered, as the wheels roll rapidly. A coat-of-arms is as easily obtained as a second-hand coat. If Mr. Higgins chooses one that suits his fancy, there is no reason why Mr. Johnes-Johnes (lately Jones) should not assume the same device. Blazoned information is then of little avail.

Now, why would it not be a good plan for all these owners of carriages to spread their names and callings. It might not be well for a hatter, for example, to take the air in front of a swollen "stove-pipe," however ingeniously the wagon might be arranged; but he might surely have his name and place of business neatly painted on the back or the side. Or some unostentatious emblem might accompany the owner's name. A gilded ham, a bottle of champagne, a foaming glass of beer, a lyre, or a skull and cross bones would furnish symbolically definite information.

He that has no business save to reflect upon the alleged glories of some ancestor and live upon inherited money might well put into readable shape the expression of his face:

"I'm Mr. So-and-So. Pray who are you?" This open classification and identification would gratify curiosity, advertise business, and, above all, prevent social mistakes that in the future would be annoying. It would not be wise to insist that certain carriages should be grouped together, or that certain carriages should have the right of way. The mingling of business with simple pleasure, the close association of the nobly-born with the self-made would add to the picturesque and the variety of the scene.

The latest, and probably the most aggressive, claim of emancipated women is that they can play whist as well as men "when the women make up their minds." But there is just the trouble: they are so slow in making up their minds.

Mr. Edward Fuller is at it again. Not content with satirizing or caricaturing several members of the Bostonian literary world, he "exposes" in the Providence Journal the tricks by which the undeserving win a certain reputation, aided chiefly by the writers of "social" paragraphs.

Mr. Fuller's bitterness is not without cause, nor is it unwholesome if unpalatable. Mrs. Leo Hunter's name is in our directory, and the name is also legion. The so-called patronesses of art and literature are not discriminating; social advantage is of undue weight; and art suffers by the foolish exaggeration of the importance of mediocrity. But the serious judgment of the Boston public should not be confounded with the puffs of "society" paragraphers.

When you hear a man say "there's no one in town" tell him to go to the North End, and he will there find food for meditation.

A correspondent suggests, apropos of the new Music Hall, that "a suitable stage should be erected at each end, with movable seats, so that either stage can be utilized as circumstances require, by musicians, singer or speaker; with the other stage appropriated for the occasion with sittings."

Such an arrangement might lend itself easily to various and interesting experiments. Orchestras at each end should work synchronically, and the sitter in the middle could then determine which music is the louder, that of Wagner, or that of Brahms. The only trouble would be, as in the circus with two rings, that the attention would be divided, and too much given for the money.

aug 15 - 93 WESTERN HONESTY.

Theodore Thomas has resigned his position as musical director at the World's Fair. The Council of Administration adopted a resolution disbanding the orchestra, and a notice was served on the members, who refuse to pay attention to it, preferring to engage a lawyer and indulge in the delight of collection of salary. Meanwhile "a concert given by all nations is looked forward to with no little interest." In this concert, the overture to Tannhaeuser is found, and appropriately, by the side of Dahomey songs and dances, juggling by Chinese and dances by North American Indians.

There is no doubt of the fact that, for weeks, conspiracy has been rife in the exposition. Representatives of musical instruments were bitter against the musical managers. Mr. Thomas is blunt in his methods, particularly in manner of refusal. But, in spite of intrigues, Mr. Thomas would not have resigned, if there had been an overwhelming popular demand for the music played under his direction.

It is easy to say that it is all the fault of Thomas, the man; that he is dictatorial; that he is rude in speech; that he is too sensitive, as when he rebelled in Cincinnati because he was asked to lead with a ham, as an open token of appreciation of the industries of the town; that his salary was exorbitant. But it must also be remembered that sternness in discipline, combined with sensitiveness, is necessary to the equipment of a good conductor.

It is a mistake to believe that the public hankers after concerts of a severe nature in the summer months. Nor is it necessary to the growth of art that a public should be cultivated to such a point that men and women sit under the dog star and forget personal perspiration in the inspired movements of a symphony. People will listen to ballet music, light overtures, transcriptions of familiar tunes, spirited marches, if there is an accompaniment of "light refreshments;" they will not pay attention to "classical" concerts. Nor are they to be blamed. "To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

These men and women in Chicago were certainly honest. Fashion could not compel attendance. They feared not the reproach of philistinism. They recognized the fact that German music of serious nature bored them in hot weather. They did not mistake the terms education and amusement. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that their honesty contributed to Mr. Thomas's enforced retirement. But his reputation does not suffer thereby, and the non-audiences are certainly free from the charge of hypocrisy.

When Mrs. Leland ran an opera house in Albany she called herself a "manageress," and there was a dispute in theatrical circles over the propriety of the term. There is certainly no excuse or warrant for "clerkess," a term used in Edinburgh for woman clerk.

...ers that the Administration must do
its Vest in this weather.

Delegates to Congress have already shown
that a Peace Congress is not an empty name.
The Hon. Josiah Quincy, sated with
slayer, exchanges the axe for the olive
branch, which he waves at all nations; and
men and women listen without a murmur to
a poem of two columns.

"Tommy" King, the female brigand, is
indeed a dangerous character. Not only is
she a crack shot with a rifle and a keen
hunter of Sheriffs: she is also "a pianist of
considerable ability and a splendid conver-
sationalist."

Mr. John L. Sullivan has not lost his com-
mand of picturesque expression; and when
he uses his natural gift in the avowal of fine
feeling, his words are like a blow from his
mighty fist. "I'm done fighting; I want to
live on Easy Street and see the money come
in the front door, and I'm doing it right
along."

The operatic season of '93-'94 promises to
be one of unusual interest. Messrs. Abbey,
Schuffel and Grau have robbed the opera
houses of Europe of their leading singers.
There are our old friends, the brothers De
Rozke, Lasalle, Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Scalchi
and Miss Eames; and the great singers,
Melba, Calvé and de Lucia will visit us for
the first time. But where will they sing, if
they are persuaded to come to Boston?

And new operas will be given: Operas by
Verdi, Leoncavallo, Mascagni; operas that
have excited musical Europe. But shall we
hear them? And where? In Chicago, or
New York?

It is more than probable that we shall
have to be content with our yearly doses of
"The Messiah," the symphonies of
Beethoven, and chamber music. We are
very conservative.

And, pray, what did the Rajah-Rajahgan
of Karpurthala think of the fight at Roby?
For he was there, and he saw the "scorch-
ers" and the "corking blows," the "cop-
ping" and the "jabbing."

No doubt he has seen strange sights in his
own land, Thugs, wonder-workers, poison-
ers, snakes and savage animals. But did he
ever see two of his subjects "groggy" for
money, pounding each other in the presence
of 7000? "Flames could be seen in the direc-
tion of the door, while from without could
be heard the pounding of the mob with
stones on the wall. It was a wild time." It
would be interesting to hear the Rajah's ac-
count of it after he returns to the heathen of
India.

Mr. Seymour, who proposes to be buried,
and a crop grows over his grave, and then
use and enjoy the said crop, has with com-
mendable forethought ordered a monument,
in case there is some mistake. He claims to
experiment "in the interests of science,"
which is often another name for insane desire
for notoriety.

Miss Lottie Collins should look after her
retailors. She declares her dress to be
"dreams"—she declared this by the way to
the reporter, not to the revenue officers.
"One is simply a soothing sonnet, exquisitely
hand painted." "Ta-ra-ra," etc., is surely
more coherent.

Mr. Astor wishes to drain the cup of ex-
perience to the lees. The Pall Mall Gazette,
it is said, is a weekly loss of \$5000. His
ancestors found furs more profitable.

TIPPING AGAIN.

The question of tipping waiters is by no
means new, but it was revived lately in this
city. Men, more or less well known, ex-
pressed their views on the one side or the
other. This week Mr. Alfred Wey of the
Boston Waiters' Alliance replies to certain
statements and suggests the following plan
for the evil, for he admits that tipping is an
evil:

"Let the hotel keepers charge the guest a
few more for food, etc., say 15 per cent.; then
they will be able to pay the waiters a fair day's
pay, and they will not be looking for tips. The
proprietors will lose nothing, the guests will
get good service, and the waiter, instead of de-
pending on chance tips, which may never come,
to take home to support his wife and children
will always be able to keep up a respectable
home and decent appearance while on duty."

Mr. Wey arrives at the conclusion that
summed up the whole matter in a pamphlet
published about ten years ago in Germany.

In the greater number of European cities,
if not in all, the waiter and the porter are
without salary; indeed, they pay a sum,
often a large one, to the landlord for the
privilege of work. They depend on the gen-
erosity of the guest. The guest knows the
facts in the case, and if he is a native he

pays a regular tip; if he is an American, he
gives a tip absurdly large, and then on his
return to America he is apt to complain bit-
terly of the "thieves" in hotels and restau-
rants.

Many of us remember the day when wait-
ers in this country did not expect the guests
to acknowledge with money their zeal or
grace. The guest paid for what he had con-
sumed; if he gave a sum of money to the
waiter, it was on account of some extraor-
dinary occasion, such as a wedding, a day of
national rejoicing, or undue alcoholic hil-
larity. But the Civil War fostered extra-
vagance at the North. Immense sums of
money were made by men who did not know
how to spend except in outward show. Ost-
entation found vent in tipping. Other tip-
pers aped foreign custom. The restaurant
keeper argued naturally, as he saw the
spread of the evil, "Why should I pay a
waiter, when my guests are willing to give
him handsome wages?" And now the cus-
tom is widespread; waiters are expectant;
and they are often remiss, sometimes insol-
ent, when they do not receive the fee, or
when the fee does not answer desire.

The fee is almost always too large in this
country. The English man of business goes
into a chop house for luncheon; if his bill is
sixty-five or seventy-five cents the waiter
would stare, and probably smile, if the fee
was over five or six cents. That American
who would dare to give a waiter at one of
our restaurants or hotels a nickel is indeed a
brave man.

The waiters are not so much at fault in the
matter as the guests themselves. If the lat-
ter had the courage of conviction and were
not afraid of false sentiment, the waiters
and the landlords would accommodate them-
selves accordingly. Nor would it probably
be necessary for the landlords to raise the
price of food. It is high enough already.

It may seem to some incredible that five
Bedouins have been going hungry in Chica-
go for nearly a week. Wonderful stories are
told by travelers about the endurance of
these Lords of the Desert; how they can live
cheerfully, like the camel, on water. But
the most patient oamel would kick against
the water of Chicago.

O'Donovan Rossa knows his true value.
He told a reporter the other day that Eng-
land had spent more than a million and a
half to put him out of the way. Rossa did
not say whether the sum was in pounds or in
dollars; but in either case it was not too
much.

It is interesting in this connection to note
that the O'Donovnn will not "interfere"
with Gladstone, although he believes "he's
only fooling the Irish."

The appearance of the famous French pan-
tomime company in this country will be a
revelation to all those who only associate the
pantomime with clowns and hot pokers.
Pantomime is the foundation of the dramatic
art of the French and the Italians, and there
are critics of repute who see in mute play the
drama of the future.

The question of street nomenclature is an
important one. Many advocate numbering;
but there is a loss of individuality, an ap-
proach to the convict system. The dweller
in the street might also be numbered; and
Mr. Brown might as well be 43, No. 43, Forty-
third Street.

Albany, for instance, rejoices in names
taken from the animal kingdom. Pittsburg
has looked to battles, heroes and poets, and
has also gone to Greece and Rome. We have
levied heavily on the Book of the Peerage.

And so we find in Boston the affectation of
the suffix "Gate." We neglect our own
colonial history and the role of our famous
men to immortalize some English worthy or
unworthy. The streets running parallel with
Arlington are cases in point.

And, worst of all, the Indian names that
were once attached to places, or rivers, or
mountains in this country are gradually
changed. Or local names of meaning are
dropped for pretentious titles. There are
beautiful sheets of water in the Adirondacks
that were originally called Edmonds Ponds.
The region is now known as Cascadeville.

Direct personal communication by letter
or telegram to Representatives and Senators
is recommended in applying pressure for re-
peal of the silver purchasing clause. There
is wisdom in this advice.

For the ease with which petitions of for-
midable size are obtained for or against any
measure has undoubtedly destroyed the
effect in many instances. There are people
who are always expected to lend their names
to petitions; and familiarity is an enemy to
authority. There is even gregariousness in
signatures. It is easy to follow thoughtlessly
where others lead. None know this fact bet-
ter than those petitioned.

There was rioting the same day in Bombay
and North Abington. It is said that the pro-
voking cause abroad was a question of snoko
warship. At home it was a matter of a grudo
crossing.

It is to be hoped that the report of the In-
dian massacre is exaggerated. The fight,
however serious, was a religious quarrel be-
tween Moslems and Hindoos. The North
Abington affair is bad enough, with its
shooting of men, brandishing of pickaxes,
throwing of stones, and shouts of "Kill,
kill."

And yet the scene at home was relieved by
instances of characteristic American humor.
An officer of one of the roads "regrets" the
disturbance; and when the riot was at its
height an amateur photographer caught on
his plate the flying stones and descending
clubs.

The row is food for sorrow and shame, and
not for mirth or ridicule. The law was openly
defied; armed citizens were arrayed against
each other, and all this was not in India,
but in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"Oratory" is still cultivated by the men of
the West. Here is Mr. Bryan of Nebraska,
who introduces "beauty of the Alps and
grandeur of the Rockies; sunny skies of
Italy and invigorating breezes of the Missis-
sippi Valley," in a speech concerning silver.
It was also a Westerner who always brought
"eagle" and "bugle" into his perorations.

The Mexicans may well be surprised at the
appointment of a Secretary of Legation
who understands and can speak Spaulsh.
Foreigners have been long accustomed to see
Consuls and other representatives of our
Government, Republican or Democratic, who
were obliged, even in the ordinary dealings
of life, to rely upon a polyglot clerk to make
known their wants and gain gratification.

Mr. Besant, who is now busy in gently cor-
recting our habits and encouraging our en-
deavors as a nation, says that we are a race
of slammers.

There is some truth in his charge. Scho-
penhauer wrote a violent attack against the
senseless cracking of whips in Germany.
What would he have done if he had lived in
an American hotel or boarding house and
been shocked nervously by the violent shut-
ting to of doors, the artillery of peace?

It was said of old that the slamming of a
door was a token of neglected education.
Children are not the only offenders in this
country. The old vie with the young. Nor
is this abuse a little matter. We are essen-
tially a nervous people; and, as Arthur
Helps pointed out, it is the trifles in daily
life that are after all of the greatest impor-
tance in shaping personal character.

The 150 citizens who assisted at the tarring
and feathering of a gentleman in Maine are
"among the best known and most respected."
It is doubtful whether the victim will be con-
soled by the fact that his punishment was
regarded in the neighborhood as "a social
function."

In Northern mythology Walhalla is the
home of Odin, where he welcomes the spirits
of heroes slain in battle; and Wagner, who
perverted mythology for his own advantage,
gave the hall a motif.

At Donistauf the Walhalla is a marble
temple for the reception of statues and busts
of distinguished Germans.

We also have a Walhalla. It is in New
York city. There is a liquor store on the
ground floor; the hall is often used for East-
Side balls; the proprietor's name is Frenkel-
stein. And this week the hall was a scene of
riot between hungry laborers and the police.

There is no doubt that demagogues set the
match for the explosion; and it is a signifi-
cant fact that the call was printed in foreign
languages. No one in the hall spoke in Eng-
lish.

While it is easy as well as proper to con-
demn such riotous proceedings, it is not dis-
puted that men in New York who are willing
to work are without occupation and go hun-
gry.

The death of Mr. Giddings is indeed tragic,
and yet it is such as might well excite the
envy of the righteous; for he gave himself to
save another. The generosity of his life was
crowned in death with heroism.

The name of Charcot, whose death is an-
nounced, will be connected inseparably with
hypnotism. His genius as a practicing phy-
sician, his generosity toward poor patients—
these may be forgotten; but his experiments
in hypnotism will preserve his memory.
Such is the fascination exerted by the mys-
terious, the apparently occult over mankind.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, August 12, 1893.

"MADAME FAVART" will be given by the Pauline Hall Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre next Monday evening.

M. Edward E. Rice will open his season at the Park Theatre with a new comic opera, "Venus." Mr. Rice, here, is famous as the composer of "Evangeline," in New York you know him as the manager of that extraordinary species of amusement, "1492," to the United States at large and Australia he is the general and licensed purveyor to the pictures of the baldheaded. In his new effort, "Venus" will be played by some Western beauty whose luscious physical charms have already received full justice in the advance notices of an inflated press agent, master of heated rhetoric.

Col. Henry Mapleson and Mr. F. C. Whitney have joined forces and they will bring out "The Fencing Master" at the Hollis Street Theatre September 11. Colonel Mapleson has had experience—plenty of it. Let us hope that Mr. Whitney has the money. Mrs. Laura Schirmer-Mapleson will, of course, take the leading part. I notice with pleasure that the colonel has robbed the opera houses of France, Italy, Russia and Australia in the selection of his company. Miss Beloit and Mr. Jerome are snatched from the Opéra Comique; Mr. Telson is a subject of the Czar; Miss Dorre has delighted the Milanese, and Miss Sinclair comes all the way from Melbourne.

And then there's Hubert Wilke!

I also learn with pleasure that "Mr. De Koven, who is extremely particular as to the assignment of the principal rôles in production of his operas, very frankly commends the vocal abilities" of Mrs. Mapleson. He has "added numbers to the score" for her sake; "and the book has been revised in certain scenes by Mr. Smith, with a view to making it still more interesting;" a laborious but not an utterly hopeless task, even for Mr. Smith.

Have you seen the latest paragraph about the approaching visit of Marteau. Here it is: "He is a gentleman from one of the first families of Rheims, France, and occupies an envious social position in Paris, being the bosom friend of President Carnot, who takes the greatest interest in his career." As you see, the season opens well, so far as press agents are concerned.

But of all interviews with "artists" commend me to the one that appeared over Dagonet's signature in "The Referee" of July 23. As you know, Ivan Caryll—I forget his real name, which is something like Higgins; but I cannot, alas, forget his music—has written, or is writing, or will write the music of "Columbus," a burlesque opera by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh, which will be produced about the end of September at the Lyric in London. Well, Dagonet went to see him and found him in a complete nautical costume, "which he explained he had put on, as he was composing a sailor's chorus."

"Yes," said Mr. Caryll, "you see, I believe in local color. I have composed a negro song for Miss May Yohé, and I blacked myself all over and took five shares in the Moore and Burgess minstrels in order to get the proper inspiration. Once in an opera I had to compose a bridesmaids' chorus, and before commencing it I got married, in order to enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing."

"You are a very conscientious artist," said Dagonet.

"I hope so," replied Caryll. "I endeavor to be thorough in everything. For instance, I am just composing a song

for Mr. Silas Block, the bacon king of Chicago, for the new opera, and for three days in succession I have had nothing but pork and beans for lunch."

The gifted composer then led the way to the dining room, where Mrs. Caryll cut a large watermelon. "Won't you venture on a slice?" she said with that sweet smile which has charmed two continents. "I would venture on a slice," said Dagonet remembering his Sydney Smith, "but I am afraid I should fall off, it seems so slippery."

After luncheon Mr. Caryll disclosed at further length his method of composition. "Suppose that I have to compose a comic song. I think of all the funny stories I have ever heard; then I dance about the house and laugh aloud, so that I may be in a comic humor. Then I put on a false mustache and sit down to the piano. If I have to write a sad song I read the Burial Service and make myself cry. I had to write a song for a girl shivering in the snow; I wrote that song I stood out in the snow, which was in our back garden, with no shoes and stockings and waistcoat on, and then, when my teeth chattered, I was blue with the cold, I came in and composed it. It was absolutely the thing. Whenever it is the theatre people that I look about for the ladies used to put on their opera cloaks and foot warmers. There was a member of the orchestra who heard it once and came to hear it again; the next time he sat in the overcoat, with a baked

Yes, we all remember that frozen and freezing song. It was interpolated imperceptibly in "La Cigale." But it had a contrary effect in this country. Strong men left the theatre, nor could a visit at a neighboring Old Men's Home fire them with courage to return.

I fear Dagonet was guying Mr. Caryll. This suspicion is confirmed by a close examination of the opening paragraph.

"Mrs. Ivan Caryll at home?" I asked one fine morning (you can easily identify it by the description) this week. "Yes, sir," replied a footman in gorgeous livery, "but please mind the paint." "I do," I replied, as I found that I had taken a coat off the front door and added it to my own; "I mind it very much." By careful steering and turning inwards at six cables, I managed to leave the paint in the hall intact, but I put my foot in a paint pot filled with an æsthetic green, and didn't notice it until I had walked about the charming drawing room for a few minutes. I noticed it first on the carpet."

Mr. Caryll's theory, as described by Dagonet, can be retrospectively applied by all future biographers. For instance:

MEYERBEER.

Meyerbeer, the great and rich composer, was at a loss for a ballet subject when he meditated his immortal "Prophète." One day, when he was reading a book of travels in Holland, he found a chapter on the passion of the Dutch for skating. "I have it!" he exclaimed in the Berlin dialect, of which he was an acknowledged master. Having fortified his nerve with copious draughts of Amsterdam gin of the finest quality—for he thus combined local color with stomachic pleasure—he practised diligently on roller skates for twelve hours in the court. No one was during this time admitted to his presence except faithful Alphonse, the concierge. The second day Meyerbeer did not stop. He seated himself at his desk immediately, and without stopping to remove his skates he wrote at a dash the superb "ballet des patineurs." The skates still remain in the possession of the family.

Here is a more modern instance:

BIZET.

The lamented composer of "Carmen" was a slave to local color. For weeks he cudgelled his brains in vain. The song of Escamillo would not come to him. "Why don't you go to Spain?" said Saint-Saëns, as the two were watching Renan puffing in an extraordinary *pas seul* at a students' ball. "Lend me the money," replied Bizet with the quickness of lightning, and to the great amusement of Verlaine who, heavily charged with absinthe, happened to stand near them. (Foot note: Frenchmen are easily amused.) "Why don't you go to Normandy?" answered Camille, diverting his attention with Gallic tact. The very next day Bizet watched a bull on a Normandy farm owned by an uncle of De Maupassant. The bull seemed sluggish. Bizet removed and shook the famous red vest which, once worn by poor Gautier at the "first" of "Hernani," was rescued reverently from a second-hand shop by Bizet, who was a great admirer of Théophile. The bull was immediately in action. Two minutes after, Bizet, at the top of a curiously twisted apple tree, jotted down on his collar the world-famous refrain, "To-re-a-dor." The farmer did not come for the bull until sunset, so the composer had ample time to elaborate the theme and enrich it with exquisite harmonies. Saint-Saëns was the first to congratulate him.

The Rev. Mr. Haweis, who has shown conclusively that

he knows more about morals than music, sets sail for this country the last of August. He threatens to preach and lecture.

Haweis, as musician and clergyman, reminds one of the German story about Georg Ebers: "The Egyptologists say that he is a good novelist, and the novelists admit that he is undoubtedly a man of genuine scientific acquirements."

I have been reading lately the books by Sir Richard Burton, the Burton of those extraordinary anthropological notes to his "plain" translation of the Arabian Nights. What a brave fellow he was! But he never faced a musical season without missing a concert, and travel in Zanzibar, Dahomy or Central Africa is nothing to the adventurous life of a music critic.

Nor is bravery confined to music critics, nor did it perish with Burton. Three footpads in our neighborhood held up a book agent the other night.

Do you know the name of the music critic of the "Pall Mall Gazette?" I have referred to him before this. He must distress sorely many of his smug and orthodox readers.

See, for instance, what he says about Professor Stanford apropos of the performance at Covent Garden of "The Veiled Prophet." "Themes with how fine a beginning break upon the ear, and stray into spaces where inspired

The beluga, or white whale, caught in Truro, is a swift dolphin rather than whale, and it is not even a first cousin to the famous malicious monster, Moby Dick, the white whale who played such a bloody part in the legends of Nantucket.

The beluga is docile, and lends itself easily to the amusement of bystanders. Here in Boston he has fed from an attendant's hand and drawn a boat in harness around a tank.

And, speaking of whales, who reads to-day the whaling book by Charles Nordhoff, who is now associated with Spreckels and the New York Herald? Nearly forty years have passed since Nordhoff looked rather to the sea and its inhabitants than to the land.

Mr. Sherman Hoar finds relaxation in the exhausting labors of his office by writing fairy tales; and thus he follows the example of illustrious men as Montesquieu, Mirabeau and others. Will Mr. Hoar's story be a parable with political application, or will it be a regular, old-fashioned "once upon a time?" Even in the latter instance it might refer to the Democracy.

Aug 19-93

LITERARY OVER-PRODUCTION.

A contemporary complained the other day of the dullness of the literary season; that no great novel has appeared this year; that no "epoch-making book" bears the date 1893; in other words, there is no foundation for a new literary fad. Not that publishers are idle; books, thick and thin, heavy and light, fall on the counters as thick as autumnal, Vallombrosian leaves.

And yet this non-appearance of an "epoch-making" book is not to be rashly deplored.

The novels that are hailed with such trumpet blasts and beating of tom-toms are too often the fashion of a season, not the makers of epochs. The story may be a long attack on a creed; it may deal with a social problem; it may be called by the hero's name, or it may be entitled "The Celestial Triplets;" the creeds and the problems remain long after the book is forgotten. The publication of a novel, or a graver work, is not now necessarily a momentous event.

Would it not be well in these vacation days to look backward and read some of the older books that are talked about glibly but are unread? Take, for instance, reprints, which have appeared this summer. There is Sir Richard Burton's Journey to Mecca, a record of almost incredible adventure, a mine of information, a book of rare individual flavor. Who that reads Hazlitt to-day remembers that strange story of man's foolishness, "Liber Amoris?" For years it has been a hard book to obtain, but now it is published in attractive form. The mauliness, the genius of Fielding are again brought to mind by the new, beautiful edition of his works, sold at a moderate price. Ben Jonson is now included in the Mermaid series.

We are apt to read about great authors instead of personally examining their books. It is easier for many to skim over a magazine article and then in conversation utilize superficially such hastily acquired information that soon becomes misinformation than to read and digest the subject of the article. There are some who only look forward in the pursuit of literature; they crave that which is new; they demand literary excitement; their interest is of close kin to the interest of the dram-drinker. But of what advantage are books to them?

Wise men, from the preacher in Jerusalem to Gen. Grant, have openly declared that there are too many books. Perhaps Richard Le Gallienne is right in his defence of limited editions. "Over-production, both in men and shirts, is the evil of the day." The publisher and collector of limited editions aim, in their small corner, to set a limit to this careless procreation. They are literary malthusians. No book should be brought into the world which is not sure of love and lodging on some comfortable shelf. A truly good book is beyond price; and it is far easier to under than oversell it."

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There is considerable gossip about the new Immigrant Inspector.

President Thwing declares that "many a young woman is hurt more by eating too much candy than is a young man by too much smoking." This statement may be taken with a grain of sugar.

The horrible story about the discovery of a society in Croatia for the crippling of children for business purposes reads like a chapter from the Annals of the Comptons. Victor Hugo's "The Man who Laughs" was the invention of such monsters, and De Maupassant wrote a singularly unpleasant tale founded on a similar subject.

development knows them not; love passages which are quite original, but which we know so well, their faces are so strangely familiar, knock at the doors of enthusiasm, and are sent empty away. Again let it be said that Professor Stanford is a very able man, a man with a large repertory of knowledge; but he lacks the ideas of supreme art. The leader writers of the time are also able men, and in music Professor Stanford is an ideal leader writer; the unfortunate thing is that art leaders are so seldom literature."

Or read this apropos of the reasonableness of a testimonial to Sir Augustus Harris: "Why a special invitation should be issued to crown a man because he has made his own fortune from the public pocket is one of those strange human problems that remain insoluble; but it was worth discussion—it is very interesting."

The blasphemy of the first quotation is, however, the more appalling. Is not Stanford a professor? Is he not a doctor? But, alas! so many Englishmen profess music, and doctor the music of others, antecedent and contemporaneous.

PHILIP HALE.

BOOKS ABOUT MUSIC.

MR. FINCK AND "WAGNER."

"Wagner and His Works," by Henry T. Finck, is published in two handsome and substantial volumes by Charles Scribner's Sons. This book is a mine of information to all who are unacquainted with the French and German works that have been of such lively benefit to Mr. Finck, who has, indeed, here shown a practical appreciation of the labors of others. It is a pity that after he had collected and compiled his materials he did not show greater critical acumen, shrewder sense and a fairer spirit in arrangement and conclusions. Enthusiasm, even when it is loosely or hysterically expressed in speech, may call for a certain degree of admiration; but it can never replace the absence of the judicial faculty. Mr. Finck is evidently a victim of the distressing disease known as Wagneritis. Indiscreet as a compiler, he is wanting, as a critic, in sense of value; furthermore, he is eminently, perhaps pre-eminently, unfair. He is frequently guilty of what was called by Charles Reade the sham-sample swindle. He quotes extracts from men whose opinions are at variance with his, and then proceeds to reason from these extracts, separated from a qualifying or explanatory context; or he becomes violently heated and he shrieks in rhetoric. Mr. Finck is more German than the Germans. He says in his preface that Julian "presents his subject from too Gallic a point of view," that Julian's "greatest blemish is his total inability to understand Wagner's character." Nor does Mr. Finck approve wholly of Gluck's opera, the German biographer. It is evidently his impression that the peculiar equipment necessary to the proper understanding of Wagner is found only in a German-American. Of course, Hindtuck and Dorn and all others that refused or refuse to bow the knee to Wagner and hail him Supreme Master, are desperate victims, and they are treated cruelly by Mr. Finck, who, indeed, admits his cruelty; for, to use his own italicized phrase, he has "mercilessly quoted their own words." To such terrible treatment, "Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel," are, of course, only the playthings of a holiday. Mr. Finck, fortunately, is not always in such bloody mood; he can indulge in bursts of humor. This humor, it is true, is often unconscious, as when he extols the artistic merits of Wagner's music-dramas by pointing with pride to certain tabulated box-office receipts. His wit and repartee are heavy weapons, and he wields them after the fashion of Milton's elephant, who wreathed his proboscis to amuse Adam and Eve. Mr. Finck's book will undoubtedly increase the frenzy of his fellow-sufferers from Wagneritis; it will furnish instruction and amusement to the loss inflamed minds of those who are sluggish enough to study the music of Wagner as they study the music of other mortals. "Wagner and His Works" is an excellent preparation, so far as much of the material is concerned, for the future English biography of the great composer; but on account of his blind partiality it is not the equal of Julian's admirable life, nor is it to be named with the elaborate and excellent sketches by Dannreuther and Henderson, published respectively in "Grove's Dictionary" and "Famous Composers."

"FAMOUS COMPOSERS."

The J. B. Milet Company of Boston has published the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth parts of "Famous Composers and their Works." "Mendelssohn" is written with loving enthusiasm by John S. Dwight. We cannot agree, however, with Mr. Dwight in the belief that the "prosperity and refining influences" that surrounded Mendelssohn from his birth were of such great value to him as a creative artist; nor was Mendelssohn's way of thinking "large and liberal." Nor, in Haupt and others that heard him are to be believed, was he "a masterly organ player." Louis Kestorborn of this city contributes thoughtful articles on Schumann, Franz, Brahms and Rheinberger, but why the Editor should have included the latter among his "famous composers" passes our understanding. H. T. Finck is the author of a readable and appreciative sketch of the Strauss family, and it is a pleasure to find Mr. Finck, in courteous mood, quoting freely from the writings of the eminent Viennese critic, Dr. Hanslick, after he abused the doctor so childishly in his "Life of Wagner." Louis C. Elson writes in an entertaining manner of Max Bruch. The chief features, however, of these instalments are the article on Meyerbeer by that judicious writer, Arthur Pougin, and the articles on Raff, Goldmark and Wagner (unpublished in No. 12) by W. J. Henderson of the New York Times. Mr. Henderson's views of the characteristics and the limitations of the music of Raff and Goldmark are acute, discriminating, eminently sane, and they are clearly and tenaciously expressed. The illustrations and the musical extracts are of great assistance in immediate perusal and are of permanent value. Each successive instalment of this work is another proof of the excellence of the work and the careful fulfillment by the publishers of their promises.

NOTES.

The fifth number of the first volume of the history of the Handel and Haydn Society has been published, and the annals are thus brought down to May 26, 1893. It will be remembered that the first historian was Mr. Charles C. Perkins. After his death the work was undertaken by John S. Dwight. This record will be of great assistance to the future historian of music in Boston; it is also of present interest, though rather from the anecdotal than from the critical standpoint. The by-laws, lists of officers and lists of members chronologically and alphabetically arranged are in the appendix. The history, however, lacks an index, and the omission is a serious one. Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co. have published a "Common School Course, comprising studies in tune and time, with songs for practice and recreation," by John W. Tuttle. Mr. Tuttle's name is a guarantee for the excellence of the work, which seems thoroughly adapted to its specific purpose.

It is not surprising that when fish chowder is prepared for 1700 men it should run thin toward the end of distribution. Are there not too many lovers of the dish on Deer Island?

There should be no place in this country for "Queens of Anarchists," even when they are "fluent and impassioned."

It was stated lately in this column that the tercentenary of Walton was not marked by a memorial edition of the Complete Angler. It is now announced that a special and commemorative edition will be published by the Bagsters of Bible fame.

THE POWER OF CONVENTIONALITY.

The tailors of Austria have been requested by the Vienna Fashions Club, which apparently sets the style for the country, to produce for inspection colored dress coats. The colors suggested are blue, brown, drab and bottle green. Here is another attempt to relieve the solemnity of male festival dress and distinguish those who are served at a ball from those who only stand and wait.

Many such attempts have been made in our own land, but without any profitable or enduring result. Superficial observers have declared the failure to be due to a lack of confidence on the part of men in an unerring sense of color. But men in Europe, in this country, and even in Boston, have shown the superiority of their sex in a delicate perception of the proper and becoming color by obtaining an enviable position as dressmakers; they have set the fashions for women; they have demanded extravagant prices for their knowledge and skill; they have been enabled to retire with a handsome property to the enjoyment of leisure. These men, however, gave their whole minds to stuffs, ribbons, cutting and fitting.

Now, in this country the male is not so much deterred from following his individual taste in matters of dress by laziness or by any lack of appreciation of his own sense of color as he is by the fear of exciting undue attention, of causing remark. He stands in awe of Mr. as well as Mrs. Grundy.

It was said by a keen observer of man in all countries, tame and savage, that "throughout the world the strictness of the Lex Scripta is in inverse ratio to that of custom. Whenever the former is lax the latter is stringent, and vice versa. Thus in England, where law leaves man comparatively free, they are slaves to a grinding despotism of conventionalities, unknown in the land of tyrannical rule. * * * Hence also the reason why notably in a republic there is less private and practical liberty than under a despotism."

Now if on a certain and determined evening all the men of a large town should agree to appear at public gatherings clad in garments of their own invention, the most timid might present a chromatic appearance. Small clothes, silver buckles, perruques, brass buttons, gorgeous coats, lace, swords, clouded canes, bejeweled snuff boxes might arise from their tombs and enliven the scene. But each man would in preparation be suspicious of his neighbor, and although the circular of announcement and recommendation might have been signed by all the gilded youth, when the time of apparition drew near each one would clothe himself in conventional costume, with the thought: "Well, I at least do not propose to make a guy of myself."

Such revolutions as the one proposed in Vienna are stifled in their birth, or they promise liberty for a month and then, laughed at, they die, neglected at the end. We have seen of late years an angry rebellion against starch. Comfort and aestheticism cry out against stiff linen in hot weather. There are sporadic brave attempts to do away with starched clothing of an intimate nature, but the very remedies are finally starched and torment the wearer. So the colored dress suit may be described, longed for, introduced; but it is not likely that in our day the guest at an entertainment will differ from the waiter in glory.

The unusual number of cases of suicide in this country is attributed to business cares and anxieties; but in England and France, where the mania for self-destruction has been almost an epidemic, the unusually hot summer is assigned as a cause.

Suicide excites hot discussion now in London, and Mr. William Archer's bold opinions are still talked about. His statement that the Bible nowhere condemns suicide is neither novel nor unanswerable, and when he speaks of our grandsons or great grandsons enjoying the privileges of "a commodious and scientific lothal chamber, which shall reduce to a minimum physical terrors and inconveniences of suicide, both for the patient and for his family and friends," he introduces the element of grotesque, ghastly humor, such as would have delighted the Gilbert of better days.

And so the architect of the future will plume himself upon the ingenuity of his "lethal" arrangements. Concert halls and theatres will be provided with Archerian retiring rooms, where the jaded hearer may quickly find relief.

According to Mr. Archer, if we were in "a rational state of civilization, self-effacement" would no more be dreaded than "a visit to the barber's, and much less than a visit to the dentist's." Is this the final word of the Gospel according to Ibsen?

Balzac knew mankind better when he exclaimed: "Terrible must be those hurricanes of the mind that induce a man to seek peace at the mouth of the pistol."

Emma Goldman, with her shrieks for black flags and blood, and Lucy Parsons, with addresses full of lurid pictures, ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm of anarchy. So in the French Revolution, the furies that knitted in the shade of the guillotine were the fiercest figures; so in the days of the Commune, women were most active in spreading flame and encouraging murder.

Mr. John Ward of the New York Ball Nine is a great admirer, it seems, of the Boston team, and he will introduce their peculiar plays next season in New York. But that is the day after the fair.

Realists and seekers after color will be delighted with the details of the punishment at Chicago of Hastab Abaho by his Bedouins in revolt.

The great organ at the Albert Palace, London, is now found to be "practically useless where it is," and it is to be sold under a distress warrant for rent. This announcement recalls an unpleasant page in the history of musical Boston; but there is this difference: the people in London will try to provide another home for the instrument.

It would be interesting to read the lives of authors as written by publishers, printers, or booksellers. What was the great "Christopher North," for instance, to James Stillie, the Edinburgh bookseller? Nothing but "a bletherer who had no idea of the value of a tradesman's time."

As one of their own prophets shrieked aloud, the complaint of the Anarchists of New York is this: "We have to go and beg beer, and ask permission to eat free lunches."

But the world owes no man a living. Roasted larks do not fall into the mouths of the expectant who gaze at the sky.

Let us not wrong many excellent citizens of foreign birth by supposing for a moment that they entertain ideas born of laziness and evil disposition. It was also a foreigner in New York, one Morris Klinkowstein, who fed the hungry with 150 gallons of soup, 500 loaves of bread and 200 pounds of meat.

Apropos of the statue raised in memory of Lincoln at Edinburgh, it would be interesting to know how many Americans have been thus honored in Europe.

There is a statue in Munich of Benjamin Thompson of Woburn, better known as Count Rumford, the investigator of smoky chimneys, light, and gunpowder; the inventor of improvements in cooking stoves.

It seems incredible that there should be a concerted effort to burn all the churches of a town, as at Dover, N. H.; and yet the facts warrant the assumption. Such incendiarism is not always the result of malignity or revenge; it is often the open revelation of mental disease, the disease known to the school of Lombroso as pyromania.

Mrs. Mann, an elderly woman of New Jersey, charged with the murder of her son from desire of gain, was acquitted after a few ballots. Her family supported her in the hour of trial; the details of the murder were peculiarly atrocious; few men who heard the evidence believed her guilty. And yet it is said that nine out of ten of the women who crowded the court room and stared at her were convinced of her guilt, were open and bitter in the expression of opinion. All this calls to mind a famous trial in another county of this State.

Pantomime is the basis of all dramatic art, and until English and American playactors learn this fact and study pantomime at the beginning, they cannot hope to equal the French and the Italians in naturalness, grace and expression. It is no wonder that the French company of pantomimists in New York surprised the audience Monday night.

Fechter once told a well-known lover of the drama in this city that when he created a part he first acted it in pantomime before a long looking glass; he learned the text; he then put words and action together before the glass. And who can forget his dumb play in "Monte Cristo," "Ruy Blas" or "No Thoroughfare?"

The admirers of Napoleon—and they are still many in spite of the revelations of Lanfrey, Remusat and Taine—will learn with delight that the Century proposes to publish the diary of an Englishman who was on board the ship that bore the fallen Emperor to St. Helena.

The London Times shows its accurate knowledge of American literature by speaking of and quoting from "Emerson's 'Fables for Critics'" in a patronizing review of the new life of Alcott.

Ten thousand people crowded Madison Square Garden, and 10,000, disappointed, beat in vain at the doors of entrance. They all paid tribute to our fellow townsman, Mr. Dixon.

Mr. Dixon was further honored with "a perfect ovation" and a "handsome floral horse-shoe, upon which was inscribed 'Boston's pride.'"

It is a painful duty to record the fact that Mr. Dixon did not meet the expectations of his friends and allowed himself to be pounded, mauled and battered by a little Englishman, a Mr. Plimmer.

Mr. O'Rourke is Dixon's guide, philosopher, friend; but his explanation—that the referee "hadn't a heart bigger than your finger-nail"—cannot be regarded as wholly satisfactory.

The purse, which takes in these degenerate days the place of the Olympian wreath, was only \$2000. It is barely possible that Mr. Dixon, in view of coming combats, followed the example of Brer Rabbit. At the same time there is a "too often" for pugilist as well as pitcher.

This is not the first time that Vermont has reckoned of boundaries. There was, for instance, the romantic struggle between New York and Vermont, which was finally settled by a payment to the former of \$30,000 on account of the relinquishment of claims to land.

It is a forgotten chapter of history. Is Thompson's "The Green Mountain Boys" equally forgotten? The novel was once well known; it told of the deeds of Warner and Allen, of the application of "beech seals" to the backs of officers of New York. But long ago it disappeared, although republished in this city.

The Anarchists, agitators and general brothers of "national arson and patriotic pillage" remind one of a definition by Douglas Jerrold: "Men who have so profoundly studied the meum, that they are entirely ignorant of that of tnum."

Why should there be a daily bulletin of the proceedings of the family of the President, Republican or Democratic? Are we not aping monarchical habits in thus establishing in the newspapers a department of "Court news?"

Labouchere has been reading Kipling, to the detriment of temper. He describes the barker of Brattleboro' as a "British braggart of the blatant type." Kipling's conceit is "colossal," his "imbecility" is "flobberlog." His fun is often "elephantine elaboration of a farce of the gutter." Now let some good American forget the silly sneers of Kipling at America and Americans and take up cudgels in defence. But perhaps the laughing craze is over.

Mr. Pinero, the playwright, regards America as a merely commercial market.

He has shown this opinion first, by allowing Mrs. Kendal to introduce his last and celebrated play to this country; and secondly, by changing the character of Lady Tanqueray to suit the conventionality of the estimable actress.

ÆSTHETIC HANDICAPPING.

We are apt to be sensitive concerning the opinions of foreigners in regard to our political institutions, natural advantages, manners and customs. Or if we are not sensitive we are curious, which is after all a species of sensitiveness. Our people are also willing, yes, eager, to take in advance the opinions of foreigners concerning men and women, engaged in various pursuits of art, who visit the United States for the purpose of gain. In other words, our people seem unwilling to judge for themselves, or they enter theatre, music hall, lecture room or picture gallery with judgment handicapped by the weight of foreign opinion trumpeted across the Atlantic.

As a race, we are inclined to argue that these foreign judgments must be right. London, or Paris, or Berlin approved; therefore, although we do not understand or enjoy, there must be a swinging of hats in air, and enthusiasm that breaks out in perspiration.

Let us take an instance. For some years the belief has been current in the United States that the best orchestras and the best orchestral leaders are to be found in Germany. It is not necessary now to inquire into the foundation of this belief, to agree or disagree. When a leader is needed for an American orchestra, that is, an orchestra made up of foreigners who happen to live in a city of the United States, inquiries are at once made in Germany, and propositions are made to German leaders. It does not occur to any one for a moment that an American musician might be competent in the performance of the duties of a conductor.

There may be delay in securing a German; but when one finally accepts, there is a chorus of jubilation in the city that called him. The concert-goers may never have heard his name; they may not be able to pronounce it; but although they know nothing about him, the cry arises, "He is just the man." This cry is followed by another, "He is the only man." The conductor on his arrival is greeted as a Lohengrin, who crossed the ocean to save the Muse. Alas.

that such enthusiasm seldom outlasts a year or two of service!

Now, the man chosen may be an excellent conductor; he may, indeed, be a remarkable musician. Let us hope, for the sake of his adopted city, that he answers in full the minute physical and mental descriptions that have been forwarded. But would it not be wiser to look forward with a lively hope to musical enjoyment and success, with the understanding that, after all, the man is mortal, and that we may be discriminating and of judicial mind in Boston, although we are not inhabitants of Leipzig? The people of Leipzig, by the way, do not swallow everything musical with closed eyes; nor do they hesitate to find fault even with German players, conductors and composers. But in music we are more German than the Germans.

Does Mr. Arlo Bates join in the Western cry that the literary glory of Boston is departed? And has music thrust our literature aside? Mr. Bates says in the "Book Buyer" that if the literary man wishes to make a real success here, it might be a good plan for him to write musical romances, in which the heroines a musician who makes a triumphal first appearance at the Symphonies.

An instance quoted by Nordan in his chapter "Fin de Siecle" is that of the American who was married in a gas-house and then took his wedding journey in a balloon held in readiness. What would the learned Doctor say of the latest development of the bicycle craze in Paris: a wedding party of fifteen riding on safeties to the church, then remounting and riding to a suburban restaurant for breakfast.

Mr. Henry Jones ("Cavendish") who is now among us, praises American whist players. And it must not be forgotten that he speaks by the card.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, August 19, 1893.

ONE of our newspapers described this week the new "entrance doorway" to a theatre that was closed during the summer. Two of the paragraphs are worthy of quotation.

"Farther on towards the mask of tragedy is lying a little amoret with a crown on his head, but his arms bound. This shows that kings in real life as well as on the mimic stage do not always lead happy lives. He might have been a tyrant or a good king, and is made a captive through the intrigues of a villain."

Perhaps you do not understand the paragraph; perhaps you fail to see any connection, and are in doubt concerning the identity of the "He." This paragraph should be read slowly and often. The other is as follows:

"Leaning against the mask on the other side is Melpomene, the muse of tragedy. She is holding in her right hand with a firm grasp a dagger. With her left hand she is crowning one of her disciples, who carries a Roman toga over his shoulders and holding in his left hand the staff with the Roman eagle, which has always been considered, in allegorical representations, as a sign of great power, and which indicates here that good plays are potent as educators of peoples and nations."

It is a pleasure to note in view of this explanation that the theatre will open with "Africa," a comic opera, in which that eminent histrion, Mr. George Thatcher, will play a leading part; and "Africa" will be followed by a revival of "The Black Crook," that sterling play, which in these days of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, may justly be regarded as a dramatic tonic.

I regret that I was unable to see the first performance here of "Madame Favart," as played and sung by the Pauline Hall Opera Company at the Tremont Theatre. The operetta has not been given here since 1881 or 1882, I believe, and I never heard it sung by a competent company. A morning newspaper of Boston wrote biting words against Offenbach, and in the same flourish of the pen wrote the praise of Alphons Czibulka: the former was denounced as trivial, while the latter was patted on the head and called a real musical fellow.

Well, perhaps I am an old fogey, but I confess that I do not like to hear Offenbach abused. I remember "La belle Hélène," "La vie parisienne," "La grande duchesse," "La princesse de Trebizonde," to mention the first that come to mind, and I am grateful to the man who gave me so much pleasure. Ever since I found out that the solemn and voluminous Chrysander was an admirer of Offenbach, I have tried to persuade myself that his unfinished life of Händel is light reading, and that Julius Schäffer's pamphlets against his Händelian labors are spiteful, unjust.

Operetta is, to be sure, a thing of fashion. Tastes change quickly in the little opera houses, and that which once provoked laughter now may encourage yawning. But there are characteristics of the talent, not to say genius, of Offenbach, that must compel admiration for years. His gift of melody is unquestioned, he had rare dramatic instinct, he knew how to fit the music to the text and the situation. I am now speaking of Offenbach, the maker of musical comedies and extravaganzas. There is another Offenbach, the composer of that strange and fascinating work, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," an opera unfortunately too little known in this country. I admit that this man of the Second Empire was often musically trivial and vulgar, nor is it surprising that he wrote poor stuff when you consider the number of his compositions, the haste in which he wrote, and the taste of his audience. But in his better operettas there are many scenes of genuine musical jesting and spontaneous melodies that custom cannot stale.

I am told that the performance by the Pauline Hall Company was in the main excellent, although there were inter-

polated numbers that might well have been omitted. Why must there be interpolations in all of our light operatic performances? Why should a singer be allowed to arrest the action or change the thought of the composer by the introduction of an English ballad or salon favorite made up of platitudes with a final unmeaning shriek?

The season of light opera at the Tremont will close September 2.

The musical season of 1893-4 draws near, and it is said that the people of this town who take music seriously are preparing themselves by reading and reflection. To all those who look forward to the reappearance of Pachmann I recommend respectfully the poem "Chopin," by Maurice Rollinat. Rollinat, you remember, is the gentleman who expressed a distinct desire a few years ago to smoke opium in the skull of a child, while his feet were resting negligently on the back of a tiger.

In this poem "Chopin" the composer is called a "ferocious Edgar Poe"; it was Chopin that found "sepulchral tones fit to accompany the dull hiccoughs of the dead." At the end Rollinat asks: "Who can play your music?" Manufactured artists without nerves and fire do not understand that which the great Consumptive poured out from the depth of his sorrow. Pachmann would not hesitate to answer this inquiry.

Rolliat also wrote a poem to the piano beginning, "O thou, whose long white fingers of an amorous statue, nimble under the weight of gorgeous rings, draw forth the voice which hurls and the sob which pierces from the steel entrails of grand pianos." But the young woman to whom these impassioned remarks were addressed did not give recitals in public.

* * *

You are to be congratulated if the French company which appears in "L'Enfant Prodigue" is the same that was at the Bouffes-Parisiens in 1891. Our idea of the pantomime is too often merely a recollection of clowns with hot pokers, girls with short skirts, and gorgeous transformation scenes. "Mimes et Pierrots," by Paul Hugounet (Paris, 1889), might be read with profit by anyone who proposes to visit Daly's Theatre. The author does not attempt to rival the labors of Gautier, Nodier, Maurice Sand, or Champfleury in this field; he modestly calls his book a collection of unpublished notes and documents for the service of the future historian of pantomime.

* * *

The word "mime" had at first in Greece no relationship with the modern pantomime. When the word and the thing appeared in Rome, mime was applied to the piece played. Our pantomime, it seems, was invented about 240 B. C. by Livius Andronicus. At that time the play in vogue was made up of the *diverbiu* or dialogue, spoken by the actors; the *choricu*, danced and sung by the chorus; and the *canticu*, performed by an actor who danced and sang at the same time, accompanied by a flute player (*hister* in Etruscan, hence the word *histrion*). Now, on a certain day Livius began to dance and make the gestures of the *canticu* at the same time that he sang; but his voice failed him suddenly. He then obtained the permission of the audience to place before the flute player a young slave who sang for him, and he thus finished the *canticu* "with marvellous vigor and expression." The Romans applauded furiously, and the exception became the rule; the *diverbiu* disappeared, the *choricu* faded away, while the *canticu*, thanks to the multiplicity of gestures, attitudes and plastic poses, grew to be the chief part. Then song was abolished—the pantomime triumphed.

The influence of Bathyllus and Pylades was great. With them appeared the text book, the *livret*. Women were seen for the first time on the stage. Luceia was 100 years old; Galeria Capriola was 104, and yet they "seduced the spectators by grace of attitude and beauty of gesture."

These comedians were rewarded liberally. Dionysia's yearly income was \$40,000. Aesopus left behind him about \$800,000.

At first the endeavor was to provide "intellectual pleasure," but little by little the actors strove to awaken the baser passions. "Clothing became rare, the exciting veil of transparent stuff disappeared, and the women appeared stark naked to a ruttish public." They swam, as nymphs, in a vast tank placed at the front of the stage. And Hugounet adds that 1,885 years later women appeared, clad in a black jersey, swimming at the Nouveau Cirque in Paris, and they were called the swimming dolls.

Much was demanded of the pantomimist in those days. Lucian tells us that "the dancer should know rhythm and music to regulate his movements, geometry to invent his steps, philosophy and rhetoric to portray manners and move the passions, painting and sculpture that he might represent and take the attitudes of a character. As for history and mythology he should know perfectly everything that has happened from chaos and the birth of the world to the time of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt."

Juvenal speaks indecently of the success of pantomimists with Roman women. Kings, too, were moved to admiration, and Demetrius, the Cynic, cried aloud; "O wonder-

ful men who speak with hands! I have not seen a show; I have seen the thing itself."

* * *

But let us no longer dwell in ancient lands. Hugounet treats of the pantomime in the Middle Ages, in the Renaissance; he tells of the birth of Pierrot, of the origin of the *Funambules*.

* * *

Then comes the story of Deburan père, the great pantomimist, who traveled in the East, and was even allowed to perform in a harem of Constantinople.

Frédéric Lemaître made his début at the *Funambules* as a pantomimist, and his salary was \$3 a week. At the zenith of his glory he did not disdain his beginning, but said, "I learned much at the *Funambules*, and I am astonished that there is not a class in pantomime at the Conservatory."

Then there was Charles Deburan, a glory of the pantomimic stage. It was in an eulogistic article concerning his performance that Xavier Aubrey wrote, "If in this region of absolute repose for the ear, I hear the slightest sound of a human voice, the charm is broken. I go farther: a dog should not be permitted to bark in pantomime; pleasure would consist in feigned barking."

* * *

Let us pass over, but unwillingly, Legrand and Guyon.

In 1880 Judie and Théo appeared together in a pantomime, "Les Farces de Pierrot."

In 1883 (April 28) Sarah Bernhard took part of "Pierrot" in Jean Richepin's "Pierrot Assassin."

* * *

Gaspard Deburan wrote his own epitaph: "Here lies a comedian who said everything and never spoke."

* * *

Derudder, the pantomimist, spoke six languages; he could neither read nor write, but he was an accomplished toss pot. One day he drank on a wager two litres at a draught. A friend remonstrated, saying that the ingurgitation of such a quantity might disturb his internal economy. Derudder turned pale and rushed to the court to follow the example of the Romans at imperial feasts. Ten minutes after he returned smiling, and remarked to a compassionate bystander, who consoled with him on account of his loss, "Oh! but you know I kept a chopine!"

* * *

Louis Rouffe as "Pierrot" represented the types of men we elbow in the street.

Kalpestri, who died in 1884, was coarse, often excessively vulgar, in his play.

* * *

One of the most interesting chapters in Hugounet's book is that devoted to the Hanlon-Lees; and it contains a study of the English pantomime.

* * *

Another book that may be read now with profit is Richepin's novel "Braves Gens," in which Tombre, the pantomimist, unveils his theories.

Then there is the "Pierrot" of Henri Rivière, whose hero Servieux concludes that the incarnation of Satan in this world should be Pierrot; not the stage Pierrot in traditional costume, but a pale man with black eyes, tall, well made, with bronze heart and steel nerves, who, living in society where he exerts enormous power, should always work evil, impassible and smiling."

* * *

Champfleury made these distinctions in pantomime: Melodramatic pantomime, in which Pierrot, the sole person white and dumb, walks through scenes of frightful crime; realistic pantomime, created by Deburan père, which apes the life of the people; fairy pantomime and romantic pantomime.

* * *

When Banville was asked about the history of pantomime, he replied: "It is the history of humanity; you must begin at twenty years and you are not sure of finishing at sixty."

* * *

It was Pantagruel who praised the counsel of dumb men. It was Panurge who, although he would not be advised by a dumb woman, consulted Goatsnosc, who answered him by signs. But is not all this to be read in Rabelais (Book III., chapters 19, 20), and read with worldly profit and spiritual satisfaction?

PHILIP HALE.

Aug 25

"In consequence of the strict watch kept by the longshoremen's scouts, it was almost as much as an Italian's life was worth to appear anywhere in the neighborhood. Perfectly innocent men were chased and beaten before it was learned they were not seeking for work. And where did this happen, pray? In the South of France? Oh, no! In New York."

"The spasm of the sky and the shatter of the sea" were to some a dramatic delight, to many loss and lamentation.

Time-defying elms and lowly tobacco, fruit and ships, sailors and electricity and oysters in their beds, were all the playthings of the hurricane.

Four million dollars' worth of oysters ruined, and a month with an "R" but a few days off.

The glory of New Haven is humbled, and the elms that were spared by the pride of citizens from the assaults of surveyor or improver of property have died before their time.

And how many people in Boston felt a real, personal loss in the absence of direct telegraphic communication with New York? Do we not overrate the advantages of a time-and-distance-annihilating civilization?

In Germany they are advertising a dumb violin that won't disturb the neighborhood. It is said to be used by leading artists when practicing. Now let somebody invent a dumb piano.

The dumb piano was invented long ago. Would that its use were more widely appreciated.

"Lafe Pence proved that he was a humorist, keeping the House laughing for more than a quarter of an hour." And the same day the Senate had "a hearty laugh." Meanwhile the people of the United States await serious action.

It may interest Bostonians who are prepared to find a fad on the visit of Bourget to know that the French novelist is an admirer of Henry James, to whom he dedicated one of his psychological novels.

There are many men, old and young, who are now confident that they could put Mr. Dixon "to sleep" in from five to fifteen minutes. They discovered their ability immediately after the Madison Square Garden athletic function.

There are others who "never thought much of Dixon anyhow," although they had been in the habit of betting freely their sesterces upon his brawn.

Such a sharp lesson in the science of popularity may be of advantage to Mr. Dixon. He may find consolation in reading of Sejanus, Belsarius, and the late "Coal-Oil Johnny."

The Western crop of oratory is still abundant, and the reapers are many. At the recent Democratic Convention at Des Moines, Mr. Vollmer called attention to the fact that the Republican party is "a crawling serpent" as well as "a Pharisee with a pointing finger."

Mr. Vollmer, however, did not spare the members of his own party; witness his graceful allusion to the "hungry hogs" in the distribution of patronage.

But Mr. Vollmer was not without a rival in the convention. Mr. Sells, Mr. Cato Sells, made a speech. Like his great namesake, he was sententious; but he introduced happily "fiddling Nero" and "the liquor demon" in the same sentence.

Nor were these speeches read, as is too often the habit at Washington and in the cold and scholarly East. They leaped from heated brains by the aid of fervid lungs.

It is a singular fact that music lovers must look to Mr. Hinrichs of Philadelphia for the production of operas, unknown here, although they have excited the attention of Europe. It is the fashion to laugh at the slowness of the Philadelphians, but Mr. Hinrichs was the first to give the works of Mascagni and Leoncavallo in this country, and this week he put Bizet's "Pearl Fishers" on the stage, an opera which is not known at the North, even if it has been performed in New Orleans.

Aug 25

Secretary Young of the World's Congress Auxiliary attempted to eject Dr. Ernest Hart, "the well-known London physician," from the hall. Dr. Hart, who was endeavoring to address fellow scientists, added a rhetorical flourish by striking his fist against the Secretary's left eye. Prof. Elliott Coues, an authority on psychological research, went to the rescue, and the English delegate finished his speech outside of the building.

It may here be remarked that Trnthful James's description of the row that broke up the society upon the Stanislaus was written many years before this meeting at Chicago.

Extremes are found in adjoining States. If the trains between New York and Buffalo go faster and faster; between Philadelphia and New York there is a return to the stage coach; and comparative slowness there commands a premium.

Aug 26

JERROLD AS PROPHET.

It was the fashion years ago to write handbooks. The handbook was "no large carcass of a book, no literary mammoth of a bygone time, a load for a shelf, but a light and dainty fairy for the palm." These handbooks treated of everything knowable, besides other things. They were devoted to the most serious subjects; to the elegancies and the frivolities of life.

Douglas Jerrold once wrote a handbook. It was inspired, as he says in the preface, by the sight of the fervent welcome accorded "The Handbook of Skittles," "The Handbook of Cheese Toasting," "The Handbook of Kitten Drowning," and other productions "of less plith and purpose." Jerrold chose for a title, "The Handbook of Swindling."

It is a singular little book, full of the savage humor, the biting irony, the devotion to that which is true and noble and gentle, the felicitous expression that characterized the man. The book is to-day little read, if it is not almost forgotten in the pursuit of something new, in the love of finding restatements at length of that which was said admirably long ago. But "The Handbook of Swindling" richly repays perusal, and certain passages are of special pertinence to-day.

From 1813 to 1815 Jerrold, then a boy, was in the English navy, and on the Ernest he saw maimed and wounded soldiers carried from the Continent to England. Undoubtedly the sight of such suffering inspired him

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with his life-long horror of war. In his "Handbook" the supposed author, Captain Barabbas Whitefeather, speaks as follows: "There is something inconceivably cowardly in the steam gun. Possessed of such engines, neither party will fight; and thus, nations, always prepared for war, will hold continual peace. They will, so to speak, treat and deliberate at 'full cock,' and, being always ready, will never fire. . . . We shall, of course, continue to keep a small standing army, but blank cartridges for birthdays will be the only order from the Horse Guard; bullets will become as rare as brilliants, whole tons of the death-dealing lead being sold to the type-founders. Lurel, 'the meed of mighty conqueror,' way, a whole grove of it will, in the coming time, be held of no more account, nay of not so much, as a handful of dried marjoram."

The extravagance of the present age, the giving of nights and days to the making of money, these signs of the time have awakened the denunciations and the foreboding cries of prophets, and even Mr. McAllister is found among the band. But is this all new? Captain Whitefeather recognized a similar condition before his life was cut short by a parental Government. Hear him:

"The philosophy of the present time is remarkable for its contempt—nay, for its wholesome abhorrence of poverty. A want of the luxuries of life is not merely inconvenient, it is positively ignominious. Hence what wriggings, and strugglings, and heart-burnings are every day acted and endured, to stand well

with the world; that is, to stand without a hole in our hat or a damning rent in our small clothes! The modern man is wonderfully spiritualized by this philosophy; so much so that if he can secure to himself a display of the collar he is almost wholly unconscious of the absence of shirt. Indeed, so deep and so widely spread is this sentiment that the present time might be denominated the Age of Collars."

The gallant Captain found one remedy in this great natural crisis, viz., "Swindling." Did he not leave behind him disciples, and the sons of disciples?

The apparition of a mysterious face at a pane of glass in a church at Palmer calls to mind a ghost story at Lawrence.

It was about 20 years ago that the face of an aged woman was seen at the window of a house owned by a prominent physician. The owner was naturally curious, and investigated the phenomenon. In the room itself nothing could be seen in the glass, and yet from the outside there was the face in profile.

It was a kindly old face, but one not recognized by inmates or neighbors. The physician was not disturbed by the presence of the guest, but the annoyance caused by the gaplug of the curtain drove him to a removal of the pane.

There were various theories in explanation. Some thought that the sun had fixed the likeness of a former dweller upon the glass; some thought it the result of a peculiar combination of light and shade; others were glad to regard it as a spook.

According to a correspondent there is today in Lawrence a similar appearance of a profile, but this time the profile has whiskers. Ghosts or illusions, these sights are passing strange.

All along the coast from New Jersey to Nova Scotia come stories of heroism that mocked death in saving life. Personal courage is not a mere tradition even in this material age.

The acquittal of Curtis, the actor, is welcome news to his many friends in this city. It did not seem possible that "Sam'l of Posen" could be guilty of murder; while the police seemed bent upon a victim, and not merely desirous of finding out the truth.

Alas that there should be another example in our own city of the danger of exposed electric wires.

Music is again the cause of discord. MacKenzie, the English composer, holds the Chicago authorities liable for violation of the contract to produce his new oratorio "Bethlehem."

Guests of hotels along the North Shore are leaving with bag and baggage. And yet September and October are glorious months by the ocean. Fashion should set itself in closer harmony with Nature; man should woo Nature when she is gorgeously clad and conscious of her personal adornment.

If celebrated portraits are to be believed, the statesmen of a former day assumed the dignity of evening dress when they made "the greatest effort of their life." They often stood in front of a red curtain, and a thunder cloud loomed in the distance.

To-day we read that the giants in debate favored light summer suits and russet shoes, and that Mr. Cockran dispensed with that useful article, a vest. But the speeches were none the less effective. A swallow-tail coat does not of itself lend logic or eloquence.

Mr. Astor, who is rapidly assimilating Toryism, does not allow the British freeman to exercise his privilege of tea and shrimps on the terrace opposite Cookham Lock; and, as a landlord, our late countryman is not as liberal as his predecessor, who was a real, live "Juno."

Mr. Astor, furthermore, through his newspaper, the Pall Mall Gazette, speaks in a patronizing manner of "the words of the Cockney, the American, and the Colonist." Here is an opinion on James Russell Lowell's famous book:

"The Biglow Papers, written in good English, would, of course, lose the twist of cunning that makes the grimace of the phrase. And there would be very little left."

No English reviewer ever made this discovery. It was reserved for a denationalized American to point out the intrinsic worthlessness of a book that has run through many English editions.

That extraordinary young woman, Loie Fuller, claims that her new dances are in strict imitation of the dances of Miriam, the prophetess, mentioned in Exodus.

But as long ago as 1682 Père Menesriar affirmed that Miriam and her companions danced a ballet of thanksgiving to the tune of the canticle previously sung or declaimed by Moses to a musical accompaniment.

Another Jesuit, Père Millien, went so far as to describe minutely the costume and gestures of Miriam.

Dean Stauley, however, asserted that the Hebrew word translated "dances" should be translated "guitars." Ancient and modern writers on the music of the Hebrews do not agree with him, although the guitar was known to the Hebrews and the Egyptians.

aug 29-93

A NEGLECTED INSTRUMENT.

Felix Alexandre Guilmant will make his first public appearance in this country at Chicago this week. Mr. Guilmant is the most distinguished organ virtuoso and composer for the organ now living. It is said before his return to Paris he will give concerts in the large cities of the United States.

It is to be hoped that the appearance of this distinguished man will awaken an interest in a neglected instrument. For the organ has fallen from its high estate. It is an indispensable article of church furniture; it is ordered at the same time with improved heating apparatus and an electric chandelier; but its size and its position are too often regulated by the architect of the church; and after its erection, it is regarded merely as an instrument of accompaniment.

Now the organ in church service should never be the means of mere personal display, but the skill and taste of a well-taught organist should add to the beauty and the dignity of the service. It should not be forgotten that the organ is also a solo instrument of surpassing grandeur. Some of the mightiest compositions of the great composers were written expressly for it. Its literature and its repertoire are abundant. Why is the instrument neglected? Why are organ recitals in this town few and without the exciting of public interest?

There are excellent organists here, men who know the history of organ compositions, who play admirably the legitimate music of the organ and do not often degrade the instrument by turning it into an orchestra that grinds out transcriptions of overtures and pieces of the day. The organ is jealous; it does not welcome music that belongs to other instruments or to combinations of instruments. We have here in Boston such excellent organists as Messrs. S. B. Whitney, George E. Whiting, Donahoe, Dunham, Truette, men who are organists, not pianists, who trifle with the nobler instrument. But how often do the men named give public recitals, or what public encouragement is given them to prepare recitals?

It was not always thus. In years gone by there was an organ in Music Hall which attracted universal attention, and was heard eagerly. That organ is now dismembered and forgotten; it rests appropriately near or

in a graveyard. There is no public hall in Boston to-day that has an organ fit for concert use. Many that pretend to be lovers of music call organ recitals dull.

Fashion is a mighty power in music. Fashion does not care for the organ. The personality of the player is generally hidden, and there is little chance for "magnetic" success. And furthermore there is a solemnity in organ music that disturbs, prevents the rapid chatter and the flippant applause that thrive in your ordinary "fashionable concert."

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Mr. Emil Paur tells us in advance by letter "that the Boston people have a taste for all that is best in music, and show judicious criticism in separating real art from dilettanteism." He also praises the character of our symphony programmes.

Now this is all very pleasant, but when Mr. Paur adds that "such concerts have only been given here" (Germany) "by Hans von Bulow, whose courage has not been fully appreciated either in Berlin or Hamburg," his statement rings false.

The programmes of orchestral concerts in all the large cities of Germany are of a pure and serious character. Von Bulow "has not been fully appreciated" in the towns named, because he is in the habit of indulging himself in insane caprices and in insulting his audiences.

What constitutes an ideal dinner? Lady Magnus defines it, but her words darken counsel. "The ideal dinner party, the one constructed on ethical principles, gives due thought to its dinner and due thought to its party." True, oh Lady Magnus; but a little more definite information would be more to the purpose.

Lady Magnus is particular in one point. According to her, the habit of hiring persons to entertain guests is "vulgar and pretentious." And yet how many are invited to dinner, all over the world, simply because they have wit on tap. These unlicensed jesters are of course not paid in vulgar coin; they are valiant trenchermen, and they are repaid in food and wine.

Leigh Hunt thus described perfect table talk: "It should be sincere without bigotry, differing without discord, sometimes grave, always agreeable, touching on deep points, dwelling most on seasonable ones, and letting everybody speak and be heard."

Some envious paragrapher mocks the glided youth of Lawrence, Kansas, who "drove through town on top of a hack drawn by four horses the other day and called it a coaching parade."

This action of the people of Lawrence should not be ridiculed. It showed the imagination of children, the keen zest of innocence unblunted by experience. The chief elements of coaching—rapid movement and the sense of high removal from the road—were present. And no doubt some one blew lustily upon a horn.

Mr. Astor is at it again. Mark Twain is now the target for the arrows of the Pall Mall Gazette. "He must plead guilty to the charge of being the forerunner, in a direct line, of all the 'humorists' in America."

"Forerunner" is good. How about Cozzens, "John Phoenix," "Artemus Ward," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia," "Petroleum V. Nasby" and other humorists? There were brave men before Agamemnon.

The announcement of the approaching publication of the late Dr. Parsons's translation of "The Divine Comedy" is welcome news to all lovers of Dante.

The first ten cantos of the "Inferno" were published as long ago as 1843, and the merits of the translation were recognized at once by the men of that day. Dr. Parsons was of singular modesty, and he himself was the chief obseurer of his fame. His own poems, which are perhaps not generally appreciated, will now be published with the translation of Dante.

A foreigner once said of the women of Boston that their conversation was, as a rule, confined to either "the weather, church or don't-try." Surely he should not blame them if at present they confine themselves exclusively to the weather.

The recent riots in Spain were caused by a refusal of the orchestra to play the Basque hymn. This hymn of the peculiar people of the Pyrenees has caused trouble before this; but the discussions were bloodless, confined to the shedding of ink. Basque tunes are an interesting study to investigators of folk-songs.

Our townsman, "Mysterious Billy Smith," should not blot the escutcheon of his city by resorting to "nose pulling and strangling clinches" when he meets antagonists. Even if he is punched severely, he should be mindful of the reputation of the town and the chivalry of Sullivan and Dixon.

Mr. George Thatcher, the play actor, in his jeremiad over the decay of negro minstrelsy, gives unconsciously in a paragraph the history of opera. He states a fact, however deplorable the fact may be:

"The thing to be studied is the whim of the public. The manager who caters to the public's ideas instead of his own is the one who will find fame and fortune."

Miss Lillian Russell has an adroit advertising agent. She is now reported as in love with Sandow, who was lately mentioned as a lecturer at Harvard. And Sandow "in his imperfect English" expresses his infatuation. The date of the marriage is not definitely fixed. In the meantime Sandow might read with profit the 16th chapter of the Book of Judges.

Aug 31-23

Here is a pleasing example of the suaviter in modo: Members of the choir of a church in St. Louis did not approve wholly of the earnest labors of an associate. A note was sent to her, and it was signed "The Choir." The note was as follows:

"Do you know that every time you sing you disturb the peace of the congregation with your cyclonic voice?"

Singular to relate, the young lady "is very angry."

The alterations made by Thackeray in the manuscript of the "Roundabout Papers" are another proof, if one were needed, of the gentleness of the man whom it was once the fashion to call a cynic. His affection for our people was genuine, not based on the pleasant chinking of dollars. His printed books contain many tokens of this affection, and, in the manuscript mentioned, his unwillingness to wound us is plainly shown.

When the Governor of a State pardons Anarchists and rebukes police officers and Judges for doing their duty, he encourages riot. It is a pleasure to see that the police of Chicago fear neither the mob nor the un-American opinions of Gov. Altgeld.

Our Democratic friends should not insist too much on the fact that Mr. John E. Russell reads "Don Quixote" in the original. There is food for paragraphs in the recollection of the Don's tilts with windmills, and of his trouble with sheep. And who will play Sancho Panza in the campaign?

The beautiful pastoral "As You Like It" was played in Sylvan Dell, Chicago, with the accompaniments of electric lights and spectators in overcoats. This hearing of plays out of doors is almost as uncomfortable as actual life in the woods; but just as the Duke and his co-mates whistled to keep their courage warm, so there are enthusiasts who pretend to enjoy theatrical performances in the open.

Mr. Zimmerman "laughs at the idea" that too violent bicycle-riding may enlarge his heart. He should pay attention to the warning, for he has glory enough. The abuse of exercise brings disease, and confirmed round shoulders and vitiated lungs and heart are a poor reward for "scorching."

The Providence Journal is right in its explanation of the dullness of so many novels of to-day. "A dull man is sure to write a dull book." The itch for writing is widespread, and few men and women know that they have nothing to say.

Music in Boston.

Boston, August 30, 1893

I SEE by THE MUSICAL COURIER that Alexandre Guilmant will make his first public appearance in this country at Chicago the 31st inst.

* * *

From the fall of 1885 to the spring of 1887 I had the good fortune to be the pupil of Mr. Guilmant, and now that he is in this country perhaps some personal recollections may be of interest.

* * *

For three years I had pursued in Germany organ technique; I chased it from Berlin to Stuttgart, until it seemed a chimera, a snark, and you know the snark may turn out to be one of the deadliest species, and, if caught, it may be the destruction of the hunter.

In Berlin I studied Bach for two years with August Haupt, sweetest and simplest of men. Haupt was seventy-two when I first saw him, and although he was lusty and of unclouded mind, he naturally, as a teacher, had not the enthusiasm of youth. He preferred to look backward. He would talk about Goethe's Bettina, whom he described as a charming woman, who wondered at his skill in the use of the organ pedals; indeed, I remember that on one occasion he described her as a famous Frauenzimmer. He had heard Mendelssohn play upon an organ in Berlin, and he said that his performance was the performance of an amateur. He was fond of Liszt the pianist; "He never pounded," said the old man, "and I cannot endure his would-be imitators, who are drummers, not pianists."

Haupt was a warm admirer of Rossini. It was his habit to praise in high terms the great fugue in the "Petite Messe Solennelle."

And he was never weary of telling of the rare industry of his beloved pupil, John K. Paine.

Late in life Haupt married a young wife, and he rejoiced in his children. Now the musical children of his brain were few in number, scholarly, dry.

It was the old man's habit to wear a large seal ring upon the first finger of his right hand; on state occasions he sported a decoration and a marvelous shirt pin. His two passions were Bach and snuff. His handwriting was as plain as print, plainer than German text.

Now this old man, the last of the old race of German organists, was singularly modern in some of his ideas concerning technique. In organ touch, in attack and release, in a certain indefinable pressure to gain apparently in rhythm, as well as in a free use of heel and toe in pedal scale passages, Haupt and Guilmant were in accord.

It is my impression that these two organists never met. At an organ concert in Berlin the first sonata of Guilmant was on the program, and Haupt praised the work for its spontaneity, its melodiousness and its harmonic beauty, although, as he said, the organist, some earnest German, had little sense of rhythm, and so the sonata suffered in the delivery.

But however great may have been the admiration of Haupt for the works of Guilmant he did not give them to his pupils, at least he did not in '82 and '83. Bach, Bach, and then Bach, he recommended as the daily food of the organist. Besides Bach he would give Mendelssohn, Ritter, Thiele, Schneider. He held Merkel in respect, and he thought that the sonatas of Rheinberger, while he admitted cheerfully their musical worth, were not well adapted to the peculiar genius of the organ.

"In my youth," said Haupt, "I did all manner of silly and extraordinary things, and I played fantasias for solo pedal, and I would see how many notes I could strike with my feet in a minute. I then played all the fugues of Bach too fast."

The old organist would sit with his back toward the instrument and increase his administrations of snuff with the fury of the fugue. He seldom spoke of registration, he seldom fingered a difficult passage, but he was inexorable in the matter of rhythm. His early life had been one of toil and privation, so that to him the coldness of the church was no doubt a familiar temperature, to be endured stoically.

* * *

From Haupt I went to Rheinberger, an acknowledged master of counterpoint, a genial man, witty, well informed,

devout. The organ used for instruction was of little worth, and the lesson given by Rheinberger was, as a rule, merely the reciting of a task, to see if it were letter perfect. In '84 Rheinberger suffered from blood poisoning, and he used only one hand in illustrating a passage on the keyboard. Bach, Mendelssohn, Rheinberger, Thiele, Merkel were the pieces generally played by students, and the instruction in registration was of a primitive nature. But here again I heard the praise of Guilmant, and it came from the mouth of Rheinberger himself, who showed openly his admiration by dedicating to Guilmant his ninth organ sonata.

* * *

Then there was Faisst, of Stuttgart, Immanuel Gottlob Faisst, who is described in German lexicons of music as a "bedeutender organist." He may be all this, but in '85 he was a dull teacher of the organ. The monotony of instruction was only relieved by the rudeness of the instructor. This rudeness was rather boorishness. The organ used for advanced pupils was apparently well

equipped, and it stood, if I remember right, in the Johannes Kirche. There was even a crescendo pedal. But the stops seemed to be the private property of Faisst, who would not brook the interference of a pupil.

Again the same old repertoire. Faisst, however, was demented with the mania of phrasing, and so he made old things new. He would take a frank and noble phrase of Bach—a phrase of one breath—and he would treat it as a powerful and unskilled carver dissects a duck. His treatment, for instance, of the well-known G minor fugue and the superb B minor prelude was remarkable for its lack of taste and its lack of musical logic and feeling.

Faisst also lectured on the structure of the organ. This course of lectures extended, I believe, over the period of three years. I was obliged to hear sections relating to the proper building of pipes. His lecturing was a masterpiece of obfuscation. His only rival in thus darkening knowledge was the late President Porter, of Yale College, who, although he was a man of generous impulses and considerable learning, persisted for many years in lecturing on metaphysics.

In Stuttgart there was nothing said about Guilmant; or if his name was mentioned it was in a confidential murmur to a neighbor, as though one told a Gallic jest to a tried friend in the presence of the unsympathetic.

* * *

I confess that when I first saw the little organ in Guilmant's study at 62 Rue de Clichy (his house is, as you know, at Meudon), I was disappointed wofully. And yet there was much music, excellent voice, in this little organ. It was a proof of the workmanship of Guilmant's father, the well-known and esteemed organist at Boulogne, who died a year or two ago at a very advanced age.

This organ was small. It was large enough, however, to test the result of three years' study in Germany, and show that in the land of supposed thoroughness there might be superficiality in instruction.

For the organ works of Bach were played in a franker spirit with a greater concealment of mechanical difficulties, with saner and more logical phrasing by the leading organists of Paris in 1885 than by the prominent men of Germany of that period, and I had the pleasure of hearing the most skilled organists of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg.

* * *

Guilmant, as a teacher, insists as strongly as Haupt upon the necessity of rhythm; for the organ is not an instrument necessarily without rhythm, as Mr. Wm. F. Aphonp believes. Guilmant's method of securing rhythmic effects is practically that taught by Haupt, and these strangers evidently thought out their way to about the same conclusion.

Guilmant is also rigorous in the singing of "cantabile." If the song is not sung as by a singer, it ceases to be a song.

In the management of the pedals he follows the school of Lemmens, whom he holds to-day in grateful recollection.

Legato is with Guilmant a wonderful art; and in the most extreme legato, he nevertheless contrives to maintain a clearly defined, pulsating rhythm.

He too builds upon Bach, but Bach is not to him a fetish. There are fugues and preludes that he does not recommend to his students.

His taste is most catholic. If he is fond of Chauvet, César Franck Boëly, he also values the works of Buxtehude, Frescobaldi, Clérambault. If he plays pieces by Lemmens and Emile Bernard, he also includes in his programs compositions by S. S. Wesley, Liszt, and Händel.

But he seldom plays a transcription, and he never arranges music for the organ unless it lends itself peculiarly to that instrument.

Admirable artist as he is in the concert hall, it is in church that his sympathetic nature is perhaps the most clearly revealed. It was his custom at the Trinité during '85-'87 to play compositions of his own or by others at the appropriate places in the service, but for a sortie he would improvise frequently a fugue—often a double fugue. Mr. Gericke, now of Vienna, heard him improvise at the Trinité in the early summer of '86; he marveled greatly, and he

then told me that never before had he realized that such ready mastery of counterpoint was possible.

* * *

Perhaps the chief musicians to Guilmant are Bach, Beethoven, Palestrina, Wagner; and the works of these men stand bound in purple in his library. Mozart is robed in blue; Haydn in green.

* * *

Although he has frequently crossed the Channel he suffers from seasickness; and although he was often urged to give concerts in this country he gave his dread of the ocean as an excuse.

* * *

His family life has been one of happiness. But in this age of reckless personality, when the reporter enters the bridal chamber and turns the screws in the box of the coffin, let us respect privacy.

* * *

It would be idle to speak at length of the merits of the compositions of Guilmant. Epoch-making in organ literature, they are known in this country to all lovers of the instrument.

It is now our pleasure to welcome Guilmant, the great virtuoso, the sensitive, refined and high-toned man.

PHILIP HALE.

Sep 1-93

The Boston and Albany Railroad has enjoyed the reputation of the Cunard Line of steamers on account of its care in handling passengers; and the terrible accident at Chester, perhaps, for this reason is a greater shock to the community. A rigid examination will undoubtedly explain the cause of the disaster, but it cannot comfort the wounded survivors or console the mourning friends.

There is a superstition that an accident by land or sea begets accidents, and this superstition appears at times to be a fact. Yet one would argue that after loss of life the greater would be the care exercised in transportation. This summer has been indeed ill-fated, and the rage of Nature has vied with the carelessness of man.

Chester was crowded with sightseers, wishing to be shocked. Relic hunters delayed the work of removal until they were driven away from the ruins. The arrival of the relief train at Springfield excited morbid interest. It is strange that many find a species of amusement in the sight of mangled humanity.

The brother of Senator Wolcott came all the way from Colorado to hear him speak. It may here be remarked that orator and rapt admirer are owners of silver mines.

There is no need of a lament over the decay of beggars. They are found in our crowded streets, and they have been seen this week in the corridors of a leading hotel. They are not men out of work and in need of food; they are lazy and unabashed seekers after drink.

Women who are anxious to work and who find that the ordinary pursuits of their sex are uncongenial or crowded, might consider their sisters in Roumania. There are Roumanian women who earn a handsome income by going from town to town as advisers in matters of dress. They make a specialty of wedding trousseaux, and they are quasi agents of the large houses in Paris.

Miss Emma Field lectured lately on dancing, and had few kind words for the present fashions. "The galop is the death blow to the poetry of motion; the 'split' is neither graceful nor pleasant; it is a painful exhibition which is purely acrobatic." Miss Field, who is an actress, is right. Much of the dancing seen on the stage to-day is unworthy of the ballet. When it is not absolutely vulgar it is often ugly. The skirt dance is still beautiful, and it is a return to the ballet of the eighteenth century and the principles laid down by Noverre.

There is a limit to free speech, and few Americans will grieve at the thought of the arrest of Emma Goldman. Free speech does not include howling in public places for "bread and blood."

Sep 2, 93

Some may smile when they read that Mr. Morse of Massachusetts offered an amendment prohibiting the smoking of tobacco upon the floor of the House at any time, but they are hardened smokers. Mr. Morse is to be commended for an attempt to preserve the dignity of the Government.

For authority should be invested with dignity, especially in a republic. It has been said that we, as a people, are without reverence, and the charge is not without foundation. Better the formalism that seems to some ridiculous than the looseness that inevitably destroys respect for law.

The Borden trial was to reporters from New York a revelation of the decorum of the court proceedings in this State. There have been Judges in New York, Judges of the Supreme Court, who held the scales of justice with feet on desk and cigar in mouth. It is true that such manners were observed during a shameful period of the judiciary; but it is only a step from such lack of dignity and decency to the disgraceful scene that was observed lately in a court room of Chicago.

Our lively French neighbors approach the ballot-box with uncovered head, and show, at least outwardly, their sense of privilege and responsibility. But is not this better than the carelessness and the flippancy with which too often our freemen cast their votes? Years ago Whittier expressed in verse the sentiment that the French manifest in action.

We might learn other lessons from these same Frenchmen, who, as seen by the Anglo-Saxon "insular eye," are called frivolous. We might copy them in respect for the dead. It is not merely custom that incites a Parisian in crowded street or by the outer fortifications to lift his hat as a coffin passes.

Some may laugh at the pomp and ceremony of our Sheriffs as they escort a Judge to the bench, and they may speak of fuss and feathers; but the laughers will be the first to try cases out of court, deny the value of the jury system, and dispute the opinion of the Judge. Ceremony in certain instances is not only useful; it is necessary.

It may be doubted, however, whether the court wig, which is an English institution, is a real aid to dignity, and it is not surprising that a London legal journal advocates its abolishment. A bewigged legal head may be hot when it should be cool. The famous and traditional ill-temper of certain English Judges may be attributed, possibly, to such headgear.

When Mr. H. A. White, the Kansas Populist, cried aloud, "We must win this battle by the ballot, but, if we fail to do so, I see a time—laugh at the prediction if you want to—the decision will be by the bullet," he brought to mind the angry boy who, suffering defeat, says to his foe, "You just wait; I'll show you."

There are quiet towns and lonely villages that hardly interest the yawning passenger as he whizzes by them. Suddenly they are the scenes of horror, and their names are flashed across the ocean.

Mr. Gunzburg, a civil engineer of Russia, who is now at Chicago, seems to be an inventor who has performed the apparently impossible task of pleasing a railway company and the traveling public at the same time. He is exhibiting a passenger car that "contains the same number of places for passengers as the ordinary non-sleeping cars of the same dimensions. The places are all adapted for sleeping, and all passengers can easily lie down and sleep without disturbing each other." Squaring the circle is nothing to this, and yet these cars are now in use on the Transcaspian Railway.

Miss Olea Bull has undertaken an heroic task, viz., the reform of stage dancing. In the eighteenth century it was a man, Noverre, who revolutionized the ballet; to-day Miss Olea Bull and Miss Bull, without consultation, apply themselves to reform. Now reform in opera or ballet is a change of fashion.

Paul Bourget is an inveterate observer, that is, a hunter after "copy." Our men and women must be on their best behavior for a week or so. Mr. Bourget has brought his test-tubes and litmus-paper with him.

Sep 4-

vacation duties

Titles of nobility are sold at a fixed tariff by the government of San Marino, the smallest and oldest State in Europe. Musicians have appeared within a year or two in this city who bought the decoration they wore in their buttonhole. These decorations are not dear; \$40 apiece is a fair price.

Here is a definition heard the other day in conversation: "A promoter is a man who sells something he does not own to a man who does not want it."

It may distract the attention of those who suffer from headache to learn that in early English days there were remedies "for headache, and for old headache, and for ache of half the head." "Eye work and the fiend's temptations" are also mentioned in this catalogue. Ache of half the head, or hemiplegia, from which George Eliot suffered so much, has been considered a distinctively modern disease; but there is nothing new.

Cures for fatness are found in many shop windows of this town, and it would seem as if we Yankees were losing our characteristic leanness. Our stout women might try life in Japan instead of experimenting with dangerous remedies. There fat is at such a premium that as soon as a girl is betrothed she is put to bed for a year to increase her weight.

It was said here the other day by a detective that in certain cases of robbery of jewels the thieves may be found among the losers and the pawnshop hides the stolen treasure. Why should any one be ashamed to raise money on jewelry at a time when money is scarce? Is it not better to pawn than to refuse the cry of grocer or dressmaker?

Justin McCarthy may write of "The Useless House of Lords," but the House of Lords is an English institution, like cricket, and the hat-bath, and it will die hard. Gilbert satirized it, but his satire was akin to admiration.

Sep 7

It is a pleasure to see the active interest taken in outdoor sports by men of middle age. When a man reaches forty he is in danger of a paunch, the visible token of "swilling and swelling," if he does not live temperately, and, above all, exercise in the open air. Too often what should be the prime of life is the bulb-point of physical inaction and the starting point of mental decay.

Fashion compels women to wear hats. It is of little consequence that eyes are thus injured, and the wearer is more uncomfortable. The veil was dear to the earliest woman; but even then there were masculine protests, as when Isaiah included veils in the list of "bravery" that would be taken away from the haughty daughters of Zion.

It seems that the enormous sleeves now worn by women disturb Grecian corporeal proportion, and so Art strengthens Nature and restores equilibrium. If this be so, these sleeves should be reefed.

"Current Americanisms" is the title of a book by T. Baron Russell. It contains much curious, yes, startling information.

Here is an instance: Mr. Russell, who, by the way, is an Englishman, discovered that "male-sheep," "male-hugs," "gentlemen-turkeys" and "gentlemen-game-chickens" belong to the natural history of refined Boston only.

Women are said to make excellent piano tuners. It might serve art if no female were allowed to play the piano, unless she first showed her ability to tune it.

Sep 18-93

The arbiters of fashion promulgated their decrees Sunday last, and there is now no excuse for any man, if by his dress he blots the landscape. The dictum of these decrees is chaste, indeed, sober; and often there is a vein of melancholy not inappropriate to the fall of autumnal leaves.

Apropos of this change in the dress of nature, the judicious should now shed russet shoes. Or, if some persist in wearing them through the winter, with the aid and abetment of shoemakers and gaiters, they should shun a black derby. With russet shoes or boots, a soft gray hat's your only wear.

Men no longer buy shirts; they are measured for "shirtsugs." Underwear should be of subdued tints. If a diner out has lost one of his studs, he is permitted to appear with two instead of three, that is, if he thoughtfully plugs the third hole in the front.

In the matter of "neckwear" the arbiters are adamant. But there is an inadmissible laxity in the matter of trousers. Individual tastes are likely to govern these matters to a great extent, and with regard to the size, certainly a man's legs have something to do with it.

This will never do. There should be a Procrustean bed for the stretching of trousers without regard to individual anatomy. The ancients knew this necessity. In 1619 James Howell asked a correspondent for "2 pairs of the purest white worsted stockings you can get, of women size."

The two Emperors have met, and the scene recalled Mother Goose:

"He began to compliment,
And I began to grin;
"How do you do?"
"And 'How do you do,' again."

Sep 20

Orchids are loved by the rich. A rival collection of that left by Mr. Ames is the one that is the pride of Mr. Erasmus Corning of Albany. And yet there are many who would exchange a whole hot-house of hybrids for the fragrant odors of the old-fashioned garden, with its walks trimmed with box.

The arrival of Courtney in Cambridge brings to mind many singular tales of the result of the combination of undoubted carman's skill with a timidity equal to that of the philosopher Hobbes. Courtney's public career was a disappointment to many of his early friends, and of late years he has been known chiefly as a coach of Cornell students.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, September 1, 1893.

I COMMITTED heterophony last week when I spoke of Guilman's habit of binding the works of Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven and Wagner in "purple." I remembered and thought "red," but I wrote "purple." It is in gorgeous red that Guilman pays homage to the great four.

Heterophony, I believe, is a disordered or morbid mental condition, and it soon leads to aphasia.

Perhaps this telling of how a musician binds his music is small beer, but small beer is not to be despised. The lover of books enjoys reading about the libraries of great writers. Who does not envy Lamb his "shivering folios?" Who does not revel in the descriptions of books dear to Leigh

...ing, for instance, what books did he read besides... which he... ted freely? We know that he had read Scarron, Le Sage, Cervantes, Marivaux, but what book was near his bedside or on his breakfast table? Beethoven read Plutarch, Swift, Sterne, Shakespeare; can you imagine him reading a book of amorous adventure or the memoirs of some indiscreet lady of nobility, works that were devoured eagerly in his day? We know that Massenet is not unacquainted with "Thais" and "Mignon Lescart." Is Zola the favorite with any modern composer?

Surely the binding of books shows individuality, and if Beethoven is dressed in red, blue for Mozart may well follow. I know of compositions that might fitly be bound in sheep; others in hog skin; others in full calf. The skins of human beings have been used by infuriated amateurs; in Goncourt's "Journal" there is a singular story about the caprice of a collector of pornographic literature. "Eselarmonde" might be handsomely preserved in blonde; "Carmen" should be in brunette with blood red corners.

I see by the Chicago "Tribune" that Guilman has already succumbed to an interviewer, and that he proposes to play in Boston as well as in other American cities. But when he comes here where will he play?

For we have no organ fit for concert purposes in any public hall. Years ago the great organ in Music Hall was the pride of the town. Artemus Ward wrote an amusing account of a visit to Boston, when the organ, then a new plaything, was the one topic of conversation. This organ revolutionized the art of organ building in the neighborhood, perhaps in the whole country. Recitals were given at noon, and for a time people listened gladly. The case, with its supporting giants whose bowels seemed gushing out, was a curiosity of workmanship. But the interest died away; there was a lack of necessary, regular repair; the mechanism was often out of order; and the organ was at last sold. It now lies in pieces near or in a South End burying ground.

The organ in Tremont Temple was destroyed lately by fire.

The organ now in Music Hall is a wretched machine, badly placed; it is not even fit to support a chorus, and there is not enough interest in organ playing to replace it by a decent instrument.

Guilman will be obliged to play in a church, and many of our best organs are in churches that frown at the thought of concerts within their walls.

I do not think that our musical public cares much for organ recitals. This is not because we are without excellent organists.

To be sure, here, as in other large cities, organists may be divided into three classes.

There are organists who have devoted their full attention to the mastery of this one instrument—organists in the true sense of the word.

There are organists who are really pianists, but who lay violent hands upon the noble instrument, that they may increase their income by playing in church service. These men are apt to regard the organ as an inferior instrument, designed apparently for the playing of hymn tunes; they play it as if it were a piano; they have no true organ technic; they are ignorant of the wealth of music written expressly for the instrument, Buxtehude, Frescobaldi, César Franck, Chauvet, Boely are to them unknown. They are given often to improvising voluntaries. Now, this is the abomination of desolation spoken of by the Hebrew prophet.

The third class of organists is made up of amateurs, who are "fond of music" and have an "excellent ear." To them the organ gives pleasure on account of its resources. They experiment with combinations of stops, which they too often pull at random. They are fond of transcriptions of operatic airs, light overtures. They have seldom studied thoroughly; they seldom have well trained fingers, and they touch the pedals as though they were hot. This manner of organist is a member of the congregation, and is willing to play for little or no money; or he is a

relative of one of the music committees of the church; or he has a profitable business and welcomes the additional salary. These organists keep the deserving from securing positions which belong rightfully to them, they lower and cheapen the art of organ playing.

Now, we have in Boston such men of the first class as S. B. Whitney, George E. Whitney, Messrs. Donahoe, Dunham, Tructte; but how often do these men give public recitals, and what encouragement have they for the display of their skill? It is not surprising that they for the most part confine their performances within the narrow limits of church service.

The life of Alexandre Borodine has been written by Alfred Habets (Paris, 1893), and the book, which is founded on the biographical notice of Wladimir Stassoff, is entertaining.

Borodine, it seems, was descended on his father's side from the last kings of Imeretia, who in turn were descended from David, the sweet singer of Israel, and they therefore assumed as a coat of arms a harp and a sling. The writer does not tell us in detail of the character of these rulers; perhaps they were like the early kings of Ireland, who were often killed, 200 at a time, in battle.

At the time of Borodine's birth his father was sixty-two, his mother was twenty-five. But I do not propose to tell the life of this skillful physician, chemist and musician. If he wrote at the age of thirteen (1847) a concerto for flute and piano, during his latter years (he died suddenly in 1887) he studied deeply the transformations of azote and invented an ingenious nitrometer. If he wrote two symphonies, eight melodies, a string quartet, "Dans les steppes" for orchestra, a scherzo for orchestra, and piano pieces, besides the posthumous works in which a string quartet, opera and opera ballet are included, he also left twenty articles on chemistry. He was one of the most eager advocates of the admission of women to higher education, and he was one of the founders of the School of Medicine for Women at St. Petersburg.

Here is an instance of Russian life. In 1856 Borodine was practicing his profession in a hospital. One of his first duties was the taking care of serfs who had been knouted by their owner. "It is true that they had first knouted their owner, out of revenge for his inhumanity. The back of each one was one great wound; the bones were visible and they had to be extracted; the flesh was in shreds. Borodine fainted at the sight."

It appears from this book that Rimsky-Korsakow, somewhere about 1862, cruised in American waters as a naval officer.

Séroff criticised Borodine's first symphony as follows: "The symphony of a man named Borodine gave little pleasure to the audience, and only the friends of the composer applauded and recalled him with fervor."

In 1876 Borodine wrote thus concerning his opera: "After the performance of a chorus from 'Igor' the public knows that I work at an opera. I am in the position of a girl who has lost her innocence, and therefore enjoys a certain liberty. * * * Recitative is neither in my nature nor in my character. Although certain judges say that I do not manage it badly, I am attracted rather by melody, by the cantabile. I am more and more impelled toward definite concrete forms. In the opera, as in decorative art, there is no room for detail. Broad lines are necessary. Everything should be clear, precise, practical from the vocal and the instrumental standpoint. The voices should be considered first, then the orchestra."

He replied to Stassoff, who reproached him for the abundance of choruses in the opera, that the choruses were constantly interrupted by recitatives and solos, and that they were necessary for the relief of the singers: "A human being is not a phonograph, not a barrel organ wound up with a key; if the singer does not leave the stage, but throws out constantly upper tones, she will soon be lost in the flower of her age and glory."

Borodine was fond of the Belgians. "In dining and drinking they are true artists. Their table and wines are of the first quality. How different is all this in Germany! Their amiability is especially agreeable, for they have a charming fashion of doing a polite act simply and cordially. The Germans, the English and the French know often how to be exceedingly amiable, but they always contrive to make you aware of it."

The man must have been of a most lovable disposition. I know of no more charming letter from husband to wife than that written by Borodine to his Catherine Sergeiewna on his revisiting Heidelberg in 1877. As Habets says, this letter paints the soul and the heart of the poet, the character and the moral physiognomy of the man.

His letters of 1877 and 1881, relating his intercourse with Liszt are of peculiar interest, and they show the "Hungarian Monk" to his great advantage. But two or three quotations must at present suffice:

"He told me among other things, that the trio by Naprawnik pleased him greatly. * * * He asked who had played it. I mentioned Goldstein. 'I don't know him,' said Liszt brusquely. 'He came from the conservatory at

A MODERN INSTANCE.

The appearance of a young woman, well known in local society, of celebrated parentage and in more than comfortable pecuniary circumstances, as a dancer in a theatrical performance at the Boston Museum has excited no little attention. Let us refrain here from speaking of the merits or the faults of her performance; let us look, rather, at sundry concomitant features of the appearance on the stage.

There are some who are surprised that a young woman of "social position," one who does not feel the spur of poverty, should willingly seek such public notoriety; but the excuse is made that there is here an attempt to "elevate the stage." Now, this excuse is absurd, even if an excuse is demanded. The stage does not go through the mysterious operation of "being elevated" by the sudden determination of any woman or any man to be a dancer. The stage is not suddenly "reformed" by the public appearance of any one person of high or low degree. Reformation, in the theatrical dictionary, is generally a word synonymous with fashion.

Nor is it by any means an indisputable fact that the prevailing dance of the day needs reformation. There are, to be sure, eccentric exceptions; but it is safe to say that the skirt dance of professional dancers is as modest as it is graceful. Here and there are singular beings of uncertain nationality who substitute painful acrobaticism for terpsichorean grace; but the skirt dance ordinarily seen in the theatre needs no reformation in theory or practice.

It is true that if people of refinement adopt a theatrical calling, it benefits art, provided always that these people of refinement have an artistic temperament and technical skill. Goodness and meanness, modesty and impurity are not merely things of locality. There are low and evil minded males and females in many walks of public and private life; the idea that the line of the footlights is necessarily a dividing line in morality has of late years been exploded. Nor should a young woman be discouraged in her attempt to achieve success in the theatre, if she shows natural proficiency. It would be a waste of time to attempt to prove the dignity or the worth of dancing as an art. The books are full of passages that extol the art, from the Psalms and Jeremiah to the treatises of Cahuzac and Noverre, and the still later writings of scholars, theorists and professionals.

Is it surprising that any woman who has once felt the misery of *tedium vite*, and this misery is felt most keenly in that vaguely defined country, known as Society, should welcome any occupation that refuses room to frivolity or injurious self-analysis? Miss Leah Lodge finds relief in winning a million of money at Monte Carlo. Miss Sprule manages a lavender water distillery. The latter is surely a wholesome profession. Even the peerless Bathsheba Everdene, a more real character than the living beings just mentioned, tendered samples of her corn at the exchange at Casterbridge.

Or is the artistic publicity of the stage to be more dreaded than the notoriety that in these days of "personal" journalism follows any woman in society and beats upon her with the fierceness of a calcium light?

When Mr. Chamberlain remembers the fierce denunciation of the House of Lords that once escaped the barrier of his teeth, he must despise the reporters and press of civilization and wish that words melted like snow flakes. It was Thackeray who suggested that letter paper should possess the property of rendering the text illegible after perusal, so that the paper might be used again and correspondence be obliterated.

Jo Howard is right in his complaint against the rush to the lobby or the street during the entr'actes at the theatre. This rush is an intolerable nuisance. There are theatres in this city, by the way, that should break up the crowds of loafers hanging about the entrances during the evening.

Mr. James L. Whitney may well be proud of the recognition by the Spaniards of his labor and skill in the preparation of the catalogue of the Tickner collection in the Public Library. A library without a catalogue is of little avail to judicious users, and so is a book without an index. To make a worthy catalogue is a labor fit for the joint efforts of Hercules and Minerva.

A Michigander in New York excited public attention the other day by eating five sirloin steaks. There are restaurants where this feat would be only the gratification of a modest appetite.

Leipsie. That's no recommendation," answered Liszt. "They have given us a lot of mediocrities."

"I don't play it that way," he said to a pupil; "one would think it came from Leipsie. There they would explain to you that the passage is in augmented sixths and that would be enough; they would never show you how the passage should be played."

"Once a pupil played absolutely without color an etude by Chopin," Liszt said, "At Leipsie they would call that very nice."

* * *

Augusto Rotoli is composing a mass. I wish that this excellent musician and genial man had a better opportunity for the public display of his rare talent as director of a choral society. His success in this direction at Rome was known throughout Italy.

* * *

"Prince Pro Tem," which will be given at the Boston Museum the 11th, was tried Friday night at Taunton, Mass. The comic opera, or "Whimsical Fantasy," is the work of Mrs. R. A. Barnet, librettist, and Mr. L. S. Thompson, composer. Mr. Thompson is a pupil of Prof. John K. Paine, and the author of "The Sphinx."

On this occasion Miss Olea Bull made her debut as a dancer. It is understood that Miss Bull and her teacher, Miss Call made up their minds that the ballet was at present a sensual thing and that it should be reformed.

I believe that Miss Loie Fuller has expressed similar opinions.

The dance according to these local reformers should be a representation of pine trees swept by winds, seas in commotion, &c. No doubt they will imitate the early Egyptians and give terpsichorean imitations of the stars in their courses.

At Taunton "the dance consisted of an undulating advance and retreat of a crescent formed by ten young ladies, who represented waves, while Miss Bull was the centre of interest." The "Boston Globe" of the 2d spoke of Miss Bull as follows:

Ten fairly pretty maidens disported and danced under the fitful gleams of the lime light, while Miss Bull tried to be graceful, as she is attractive, by the peculiarly exasperating movements so necessary to a pupil and exponent of the art, but they were not asked to come again, once was enough.

The picture was undeniably pretty, but it was not the kind to be admired as a steady diet.

The "Boston Herald," in its comments on the performance, observed a judicious silence concerning the reformed ballet. Miss Bull's name was not even mentioned.

Miss Bull, who is a daughter of Ole Bull, has been on the stage, and she was a member of Miss Marlowe's company. She has thought of being a public singer. It is only of late that she has turned her attention to the reform of the ballet.

PHILIP HALE.

P. S.—I have just heard that Guilmant will give his concert here in the New Old South Church.

P. H.

Sept 21-93

Is there a fashion in disease? It would seem so; and just now appendicitis seems to be the rage.

The word is of late use, at least in English speech. You will not find it in the great English dictionary. The disease itself undoubtedly is co-existent with man. Our fathers and grandfathers used homelier terms.

At present the surgeon rejoices in his frequent opportunity, and physicians speak ironically, concerning the sacred fire, the consuming love of a trade that often recommends total evisceration for a slight pain known to every school boy.

Appendicitis was not without a superstition that always connected a cherry stone or a grape seed with the disease; but the surgeon has shown the absence of any fact in the background. Connected with this superstition is still another that prevails, or did prevail, in the country, viz., that swallowing a cherry stone prevents any internal economic disturbance caused by the fruit itself.

"Yesterday's audience was made up in the main of members of the gentler and more curious sex. The choicest seats in the court room were given them by the gallant court officers, and from their positions of vantage they stared for all they were worth at the interesting young occupant of the prisoner's cage."

This extract is not translated from a report of a Parisian sensation; it is from a local contemporary, and the occasion is the Trevelyan trial.

It was the habit of the mythological Valkyrie to traverse land or water with lightning speed, and her arrival was noisy, as all acquainted with Wagner can testify. Her namesake is more sluggish, more stealthy in her approach.

CONTAGION IN MUSIC.

Mr. George H. Wilson, formerly of this city and now the Secretary of the Bureau of Music at the Columbian Exposition, was, Vilikins like, a-walking the other day, when suddenly he heard a tune known to many as "After the Ball." It was then played by a brass band on the exhibition grounds. Mr. Wilson recognized the tune at once; for he had probably heard it before, and he is said to have a fine ear. His artistic sensibilities were shocked; returning to his office, he gave type-written orders prohibiting the public performance of this tune on the grounds.

Some may applaud Mr. Wilson's conduct; but the judicious grieve, for he thus deprives the people of an undoubted pleasure. The people are many; Mr. Wilson is one. The bands were hired to play for the people, not for Mr. Wilson's private delight. And the people say, with Wieland, "Music ceases to be music as soon as it gives no pleasure."

"After the Ball" has been played and sung in Boston, and it is not necessary to print the melody here in musical notation for elucidation. The merits of the tune, whatever they may be, are appreciated by the great majority of our readers, who will be glad to hear of transpontine popularity lately achieved. According to the Pall Mall Gazette "there is scarcely a hall where the song is not now being sung, or where the house can restrain itself from joining in its waltz refrain. It is easy to call it cheap—that is the sort of tune which your British public most desires. We are a music hall rather than a musical nation. Like 'The Bogie Man,' 'Ta-ra-ra' and many another, it is no home product, but is an importation from America. One can only be sorry that the thing has not got better words. These are likely to prove a far more serious infliction than the tune itself."

The success of this tune is only another instance, one of hundreds if not thousands, of musical or dramatic contagion. A famous example is found in the history of the town of Abdera, where everybody for a season went about chanting "O Cupid, prince of gods and men." "No pharmacopologist could sell one grain of hellebore, not a single armorer had a heart to forge one instrument of death; friendship and virtue met together and kiss'd each other in the street; the golden age returned and hung over the town of Abdera; every Abderite took his oaten pipe; and every Abderite woman left her purple web, and chastely sat her down and listened to the song."

We live in sterner, less romantic times, and such contagion leads to unpleasant scenes, as at Chicago. It is true that the Abderites were derided by many contemporaries for lack of wit, and Isaac Vossius tells us that many of these citizens were born mad or grew so. Others attribute the contagion to a very hot summer, and state that a cold winter removed the delirium. "The mind is as subject to epidemical distempers as the body."

If any sympathize heartily with Mr. Wilson let them take courage in the reflection that summer is over. Winter is on its way to us, and the season of concerts is at hand. One nail drives out another. "After the Ball" will inevitably succumb to frost or to a variety show rival melody. Such tunes have an intense, short life.

Sept 22-93

Entertainments of the Grand Army may now be diversified agreeably by open discussion of the etymology of the word Hoke, whether it be connected with day, as Hokeday, or appear as in Hoke-tuesday, Hoke-tide, or Hoke Smith.

This word Hoke seems to be of sinister import, even when it appears in holiday form. By some writers it is believed to be commemorative of the massacre of the Danes in the reign of Ethelred; and the peculiar significance of this derivation will appeal at once to veterans lately discharged from office, or needing the continuance of a pension.

Now Lambard imagines the word to be a corruption of Huextyde, the time of scorning or mocking; nor is this derivation inappropriate to the present situation. This time of scorning, however, will be over in '97.

It seems unfortunate that Prof. von Helmholtz, who has contributed so much to the science of music, should not have an opportunity of knowing musical Boston, as well as the city in its social mask, and Cambridge with its legion of professors. Or do writers on acoustics and scale building simply regard music as a mathematical science, not necessarily, even in best condition, a source of pleasure in concert hall?

A London correspondent bewails the fact that "Prof. Sanderson dashes all our hopes." Now, this being interpreted means simply that a chemist will not soon be able to compose "the necessary parts and conditions of a living thing, and create life." They that lament this should remember "Frankenstein," or the equally horrible story by Edgar Poe.

A Vermont jury decided this week that a swain of Orange county could not recover presents given to a sweetheart before the engagement was broken. The presents are not specified, but it is hardly probable that "Charlie" urged the recovery of candy and ice cream.

Sept 23-93

There is incongruity in the fact that the nomination of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is now referred for investigation and report to Senator David B. Hill, who in the exercise of his profession was a pettifogging attorney.

If we are to have a Music Hall, "Alcazar," "Alhambra" or "Elysium," let it be kept free from the gross immorality that is displayed unblushingly in and about similar institutions in London and Continental cities. The very phrase "music hall" brings up singular recollections to anyone who has listened to the stupidly vulgar songs and the cheap wit characteristic of such English places, and watched the audience and the loungers in the corridors.

There is death in the pot, as in old Hebrew days. Poisonous food is found at a Swamp-scott merry making and at a murder trial.

In the former case the oyster is accused; in the latter, frozen pudding provoked disagreement in the jury.

Are not jurymen imprudent in eating heartily of a varied meal? They have little or no exercise; the air of a court room is almost always foul, and how do jurymen expect to keep a clear brain if they overload the stomach with food that might excite alarm if eaten under more favorable conditions?

In a more advanced system of civilization the jurymen's diet should be regulated by law. And yet a proper diet-list would tax invention. Sir Andrew Aguecheek would not eat beef because it did harm to the wits. Pythagoras would not let his followers partake of beans. And in the history of the world an objection may be found to nearly every article of diet.

Perhaps codfish would be as safe a diet as any, provided a water pail were always within reach. The jurymen's brain would then be clean and in working order, his eye would pierce through the fog of argument and his stomach would not divert his attention from the evidence.

That was excellent advice given by Prof. Perrin to the students of Boston University. "You are not so friendly with every young man you meet, boys, that you owe it to him to treat. When you spend an afternoon with a fellow, let each pay his own bills." Prof. Perrin is surely right in attributing a large amount of intemperance to our custom of treating. Young men are foolish; they dread the charge of stinginess, and so they rob their purse and surcharge their stomach in the desire of being thought whole souled, generous, gay young blades.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell defines the users of bob-tailed horses as a "bob-tail aristocracy." This is a good phrase; but when he urges all school children to cry in public to any driver of such animals, "I pity your horses," does he not go a little too far? Children are naturally fond of destructive criticism, and it is not likely that any lover of a bob-tail is thin-skinned enough to mind the injurious comment. The only probable result would be a race of disagreeable children, for, encouraged in one thing, they would not confine themselves to the subject.

This theatrical week has been given up chiefly to comic opera in its more or less aggressive form. There should be a Polonaise catalogue of all variations—as farce-comedy-opera, burlesque-opera, comedy-opera, farce-opera, buffoon-opera, composite-farce-comedy-burlesque-opera, etc., etc.

The composers of these entertainments, local musicians or residents of New York, might ponder, with benefit, these words of the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Now, Sir Arthur Sullivan, though possessing a distinct and high talent, is one of those composers of whom the imitation is to lay bare all the faults of the original which that talent had previously disguised. The result is a crude and irritating musical jumble, which has all the qualities of self-consciousness, and none of the qualities of sincere music."

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, September 17, 1893.

THE 11th saw the first performance in Boston of "Venus," a "fantastic comic opera," at the Park Theatre; of "Prince Pro Tem," a "musical fantasia," at the Boston Museum, and the first appearance in this city of the Mapleson and Whitney Opera Company in "The Fencing Master." As I was away from the town during the past week I must defer any comment on these shows until I have seen them; for it is well to "verify one's suspicions."

And yet I cannot refrain from inviting your attention to a "chat with Mrs. Mapleson," who, according to an article in the Boston "Herald" of the 11th, is simply "delighted with her rôle in 'The Fencing Master.'" Indeed her delight formed a headline; other headlines, to commit an Hibernicism, were: "Likes it better than any she has assumed before," "Her beautiful dresses were made in New York," "A little white rat her mascot."

When the reporter asked Mrs. Mapleson how she "enjoyed" the "Fencing Master," the singer replied as follows: "I think it is lovely, and prefer it to any opera I have yet appeared in. You see, the music is brilliant and enlivening, though in many places deep. My solo in the second act, entitled 'The Rose and Nightingale,' is a perfect gem, and I love to sing it. Then the gavot in the last act is very fine, and new too being especially composed for me. * * * I think De Koven is a wonderfully fine composer."

In this connection it is a pleasure to note in the same article that Reginald De Koven wrote to Colonel Mapleson: "I was more than delighted with Mrs. Mapleson's rendering of my music. Her vocalization is almost perfection."

In other words:

She began to compliment
And I began to grin;
"How do you do," and
"How do you do," and
"How do you do," again.

Mrs. Mapleson tells us that "Mr. Smith has brightened up the libretto immensely." She has also kind words for Mr. Hubert Wilke and the stage manager.

Before we see Miss Olea Bull in her reformatory dance, it might be well to look at the sacred character of the terpsichorean art, for this act of an amateur has already excited discussion, and there are symptoms of an approaching cult with Miss Annie Call, the teacher of Miss Bull, as grand high priestess. It would be interesting to consider the saltatory worship of savage tribes; to compare the voluptuous movements of heavy eyed Bayaderes in Hindoo temples with the extraordinary performances at Huizilopochtli; to speak of the leaps or the sinuous motions of Kukis, Gonds and Todas; but a short sketch of the dance as an act of worship in Holy Writ and Christian countries is now more to the purpose.

The Hebrews had no theatre and no dramatic representations until Herod the Great built in Jerusalem a house for shows, to the grief of the Jewish nation. This statement is supported by the authorities, although some see in the "Song of Solomon" a wedding dramatic entertainment. But the Jews at any rate were indefatigable dancers. They learned much during the captivity in Egypt, for the naked rioters around the golden calf had seen surely the worship of the bull Apis.

Miriam took a tambourine in her hand and led the women in a dance of exultation. Father Menestrier calls her dance a "Ballet of Thanksgiving," to the tune sung or declaimed by Moses. Another Jesuit, Father Millieu, is sure that Moses beat the time with his rod, and he describes the costume and the gestures of Miriam.

The writers of the Psalms called on Israel to praise Jehovah's name in the dance, and Jeremiah prayed for the revival of merry dances that he might forsooth have no longer cause for lamentation.

King David danced before the Lord with all his might, and to the admiration of all save Michal, his wife. Thus, according to the celebrated Mr. Bayle, he testified his attachment and sensibility for holy things, although Bayle adds ironical remarks concerning the punishment of Michal, and says that "it would be thought very strange in any part of Europe if on a day of procession of the Holy Sacrament the kings should dance in the streets with nothing but a small girdle on their bodies."

A place in the Temple was reserved for sacred terpsichorean performances. Political events were celebrated by ballets. The Maccabees for instance introduced dances at the festival in honor of the restoration of the Temple. Women danced about Judith as she bore the head of Holofernes.

In those olden days Tragedy stalked among the dancers. The daughter of Jephthah met the returning hero and danced with her playmates, not knowing that by his vow she would bewail her virginity upon the mountains.

The women of Israel danced in welcome of Saul and David, "and Saul eyed David from that day and forward."

The children of Benjamin lurked in the vineyard and watched with inflamed eyes the twinkling feet of the daughters of Shiloh.

And as the Egyptians panted at the sight of provoking "Gawasi," so the Jews knew profane and peppery dances. The daughter of Herodias danced away the life of John the Baptist.

Dancing was allowed and encouraged in the services not only of the early Christian Church, but in many sacred buildings and on certain festival occasions as late as the seventeenth and even the eighteenth century. In the old Christian temples the choir was the place where the priests led the holy dance, in the presence and with the assistance of the congregation. Bishops opened these religious balls, and were called praesules. One of the early Fathers declared that "the glorious company of the Apostles" should read "the glorious dancing chorus of the Apostles." The Christians of Antioch danced near the graves of martyrs. Each festival had its peculiar hymn and dance. Basilus urged the faithful to practice the art as a preparation for the noblest enjoyment of the angels in heaven. Cardinals and bishops in later years claimed the privilege of leading in court balls. The Council of Trent in 1562 was opened by a ball of great magnificence, after the divine blessing had been invoked. In the middle of the seventeenth century the townsfolk of Limoges danced in the Church of St. Leonard the feast day of St. Martial, and at the end of each psalm they sang—in place of the Gloria Patri—"St. Martial, pray for us and we will dance for you."

Under the popedom of Leo X. religious ballets were in fashion. A favorite subject was the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins. Court dames carried burning and empty lamps, silvern lamps, lamps cunningly wrought. In the time of Charles IX., the névrose, dance music was taken from Psalm tunes. In pious Germany the maidens and young men beat their feet on the ground to chorals. There too the sacred ballet flourished. In Hamburg in a religious play called "The Birth of Jesus," after the scene where Joseph is refused room in the inn on account of the crowd of tax collectors, there was a joyful dance of peasants who had already paid their dues. Saint-Méry affirms that the Chica, that vile dance of Congo origin, was seen in the churches of Spanish America as late as 1800. Choir boys dance to-day in the cathedral at Seville.

Sacred dances gave birth to at least two religious sects—the Flagellants, who danced and flogged themselves, and the Jumpers, who danced until they fell to the ground and were then prepared to listen to the Holy Spirit.

Yet there was violent opposition to dancing from the beginning. The opinion of the Romans that it was a scandalous practice was quoted freely. Chrysostom wrote: "Where there is dancing, the devil is present." Cyprian said: "The dance is a circle, and the centre is the devil."

A Breton folk song voiced the feelings of many of the Church when it reminded the maiden with itching feet of the daughter of Herodias, saying: "When thou seeest dancing, think of the bloody head of John the Baptist on the charger, and hellish longing will not fill thy soul."

There was a German proverb: "No dance where the devil does not curl his tail."

In the sixteenth century it was the favorite pastime of Satan to appear at a ball as a handsome, tastefully dressed

young man, and he ran off with the most reckless dancer. Pretty Ursule disappeared in this manner at Laybach in 1507. Or Satan would play the fiddle, and his bowing was so vigorous that the dancers kept on until they died.

In one of the versions of the legend of Ys, one night a very tall man, dressed in red, appeared in the city and courted Dahut, the wicked daughter of King Grallon or Gradlon. The stranger had a thick, long beard; his eyes shone like unto the stars. He pleased Dahut, the corrupt daughter of the king. The stranger danced; he called for the reel dear to the seven deadly sins in hell. He called in his bagpiper, a dwarf clad in goatskin, and while all danced madly the stranger in red stole the keys that opened the water gates that protected the city of Ys.

Dancing was the feature of the Devil's Sabbath. If a partner was wanting a male or female demon was supplied. The dancers bore torches of black pitch.

Sometimes a girl danced with a frog. Jeanette d'Abadie saw Mrs. de Martibalsarena dance with four at the same time.

Lambert Daneau called the dance "A composition of all sorts of poison invented by the devil."

Octave Feuillet said that the inventor of the waltz was not a married man.

We spoke the other day of the superstition that a cherry stone was a remedy against possible disturbing elements of the fruit itself. A correspondent calls our attention to a singular passage in Pliny's Natural History: "I find certain authors claim that cherries eaten with their stones early in the morning, when the fruit is covered with dew, will relieve those who suffer from gout or any pains in the feet."

GUILMANT.

The Most Illustrious of Modern Organists.

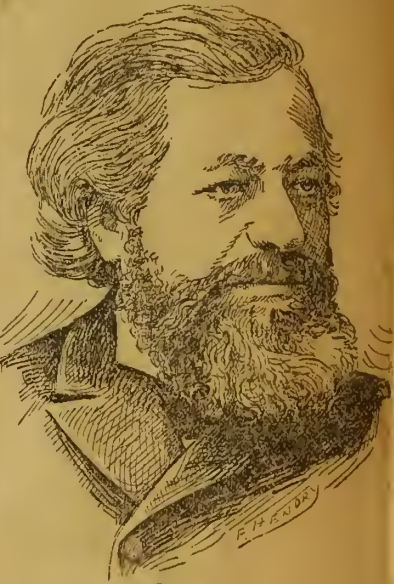
A Short Sketch of a Long and Honorable Career.

Gossip Concerning His Personal Habits and Beliefs.

Félix Alexandre Guilmant, the most illustrious organ virtuoso and composer for the organ of all men now living, will make his first appearance in this city Monday, the 25th, when he will play at 8 o'clock at the New Old South Church. The programme is as follows:

Toccata, F major.....	Bach
Offertoire, D flat.....	Hubois
Sonata Pastorale.....	Leimicus
Invocation, B flat.....	Guilmant
Finale, E flat.....	Guilmant
Marche, funèbre et chant séraphique.....	Schumann
Canon, B minor.....	de la Tombelle
Pastorale, E.....	Dubois
Toccata, G.....	Dubois
Improvisation.....	Best
March for a church festival.....	Best

It is of present interest to view Guilmant's career. As I was his pupil for two years, I may be



Félix Alexandre Guilmant

pardoned if I indulge myself occasionally in personal reminiscences.

Guilmant was born at Boulogne, March 12, 1837.

This is the same Boulogne as that once visited by Mr. Charles James Harrington Fitzroy Yelowish, and described by him as

"Balong sir-mare—which means in French, the town of Balong situated on the sea. I who had heard of long wonders, expected this to be the last and greatest phantasy, then, my disappointment, when, we got there, to find this Balong, not situated on the sea, but on the shore."

This Boulogne was once famous as the dwelling place of English exiles, who fled their country to escape the attentions of importunate creditors, or who desired change of air until unsavory scandal in the mother country should be forgotten. When the valot of the Honorable Algernon Percy Deuaco landed at Boulogne, he saw "a dingy meagrely placed; the only thing moving in the streets is the gutter which runs down 'em." But it must be remembered that Thackeray himself admitted that he looked over Europe with the narrow insular eye of an Englishman.

The father of Guilmant was Jean Baptiste Guilmant, who died in May, 1890, at the age of 97. For 60 years he was organist at the Church of Saint Nicolas. He was esteemed highly as musician and man by his townsfolk; he was an intimate friend of Meyerbeer, he founded the chief musical institutions of Boulogne and the "maîtrise" fostered by him is now one of the most celebrated in northern France. The elder Guilmant, like Baptiste Minola, was an affable and courteous gentleman. The relations between the father and son were peculiarly charming. The little organ that stands in Guilmant's apartment in the Rue de Cléchy, Paris, and is so well known to his students, was the work of the father's hands. It was the father's pleasure to transcribe in remarkable clear notation favorite organ pieces, that his son in his artistic wanderings might play from these little manuscript-books and have before his eyes a reminder of parental affection.

The Abbé Hulot laughed at rhetoric in his anger, and described the dance as "the breakers of innocence, the tomb of modesty, the theatre of all worldly vanities and the triumph of all passions."

The modern Greeks have bitter satires against balls.

Plutarch called the dance "a vain, a voluptuous and hurtful thing; foolish women and effeminate men turning and twisting about, jumping backward and forward and on all sides like persons bereaved of wit; weariness of the whole body as well as giddiness of the head; surfeits and death most common effects."

It was Mr. Escot, the deteriorationist, who was pained deeply by the sight of "a magnificent beau in pumps and silk stockings, bounding, skipping, swinging, capering and throwing himself into 10,000 attitudes till his face glows with fever and distils perspiration."

But good men have countenanced the art. Lucian regarded it as "an elegant thing, which cheereth up the mind, exerciseth the body, delights the spectators, which teacheth many comely gestures, equally affecting the ears, eyes and soul itself."

Plutarch did not condemn it; Socrates learned late in life; Plato would have dancing schools in his commonwealth; Scaliger was an accomplished dancer.

Dr. Johnson took a few lessons, but he could never "make a proficiency;" Beethoven was industrious in his endeavor, but he could not keep step.

Even in the century when the outcry was the loudest dancing was considered "a good thing in the Netherlands, because it kept people from drinking after meals."

The jaded Preacher of Jerusalem admits that "there is a time to dance."

And now let us go and see Miss Olea Bull.

PHILIP HALE.

The father was the first teacher of Alexandre, and when the boy was 12 years old he was able to fill his father's position when occasion required. Alexandre then studied harmony under Gustave Carulli (1801-1876). Carulli was the son of Ferdinand Carulli, a player of the guitar and composer for that instrument, who was born at Naples, 1770, and died at Paris, 1841. Guilmannt gladly acknowledges the influence of Carulli at Boulogne, especially in the cultivation of melody.

Arthur Pougin, however, declares that Guilmannt formed himself "by work, by determination and intelligent perseverance, by reading treatises, studying the compositions of great men and impregnating himself with their genius. He would shut himself up in the church each day to master the instrument that he adored. He wrote constantly and meditated his art."

At 16 he was organist of Saint Joseph; at 18 he directed at Saint Nicolas his first mass; in 1857 he was chapelmaster at Saint Nicolas and busied in other musical duties at Boulogne; he was an excellent pianist, and he played the viola.

The great organist Jacques Nicolas Lemmens heard Guilmannt play in 1860 and gave him instruction. Alexandre was the favorite pupil of Lemmens, and as a player he, too, became famous. As long ago as 1861 Adrien de la Faye paid Guilmannt a glowing tribute in the Gazette Musicale. In 1862 Guilmannt displayed the fine organ of Saint Sulpice, Paris, to his own glory. While he was still an organist at Boulogne, he was known in Paris and in English cities. He first played his Marche funebre et chant seraphique at the inauguration of the great organ at Notre Dame, Paris; but it was not until 1871 that he was called to Paris to take the place of the lamented Chauvet, the organist of the Trinity, the church in the Artists' quarter, the church where so many requiems have been sung for painters, play actors and musicians. His position is still held by Guilmannt, and the organist of the choir organ of the same church is Theodore Salomé.

The rest of Guilmannt's career is one of active usefulness rewarded by every kind of honor. He has played in Russia and in Italy; Cosima Wagner in Bayreuth and Pauline Viardot in Paris listen to him eagerly; he founded in 1878 the Society of Organ and Orchestral Concerts of the Trocadero; he is organist of the world-renowned Conservatoire concerts; he has the right to wear decorations; in January, 1893, he received the order of the Legion of Honor.

It is not necessary here to extol his organ compositions, for they are known to all musicians. August Haas, trained in the severest school, admired the imagination, the warmth, the technical skill displayed in these works, and remembered of "much dedicated his ninth organ sonata to Guilmannt in token of his admiration."

But Guilmannt has written other compositions of a high order. There is music for the church in his catalogue, music distinguished by its purity and its devotional feeling. There are songs, piano pieces, compositions for organ and orchestra, a set of charming numbers for the master organ, which instrument is played by him in a beautiful fashion. There is "Balthazar" a "lyric scene for solo voices, chorus and orchestra," there is an English version of "Guilmannt's text," and "Balthazar" is well worthy the consideration of such a society as our Cecilia. To the best of my knowledge Guilmannt has never written for the stage.

As a teacher, Guilmannt insists most strongly on the necessity of rhythm, and his method of curing rhythmic effects is practically that of a teacher by Haas.

Guilmannt is rigorous in the delivery of "cantabile;" in the management of the pedals he follows Lemmens, preferring the use of heel to toe in each passage, never crossing the feet except in cases of absolute necessity; he is, with him, an art of art, yet he is not afraid of varieties of tempo, which, however, he says organ staccato, not the ragged, undulating brought over to long-suffering organs by rash pianists, who lay violent hands on the lighter instrument.

He is most catholic. If he is fond of Chopin, Franck, Boey, Chauvet, Bernard, Debussy, he also appreciates the worth of Buxte-

hude, Frascobaldi, Wesley, Liszt and Handel; and to him Bach is the great master of all, yet Bach is not to him a fetiche. Guilmannt seldom plays a transcription; and he told me with evident amazement that he once heard in England an organist play the overture to "William Tell;" not that Guilmannt did not recognize the value of the overture, but incongruity shocked his artistic sense.

As an improviser he stands, probably, alone. Mr. Gercke, now of Vienna, heard him improvise a double fugue at the Trinity in the early summer of '86; and he then told me that never before had he realized that such ready mastery of counterpoint was possible.

The chief musicians to Guilmannt are Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner; and the works of these men stand bound in red in his library.

Individuality may well be shown in choice of blinders. I know of compositions that might fitly be bound in sheep, others in hogskin, others in full calf. The skins of human beings have been used by certain infuriated amateurs. Guilmannt does not go to fantastic lengths, but Mozart is robed in blue; Haydn in green.

Although he has crossed frequently the Channel he suffers from seasickness; and although he was urged often in the past to visit this country he gave dread of the ocean as an excuse.

Guilmannt visits Bayreuth, and admires the beer of Bavaria. Absinthe he detests, and he often spoke of its effect on the students of Paris. English cooking is to him the abomination of desolation. He is an acknowledged master of the difficult art of making a salad.

They that believe implicitly in the truth of cheap French novels written for exportation, and say flippantly that all French women are frivolous, all Frenchmen spend their days and nights in the pursuit of neighbors' wives, and there is no such thing as "home" in the French language or French life, should see Guilmannt's home at Meudon, where, within easy access to Paris, he keeps woods and pleasant fields. His family life has been one of uninterrupted happiness. Two daughters are now married. The elder, Cécile, is an excellent pianist, and to her Guilmannt dedicated some of his pieces, as the collection of "Noels." A son, now of man's estate, was a pupil at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

And now it is our pleasure to welcome a great virtuoso, and in his particular field a composer of marked invention and rare technical skill.

It is also our pleasure to welcome Guilmannt, the sensitive, modest, refined and high-toned man.

PHILIP HALE.

Sep 25 - 93

The present extorting of fees from American visitors at Westminster Abbey reminds one of a story told by Prosper Merimee. He once inquired of a passer by his way in an English university town, and from force of habit he gave his informant a shilling, which was received with decent thanks. The next day he presented a letter of introduction to a distinguished professor at the university; and, lo, the professor was the informant of the day before. Neither Merimee nor the professor alluded to the shilling.

Dr. Frank Harris scintillates in the walk and the conversation of his profession as well as in the arrangement or the invention of a play; for the doctor is playwright as well as conductor of autopsies. A prominent surgeon said to him the other day, "Frank, I'm going to operate this afternoon; come and see my work." "No," said the Medical Inspector, "I'll see it later."

Sulphur worn in the boots is said to be an unfailing preventive against cholera, and the precaution was advised this week by a well-known citizen. To some the alleged remedy seems as repulsive as the disease itself.

They talk of raising a statue of Guy de Maupassant in Paris. We Americans are not alone, then, in our haste to pay such alleged honor to the dead. There is a difference, however; the French complete the statue, which is, by the way, a public ornament, and not a source of amusement to the passer-by.

But is it not too soon to pay such an honor to de Maupassant? It is hard to judge accurately of a contemporary. No one who is acquainted thoroughly with the work of de Maupassant refuses the tribute of admiration to his art; but may not a possibly less nervous generation dispute the reasonableness of any monumental veneration?

A BULLY HECTOR.

It has long been a custom to "dine wine" a man who is on the eve of a great adventure, and the hospitality sometimes turns the possible hero into a foolish braggart or works serious harm to his physical system. Arctic and African explorers, candidates for political office, play actors about to cross an ocean, are almost always awarded this doubtful honor. It is not surprising, then, that a dinner was given in London to Mr. Charles Mitchell, who is now in this country. Mr. Mitchell is the man who proposes to fight Mr. James Corbett to a finish at Coney Island, unless the unsympathetic people of Brooklyn and New York induce the authorities to prevent the brutal meeting.

The Pall Mall Gazette, a newspaper that was once "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," and is now controlled by a denationalized American, in its issue of the 13th gave a long account of the proceedings at the dinner; not in jest, not in irony, but in simple good faith, not unmingled with admiration. And so we learn that the dinner was "of a quality not to be surpassed." Mr. G. W. Moore, better known as "Pony" Moore, a negro minstrel, presided, and remarked openly that he considered Mitchell not only the ring champion of the world, but the best son-in-law in the world. Other speakers were "Jim" Hall, Mr. Slavin, "Jack" McAniff, all of them acquainted intimately with the ring. Ladies were present and there was much wine. To use the chaste language of the Pall Mall Gazette, "everybody went home feeling quite happy and woke up this morning, with a few exceptions, with heads of about double the usual size." Songs were sung at the banquet and they were chiefly of a sentimental nature.

Mr. Mitchell is commended by the Pall Mall Gazette for his eloquence, which is here synonymous with brag. Now, ready talking was not a characteristic of the great bruffers of old. Hazlitt justly considered modesty as the "Shadow of the Fancy. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken, were elvil, silent men. So is Gribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most eloquent of sparrers." Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman."

Mr. Mitchell has been eloquent since his descent upon our shore. He should ponder the words of Hazlitt, which may be found in the essay entitled: "The Fight;" and he should remember the modesty of Figg, his illustrious predecessor. For James Figg was once challenged by Edward Sutton, a pipemaker, in boisterous, arrogant language; and to the pipemaker, Figg replied as follows: "I, James Figg, Oxonian professor of the said Science, will not fail giving this darling Kentish Champion an Opportunity to make good his Allegations; when, it is to be hoped, if he finds himself Foy'd he will then change his Tone, and not think himself one of the Number who are not worthy the Name of Swordsman, as he is pleased to signify by his Expression. However, as the most significant Way of deciding these Controversie is by Action, I shall defer what I have farther to Act till the Time above specified; when I shall take care not to deviate from my usual Custom, in making all such Bravadoes sensible of their Error, as also in giving all Spectators intire Satisfaction."

Nor should Mr. Mitchell object and say that English prize fighters never fight with swords. History would refute such a claim. Prize fighters fought with swords not only in the 18th century, but in the 17th, as in 1672, when Mons. Jorevin saw such a contest at Southwark, and wrote: "For my part, I think there is an inhumanity, a barbarity and cruelty, in permitting men to kill each other for diversion."

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Perhaps in Boston we are over-sensitive in the matter of statuary, for our eyes are full of shocking examples. We cannot even follow the sensible economy of the Rhodians who changed the heads of the old statues which belonged to their city, and placed new ones upon them "whenever they thought proper to honor the memory of any person by ordering an image to be erected in public." Alas, we should be obliged to change bronze eads and tronsers, if we thus wished to honor mighty dead.

ALEXANDRE GUILMANNT.

Alexandre Guilmannt made his first appearance in this city last evening at the New Old South Church. The programme was as follows: Toccata, in F..... J. S. Bach
Offertory, in D flat, Opus 8..... Salom
Sonata Pontificale..... Lemmens
c. Invocation, in B flat..... Guilmannt
6. Marche, in E flat.....
Canon, in B minor..... Schumann
Pastorale, in E..... de la Tombelle
Toccata, in G..... Dubois
Improvisation on a theme to be given.
March for a Church Festival..... Best

The organ, as a concert instrument, has been neglected here of late, and it is to be hoped that the appearance of Guilmannt among us will awaken a revival of interest in the organ and in organ music. The fame of Guilmannt long preceded him, and it is not surprising that the subscription list was closed rapidly and that many in consequence were disappointed. The audience that greeted our distinguished visitor last evening represented musical Boston, and even Guilmannt, who is accustomed to applause, must have been pleased with the hearty and his reception and the many evidences of the appreciation and the enjoyment of the hearers.

The programme was chosen with a view to showing the possibilities of the organ, and the programme was carefully selected to catch the attention of the audience as well as to show the possibilities of the organ. The programme was chosen with a view to showing the possibilities of the organ, and the programme was carefully selected to catch the attention of the audience as well as to show the possibilities of the organ.

The organist is not as fortunate as other virtuosos who carry their instruments with them. Wherever he appears he must first learn the beauties and the failings of the organ on which he plays. He must on his first appearance in a town make many experiments. A modern organ of large size is a complex machine, taxing the memory as well as the ability of the player. A position of keyboards that is contrary to custom tries sadly the most expert fingers; the absence of a couple may prevent effects of color which would show the imagination and the cultivated instinct of a painter in music.

But if Guilmant was possibly thus handicapped in a measure, his skill and taste triumphed over any obstacle. Without going into any detailed account of his performance, let us consider for a moment the chief characteristics of his playing. It is not now necessary to speak of technique as a synonym with mechanism. It is to be taken for granted that such men as Guilmant have thoroughly trained hands and feet. Guilmant is not a mere virtuoso in the modern and evil sense of the word, a man that plays the eye, and strives constantly to tickle or stun the ear. He has great facility, but he is, first of all, a musician.

In his playing of heroic music, there is an overwhelming sense of rhythm; if he plays a fugue, the subject is given frankly, without affectation, without attempt at effect by unusual or perverted phrasing; rapid passages are crisp; massive chords carry conviction like thunder.

An air is sung as a well-trained singer with temperate and sincere. There is an abiding sense of the value of simplicity.

Guilmant mixes his colors with rare skill. He does not attempt to imitate an orchestra; an attempt that results in turn an organ into an orchestration. He has constantly in mind, however, the opposing qualities of legitimate organ tone. He does not use a flute at random because it is a flute, so-called, and pleasing in itself to the ear, but because, for contrast or for individual effect, that particular register appeals to his nerves—it satisfies his longing for a particular color. Another organist might use another stop, and with effect, but it would not seem as inevitably necessary to the composition as the stop drawn by Guilmant.

Guilmant gains many effects by variety of touch. To be sure, touch is more or less affected by the particular instrument; but it was of special interest to the student to notice the many gradations from extreme legato to hair-like staccato.

But above any analysis that might be prolonged, is the recognition of the fact that the members and the brain of the man are but the willing servants of an eminently artistic nature. This nature is warm; yes, passionate, when deeply moved; but the passion is under control. There is a serenity about the performance of this man, the serenity that is the brother of nobility.

And so to his mighty death march there is no spectacular mourning, no theatrical shudder. In his playing of Bach there is the unassuming, unobtrusive, which was founded last evening on "Jerusalem the Golden," his contrapuntal dexterity serves logically the development of the theme, while a prelude or intermezzo is not extraneous but a preparatory suggestion, or a depression of embellishment.

The main is revealed in the music made by him.

The second and last concert will be given this afternoon. The programme will include numbers by Bach, Martin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Guilmant.

PHILIP HALE.

Hearth and Home tonight advocating a course in carving in college education. We have all suffered from the reckless exhibition of a concealed carver at his own table; for politeness forbids the calling for mackintoshes and umbrellas. But why should not the male be relieved of such responsibility? A woman carving is a thing of beauty; particularly when her prejudices do not forbid just distribution of the pieces.

AT WORCESTER.

The Festival of the County Musical Association.

The Institution of a Much Needed Reform.

"Miriam's Song" and "The Bride of Dunkerron."

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 26. It was for some time a custom observed faithfully by the managers of the Worcester County Festival to have a preliminary concert, which was called an organ and vocal recital. Thus an opportunity was given to ambitious young singers to aim their gun at the public, and they hoped by accuracy of aim and loudness of explosion to call upon themselves the attention of the managers with a view to future engagement at the more important concerts. The bore of these guns was of varying size; at times it was of colossal dimensions. And not infrequently the cannon turned out to be a pop-gun.

This year the usual exhibition of pale and trembling vocal mediocrity was omitted, and most wisely; for a musical festival should not be a training school.

It is, indeed, to be regretted that when such a distinguished organist as Alexandre Guilmant is in the neighborhood, the people of Worcester should not have an opportunity of hearing him; but I am told that the organ in Mechanics' Hall is not in order, and that even an organist of Guilmant's ability could do little with it.

The programme of the first concert was as follows:

Overture, "Jubel" Weber
"Miriam's Song" Schubert
Air, "Jewel Song" ("Faust") Gounod
Mrs. Nordica
"The Bride of Dunkerron" Smart

The selection for the first concert of the thirty-sixth festival were not of great interest. The Jubel overture was enlivened by the aid of the audience, which joined in and sang the words of "America" to that most useful tune, "God Save the Queen." But the cantatas are neither fresh in themselves nor are they to be galvanized into life by the assistance of any audience, however kindly disposed. "Miriam's Song of Triumph" has been called a mingling of Schubert's individuality with Handel's majesty, but the unmixed individuality of Schubert when he was in truly Schubertian vein, or the individuality of Handel, is preferable to any such compound. Commentaries have disputed at length concerning the character of the musical exercises conducted by the Hebrews after the passage of the Red Sea, and they have disputed over the question of timpanines played by the women. Adrian De La Rue summed up the whole matter and gave a full account of the lining out of the words by Miriam and the answering by the congregation. It is doubtful, however, if any of these speculators could imagine such a dreary musical arrangement as that devised by Schubert. The work was performed this evening in a sympathetic spirit, conscientiously and heavily. The attack was not always decisive, and that of the sopranos was often timid. Nor were dynamic gradations of tone always observed. For instance, the piano chorus "And the sea" near the end was sung almost boisterously. The solo part was taken by Miss Caroline Clark of Boston. She acquitted herself creditably in the main, although she showed an occasional unsteadiness in rhythm that may well have been occasioned by the nervousness of a first appearance.

After Schubert's cantata, Mrs. Lillian Nordica sang the Jewel Song from "Faust." She was in excellent voice, and it is a pleasure to add that she sang the air skillfully and without affectation or direct appeal to popular applause. Smart's "Bride of Dunkerron" was given for the third time at these concerts. The subject is well known. It is the old legend of the man that was of wins a sea maiden to his own personal detriment and often to the destruction of the loved one. This legend that is connected with the myths of sirens, mermaids and other female inhabitants of the sea is certainly dramatic in its dealing with the tragedy of O'Sullivan More, but the cantata by Smart is almost without one dramatic touch. There are pretty passages; yet the most popular, such as the air for soprano with chorus and the trio with chorus, are without appreciation of dramatic possibility. The music given to the avenging sea king might as well be wedded to words in praise of English ale or the oak, or any other conservative institution of England. Smart was a bluff inhabitant of the tight little island, and although he wrote a noble service for the English Church and a few pretty songs for solo voices and male chorus, he had little or no aptitude for stage effect. Then, too, he probably doubted the existence of mermaids, as did Commodore Irwin, who had never seen one in a sea service of thirty years. This familiar and sentimental work, which treats a tragic subject sublimely, was sung by the chorus without appreciable slip or accident and often with as much effect as

was possible. At the same time, it must be considered that piano was often an apparently unknown quantity. The solo singers were Mrs. Nordica, Mr. Reiger and Mr. Duff, and they did excellent work. It might be urged by the melange that Messrs. Reiger and Mr. Duff were not particular in rhythm or accentuation, but it would be ungenerous to insist on this objection. Mr. Reiger has not yet conquered his tendency to drag at a headlessly sluggish pace in recitative. Mrs. Nordica was admirable throughout and she sang with marked discretion, producing beautiful effects by simple means. The orchestra under Mr. Zerrahn was excellent. The accompaniment to the air from "Faust" was conducted by Mr. Kniesel.

At the concert Wednesday afternoon Miss Clark, Mr. Howland and Mr. Schroeder will contribute solo numbers. In the evening "Samson and Delilah" by Saint-Saens, will be given, and the chief parts will be sung by Mrs. Ayres and Messrs. McKinley and Duff. The audience this evening was very large, and the solo singers were applauded generously.

PHILIP HALE.

AT WORCESTER.

"Samson and Delilah" by Camille Saint-Saens.

A Remarkable Musical Version of an Old Tale.

The Miscellaneous Concert of the Afternoon.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 27. The programme of the miscellaneous concert given this afternoon was as follows:

Symphony No. 2, C major Schumann
"Honor and Arms" W. A. Howland
Concerto for 'cello, op. 14 Davidoff
A. Schroeder
"Hear ye Israel" Mendelssohn
Mrs. C. G. Clark
"The Two Grenadiers" Schumann
Mr. Howland
Erkennung } for strings Raff
Die Muehle }
Songs { (Gretchen am Spinnrade Schubert
Fruehlingsnacht Schumann
Miss Clark
Overture, "In the Spring" Goldmark

The orchestral numbers gave pleasure, and they were well played under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn. As is customary at concerts of a miscellaneous nature the audience was interested chiefly in the soloists.

The first appearance of Miss Clark was on Tuesday evening in a thankless part. It is safer now to venture a judgment on her merits as a singer.

She has a voice of more than ordinary range, and it would seem to be naturally of pleasing quality; art, however, has in this instance triumphed over nature to the apparent disadvantage of the latter. For in the first place the singing of Miss Clark is devoid of spontaneity; she sings as though she were in the presence of an imperious and irritable teacher. Her tone production, however much she may have studied, is not to be commended. Her upper tones are pinched, and in passages of strength her tones explode and scatter instead of carrying their full quality, power and meaning swiftly to the hearer. She is inclined to sing above the true pitch. Nor can her habit of pumping her voice, after the manner of an unskilled organist's use of the swell pedal, be readily pardoned. Occasionally she showed traces of temperamental, as in the song by Schumann, which she was obliged to repeat, and in which she appeared to best advantage. The air from "Elijah" suffered in consequence of the sluggish pace of the last movement.

Miss Clark has undoubtedly natural advantages, but she is not yet ready for appearance at such a festival. She has studied enough in a certain fashion; probably she has studied too much. She needs the experience gained by singing in smaller towns and in "rough and ready" concerts; she should sing to her audience, not to her book; and not in constant recollection of a teacher's theoretical advice. Miss Clark should give her natural voice a fairer opportunity.

Mr. Howland was born in Worcester, and he is now 22 years old. He has gained experience in church and on the stage. Last fall he was engaged by "the Bostonians" to sing alternately with Mr. MacDonald. Mr. Howland has a baritone voice of agreeable quality. "Honor and Arms" was an unfortunate selection, as it exposed a weakness of his lower tones. Nor does an orchestral accompaniment enhance the value of "The Two Grenadiers." "The Marseillaise," by the way, is almost always taken at too slow a pace, in other countries than France, when it is either sung or played; surely the French should know the proper movement of their own tune. Mr. Howland also sang "Bid Me to Live," and a familiar air by Bohm. He made a favorable impression and he showed natural musical taste and feeling, although his cadences in the air by Handel were at times awkwardly managed.

Mr. Schroeder was applauded loudly for his admirable performance of the concerto.

Saint-Saens's "Samson and Delilah," a "biblical opera," was sung this evening, and it was the first performance in New England, even in concert dress. The work was first sung in the United States March 25, 1892, in New York, by the Oratorio Society under Walter Damrosch, when Mrs. Ritter-Goeze was the Delilah and Montalirol the Samson. It is not flattering to local pride that no society in Boston has thought of bringing out this celebrated composition. Nor is the privilege of hearing two performances of "The Messiah" in one season a compensation for the neglect of modern works. Novelty came late in Boston.

The great-great-grandson of Daniel Defoe has been discovered. He has an income of only 75 cents a week, but that is more than Robinson Crusoe collected on his island.

They have "lady paupers" in English workhouses, and the unfortunates are provided with corsets at 35 cents apiece.

The tailors of London have met "to prepare for the abolition of the sweating system and long hours." Nearly 50 years ago the abuses of sweating were depicted graphically in Kingsley's "Alton Locke." Many admired the realism and shuddered. But the evil is to-day hydra-headed, and the description in the novel may be multiplied by 10 to gain actual intensity.

The Pall Mall Gazette attacks an English institution and shatters an illusion by declaring that home-brewed ale for laborers is "absolutely vile." The publican's brew is a "thin, sour and flat purge." The farmer's brew is "thin and unpalatable." For farm work the Gazette recommends oatmeal and milk, which is now provided on northern farms. Here is another Scotch thistle to provoke the British Lion.

Disression Sep 27-

The history of "Samson and Delilah" is in some respects singular. Saint-Saens completed the opera about 1872; but French managers were shy of him; he was accused of ultra German tendencies; the spirit of Chauvinism was then high, and the opera was not produced until 1877, at Weimar, under the direction of Lassen, and in German. Its first performance as an opera in France was at Rouen in 1890. It was not sung at the Paris Opera until November, 1892.

Disgusted with operatic managers, Saint-Saens allowed his opera to be sung in concert form, although it is better adapted in certain respects to the operatic stage.

The story of the ruin of the Strong Man by Delilah has appealed to many musicians. Upon the story of the voluptuous woman have been founded at least eight oratorios, six operas, one ballet and one melodrama.

Grave commentators have speculated concerning the character of the enchantress that dwelt in the valley or by the brook of Sorek. Was she a weaver-woman, a political hetaera, or, as Renan claims, merely "une drolesse," which is, being interpreted, "a bad lot." The Delilah in the Italian tragedy played by Salvini is in love with Samson; she revolts at the idea of betrayal; she calls herself the sport of fate; she clings to his breast in the temple scene.

And so in the libretto written for Saint-Saens by Lemaire, his cousin, Delilah is the zealous priestess of Dagon, who refuses to deliver up Samson for money, but betrays him through religious fanaticism. She is the sister of Jael of Judith.

The argument of this opera is as follows: Hebrews, in a chorus sung in the opera behind the curtain, lament the power of the Philistines; the curtain rises, and they ask the help of God. Samson picks them to revolt, and is helped by the insolent priest of Abimelech. The Satrap of Gaza is killed by Samson, who is cursed therefore by the High Priest of Dagon. Then comes the return of the triumphant Hebrews, who are met by the women of Philistia. Delilah appears and looks at Samson; she sings to him; she tells of the delights of a visit to Sorek, and the Strong Man listens and hardly heeds the sage advice of an old Hebrew, evidently a man of experience, who warns him against the embrace of the temptress. The priestesses dance; but Samson is only conscious of Delilah, who again weaves a magic spell in song, to the annoyance of the aged counselor, who, in the fortunate security of old age, sees in this fair woman a creation of the Powers of Hell. The second act is devoted to the temptation and the fall. Delilah plots vengeance and invokes the aid of Love. There is a duet with the High Priest, who urges her to betray the Hebrew hero. Samson enters, listens to the bedecked and passionate woman; he hesitates; he is lost. Or, as the Rev. Richard Rogers of Weatherfield, England, remarked, in a sermon delivered in 1615, "Samson was drunk with the scottish and inordinate love of her." A storm rages without; Delilah's dwelling, but the fury of the elements is as nothing to the confusion within Samson's breast. In the third act are the lament of the blind hero, the dancing and the rejoicing of two Philistines, the mocking at Samson and the pulling down of the temple.

It is difficult after a first hearing of this music of Saint-Saens to refrain from extravagant words. For the present, I record only auditory impressions. Although Saint-Saens deals here with an oriental subject, and although he is a master of color, there is no monotony of what is vaguely known as oriental color as in Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba," for Saint-Saens is eminently logical and sane, and he knows the great value of contrast. Thus we find the stern, austere complaints of the Hebrews opposed to the voluptuous song of the women of Philistia and the delicious dances before Dagon. Remember that this work in concert form loses all the great effect of scenery, costume and action. Even in this cold form the music works mightily. Perhaps the part of the Satrap is dull, but operatic rulers are apt to be boring, as in the case of Wagner's King Mark. Besides, Abimelech is killed early in the game, the very sobriety of the music of the Hebrews in the first act heightens the charm of the entrance of Delilah and her train, and prepares the way for the burning passion of the second act. And what wonderful music is this same love scene; its dramatic intensity was felt even in the concert hall, although the two singers were not of dramatic power. After the intensity of the second act, a third act would seem to be necessarily tame or even ludicrous, for descriptive music that concerns itself with the destruction of great buildings must be either sublime or the well-known alternative. The lament of Samson, interrupted by the reproaches of his countrymen, takes the mind away from the solemnity of the preceding scene, and the ballet accentuates the irony of the situation that follows that is the mocking of

the blind man who is destined to be the destroyer of those rejoicing. Many paragraphs might be written concerning the finale, with its skillfully-made canon and chorus, that brings contrast and yet continually excites the hearer until the hero strains at the pillars, and above the orchestral fury is heard a shriek of dismay.

There are innumerable matters of detail that should be noticed carefully, but time now forbids. Yet it may be said in short that this work of Saint-Saens is very effective in its concert form. Upon the operatic stage many of the scenes must be overwhelming. When the difficulties of the work are taken into consideration the Worcester County Association must be congratulated warmly on the success of the performance. It is true that the performance was not an ideal one, and such performances are rare.

One might dispute the correctness of certain movements taken in the music of the Hebrews in the first act, for they were taken at too slow a pace, and so there were solo passages that were dragged, particularly in the first and second acts. But the chorus sang with evident interest and often with genuine power.

The superb instrumentation was lovingly handled by the orchestra. Mr. Zerrahn may well feel proud of the result of an ambitious and even dangerous undertaking. The solo parts abound in difficulties, and the chief parts make peculiar demands upon the singers. Mrs. Aves, the Delilah, was excellent as a rule from the purely musical standpoint, but she is not of the temperament of a Delilah. She was not the Delilah that overcame the strong man.

Mr. J. H. McKinley, the Samson, has a good robust voice, but little else can be said in his favor. He has not mastered the art of singing and he lacks experience and dramatic instinct. Mr. Duff sang the part of the High Priest with appreciation of the music, although the part calls for a more heroic voice.

Mr. Morawski, who acted as musical man of all work, was alternately Abimelech, an old Hebrew, and a second Philistine messenger. Mr. H. C. Robinson was also a Philistine. There were many musicians from other towns in the large and enthusiastic audience.

The concert Thursday afternoon and evening will be of a miscellaneous nature. In the afternoon there will be orchestral numbers and Mendelssohn's "Loveley" and solos by Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Linde and Mr. De Pachmann, who will play Chopin's F minor concerto.

In the evening Mr. Dvorak will lead his 149th psalm and Husztka overture, and Mrs. Ostberg, Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. McKinley and Fischer will sing. Albertine will not play. Efforts have been made to secure Miss Maude Powell.

PHILIP HALE.

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THE WORCESTER FESTIVAL.

Two Concerts of a Very Miscellaneous Nature.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 28. The programme of the concert this afternoon was as follows:

Symphony, No. 8..... Beethoven
Dramatic Scene, "Jael"..... Jordan
Concerto for piano, F minor..... Chopin

Mr. de Pachmann.
(a) Aria, "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi"..... B-Rini
(b) Intermezzo, "Cavalleria rusticana"..... Mascagni

Mrs. Rosa Linde.
Piano Solos { "Poeme d'amour"..... Hensell
 { "La Filleuse"..... Raff
 { Mazurka brillante..... Listz

Mr. de Pachmann.
Loreley..... Mendelssohn

With solo by Mrs. Nordica.

Mechanics' Hall was filled this afternoon to overflowing with an audience that applauded vigorously and impartially that which was good and that which was bad. The symphony gave pleasure. Mr. Jordan's "Jael," which was given here for the first time, was first produced at a Taunton festival and sung then by Mrs. Spooner. It is a more or less dramatic setting of the story of the treacherous hospitality of Jael, who violated Oriental courtesy and the instinct of womanhood by driving a nail into the head of the weary, unsuspecting Sisera. Mr. Jordan is a conductor of undoubted ability, and in many ways a musician of excellent taste, but his ambition this time led him beyond his ability. He conducted his composition.

Mrs. Nordica was not at her best, and she sang Mr. Jordan's music carelessly; but by the judicious use of a tone of high pitch she awakened enthusiastic applause.

Mendelssohn spent considerable time and much ink in decrying the operas written by other composers of his day. It would have been more to the purpose if he had written an opera that would have commanded respectful attention. The fragments of "Loreley" do not point to any probable success. Mendelssohn had buckled himself to an operatic task earlier in his life. The work of the chorus was only fair, and Mrs. Nordica did not make much of her part. The English translation of the text is a fearful and wonderful thing. Here are two lines that are recommended to singers for enunciation, and may also serve as a test of sobriety:

"The shiptackle shatters,
The oaks riven crash."

Mrs. Rosa Linde was unfortunate in her selections. She sang an antiquated air from Bellini's version of the story of Romeo and Juliet. As the instrumental parts were found to be incomplete, she sang with pianoforte accompaniment. Her other selection was a vocal arrangement of the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria rusticana," an arrangement that is indeed a monstrosity. Let us then draw the veil of charity over her appearance.

The hero of the afternoon was Vladimir de Pachmann, who gave a most delightful performance of the F minor concerto by Chopin. There is no need at this late day of dwelling upon the characteristics of this romantic and extraordinary pianist. Repeated hearings do not dispel the charm of his playing, and even sufferers from acute or chronic Paderewski mania may find solace and possibly a cure in listening to this man who knows the secrets of Chopin. The smaller pieces were played in a fascinating manner. The pianist was applauded enthusiastically and recalled. For the benefit of those who are unable to see in de Pachmann anything but a foolish jester, it may be stated that his conduct on this occasion was characterized by a soberness and a dignity that would have satisfied the most exacting. And for the benefit of those who are interested so passionately in "the hirsute geography" of musicians, I hasten to add that de Pachmann now appears with a closely shaven face.

This was the programme of the evening concert:

149th Psalm..... Dvorak
Aria, "Don Giovanni"..... Mozart
 Mr. Emil Fischer.

"Ah, fors'è lui"..... Verdi

Mrs. Caroline Ostberg.

"Othello" fantasia..... Ernst

Mr. Winterhiltz.

The Prize Song, "Mastersingers"..... Wagner

Mr. J. H. McKinley.

"Waldesnacht"..... Schubert

Mrs. Katherine Fisk.

Overture, "Husztka"..... Dvorak

"Nachtsack"..... Schumann

Mr. Fischer.

"Guillette" ("La Gioconda")..... Ponchielli

Mr. Ostberg.

Intermezzo, "La Source"..... Delibes

"What the Chimney Sang"..... Grieg

"Calm as the Night"..... Bonni

Mrs. Fisk.

Sextet, "Lucia"..... Donizetti

Mrs. Ostberg, Mrs. Fisk, Messrs. Rieger, McKinley,

Duff, Fischer.

Kaiser-Marsch..... Wagner

All the programmes of these miscellaneous

concerts are apt to be changed in the twinkling

of an eye, and so Mr. Fischer sang the air of the

captain from "La Juive," and Mr. Fisk sub-

stituted "On, remind," from "Mitrane" for

the announced song by Schubert. Again the

and again. Mrs. Ostberg showed herself to be a dramatic singer of experience, and the Swedish songs which she sang after the arias evidently gave much pleasure to the audience. Mrs. Katherine Fisk is heard to best advantage in songs that ask such questions as, "What do you see in the firelight, darling?" Mr. Felix Winterhiltz, who took the place of Mr. Albertine at short notice, was recalled after the "Othello" fantasia, and played with skill and spirit Mazzini's "Witches' Dance." It is a pity that this talented young violinist is not heard more frequently in Boston. Mr. Fischer sang in the fashion of his later years.

Orchestral pieces by Haydn, Lalo, McDowell and Severn will be given Friday afternoon, and Mrs. Antonio Breck Beaumont will sing an air from "The Magic Flute," and the great air from "Der Freischutz," "Judas Maccabeus" will be given Friday evening to close the festival. The solo parts will be taken by Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Fisk, Miss Clark and Messrs. Rieger, Morawski and Caffery.

PHILIP HALE.

AN ALLEGED DECAY.

It is said by some that the English-speaking people have lost the hearty laugh of their forefathers; that high spirits are found neither in our modern literature nor in our modern life; that the disease of analysis has taken the place of joyful acceptance of realities; that, instead of indulging in unctuous humor, we have borrowed for daily use the morbid, prying sentimentalism of the school of the self-torturing Rousseau.

The objection might be brought that the so-called humor of our race was episodic, not chronic, not perennial. In the lusty days of the Elizabethan drama, when adventure was familiar and metaphor was the common speech, when bravery was in the heart and the mouth, humor was often the humor as Jonson understood it when he wrote two famous comedies. If Shakespeare on the one hand created a Falstaff, dripping with animal spirits and fun and wit and repartee as he walked or sat, so on the other hand Jonson presents a Captain Bobadill, the braggart who "falls naturally into the fashionable melancholy of the day." We must look later for the overflow of mental and physical heartiness, and for the laugh of Fielding and Smollett. If the great Fielding looked kindly at the world, and cleared away meanness and hypocrisy by a burst of good humored irony, his contemporary, Richardson, analyzed through many a long-drawn volume. Lever, whose jolly humor was almost always on tap, was an Irishman. Dickens, to be sure, was bursting with animal spirits.

Our immediate forefathers, the men of New England, were not humorists with careless laugh. They knew the value of wit, but their gaunt sides did not shake at a joke. They dealt in irony, such irony as characterized Sir Thomas More when he ascended the scaffold. They would have banished Rabelais; and loud laughter was to them as the crackling of thorns.

The author of the "Iambics" was right in exclaiming, "We have lost the frank, hearty laugh of earlier years," but he, as a Frenchman, spoke for Frenchmen. The English of former generations were a more moody, sullen race; the Berserker blood ran thick; it was not so warmed by the laugh-inspiring wines of France; and beef and ale gave brawn, not rollicking fancy. Are the English of to-day less full of fun and jocosity than their ancestors?

It was once an English habit to relish practical jokes, one form of ostentatious animal spirit. Fortunately this species of jesting is out of date. It is seen in farce-comedies; it may linger in the mock music that greets an unpopular marriage in a Western town; but the practical joker is no longer an object of public admiration.

It is the fashion to decry this age in every way, and it is not surprising that some would deny utterly the present existence of hearty fun and overflowing spirits. But the English, according to all foreigners, were always a melancholy, splenetic race. What Froissart wrote of them long ago is true to-day: "They take their pleasures seriously."

Sep. 30 - 93

AT WORCESTER.

"Judas Maccabeus" Brings an End to the Musical Festival.

Special Dispatch to the Boston Journal.

WORCESTER, Sept. 29. The programme of the afternoon concert was as follows:

Festival Overture..... Severn
"Be Not Afraid," Magic Flute..... Mozart

Mrs. Breck-Beaumont.

Suite, A minor, op. 42..... MacDowell

Overture, "Le roi d'Ys"..... Lalo

Aria, "Der Freischutz"..... Weber

Mrs. Beaumont.

Symphony No. 12 (B. & H.)..... Haydn

The orchestral selections were played in an admirable manner, but the applause that followed was of a perfunctory nature. Mr. Severn's overture was first produced at the Springfield Festival of '92, and it was then reviewed at length in the Journal. Mr. MacDowell's suite was played for the first time at the Worcester Festival of 1891. It has also been played at a Symphony concert in Music Hall, and it is not now necessary to review its many beauties or to speak of its fascinating instrumentation.

Mr. Augusta E. Thompson made her first appearance in Boston in a concert given by Messrs. Wolff and Holtmann at the Hollis street Theatre. She is a soprano of a light and flexible voice. Her performance this afternoon was in a measure a disappointment to those who heard her at the morning rehearsal, and she seemed a prey to nervousness. She was recalled after the air from "Der Fräulein vom." The festival was brought to a close this evening by the performance of Handel's "Judas Maccabaeus," in which the solo parts were taken by Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Fisk, Miss Clark and Messrs. Kieger and Morawski.

While the subscription seats at auction did not command the high prices of certain former years, tickets for single concerts were sold readily, and at present the managers are not able to disclose the exact financial result of the festival. The artistic nature of the week was the performance of "Samson and Delilah," which reflected great credit upon Mr. Carl Zerrahn.

PHILIP HALE.

A TALK WITH GUILMANT.

The Celebrated Organist Tells of His Impressions.

Mr. Alexandre Guilmant arrived in Boston yesterday morning on the 8.02 train from Montreal. A Journal reporter met him at the Eastern Station, where friends of the organist welcomed him to this city.

Frenchmen, it is said, dislike to travel. But Mr. Guilmant was fresh after his going from town to town and his night's ride, and admitted that he was ready for his early breakfast.

"You have not had your coffee?" said the reporter.

"No," was the answer; "I am a good American now, I take tea."

"But," said the reporter, "if you are a good American you should start with a cocktail."

The by-standers were startled by this levity of the representative of the Journal, and no one volunteered to explain to the distinguished visitor the meaning of the word. Nor was it, perhaps, necessary. Had not Mr. Guilmant visited Chicago thoroughly?

After Mr. Guilmant had rested at the Vendome, where rooms had been engaged for him, he went to the New Old South Church and experimented with the organ until noon. The unusual position of the keyboards seemed at first to be a hindrance to him, but he soon became reconciled to the situation, and he rehearsed faithfully his programme.

His afternoon was spent in visiting with old acquaintances, looking at the organ of King's Chapel, whither he was accompanied by Mr. B. J. Lang, and resting in preparation for the concert of last evening.

Mr. Guilmant is a man of engaging personality, affable in speech, with original ideas, not confined to music, and with sympathy in his audience that puts even an amateur at ease. Physically he is a broad, a little under the average height of man, with a tendency to portliness; his hair is well turned toward whiteness and he is a trifle near-sighted, but he does not use glasses. His face shows sweetness as well as strength of character.

Now it may be remarked that Mr. Guilmant knows a great many French words, and it seemed to the reporter that in conversation he used all of them at once. The reporter's French is of a dubious accuracy and of limited vocabulary; he made a few attempts at Ollendorian dialogue, and finally persuaded Mr. Guilmant to talk with him in English, although the latter modestly says that he does not speak that language. And now let Mr. Guilmant give a few of his impressions.

"I was much pleased with the organ at the Columbian Exposition, and as I gave four concerts there I had time to see the fair itself, though, of course, only superficially. It is wonderful, and the buildings are fine, although if I were to make a criticism I find there is too much of an effect of whiteness. Mr. Clarence Eddy, a noble fellow with an artist's soul, made my stay very agreeable. Then I went to St. Louis, to Detroit, Ottawa, Quebec and Montreal.

So far I have had nothing but pleasant experiences. I find your cookery, as a rule, excellent, of course, I have found poor restaurants, as even in my own country.

"And I find the American character more congenial to me than the English. You are not so stiff, so phlegmatic. You are more 'bons enfants.' In my travel so far I have not met with an instance of incivility.

"I stay in the United States is also made agreeable by the fact that I often meet old acquaintances and pupils.

"Yes, I have a son, but he is not a musician. He is an artist and is now a pupil of Bougrau. I have two daughters; they are now married.

"I have always dreamed the ocean, and the distance from Havre was rough; but that dream would not now deter me from another visit. I hope to come again in the course of a few years."

Mr. Guilmant spoke many pleasant words

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, September 21, 1891.

"PRINCE PROTEM," an "original musical fantasie," libretto by R. A. Barnet, and music by L. S. Thompson, was given for the first time in Boston, at the Boston Museum, September 11. As a matter of record I give the cast in full:

T. Tompkins, New Jersey, collector of animals and freaks....

Fred Lennox

Prince DeMocrates, of Fogia.....	Geo. A. Schiller
Justice of Fogia.....	Harry Edgerly
Law of Fogia.....	Thomas M. Reilly
Duke George.....	Suitors to.....Belle Sherwood
Duke Arthur.....	Princess Lucie.....Lucy Guerrier
The Royal Page.....	Fanny Lyons
Dick Tabor, editor-in-chief.....	Royal Censors.....Phillips Tones
Elderberry, religious editor.....	and.....E. K. Boynton
McCannister Martini, society.....	Editors of the.....C. A. Fuller
Jack O'Hartz, sporting.....	Chronic Protest.....F. M. Tattle
Princess Lucie DeMocrates, a perverse daughter.....	Kenyon Bishop
Gwendolyn, a royal maid of all work.....	Florrie West
Duchess Maria DeMocrates, susceptible and unmarried.....	Marie Hilton
Duchess Agnes DeMocrates, unmarried and susceptible.....	Bessie Knox
Wild Rosy, of Yucatan, untamed but healthy.....	Josie Sadler
Florita, the flower girl.....	Rosalind Rissi
Lola.....	Augusta Klous
Juanita.....	Inez Crabtree

Mr. Barnet is known here as the author of the books of "The Babes in the Woods" and "1492," which were written for the Cadets. Mr. Thompson is a law student; he is the composer of the music of "The Sphinx," which was sung by the Hasty Pudding; he is a pupil of John K. Paine, and the organist of Emanuel Church, where Geo. L. Osgood is choirmaster.

I did not see the first performance of "Prince Pro Tem"; I saw the performance of the 18th. I understand that material changes were made in the second act during the first week.

Here is the argument of the story as it appears in the program:

The action of "Prince Pro Tem" is in Fogia, where the laws were framed by Old Fogi and could only be changed by him and his descendants. The Sovereign Prince is responsible and suffers penalties for all crimes, and is deposed when Justice decides a capital crime has been committed. He is watched by Censors. Upon his birthday the prince is relieved from all duties and penalties of his position, and can have further freedom for sixty days if he can find a person to be prince temporarily.

Mr. Barnet has said that the main idea was suggested by certain laws framed by a ruler of Greece. The lawmakers of Greece were industrious and versatile, and it is not at all unlikely that a princely scapegoat existed there at some time or other. I have also heard that a German playwright has used the same idea; but I am unable to answer for the truth of the report.

The idea is an excellent one, and it admits of better treatment. Mr. Barnet has contributed admirable lines and one or two amusing situations; but he has failed first of all in telling his story clearly. No one expects in these days, when farce-comedy unfortunately dominates the operetta stage, a Scribe-like plot; but there should at least be the following out of an idea. Unless I had read the argument before the curtain rose I could not tell you the main idea of the piece; I could not describe the pivot; nor do I now know why "Tommy Tompkins" was sentenced to death; and as for the last act it is a mist, in which characters at times appear and perform their "specialties."

It is said by Mr. Barnet's friends that the story is told in the lyrics, not in the dialogue. If this is so Mr. Barnet made a grave mistake. The lyrics as sung by the members of his company were often unintelligible on account of defective enunciation.

As I have said, the lines are often admirable. The dialogue is crisp; there is genuine wit; there is no tiresome imitation of Gilbert's formulas; there is an absence of bar-room humor. Some of the business given to the comedians is new and funny. These remarks apply to the first act rather than to the second. In the latter there is too much variety business, and it is of questionable freshness. The card scene from "La Dame aux Camélias" is old and it was badly done. But there is enough in the libretto to prove that Mr. Barnet has a gift for uniting operetta texts, and this book is an advance on his former work. Do not be prejudiced against him by remembering that he is the author of "1492," for the present version of that piece is a radical departure from the original.

Mr. Thompson's music is, first of all, melodious. It is a pleasant jingle, which at times pricks the feet or tickles the ear, and sometimes revives agreeable memories of other days and other operettas. Everybody here is whistling "Tommy Tompkins," and when you hear it you remember that Millöcker wrote an operetta called "Der Arme Jonathan." I hasten to add that I do not for a moment accuse Mr. Thompson of intentional plagiarism; but what Tappert calls wandering melodies have wandered Mr. Thompson's way. Yet this too is unfair; it is better to say that the music does not show any marked originality. There is a pretty chorus at the beginning of the second act, but its

prettiness is of a conventional type. With the exception of "Tommy Tompkins" and this chorus I do not now remember a phrase of the music, but I have a pleasant impression of the music as a whole. Stay—I do remember a quintet, because it was sung atrociously. The instrumentation, which I hear is the work of another hand, is generally discreet and effective; it allows the voices ample room; it is almost always free from vulgarity and noise.

The singers cannot be praised heartily. Miss Kenyon Bishop, the first singer, showed inexperience; her voice is ineffective, without color, and comparatively unschooled; her intonation was frequently impure; and as a comedian she was awkward and raw. Miss Rosalind Rissi, who, in spite of her sultry Southern name, sang in a modest fashion a flower song and two German folk songs, was much better; and Miss Augusta Klous, who, I believe, made her first appearance, displayed an alto voice of agreeable quality. As for the singing of the men, let us talk of the trouble in Brazil or the music of the ancient Carthaginians.

Three of the comedians were excellent. Mr. Lennox is a refined comedian with subtle ways. He created a character. Tompkins was a living being, bland, with a sweet smile; a little vain, a little amorous, perhaps a good deal of a humbug, but charming withal and sympathetic. Mr. Lennox's costume in the first act was irresistibly funny; free from caricature, it was the costume that Tompkins must have worn; you would have been surprised if you had seen him in any other, and wherever Tompkins wanders, in whatever scenes of future versions he may appear, he will wear the costume of the first act and no other. Mr. Lennox's delivery of his opening song was one long to be remembered; it was so genteel, so sly, so insinuating.

Miss Florrie West and Miss Josie Sadler also deserve high praise. The latter is particularly original in her manner, and she too has a genius for comedy-burlesque, if I may hitch such terms together after the manner of Polonius.

Mr. Schiller was your ordinary burlesque comedian, and moved heavily in long established grooves.

Mr. Harry Edgerly once made a great hit as a comic dancing policeman in a Cadet performance. As a comic policeman he was very funny. But in "Prince Pro Tem" he shows no aptitude for a professional life, no sense of burlesque. His performance was a disappointment.

The play was mounted handsomely, and the orchestra, under Mr. George Purdy, was excellent.

Could not Mr. Barnet make more out of the "Royal Censors?" And can he not find for the subordinate and chorus parts people that are more at home on the stage?

The stage management was bad.

And, by the way, this was the play in which Miss Olea Bull appeared.

In the third scene of the second act, "Ruins of Haunted Castle of Fogia. Night," a "Sea Nymph Dance" was introduced. The dance was "composed by Annie Payson Call and led by Olea Bull."

I confess I have not the heart to say much about this dance. It was a dreary thing, and Miss Olea Bull seemed Miss Melancholia Bull.

The dance was neither graceful nor dramatic. There were rectangular lines instead of curves. There was much making of X's and Y's with the arms; there was an apparent absence of legs or any anatomical formation that might have acted as substitutes.

Miss Bull at times assumed attitudes seen in the prize ring; so that a sporting gentleman who sat at my left remarked in a hoarse voice that the dance ought to be in rounds with seconds and a bottle holder.

In her more impassioned moments she gave an imitation of a dumb epileptic.

And this was the dance that was to "reform and elevate" the ballet!

Many have wondered why a young woman of society and wealth should wish to disport on the stage, and they have accused her of egregious vanity. The charge is undoubtedly unjust.

It is possible that Miss Bull may wish to thus escape from tedium vitae; but it is more likely that she was urged by her teacher to the step—and yet the word "step" is hardly appropriate.

And pray what is Miss Call's idea of a dance, whether it be symbolical or merely a thing of grace? Let her read the ancients: Menestrier, Thoinot, Arbeau, Cahuzac, Noverre, and first gain an idea of the history of the ballet; let her look over the costumes of the "Ballets du Roy," with the plates by Guillaumot, and she will learn the postures of a famous school; or let her study the movements of a modern skirt dancer of ordinary ability.

But Miss Bull is out of the company, for the present at

least. She withdrew on account of "the advice of her physician, who is possibly sensitive in the matter of dancing."

There were men and women who thought this dance simply delightful; so refined, so charming."

And all this affair of Miss Bull reminds me of Peregrine's attempts at literature. "He had signalized himself by several poetical productions, by which he had acquired a good share of reputation; not that the pieces were such as ought to have done much honor to his genius, but any tolerable performance from a person of his figure and supposed fortune will always be considered by the bulk of readers as an instance of astonishing capacity, though the very same production, ushered into the world with the name of an author in less affluent circumstances, would be justly disregarded and despised."

The following announcement appeared in the Saturday newspapers

Rational changes will be made in the second act of "Prince Pro Tem" at the Museum, the coming week, beginning next Monday night. New songs, dances, features of various kinds, a new finale, the introduction of the "Sea Nymph" dance as an intermezzo two additional Dukes, making four in all, for which some very pretty women have been engaged, and other improvements.

So you see a modern comic opera or musical fantasie has no fixed value. There is no established standard in these things: "Everything is good that goes."

Nobody knows why the curtain should have fallen finally at a precise moment; the play might have been prolonged or curtailed, according to the physical strength of the company, without detriment to the plot. Will the next version be any better in this respect?

"Venus," a "fascinating, fantastic comic opera," text by Messrs. C. A. Byrne and Louis Harrison, and music by Mr. Gustave Kerker, was produced for the first time on any stage at the Park Theatre, September 11. I saw the performance of the 19th. The cast was as follows:

Poom, the Grand Lama of Thibet.....	Hallen Mostyn
Jaundis, prince equeury and royal astrologer.....	Harry McDonough
Ooo, the grand electrician.....	Donald Que, Jr.
Mars, god of war.....	W. H. Hamilton
Cupid, god of love.....	La Regalancita
Abdul Mouriff, a slave dealer.....	Henry Leoni
Captain of the Guard.....	Annie Sutherland
Venus, goddess of beauty.....	Belle Thorne
Absurdaria.....	Cora Tinnie
Peep.....	Patrician girls
Isis.....	Fannie Johnston
wards to Venus.....	Trixie Friganza
Knowitall.....	Albert Shean
Cantellhim.....	Four wise
Youhearme.....	men
Itoldyouso.....	J. C. Marshall
Prince Kam, Poom's son and heir.....	S. J. Curtis
	M. P. Haynes
	Camille d'Arville

When "Venus" was first given, it was in three acts, and the curtain fell at ten minutes of 12. I am told that Mr. E. E. Rice the following day sponged out the entire third act. To judge then of the operetta as it came from its authors is impossible.

It may be said in brief that the story is coherent and clearly told. The "Prince Kam" will not marry, and he sighs for "Venus." The Grand Electrician contrives a machine by which the royal party is shot toward the planet Venus; but the landing is on Mars, where "Venus" is found. Complications arising from the jealousy of the God of Battles follow and are ultimately removed. In the original version I believe there was a return to the earth.

The story is told pleasantly, and there are good lines which are lost at times in the delivery. The book is above the average of your ordinary modern comic opera libretto. With comedians of more pronounced originality, the fun of the situations, and the satire and the wit of the dialogue would be very effective.

Mr. Kerker's musical abilities, as well as possible limitations, are well known. The ensemble pages of "Venus" are more to his credit than are the solo passages. Indeed Miss D'Arville is sadly in need of a good solo; her song in the first act is without character, and the air in the second not much better. Much of the ensemble work is excellent, and there is plenty of Kerkerian dash and swing. "Off we go now" and "As we peep at the earth from the sky" gave the audience much pleasure. There is color in the slave music, and there are pleasing bits of instrumentation, though the latter is often inclined to be boisterous. In "Venus," as in "Prince Pro Tem," there is an absence of the waltz movement.

Miss D'Arville was the feature of the entertainment, although she has been heard to greater vocal advantage. If she were even dumb it would still be a delight to see her, for she is graceful in movement and an anatomical thing of beauty.

Mr. Pro Tem is a member of the fleshly school of managers, and his acknowledged taste is again displayed in the selection of women of high and low dramatic degree. Miss Tinnie is a paradox; here is a woman of sensuous charm, so far as lines, curves, color and substance are concerned, but she is devoid of temperament. Many admire

the fleshly stolidity of Miss Sutherland and the fullness of of Miss Johnston; I profess I prefer the exotic Miss Friganza.

Perhaps it is a matter of imperfect sympathy, but I was disappointed in the fun makers. They were earnest, they did their best; but when they succeeded the result was due to librettist's rather than to individual effort. For individually they lacked flavor. Mr. Leoni was a picturesque slave dealer, and Mr. Hamilton, who in experience is qualified to play "Chronos," roared nobly as the bully "Mars."

The operetta is mounted gorgeously, and it has all the elements of popularity. The orchestra, enlarged and under the direction of Mr. John J. Braham, contained members of the Symphony Orchestra and did good work.

The sale of tickets for the concerts of the Boston Symphony Society takes place this week.

Max Hinrich is camping in the Adirondacks.

The musicians of the town are fast returning from summer exile.

Mr. Apthorp has a stupendous article about Mr. Lang in the last number of "Music."

PHILIP HALE.

12th Sunday Journal October 1-93 ABOUT MUSIC.

A Plutarchian Comparison of Modern Date.

Dvorak Tells Hard Truths in Worcester.

Gossip Concerning the Approaching Season.

The musical Season is upon us. Singers, players of instruments and inventors and borrowers of tunes will soon be busy, and there will soon again be discussion in public places and at home concerning proper tempi, dynamic gradations, temperament, stage presence and all the other phrases found in the terminology of modern musical entertainment.

Whether the concert season will be affected seriously by what is known popularly as financial stagnation remains to be seen. That the premiums at the auction sales of the Symphony concert tickets were not as uniformly high as on previous occasions is not to be wondered at. Speculators who bought heavily last year found their investment not worth the candle, and this year their voices did not rise and fall.

Mr. Paur has already been interviewed, and, like unto a wise man, he said little. When Mr. Paur announces the fact that the soloists at the concerts must be "capable" and "classical," as he "does not believe in putting before the public small stuff," the people say "Amen." Some years ago an appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra was regarded as a privilege, as an honor; and the fact that a singer or player was allowed to appear, was in itself a warrant of the soloist's worth. But Mr. Nikisch allowed himself to be swayed by personal emotion rather than by critical judgment, and Music Hall saw strange sights under his imperial sway, so that the hall might often have been called the Boston Musical Museum.

Some may tremble at the thought that Mrs. Paur plays the piano; for we were afflicted lately and sore distressed by Nikischian marital musical indiscretions.

But Mrs. Paur was known as an excellent pianist, and she was regarded as a musician of talent before her marriage with Mr. Paur.

Mrs. Nikisch, on the other hand, was a sou-brette in the theatre, and she was never educated for the operatic or concert stage.

Mrs. Paur studied the piano under Mrs. Essipoff and Loschetzki.

Mrs. Nikisch was trained for the American market by Mr. Nikisch.

And yet, if certain moralists may be believed, a just man should rejoice when his wife sings with only moderate success or even badly.

Let us quote from the Rev. Arthur Bedford, Chaplain to His Grace Wriothly, Duke of Bedford, in 1711. "And Salust speaking of Seneca, as the fool of Catiline, to lament the rebellion, adds this among her other Qualifications, that she was taught to sing more finely than became a Virtuous Woman, with many other things, which he also calls the Investments of Luxury."

But Mrs. Nikisch was killed in New York as the great "exhibitionist" of German vocal and lyric art. Well, "I guess she was."

Mr. Paur is a versatile musician, and it is not unlikely that he will be heard here as a soloist; but I can never suppose him a guest in a private house and playing a piano piece for \$35. It is said that one of his predecessors thus lowered the dignity of the position of leader of the Symphony Orchestra. And indeed \$35 was a paltry sum; if the man had sent his bill for \$350, the itching palm would have assumed grand proportions and commanded a certain respect.

But let us speak of other things.

The Worcester Festival is not of merely local interest. It is the occasion of the coming together of artists, real and alleged, managers, newspaper men, amateurs, who, during the breathing spells, discuss the affairs of the musical republic. The audience at an evening concert presents a brilliant appearance. The women are dressed handsomely, and as a rule with taste. The men are for the most part in regulation evening costume. Now it is all very well to say that music, or the enjoyment of music, should not be made to depend on such frivolous accompaniments, but why should not the people at a festival array themselves in festival attire? Surely the Muse does not disdain such flattering attention.

This reminds me that the Paris Opera now insists on "decent" dress. According to the Menestrel an Englishman appeared lately on the floor; he was dressed in coat and trousers of white flannel, a pink shirt, and an immense cravat of blood red color. He wore no waistcoat, and he held in his hand a cloth cap. As soon as he was discovered the "noble stranger" was urged to withdraw himself from the house; he left without a murmur, and the price of the seat was refunded.

At the same time there are men whom it is hard to associate with evening dress. Dvorak is one of them. The great rugged *naturemensch*! What has he to do with tuxedo, fully prepared cravat or carefully cut swallowtail? Let us to one, his inclination when leading his "Husitzka" overture was to conduct in his shirt-sleeves, that he might enjoy the greater freedom.

Dvorak was interviewed, of course, while he was in Worcester, and the following extracts from the Spy are of present and permanent interest:

"Such faults as the one I just mentioned are incidental to a new country like your America, where there is so little musical knowledge. It is a very big place, but it has very little music. See this orchestra; it is all German. So are the orchestras of New York and Chicago. Everywhere a good orchestra here is an orchestra of Germans. Why? Because you Americans have not enough music in you at present, not enough musical culture to support anything first-class."

"It was so in England 15 or 20 years ago. But those German orchestras so educated the English public that now Englishmen are filling the places of the Germans, and the music is not poorer than before. So it will be here after 20 years, and what I am trying to do is to educate a little part of the American people."

"It seems to me American men are quite wanting in musical enthusiasm, and that is one reason why music here is so poor and scarce. The women are better; they love it and have talent. But the men only want it for pastime. They want always money, more money. In Europe there is too much music; here, not enough. And what you have you bunch into a little time, and then you have nothing left for the rest of the year. There is too much music here for one week, and through the winter you will have little to make up for it."

The corridors of the Bay State House that have heard the exclamations and the lamentations and the rejoicings consequent on political conventions or boat races now hear yearly much talk about tone production and technique. Or managers and singers debate terms.

Mr. Eugene B. Hagar of the Handel and Haydn Society was at the festival. He tells me that the society will give this season the usual performances of "The Messiah," and Bach's "Passion according to Matthew." "St. Paul" will also be given. The novelty will be H. W. Parker's "Hera Novissima." Mr. Carl E. Dufft of New York, a baritone of agreeable voice and musical taste, will make his first appearance in Boston in "The Messiah."

The Cecilia proposes to give at its first concert Edgar Tinel's "St. Francis of Assisi," a work that has excited much attention in European cities, also in New York, where it was given in March of this year under the direction of Mr. Damrosch. It is the story of the luxurious early life and the working out of the repentance of Francis.

"St. Francis" will be given Nov. 24. The Cecilia will give a concert with miscellaneous programme Jan. 25. The third part of Schumann's "Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" will be sung the 15th of March. A concert of a miscellaneous nature will be given May 3.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann will give two piano recitals in Chickering Hall in October and one in November.

Mrs. Caroline Ostberg, the Swedish singer, thinks, according to the account of a Worcester reporter, that our girls are better looking than her own countrywomen.

"Their features are more delicate, their figures more slender. Then they have such grace and charm of manner, and they dress so well. She has not met many American men, but they look like gentlemen, she says, and behave like gentlemen. Boston she likes. It is a pretty city, of about the same size as Stockholm, her native city, and Bostonians are friendly and agreeable."

We are also told in this interview that Mrs. Ostberg wears on her breast the head of King Oscar. As King Oscar is not like good Saint Denis, whose head was movable, I hasten to add that Sweden's Majesty in this case is stamped on a gold medal.

Have you seen the French pamphlet entitled "Concerning Wagnerian Diseases: Their Treatment and their Cure," by Dr. Cuniculus? But any discussion of this interesting book must be deferred until next Sunday.

PHILIP HALE.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

"Prince Pro Tem" amused a large audience last evening, and there was much laughter as well as many repetitions of songs. Mr. Barnett's libretto has suffered the transformation that seems inevitable to nearly all modern musical comedies, and the second act is now full of new business and variety specialties. But the humor of Mr. Lennox wears well, and his conception of the part is still as fresh and interesting as at the beginning. Mrs. West's songs and dances are enjoyed heartily, and the seriousness and the grotesque performance of Miss Sadler were, as ever, respectable. The singers are strengthened by the addition of Miss Jenny Cora to the company. The "Brownies" were obliged to tell and read the story of Johnny Ingan, and Miss West and Mr. Edgerly were applauded loudly after their dance.

Talk of the Day.

Paur's beard is described by a passionate, if possibly premature admirer, as a "lovely Norso red." Let us not quarrel over the exact shade, nor point out that the new conductor was born in the well-known town of Czernowitz in the equally well-known district of Bukowina, names not Scandinavian.

If it gives any one pleasure, let us shout "Skool!" or any other approved Scandinavian expression to Paur and his beard. May this beard be the gonfalon of a triumphant orchestra! May this beard be the flaming beard of the comet of success!

And yet what will the young ladies, the frequenters of the Friday matinees and the buyers of photographs that are exposed in close proximity to Music Hall say to such Berserk, hirsute ornamentation?

Never has there been in the history of the world a universal agreement concerning the beard. As the pompous Nathaniel Wanley remarked, "We find some men looking upon it as the greatest ornament and honor which could adorn the body, whilst others have regarded it with an equal share of disgust, and have been as assiduous to shave, pluck and destroy every particle of hair from their chins."

German musicians run to beer and hair. And yet years ago the Lombards, or Longobards, "as most think," had their name from the great length of their beards, "because they only, of almost all the rest of the Germans, did nourish their beards."

Perhaps in the heat of rehearsal, Paur may swear by his beard, as did Otho the Great, when he spoke of any serious matter.

Let us finally accept this beard as of good omen. There was a Roman proverb to the effect that a man with a long beard was a man of ancient simplicity and virtue.

The name of Prof. Jowett, the great scholar, the translator of Plato and Thucydides, will be long remembered. Is not the caricature of him by the restless Mallock already forgotten? Or would the appearance of "Essays and Reviews," to which he contributed, canso to-day a thrill in the religious world?

We are obliged to go to Paris for real, fresh American news. A journal of that city announces that two American young women embroidered their silk stockings (number not given) with a motive from a composition by Paderewski.

But these young ladies, if they exist, are plagiarists in an idea at least. Haydn once received from London, a century ago, a half dozen cotton socks which were decorated in embroidery with the Austrian Hymn and other themes of the composer.

"The Rain Maker of Syria," brought out at the Casino, New York, failed, and yet the title and the subject seemed propitious.

It is singular in these days when explosions in air are thought to bring rain that no one has spoken of a sixteenth century experiment to stop rain by the use of gunpowder. Benvenuto Cellini tells us in his memoirs that when Margaret of Austria entered Rome, it rained heavily. "I pointed several large pieces of artillery in the direction where the clouds were thickest, and whence a deluge of water was already pouring; then, when I began to fire the rain stopped, and at the fourth discharge the sun shone out."

Handel and Rossini could compose rapidly, but it was reserved for Mr. Oscar Hammerstein to wager that he could write a one-act operetta "fit for a metropolitan production" in six hours, and he actually did write the notes in that time. The jury, however, decided that the operetta is not worthy of production in New York. What dreary stuff it must be!

Apropos of Zola's remarks concerning anonymousness in journalism, the Pall Mall Gazette feels itself called upon to say that "women are never anonymous. It is not in them. * * * Why be anonymous when one is pretty? It is all very well for men."

It is not so many years ago that the "young men of the entering classes" at colleges were welcomed by their elders with attention that was too often synonymous with personal violence. Hazing in its different forms has existed in schools the world over. It is a pleasure to state that this barbarous custom is now in evil odor in our own country, and such days as "Woody Monday" at Harvard practically exist only in the catalogue of collegiate traditions.

It was on the 11th of October, 1893, that Henry Carey, poet, musician, playwright and satirist, put an end to his life, "which had been a busy one. The earlons may be interested in "The Dragon of Wantly," a burlesque of the Italian opera of his day; or they may declaim lines from "Chrononhotonthologos," an attack on pretensions dramatic dullness; but to the world at large, Carey is remembered as the author of "Sally in our Alley," perhaps the most charming ballad in the English language.

This ballad, praised by the great Addison, is only one of a hundred by Carey. Musicians know two settings—one by the author and the other is the older tune "The Country Lass." It is a singular example of modern mock-modesty, that neither in Hullah's "Song Book," nor in the version printed by the Harpers, for Mr. Abbey's illustrations is the original homely text preserved. But the pure-minded Palgrave, a man of exquisite taste, preserved poor Carey's words in their integrity in "The Golden Treasury."

This is also the day of St. Francis of Assisi, whose romantic story as told in music by Edgar Tinel, a Belgian, will be sung by the Cecilia Nov. 21. Musicians here already know the saint by the piano piece in which Liszt represents him preaching to the birds. The birds twitter at high pitch, and the saint appears to be a baritone.

It is not likely that Sarah Bernhardt, as a reporter alleges, described the bombardment of Rio Janeiro as "simply exquisite." The Bernhardt is a versatile artist, and she knows the value of words.

This fining of Brooklyn prisoners, charged with intoxication, in a lamp and without examination seems at first glance like operabouffe administration of justice. Perhaps the statement of Judge Walsh, that his course was the only humane one, may remedy the present condition of the prisoners' "pens" of Brooklyn.

It is eminently proper that an American victory at cricket should take place in Philadelphia. To our countrymen at large cricket is a slow game.

Paur is new among us, and it is highly probable that he will be a familiar figure in our streets for months to come. Would it not be a good idea to assist him in his acquisition of our language by calling him henceforth "Mr." Paur, instead of "Herr" Paur?

An enthusiastic reporter speaks of the "sweet curve" of the Valkyrie. Handsome is that handsome does.

What a caravanserai this country is! The Armenian war that we read about is not across the ocean; it is down in Maine.

The grimly ironical editorial article concerning football players that appeared in the Sunday issue of the New York Times is no longer prophecy. Harvard and Yale already report crippled men, and, of course, they are among "the most promising" players. Nevertheless, the great game will undoubtedly be played.

The season for "nailing campaign lies" is now open, and the sound of hammers is heard throughout the State. It would be interesting to know just how and when the phrase was first used.

The thrift of foreigners is again shown by the statement that two Hungarian girls who did housework in Northampton for half a dozen years have gone home with \$600 and \$500 in their pockets. Such examples of frugality should remain among us and set the mark for imitation.

We have all heard of "Dr. Johnson's London" and "Dickens's London." Now comes Mr. Sylvester Baxter, who describes "Howells's Boston" in the New England Magazine for October. But will Boston in future be so closely identified with Mr. Howells? It will be next in order to publish articles on "Fuller's Boston," "Dole's Boston"—and "Zaboff's Boston."

It was only the other day that we mentioned the fact that the great-great-grandson of Daniel Defoe has been discovered in England. It is now reported that Defoe's great-great-grandson is on an English barque at anchor off Staten Island. The young man, who was watching a mutton stew when the reporter accosted him, says that the first Defoe "was not a sailor, though a good story teller," which is surely a judiciously considered opinion.

Hoodlum beggars are fast becoming an intolerable nuisance. They do not whine, they demand. A few days ago a passenger about to take a boat was beset in broad daylight by a strong and decently-dressed young man who insolently asked for drink money, and, when he was refused, followed the passenger with insults almost to the gangway.

The Critic Sept 30-93

The coming of Felix Alexandre Guilmant has been the chief event in musical circles. The distinguished composer and organist—his friend and former pupil, Philip Hale, enthusiastically tells me "the greatest of organ composers and players"—has been visiting the World's Fair and, returning by way of Canada, now stays a day or two in Boston before going to New York. With no need of money and with no vanity in his nature, M. Guilmant comes to America simply from a desire to see the New World, and, therefore, makes no effort to fill his purse or attract attention. For each concert, I am told, he asks but \$250, though he might receive much more, his only desire financially being to cover the amount he would otherwise lose by giving up engagements at home. Here in Boston the tickets to the two concerts were sold only by subscription, and hundreds who desired to hear the virtuoso found it impossible to obtain seats, so quickly were the tickets sold. Mr. Hale says of M. Guilmant:—"His taste is most catholic. As an improviser he stands at the head, astonishing even Mr. Gericke by his masterly power. He has never written for the stage, but his 'lyric scenes' as well as his organ compositions, are of highest order. Moreover, he is a modest, refined and sensitive gentleman." Mr. Hale's own standing in the front rank of musical critics makes his description of value.

BOSTON, 26 Sept., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Worcester Spy April 23/93

The name of Hale is so inseparably connected with much of Boston's literary achievement, through the versatile genius of the author of "The Man Without a Country," that many supposed that Mr. Philip Hale, the musical critic of the *Daily Journal*, is a son of Dr. Edward Everett Hale. He is not, but his brother was formerly Dr. Hale's colleague. Mr. Hale was educated for the practice of law, and, surely, the qualities demanded at the bar do not seem analogous to those required for eminence in music. Lawyers often slip off into literature, but seldom take up music as a profession. Mr. Hale has a very wide and liberal musical culture, the result of many years of study in Europe. His critiques are true and good, and are, perhaps, the broadest and most fearless we have. His integrity is unimpeachable, and his opinions rest upon a wide knowledge of history and philosophy. Comparative analysis seems to have a great fascination for him, and on rare occasions a drop of gall gets into his ink-pot.

Oct 5.

The attempt of a herdic driver to rob a passenger on Columbus Avenue should receive full justice. The honesty and the civility of our cabmen have long been famous; witness the praise bestowed by Artemus Ward in his article on Boston, the same article in which he located Harvard College so accurately and graphically.

Libraries designed for the good of the public are so often the subject of litigation—as the Tilden in New York and the Hunt in Nashua—that it is a pleasure to record the dedication of a beautiful new library building by the generous and the loyal people of Peterboro', N. H.

H. C. De Mille and his partner David Belasco, who died this week, knew at least one dramatic rule: Give theatre-goers the kind of play they want. They also knew the art—or, rather, the trade of fitting a play to the company for which it was written; and so they may be called justly dramatic merchant tailors.

Singularly enough, certain plays written by them and produced with great popular success, have been praised for their morality. Now, morality is to many merely an absence of coarseness, or an avoidance of an unpleasant subject. But it would be hard to point to any moral taught by these same plays, and it would not be difficult for a casualist to show that they were profoundly immoral. It all depends on the definition of morality.

Oct 6

For the benefit of those who are anxious to get something in exchange for nothing, it may be here remarked that the man who advertises to sell for \$8 ten steel engravings, representing different events in the discovery of America by Columbus, is around again. These engravings may be procured for less money at any Post Office by inquiring at the postage stamp window.

Dr. Mary Walker makes out a fearful list of crimes against Snood of Syracuse; but she forgets to charge him with the mysterious assault on "Billy" Patterson.

And so Oakley Hall is defending Emma Goldman. Hall fell with Tweed, and neither in London nor in New York has he been able to recover his position. Politics, immoral politics, robbed literature as well as the Bar. Does any one remember his "Manhattan in New Orleans" or that delightful book for children, "Old Whitey's Christmas Trot?"

There is certainly need of reform, if not of uniformity, in the laws concerning marriage and divorce in the United States; especially when a Texan Judge can, in one decision, declare at least 1000 marriages illegal and void.

Music in Boston.

Boston, October 1, 1893.

ALEXANDRE GUILMANT gave the first of his two organ recitals in Boston at the New Old South Church, Monday evening, September 25. The subscription list was closed early in the week before, and many were disappointed in not being able to gain admission. The audience was enthusiastic and Mr. Guilmant was recalled again and again during the evening. The program was as follows:

Toccata in F..... J. S. Bach
Offertory, D flat, op. 8..... Salomé
Sonata Pontificale..... Lemmens
Lay Song, B flat.....
Prelude, E flat..... Guilmant
Funeral March and Hymn of Seraphim.....
Canon, B minor..... Schumann
Pastorale in E..... De la Tombelle
Toccata in G.....
Improvisation on a given theme..... Dubois
March for a Church Festival..... Best

The canon by Schumann and the pastorale by de la Tombelle were unknown to many present. The former is taken from a set of pieces for pedal piano written by Schumann in 1845, the year of the six fugues on the name of Bach, and the intermezzo, rondo and finale to "Fantasie" (published as Concerto, op. 54). The canon is full of romantic charm. The pastorale by the Baron de la Tombelle is an interesting piece with plenty of color, and its chief fault is that it suggests inevitably the pastorale for organ by César Franck. De la Tombelle, a pupil of Guilmant, founded in Paris a musical society that bears his name.

The organ in the New Old South Church was designed, as I am informed, by the late Eugene Thayer. There are about sixty "speaking stops," three manuals and an old-fashioned ribbon crescendo pedal. The manuals are thus arranged, and singularly for an American organ, the great is at the bottom, nearest the player; the swell is just above the great, and the choir is at the top. There is no coupler between the choir and swell.

But Mr. Guilmant triumphed over these obstacles, and showed fully his great characteristics as a player; an unusual, almost formidable sense of rhythm; clearness of phrasing even in the most rapid tempo and in intricate contrapuntal passages; a noble delivery of cantabile, a pronounced feeling for tonal color. His registration was always to the point; solo stops were not pulled at random, or merely to tickle the ear, and he was particularly happy in his contrasting of different families, as reed, diapason and string, although in this particular organ as in many of American make the diapasons have a certain string quality that lessens the effect of any contrast.

The theme given Mr. Guilmant as a subject for improvisation was "Jerusalem the Golden," and in his development and his treatment of the theme he showed his great and acknowledged contrapuntal dexterity and his musical imagination.

The second concert was given Tuesday afternoon, the 26th. The program included numbers by Bach, Martini, Chauvet, Mendelssohn, Lemmens and Guilmant. I was unable to be present, for that day I went to Worcester to attend the festival.

During Mr. Guilmant's stay in Boston he visited the New England Conservatory, where he played and made a speech; he examined the organ at King's Chapel at the invitation of Mr. Lang; and he was a guest at a reception in the rooms of the Harvard Musical Association.

The thirty-sixth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association was held in Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, September 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Mr. Carl Zerrahn was the conductor and Mr. Franz Kneisel was the associate conductor. The orchestra was made up of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The chief works given were as follows: September 25, "Miriam's Song of Triumph" by Schubert, and Smart's "The Bride of Dunkerron;" Wednesday evening, the 27th, Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah;" the 29th, Handel's "Judas Maccabæus." There were concerts of a miscellaneous nature.

The soloists were as follows: Sopranos, Mrs. Nordica, Mrs. Antonia Brech-Beaumont, Miss Caroline G. Clark and

Mrs. Caroline Ostberg; contraltos, Mrs. Alves, Mrs. Linde and Mrs. Katharine Fisk; tenors, Messrs. Rieger and J. H. McKenney; baritones, Messrs. Dufft, Cafferty and Howland; basses, Mr. Fischer and Mr. Morawski. Mr. de Pachmann played the F minor concerto, by Chopin, and a group of pieces by Henselt, Raff and Liszt; Mr. Felix Winternitz, at short notice, appeared in the place of the violinist Mr. R. D. Albertini, and played the "Otello" fantasia, by Brahms, and the "Witches' Dance" by Bazzini; Mr. Schroeffer, the first cello of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played Davidoff's concerto for cello, op. 14.

I do not propose to speak of these concerts in detail, nor do I propose to speak at length concerning the failings of all the singers. Let me rather

And first of all, with the exception of "Samson and Delilah," the more important works—important in respect of length and participation by the chorus—were not of an enlivening nature, nor such as to incite within the breast of a stranger a desire to make a pilgrimage to Worcester that homage might be paid or curiosity glutted.

Here is the program of the first concert:

Overture, "Jubel"..... Weber
"Miriam's Song"..... Schubert
"Jewel Song" ("Faust")..... Gounod
Mrs. Nordica.

"The Bride of Dunkerron"..... Smart

Smart's cantata is called dramatic. It is true that the subject of the love and the tragedy of O'Sullivan More is dramatic stuff, but Smart's music is tame, and when it is pretty its prettiness is conventional. Smart was a rugged Englishman, who wrote some excellent music for church purposes and glee clubs; but when I hear his works that are founded on any romantic subject I remember a story told by his friend Dr. Spark, a story characteristic of the subject. When Smart was once in Paris he could find no enjoyment until he discovered a café where he could obtain genuine Bass, and as he drank it his comrade, with up rolled eyes, thanked their Maker that there was something in Paris after all.

Smart's cantata is compounded of Extract of Mendelssohn, Extract of Spohr, Tincture of Balfe or any other composer of English opera of his day, and the brew of Bass. The result is an effective sleeping potion.

For I doubt if Smart really believed in the existence of Sea Maidens, Nixes, Ondines, Waterkelpies, Wasserfrauen, Wellenmädchen and other varieties of mermaids and sirens. He would have agreed with Commodore Hawser Trunnion, who on his deathbed compared certain ladies known to poets, moralists and sports, to "so many mermaids that sit upon the rocks at sea, and hang out a fair face for the destruction of passengers; though I must say, for my own part, I never met with any of those sweet singers, and yet I have gone to sea for the space of thirty years. But, however, steer your course clear of all sitch brimstone."

And yet this unimaginative work with its duets in second rate Italian style, and its song for the "Sea King," that might as appropriately tell the praise of cricket or any other eminently English institution, was given for the third time at these festivals.

Nor was there apparently an overwhelming popular

demand for the repetition; the applause was at its highest only moderated rapture, and the rapture was more frequently served chilled.

Nor do I believe that musical taste is cultivated and any useful purpose served by the performance of that eminently respectable and dull work of Schubert entitled "Miriam's Song of Triumph." The dead have certain advantages. Pharaoh and his host were not obliged to hear Schubert's tame story of their overthrow.

Mendelssohn's "Loreley" was performed the afternoon of the 28th, and Mrs. Nordica sang the solo part in the finale. How much better it would have been for Mendelssohn if he had spent the time wasted by him in abusing opera composers of his day, in buckling himself to the task of writing an opera! Would he have written a dramatic opera, music that had breadth and length and passion to it, if he had lived past the allotted time? I doubt it.

"Jael," a dramatic scena by Jules Jordan, for soprano and orchestra, was given for the first time at Worcester. It was produced originally at a Taunton festival. Mr. Jordan, conductor, singer and composer, chose the treachery of "Jael" for his text, and it would seem as though, realizing suddenly the baseness of the woman, he lost heart and wrote perfunctory music.

The Rabbis hint that Sisera was slain by Jael, because he attempted to offer her violence (to use the language of Smith's Dictionary of the Bible). But, as far as the Book of Judges is concerned, Sisera, defeated, weary, took shelter at her express invitation in Jael's tent.

"He asked water, and she gave him milk, she brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

And then this wretched woman, forgetful of Oriental courtesy and honor, drove a nail into his head as he was asleep.

Canon Farrar speaks of "one spasm of fruitless agony, one contortion of sudden pain;" but what is the matter with the grand simplicity of the story as told in the old English version?

"At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

And in these words is a suggestion of noble music, as yet unwritten; nay, the words themselves are music. Was it Mrs. Spofford who once used these lines in singular, impressive fashion?

The solo was sung by Mrs. Nordica, and singer and composer were recalled.

But I cannot reverence the memory of Jael. Her name should be found in Thomas Heywood's list "Of women contentious and bloudie."

We shall soon come to the American total destitution of title, where, for instance, the Mayor of a city is addressed by his Christian name by the very same breaker on the road, and no offence meant—of taken?—(Fall Ball Gazette)

"Total destitution of title" is good. Why, even Mr. Astor was known in New York as "Senator."

The most confirmed landsman, even he that has qualms in a swing, to-day talks knowingly of yachting; of keels and shrouds and scuppers.

May not Mr. Henry B. Fuller's description of Chicago in "The Cliff Climbers" be applied justly to other towns in our land? A community "where prosperity had drugged patriotism into unconsciousness, and where the bare scaffoldings of materialism were felt, quite independent of the graces and draperies of culture."

After all there are women that are not to be cajoled or appeased by flattery. When the New York World "stole or otherwise unlawfully procured" the manuscript of Miss Harriett Monroe's "World's Fair Ode," it took the precaution to assure her by telegraph that the world (paper and planet) could not burst in ignorance, for the poem was "grand." Did Miss Monroe take the sop? By no means. She sues for \$25,000, just like a little man, and Chamos, demon of flattery, gnashes his teeth.

Mushrooms are eaten more and more by English and Americans, as any innkeeper or "restorer" will testify. But let the epicure beware.

"May you die of a mushroom" is a sultry Italian malediction. The Laplanders used mushrooms in their unequalled witchcraft. The variety known to the Siberians as "muk-a-moor" is used by them in horrid orgies.

Clement VII., who was so curious concerning the marriage of Catherine de Medicis, died of fungal enjoyment. The mushroom drink of the Borgie well near Glasgow maddens the drinker. The poison for Claudius, the Emperor, was "seethed in a delicious mess of mushrooms." It is a Hindu saying that those who eat mushrooms fully equal in guilt the most despicable of all deadly sinners. Yet who can resist the weed, especially when it lies on toast, although the Dutch call it devil's bread.

Apropos of mushrooms and good eating, this is the day of St. Bruno, the anchorite and the founder of the Carthusian monks. The Bishop Bruno of Southey's ghastly poem was another man.

Dvorak proposes to make a "Minnehaha" rhapsody. It will contain, according to his own account, "the mighty rumble of waters, the gentle lapping of the little waves and all the iridescent hues that lie over the waters." Let us hope that it will also contain a little music.

Lotteries, "trance mediums" and clairvoyants all go together, and are equally to be avoided, as women of Boston found to their cost this week.

Many theatre-goers will sympathize with the actress who shot herself Wednesday in Illinois because the manager "was always giving her such gloomy lines."

Years ago an uprising of the Moors would have inspired writers of ballads; to-day the uprising seems an anachronism.

"A very sooty, shreiky and contemptible kind of progress." Is there any need of naming the author of such phrases? Is it necessary to add that the extract is from a just-published letter of scolding Carlyle?

The circumstances of the sad death of a special student at Harvard led to mind a singular story of supersensitive honor. Some years ago a Harvard student from another State grew hot in discussion and struck a comrade. An apology was made instantly and received graciously. But the offender brooded night and day; he saw one text steadily before his eyes: "If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee." Finally, half crazed, the poor fellow plunged the guilty hand into glowing coals until it was destroyed.

The Dicky is again established at Harvard. It is to be hoped that the new society furniture does not include branding irons.

There is much talk about the liberty of the press in connection with courts of justice. No one demands a return to star-chamber methods, but it must be confessed that certain newspapers are eager to try cases out of court; in their eagerness they supply witnesses, they act as Judge and jury; and all this to the detriment of justice, public opinion and the press.

It was Father Puller, who was not allowed by the Superior of the Cowley Fathers to accept a Bishopric in Africa.

The feature of the festival was "Samson and Delilah," which was in many respects creditably performed, and in some respects admirably performed. I have little but praise for the singing of Delilah's part by Mrs. Carl Alves. From the purely musical standpoint it was delightful. And in a concert performance it is not worth while perhaps to debate the question whether there was a sufficient display of elemental passion; for I believe firmly that Delilah loved the Strong Man, loved him passionately, and there was slight or offended vanity at the bottom of the betrayal.

The orchestra played with evident appreciation of the many beauties of this remarkable work. And I may add here that the orchestra throughout the festival played admirably under the direction of Mr. Zerrahn and under that of Mr. Kneisel.

"Samson and Delilah" attracted an audience that filled the hall to overflowing, and the opera even in cold concert form made a profound impression.

Dr. Dvorák was received with orchestral honors when he stepped forward to direct his noble 149th psalm, and after the performance he was recalled again and again. The sight of the Bohemian composer—who, like the French murderer, so often "sees things red" when he writes music—the sight of this grand naturmensch directing his "Husitzka" overture in all the conventional glory of evening dress seemed an incongruity.

I did not hear "Judas Maccabæus," but I am told that the performance was good and that there were heroic "cuts."

Nor shall I tell of the solo singers, who advanced each armed with what is known popularly as an "encore." Even George Chapman became tiresome when he went through the catalogue of the Grecian host, from "the royal soldier Idomen," to "Tlepolemus Heraclides." I enjoyed the Swedish songs sung by Mrs. Ostberg, the manly promise of Mr. Howland, the good work of Messrs. Rieger and Dufft, the singing of Mrs. Nordica in passages of "The Bride of Dunkerron."

De Pachmann played admirably, but I prefer him in a smaller room. Mr. Winternitz showed skill and temperament in the piece by Bazzini; and Mr. Schroeder was, as ever, the accomplished artist, although I tell you in confidence that a cello concerto is to me a black thing, a thing of midnight terror.

The orchestral numbers were the "Jubel" overture (September 26), Schumann's C major symphony, Goldmark's overture, "In the Spring" (September 27); Beethoven's Eighth Symphony; "Husitzka" overture, Dvorák; "Kaiser Marsch," Wagner, and Delibe's intermezzo, "La Source" (September 28); Severn's Festival Overture (first performed at the Springfield Festival of 1892); McDowell's beautiful A minor suite; Lalo's overture, "Le roi d'Ys," and Haydn's Twelfth Symphony (B. & H.), September 29.

Among those who attended concerts of the festival were Mr. and Mrs. Schaecker, Mr. Louis Blumenberg, cellist; Mr. Alves, of New York; Mrs. Edna Hall, Miss Lena Little, Messrs. Lang, Hagar, Chadwick, Thorndike and Coale, of Boston; Messrs. Trask and Bishop, of Springfield, and Messrs. Jules Jordan and R. P. Paine.

I call your attention to the following extract from an interview with Dr. Dvorák, published in the Worcester "Spy" of last week. It is suggestive in many ways, whether it be taken generally or only with reference to festivals:

Such faults as the one I just mentioned are incidental to a new country like your America, where there is so little musical knowledge. It is a very big place, but it has very little music. See this orchestra? It is all German. So are the orchestras of New York and Chicago. Everywhere a good orchestra here is an orchestra of Germans. Why? Because you Americans have not enough music in you at present, not enough musical culture to support anything first-class.

It was so in England fifteen or twenty years ago. But those German orchestras so educated the English public that now Englishmen are filling the places of the Germans, and the music is not poorer than before. So it will be here after twenty years, and what I am trying to do is to educate a little part of the American people.

It seems to me American men are quite wanting in musical enthusiasm, and that is one reason why music here is so poor and scarce. The women are better; they love it and have talent. But the men only want it for pastime. They want always money, more money. In Europe there is too much music; here not enough. And what you have you bunch into a little time, and then you have nothing left for the rest of the year. There is too much music here for one week, and through the winter you will have little to make up for it.

The Symphony seats did not command as high a premium as in certain past years. The speculators were shy. Mr. Paur is here. Twenty-nine concerts are to be given on consecutive Saturday evenings, from October 14 to April 28, with the omission of November 11, December 16, January 13, February 10, March 31.

The concerts of the twenty-third season of the Apollo Club will given November 22, January 17, March 7 and May 9.

The Cecilia announces the following concerts: November 21, Tinel's "St. Francis of Assisi," a miscellaneous concert January 25; March 15, the third part of Schumann's "Faust," and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night," a miscellaneous concert May 3.

The Händel and Haydn Society will give during the season of 1893-4 the usual performances of Bach's "Passion" according to Matthew, and Händel's "Messiah." The other works selected for rehearsal are "St. Paul" and H. W. Parker's "Hora Novissima." There is talk of giving Mendelssohn's "Christus" with Mr. Parker's setting of the old Latin hymn. Mr. Carl Dufft has been engaged to sing in "The Messiah."

Mr. H. Schaecker, who has been in Chicago for the past four months giving harp recitals with his brother, played in the orchestra at the Worcester Festival, and is now again in Boston.

John Graham's third annual concert will take place at the Hollis Street Theatre November 26.

Mr. G. L. Tracy has composed a ballet intermezzo, which will be played at the Globe Theatre.

De Pachmann proposes to give a concert at Smith College, Northampton. Here is a subject for an opocretta in one act.

Is it true that Mr. Tom Karl has finally retired from active work as a member of The Bostonians?

The Suffolk musicales at Music Hall, announced for the coming season by Manager A. D. Flower, offer much that will attract the attention of all classes of music lovers. Ten concerts will be given on the Tuesday evenings of every other week, beginning October 17 and ending February 20.

Among the events announced are the appearances of Eames, Decca and Scalchi; the appearance in costume of the Russian Choir, the first appearance away from their station at West Point of the West Point Cadet Band, the first appearance of the Campanini-Morgan Concert Company, of the Henri Marteau Concert Company, of the Blumenberg-Ostberg Concert Company, and many other novelties.

The Marie Tavery English Opera Company announces performances at the Globe Theatre.

PHILIP HALE.

Here is an item of interest to book collectors. The library of the late Dr. Graves was sold at Providence for \$20 37, although it contained some rare works, cost much money, and its collection was the work of years. And in our own town a valuable library, the pride of an experienced collector, will soon be sold at auction, although the collector lives.

In cases where there is apparently pathetic sacrifice, the collector has known joys that will live in the memory. He has felt the rapture of discovery, the excitement of pursuit, the ecstasy of possession. He has fondled the rarity in vellum; he has experienced, with Charles Lamb, the delight of embracing his folios, "midnight darlings." And then as long as the true collector lives, he collects. A man must have parted with at least one library to appreciate the real value of books.

These New Jersey fanatics known as "Angel Dancers," who have been in Hackensack Jail for about six months and were on trial this week, might have stepped out from mediæval history. In the fourteenth century such a sect sprang up on the borders of the Rhine and in the Netherlands. The members danced wildly, they uttered incoherent words, they fell in convulsions, they elaimed to see Divine visions. As they went from town to town they made recruits. The dance of St. Vitus lasted in some places six months. In the fifteenth century it was seen in Alsace. The movements of the body were so violent that the dancers struck the ground together with their knees and elbows.

The newspaper men of the United States are pleasingly unanimous in agreeing with Zola that newspaper work is literary work of genuine merit.

Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake said in the New York State Democratic convention that women suffragists had special confidence in Tammany Hall. And now all opponents of woman suffrage smile pleasantly and are content to let Mrs. Blake thus plead their cause.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Musical Secrets of Poor Punchinello.

Gossip About Singers and Players Here and Abroad.

Wagnerian Diseases: Their Treatment and Cure.

Let us sit down and gossip. Let us gossip without malice, and at the same time without overlooking that which is absurd, or snobbish, or hysterical in the musical news of the day. If art is often spoiled with an extravagantly big A, it is more often found with a little a—the plain, simple a of commerce.

Some of the news that we will discuss, was clipped from French and German newspapers. Some of the news floated about street corners. And some was told in the strictest confidence by X to Y, who in turn related it in a hoarse whisper to Z. Now a secret told by one musician to another, is like unto the secret of poor Punchinello, or it is like unto the famous confidential remark of John Van Buren.

When Mr. Paur rehearsed with the Symphony Orchestra Thursday he was "as happy as a child," to borrow the expression of an eyewitness of his joy. This joy was not dampened by the fact that he perspired freely, and thus again showed his resemblance to "a Norse god"; for the heroes of Northern mythology were a rude, hardy race, always exercising violently, that is, when they were not drinking mead. Mr. Paur's physical condition attracted the attention of the players, who are surely by this time used to strange sights and habituated to every degree of atmospheric condition.

This perspiration is a good sign; in Mr. Paur's case it goes with strength, earnestness, conviction. Better this sledge-hammer style of direction than the languid wave of a lily-white left hand. Mr. Paur's beat is said to be eminently virile; it is alleged to be Roman, not Byzantine. Well, we shall soon see.

But I am grieved to hear that Mr. Paur is not acclimated, and that he does not enjoy our American cookery. Nay, I hear he even flouts our oysters; but it is not to be expected that our distinguished guest will appreciate in the twinkling of an eye the full glory of the country of his adoption.

It is possible that Mr. Paur sighs for *gose*, that beer so dear to the people of Leipzig, but a deadly mixture to the foreigner.

As Mr. Paur will be obliged later in the course of his symphonic wanderings to traverse in large measure the great North American Pie-Belt, he should insure himself to our pastry as soon as possible. There is no sudden antidote to pie. The foreigner should remember Mithridates, that warlike King of Pontus and Bithynia, who took poison daily, lest some day he might take it suddenly; the foreigner should call for pie the moment of landing, so that the more dangerous Western brand may find his stomach prepared for the shock.

It is said that at the first rehearsal Mr. Paur ran through Beethoven's Third Symphony, a Cherubini overture, and Beethoven's Leonore No. III.

Miss Elizabeth Hamlin has been asked by the managers of the Handel and Haydn Society to sing the soprano recitatives and airs at the December performance of "The Messiah." Miss Hamlin during the past few years has not always been fortunate in her own selection; or in the tasks appointed her, but in "The Messiah" she should surely do justice to the music and to herself.

I remember Miss Hamlin well, when she was fresh from the advice of that strange and brilliant woman Helmine Rudorff. It was during '81-82, and Miss Hamlin was engaged as soprano at St. Peter's Church, Albany, N. Y. She was young, nervous, ambitious; a little hand-me-down apparition; and I never saw her then without thinking of Charles Lamb's Hostess:

"A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit."

The Rudorffs longed for the appearance of this pupil on the operatic stage; but there were objections more or less reasonable against such a course, and Miss Hamlin spent a few years in London, the town of head-shin logs, the city of busy throat doctors. But in London more severe than Boston on the vocal apparatus of the singer?

Mrs. Nordica has been engaged to sing the parts of Venus and Elsa at the Baireuth festival of '94.

Nevada has been singing with great success at Kroll's in Berlin; Van Zandt is expected to make an engagement at the Opéra-Comique; Esipoff has been named Professor at the Imperial Conservatory, St. Petersburg; and Emma Eames is now in this country.

Materna is large enough to have her own paragon. She is now the wife of her nephew, Carl, who is about 28 years old. Materna, born in 1847, began her career by singing in operetta.

Mr. Kneisel proposes to play Beethoven's violin concerto this season.

Eitelbert Nevin wrote songs and a violin sonata this summer, and they are in the hands of his publishers, the Boston Music Company. The sonata is not in strict form, and it is a fantasia rather than a sonata. Mr. Nevin proposes to give concerts this season.

It is reported that Mr. C. M. Loefler and Arthur Foote, without previous consultation or combination, wrote each a cello sonata this summer.

Max H. ... talks of giving concerts, with the assistance of Mr. Perabo and other well-known musicians.

Arthur B. ... the bass of Trinity Church ... will be assisted by Norma McLeod.

Have you heard Florrie West sing at the ... that remarkable song which tells of her experiences with Mr. John James O'Reilly and how she "kissed him before he went home."

Sarasate will give three concerts in London ... The Royal Choral Society of London will give ... works this season: Bernoz's "Faust," with Henrich as Mephistopheles; "Israel in Egypt," "Jephtha," "The Golden Legend," "Gounod's 'Redemption,' and portions of 'Messa et Vita,' 'Sabat Mater' of Rossini, and the 'Elijah' and 'Messiah.'"

There is talk of persuading Mr. Guilman to give another concert here before he sails for Havre. Many were disappointed in not hearing him.

Victor Herbert has composed a fantasia for violin on "Cavalleria rusticana," for Leonora Stosch, who played here at a Cecilia concert and in a recital given by Mr. and Mrs. Nicksch.

Now that we have mentioned Mr. Nicksch, it may not be out of place to refer to the *Sigale* No. 44, the German music paper published in Leipzig. The correspondent at Pesth writes of the coming on-ratio season under the direction of Nicksch, and hints that the conductor has undertaken "just a little too much for one year."

"Mies Standish," an opera by Perigozzo, will be brought out at Verona this month, and Leroux has chosen "Evangeline" for an opera to be produced in Paris at the Opera Comique.

Kernick has published a set of new piano pieces, "Biblical Pictures." Seven pictures are from the Old Testament and seven are from the New.

Is the baritone Seguin, who lately sang in "Aida" with success at the Monnaie in Brussels, one of the celebrated family?

Jean de Keszke is pessimistic. He sees no new operas that show genius; his favorite roles are Siegfried and Tristan, etc., etc. When de Keszke was in Boston he was in better spirits, and he looked forward with pleasure to appearing in "Cavalleria rusticana" and "The Cid."

August Enna has finished an opera entitled, "Cleopatra," the plot of which is taken from Rider Haggard's book of the same name. The hero stands, like the man in the popular song, between love and duty. The adventures of Cleopatra have been set to music by men of different nationality ever since 1862. It was during a performance of Matheson's "Cleopatra" that the trouble arose betwixt the composer and Handel which resulted in a duel; and there might have been a serious result, if Matheson's sword had not been shattered by striking a metal button on Handel's coat.

Marschal's "Dédamie," produced lately at the Opera, Paris, is, according to the *Ménestrel*, a very estimable composition which lacks originality.

I spoke last Sunday of the pamphlet by Dr. Caniculus on "Wagnerian Diseases, Their Treatment and Cure." Here are a few extracts from a letter of the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*.

"Only the adult and the old of the two sexes are subject to Wagnerian diseases. There is not a case on record of infantile 'Wagneritis,' the deaf are also exempt.

"Wagnerian diseases may be classified as Wagneriosis, Wagneromauia, Wagnernaigia and Wagnerritis.

"Wagneriosis is only a slight indisposition, and Wagneromonia itself is seldom dangerous. Wagnernaigia is more severe; it is nearly always chronic, and its attacks, which grow more and more frequent, are sometimes extremely violent.

"The surest sedatives are baths of consonant sounds, trappings of perfect chords, and the pure water of melody. Comresses of Gollard-water should be put on the forehead, and poultices of Maeschon-flour on the abdomen. When the patient is strong enough he should be fed on Rosini macaroni, Meyerbeer pie, and especially on a delicious orecration of Gounod, the effect of which is infallible.

"A glass of sparkling Auber wine after each meal will benefit the sufferer. In severe cases we should advise rubbing with the balsam of Bach or Handel. It is sometimes necessary to give subcutaneous injections of chlorate of Offenbach; and if the patient is thus moved to laughter he will be saved.

"Wagnerritis is the most dangerous form, and it resists any treatment. Remedies only puzzle the patient into a distressing comatose state or absolute imbecility. The Wagnerian can only pronounce one word: 'Wagner!' He repeats it ad nauseam, just as lubbers of a lower rank say constantly 'Iobacco!' 'Tonacco!' Death after a short delay is the result of this pathological state."

It is to be hoped that Dr. Caniculus will now turn his attention to those suffering from acute and chronic diseases superinduced by too great devotion to Johannes Brahms. The book, if it were translated and dedicated to some one of our music patrons or patronesses, would undoubtedly sell readily in Boston.

PHILIP HALE.

THREE WORD SNAPSHOTS.

DR. F. A. HARRIS—An inspector of dead men—but gay withal—punctuated with puns—flourishes with epigrams—doctor and playwright—corner of wit—sees fun in statistics—advises "Old Rounders"—hoart bursts with kindness—charitable without ostentation—respected in his profession—welcome at table—fond of Latin—skillful in repartees—a terror to lawyers—for other particulars—ask Nat Childs.

CARL ZERKAHN—From Mecklenburg—once a flutist—repented of his course—became a leader of men and women—addicted passionately to oratorio—encourages young singers—and old ones too—an inspirer of choruses—a striking figure—fond of jests—and good company—a public benefactor—whose strength is unabated—whose eye is not dim.

B. J. LANG—A Yankee musician—industrious, persevering, long-headed—like Joey Bagstock, devilish sly—drinks milk freely—hence his youth—hunts musical novelties—a man of versatility—might have been lawyer—or dry goods merchant—or political boss—smooth, suave, sarcastic—a devoted friend to his pupils—a dangerous adversary—is really fond of music—a successful career.

Theatre-goers will be glad to hear that Mr. B. E. Woolf is at work on an operetta. The text deals with a funny and an American subject. The plot is said to be maintained coherently, and the lines are full of wit and humor. The librettist is a son of Mr. Darwin E. Ware. Mr. Woolf's musical pen has been too long idle, and it is now a genuine pleasure to anticipate the result of marked natural musical ability, careful study, and that thorough acquaintance with the stage that is so necessary in writing operetta worthy the name.

Touching and honest tributes were paid the memory of George Makepeace Towle Saturday evening at the Papyrus dinner. Mr. Henry M. Rogers spoke feelingly of the kindly qualities of the dead man; Mr. Bab-bitt of the Herald recalled the versatility and the accuracy of the writer, whose information was always on tap; and Col. W. L. Chase read a poem that was an original and charming expression of manly grief.

Perhaps there is no need of care or anxiety in the matter of pronouncing Valkyrie. It now looks as though the foreigner would be known generally as "that other boat."

It is now thoroughly understood that Mr. Paur is a German of Germans in musical taste. He admits this himself. No French need apply, unless they have suffered severely from German influence and been "first appreciated" in German towns.

With the shortening of the days dwellers in flats will soon have a noble opportunity for the display of the finer feelings. Take the case of four perpendicularly arranged families in an apartment house. Two, thin-blooded, may clamor for heat, while the other two, with constitutional tendencies toward apoplexy, may perspire at the thought. What is the landlord to do? Which family will give way? For here is no possible settlement a la Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt.

Classes should be formed at once for the proper pronunciation of Valkyrie. Pronunciations heard in the street do not reflect credit on our reputation for culture.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the prologue of his new play, "The Tempter," uses the word "ilth." Will Mr. Willard, or any other friend of Mr. Jones please explain?

It seems that all new things in barbering now come from Paris. It was not long ago, however, that we aped the English in hirsute arrangements, and most estimable citizens appeared in our streets with the hair cut of jockeys.

But we now hear of the Montaubry style, and hair a la Bressant and the coiffure Hous-saye. In France distinguished men set the manners of arranging hair, moustache, whiskers, beard. Their barbers learn from them.

Let us be independent in our turn. The coiffure, Bill Nye, for instance, can be confidently recommended to many as already popular and fashionable.

The members of our new fencing club should remember the observation of Mr. Locke, which was indorsed heartily by no less a man than Sir Charles Grandison: "That young men, in their warm blood, are often forward to think they have in vain learned to fence, if they never show their skill in a duel." Fencing clubs in Richardson's time, by the way, were to him only "infamous places where brutal people resorted;" but that was over a century ago, and Richardson was an able prig.

The question in Brooklyn is this: Can the clergymen knock out the prize fighters?

Sir Richard Webster, now in New York, has a firm mouth and "immaculately polished" shoes. He thinks more of the buildings at the World's Fair than of the Home Rule bill.

If the reports from London are to be believed, Gilbert and Sullivan have come together to little purpose. "What, never?" our old friend in "Pinafore" reappears in "Utopia," and was welcomed with cheers; but the operetta, with the exception of a negro minstrel scene, seems to have fallen flat. Gilbert's peculiar vein of humor was exhausted before the reconciliation—witness "The Mountebanks."

Jean Baptiste Laroche, a visiting Frenchman, "sometimes doubts if actors are entitled to be regarded as workmen." Now, any audience knows better. There are play-actors who work so hard that they are seen to act all the time. And other actors have learned to labor and to wait.

Honoré Legrand, another visiting Frenchman, forgets the traditional courtesy of his race and calls our American Socialists "a depressing collection of dunderheads." Mr. Legrand wants workingmen to eat real meat and drink wine made of grapes ripened in the sun; he wants hideous diseases expelled from tenements. It was Villiers de l'Isle-Adam who wrote a bitterly ironical short story to show that the essential, simple and natural things of life—such as pure milk, bread, butter, cheese, wine, air—are out of the reach of the poor.

At the investigation into the affairs of the Elmira Reformatory, which has been regarded as a model institution, a paddle was produced. This paddle is a piece of leather, two feet long, three inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick, attached to a wooden handle about a foot and a half long. This weapon was wielded on occasion by a vigorous man.

But the paddle used in spanking is not an instrument of punishment or torture. Oh, no. According to the Superintendent, its employment is "to stimulate the mind and send a man on with renewed purpose." In other words, the soul is strengthened by a sharp quickening of the flesh. Perhaps Superintendent Brockway is a humorist.

Labouchere says that Americans, "these democratic idolaters of royalty" are now, as colonists, in disfavor in London and on the Continent. Will Mr. Astor deny this statement in his Tory newspaper? Will he not rather take pleasure in corroboration?

"How soon we are forgotten," even in life. Did the late performance of Father Ignatius, "that monastic crank," as Harold Frederic calls him, attract the slightest attention this side of the Atlantic? And yet it was not so long ago that his exploits in this very town filled much space in newspapers, and passers-by looked curiously at the little room at the top of a tall building in Huntington Avenue.

The Russian Government goes beyond the West End Company in liberality. There are now smoking cars for women on Russian railways, and men who do not smoke no longer suffer from the selfishness of the other sex.

Vitriol throwing has been regarded hitherto as a peculiarly French incident of courtship. But the thrower in France is almost always a jealous or wronged woman. The habit is not one to be encouraged here.

What shall be done with these overcoats and hats and umbrellas of ours at theatres or concert halls which have inadequate cloak rooms or none at all? The architect of our new Music Hall should ponder the course of his colleague at Leipzig who provided a large cloak room in the Gewandhaus so that each buyer of a reserved seat secures his own locker. The key is given with the seat. In any such locker here there should be room for sedatives and irritants in case the programme be too exciting or dull. The pleasures of our civilization should be mitigated as much as possible.

It seems that Miss Lole Fuller is not original. The serpentine dance has been traced back to Tanagra by learned archaeologists, who have found in it a revival of the Menadic dances depicted on Greek vases. Archaeologists, by the way, find ample material for research in any modern ballet, and they generally sit well in front for closer inspection of the ruins.

Bulwer has had many sins laid at his door. They that read his wife's defence were inclined to pity him; but they that have been willing to overlook his indiscretion, "The Lady of Lyons," must now take notice of the fact that the adoption of black dress coats dates from the publication of "Pelham," with its suggestions concerning male dress reform.

A FEMALE FENCER.

There are maidens and matrons of Boston who propose at the rooms of the Fencing Club to show themselves "gentlemen of the very first house, of the first and second cause." They will essay the immortal passado! the punto reverso! It is not necessary to inquire into the cause that impels lovely woman to abandon her natural weapons for the rapier. The well-known pictures of the Quarrel and the Reconciliation may have fired some to emulation. Others may well have been fascinated by the apparition of Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master," forgetting that conventionality would not permit their donning of a similar street costume, however advantageous to self and delightful to the passer-by. But let us now praise famous women who would not have feared Tybalt, or rather let us recall for a moment the most celebrated of female fencers.

In the latter half of the 17th century and at Paris a daughter was born to the Sieur d'Aubigny. Very young, she was married to a Mr. Maupin, who accepted a Government provincial position and left his wife behind him. In some way or other Mrs. Maupin met an assistant in a fencing school and she became more skillful than her master. They ran away to Marseilles, the woman dressed as a man. It occurred to them one day that they had no money; then they sang in opera. It may here be said that Mrs. Maupin afterward appeared in opera in Paris and Brussels with great success. Her voice was a contralto. She was fond of taking male roles. She was a wretched musician. Let us, however, look at her as a fencer.

Her private life—if she had a private life—was an Arabian tale. In the South of France she set fire to a convent and ran off with a nun. She wandered in French and Spanish streets and sang in cabarets. She saw the Elector of Bavaria at her feet; she was once a chambermaid.

And she could fence. She disarmed Du-menil, a slugger, and thrashed him. She killed three men in one night, men who defended the reputation of a woman whom Mrs. Maupin had insulted. And with a pistol shot she broke the arm of Baron de Servan.

Thus this amazon-siren fought and sang and journeyed and saw strange sights. She was soon tired of the world, its excitements, its allurements. She suffered from remorse. She left the stage in 1703, and, remembering her husband, sent for him. With an aulibility that stamps him for all time, Mr. Maupin returned to Paris; there they lived together quietly until 1707, when Death broke down the guard of the dashing fencer. She was only thirty-four.

Now, let no illogical person protest against the combination of woman and rapier and cite the Maupin as a shocking example. The Maupin would, no doubt, have led a stormy life if she had never visited a fencing school, for she was as restless as Gautier's heroine of the same name. And even the Maupin made a good ending.

OCT 11

Singers should be grateful to Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole for the singable translation of Heine's Lorelei that appears in "Not Angels Quite." Translations from German lyrics are apt to be strange and fearful things, and singers often choose the original text in despair of finding even a respectable English version.

The newspapers of Paris continue to chronicle singular American events. The Ménéstrel, for instance, states that a music publisher of Boston inserted the following notice in one of our newspapers: "Mr. So-and-So, publisher, has the honor and the regret of informing his friends and patrons that he now sells a new waltz entitled 'Breeze of Ontario' and has lost his daughter, 15 years old. The waltz may be found at all music stores, and the funeral will take place to-morrow at 11 A. M." Unfortunately the name of this publisher is not to be found in the directory—and, then, the story is so old, so white-haired, so cosmopolitan.

An unfortunate couple in Maine found the other night that spring folding beds are named with a view to possible results, and the result in this instance was grave if not fatal. Similar accidents have occurred in town, and it is not surprising if some view these "triumphs of civilization" as a mature rat looks at an ingenious combination of wires and cheese.

It is reported that the King of Italy has just awarded "the decoration for art and science" to a gentleman now residing in Boston. But Italians here say there is no such specific decoration. What is the truth in the matter?

"I have had too many friends" is an epitaph of more than local application; it may well be carved on the tombstones of many disappointed and wasted lives.

Mr. Louis Svecoski of the Symphony Orchestra tells this story, which he heard lately in Vienna: There is in Vienna a musician who plays in the orchestra and loathes the music of Johannes Brahms. Although he ridicules openly this music, he is constantly with Brahms; he walks with him, he haunts his rooms, he sits in the restaurant with him. When asked the reason of this contradiction, he answered with a smile: "Tis true I hate Brahms's music; but when I am with him he cannot compose."

The New York Times has discovered a man whose place is "among the first of living poets in Great Britain," and his name is Paul Leicester Warren, Lord de Tabley. Why should he not be chosen Laureate? He is not known; but Mr. Swinburne is, and that seems to be the trouble with the author of "Laus Veneris" and other inflamed and inflammatory poems.

To-day is "Old Michaelmas Day," just as the 29th ult. was the feast of Michael. The Camperdown, vessel of ill fortune, was named after the victory over the Dutch, won off Camperdown, 96 years ago this day. And, while Duncan prayed and fought, maidens in England looked at the crab apples which had been marked by them with the initials of their lovers, and judged the heat of love by the distinctness of the initials; for such was a custom on Old Michaelmas.

Chicago celebrated the anniversary of the great fire by paying the last dollar of the exposition debt. And over 700,000 people enjoyed the day and the night.

So Mr. Joseph Chamberlain dubs the Vigilant "a racing machine." He should read the London newspapers and copy their honesty and good nature in defeat.

The old question is revived, whether a dramatic critic is ever a good dramatist. Then the argument follows that unless a man can write a good play he is not competent to judge the work of another. Equally logical is this proposition: "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

Especially to be avoided in any social gathering is the person who is described enthusiastically by the misguided as "a born musician, who sings or plays with so much expression and never took a lesson."

OCT 12

De Lesseps again defies death, as he has defied difficulty and scandal. His name will ultimately be associated with Suez rather than with Panama, and indeed Capt. Burton complained twenty years ago because the "Canal Maritime" was not called the "Lesseps" canal.

Emma Goldman's husband is new in prison for grand larceny. While she talked he acted. The result seems to be the same.

The fact that Mr. Willard takes his version of Hamlet from the first folio revives remark concerning the value of this scarce book. And then the question comes up, whether a Public Library has really a right to spend such a sum of money in the purchase of an original, when a reprint, if accurately carried out, answers all popular demands.

They that like English so cutting that it flays, and they that dislike Oscar Wilde and his corrupt playlets should read the terrible last page of an article entitled "The strange case of Mr. Forbes Robertson" in a late number of the Theatre.

Applejack will be strong and abundant in New Jersey this fall. George Arnold's famous poem may now well be reprinted.

Marlowe's Tamburlaine "meant to cut a channel * * * that men might quickly sail to India." Niccolò di Conti laid a plan for piercing the Isthmus of Suez before Venetian rulers at the beginning of the 16th century. Sesostri began a canal 1300 years before the birth of the Saviour. But it is de Lesseps whose name must ever be synonymous with Suez.

Dr. J. K. Warren delivered an oration yesterday on "Uncertainties in Medicine." The subject is of almost painful interest, and many who might like to discuss it are prevented by a total lack of physical interest in worldly affairs. It was an annual oration, by the way, not a funeral one.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's interest in prisons is not of recent date. Over fifty years ago he wrote "The Treadmill Song," a poem abounding in local color.

There was rare impartiality shown in applause the closing day of the Williams College centennial. Andrew Carnegie, Gov. Russell, Dr. Briggs and the letter of President Cleveland were alike enthusiastically cheered. Nothing could have been fairer than that.

A correspondent asks the correct pronunciation of Valkyrie. The best authorities pronounce as though the word were spelled Valkoery, with the accent on the second syllable. A variorum list was given by the New York Herald yesterday, and it is as follows:

Said His Lordship of Dunraven,
"It's the eagle bird I'm cravin',
I will chase him to hiserie
With my cutter yacht Valkerte.
I will tame his greatest fury
With my single attack Valkerie.
I will curb his flight so airy
With the keel of my Valkaine.
I've a trinity of names,
An infinitude of games."

The relations that exist between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain are described as very pleasant. Mr. Chamberlain is so fond of his opponent that he calls him nicknames. One of them, it is remembered, is Herod.

Here's a man with seven wives, and he lives in Cleveland, not St. Ives.

No worthier man could succeed Edwin Booth as President of the Players' Club than Joseph Jefferson. May he live long and prosper.

It is all well enough to pass resolutions against the nomination of Judge Maynard in New York, but votes count more than resolutions, however "ringing" they may be.

It is to be feared that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is not a genuine Englishman. When he was caught by an agile reporter in "the cosy library of his father-in-law in Salem," the celebrated politician was in the act of smoking a "mahogany" pipe. Is it possible that he left his briar-wood and T. D. at home? Of course he would not smoke under any circumstances the variety known as the duden.

OCT. 14 - 93

THE WELSH CHOIR.

The first concert of the Welsh Ladies' Choir was given last evening at Music Hall. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The programme was generous so far as quantity was concerned. There were sixteen num-

bers, and the soloists as well as the choir were recalled.

The national music of Wales is of great interest to all lovers of folk-songs. And when the amateur remembers the tradition of bards and Druids, when he recalls the trials and the strange legends of the Mabonogion, the long nails of the harpers and the warlike songs that inspired brave warriors, or the convivial tunes, such as "Dall Dai," that delighted Henry V. when he revelled at the Boar's Head, he hopes to hear the music of Wales sung at the concert given by Welsh singers. The songs of this ancient people are of all kinds. If they have jolly and warlike songs, they also have tunes of a strange sadness. A melancholy nation, seeing death, as it were, under a microscope, would sing in its own appointed way of thinking the characteristics of death—and very characteristically and from a simple point of view they sang it.

Now, out of 16 numbers, only five were Welsh tunes, and it may here be said that the folk-songs were the most interesting numbers of the programme, and were the most satisfactory in performance. The "Clychau Aberdyfi," or "The Bells of Aberdovey," was caricatured by Dibdin in 1785 in "Liberty Hall." "Y Gwenneth Gwyn," a tender melody, dates probably from the latter half of the seventeenth century. "The March of the Men of Harlech" recalls a heroic defence. Would that more national melodies had been given! When we go to a concert of this nature we do not go to hear Mr. de Koven's "O Promise Me," or the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana."

The choir sang their numbers with commendable precision and expression. The soloists were applauded heartily by the audience, and some of the voices were of excellent quality, but there is little to be said in favor of the interpretation of the solos from the musical standpoint.

The second and last concert will be given this afternoon, and the buxom, hearty, thick-haired women are well worthy of attention. But when Welsh singers visit us, let them sing the songs of their people.

Very few people understand the method of keeping a secret in alcohol.—[World's Fair Puck.]

Stella asks in the New York World, which is fast getting to be a mine of information, "what is considered the elegant manner of addressing a correspondent." Now, much depends on the character of the correspondent. The habit of addressing familiarly an indignant creditor as "Old Sport" is no longer common in good society.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, October 8, 1893.

"AND I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea kettle and baking shortcake." So sang Walt Whitman, and so could we all come (or go) under certain conditions. And so could I go every night to hear Florrie West in "Prince Pro Tem" sing of her adventures with John James Keilly, and how she kissed him "before he went home." I hear that some fall a-groaning at the sight and call for an ounce of civet; but her song is nature for all that. The musical season is not yet really open; if it were I should talk of Miss West's temperament, which is well developed; her sense of local color, which is keen; and her tone production, which very likely might be harshly criticised. Let us for once accept a song in the spirit in which it is given; let us confess to a few minutes of honest enjoyment; and above all let us envy John James.

The new second act of "Prince Pro Tem" is merely an enlargement of the variety business introduced in the first version. The minstrel show with the burlesque male quartet and throat sprayers is good, and it is a relief to miss the scene between unhappy "Armand" and "Camille," the coughing lady. Miss Bull is no longer seen; as someone remarked, she was the "Princess Pro Tem." The dance of the Brownies is stupid, and I cannot forgive their butchery of "Little Johnny Dugan." For I like "Johnny Dugan," that "Celtic ideal." Is there no primeval notion of justice, of natural morality in these lines:

Of course you know it wasn't right to do what Dugan done;

To rob McCarthy's home and be a burden to his life.

There must be compensation when the judgment day does come!

If I was Johnny Dugan I'd get him another wife!

I suppose all this shows a low taste, but after October 15, with hair pleasingly combed and with smug, set faces, our concert goers will listen to the songs of Johannes Brahms, and to the more radical songs of Schumann and his imitators; and it will then be time to talk of art in its "highest and noblest" forms. To me there is art in "Johnny Dugan;" it is real, it is human; and so there is art in the performance of Florrie West.

Miss Jenny Corea, a young woman with an incisive voice and a confident delivery, is now the chief singer in "Prince Pro Tem," and the performance gains in a measure thereby.

Farce comedies and musical comedies all yearn apparently for a male quartet; many of these quartets suggest the idea that when singers are not welcome in other quarters they band themselves together in groups of four to wreak revenge on the unappreciative public. The quartet that appeared for the first three weeks in "Prince Pro Tem" was a vocal street band in matters of pitch and general musical accuracy. I trust that the Verdi quartet of Boston, which appears to-morrow in the operetta, will give satisfaction.

And here we have an operetta with a good subject, excellent lines, three clever comedians and an agreeable musical jingle go the way of such stage flesh; that is, the first act is excellent, and then the plot retires, only appearing just before the final fall of the curtain to say "good night." Why are these operetta plots so shy after the first act? Do they grow weary of the comedians? Or do the singers stab their ears? But the public seems to be satisfied as long as there is enough variety business; and if the variety business is good what is the use of quarreling with popular taste? Operetta is a thing of fashion; and, alas, opera also seems a plaything of the day.

* * *

Well, we have heard much this week about Mr. and Mrs. Paur. The first rehearsal of the orchestra under the new leader was held the 5th, and I am told the secrecy was equal to that observed in ancient days at the performances at Eleusis. Newspaper reporters, male and female, haunted the corridors, but they could see nothing. Peepholes were covered and I should not wonder if the players observed a pianissimo throughout. And yet there were leaks somewhere. It is said that the pieces rehearsed were Beethoven's third symphony, Cherubini's overture to "The Water Carriers," and Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3. Mr. Paur was "as delighted as a boy." It is alleged that he perspires freely in the act of directing, and that his beat is firm and heavy; or "massive and concrete" as the young man described in "Great Expectations" a reading of Shakespeare by an eminent tragedian.

There are rumors that Mr. Paur is not yet accustomed to American cookery; that he does not relish oysters; that he does not like beer. Take these rumors for what they are worth.

It is also said, and this is perhaps more to the point, that the players respect the new conductor thoroughly, and find it in obeying his wishes.

One question asked now in street car or on street corner: "Have you met Paur?"

As Mrs. Paur escaped she was interviewed at considerable length. Here are extracts: "I was educated in English in school and that was a long time

"So few people speak German in Boston. It is quite different from New York."

"I felt very sorry to leave all my German friends at home."

"I brought over furniture from Germany; but I am not sure what we will do with it. Why, your American furniture is so small. We shall be glad to have a house by ourselves. That will be better than what we had in Leipsic, for there are very few private houses there, you know."

"The Symphony is such a fine orchestra I am sure Mr. Paur will enjoy working with them very much. You know d'Albert says the Symphony is one of the best orchestras in the world."

"I am not anxious for notoriety."

And then "their little sons too are very musical."

These sons are respectively ten and eight years old. Mr. and Mrs. Paur were made man and wife in 1881.

* * *

I am more and more convinced that music is almost wholly a matter of individuality. And what is the use of trying to proselyte or discourage in affairs of personal musical enjoyment. Who says boldly that the Chinese music is inferior to our own? Did you ever read a tract printed in 1595, entitled "The Nobleness of the Ass: a work rare, learned, and excellent." According to the author of this pamphlet the "most singular and delightful gift of the Ass" is his voice: "the goodly, sweet, and continual brayings" of which, "whereof they forme a melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke" seem to have affected him with no ordinary pleasure.

"Nor thinke I that any of our immoderne musitian can deny, but that their song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard, because therein is to be discerned both concord, discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following on to rise and fall, the halfe note, whole note, musicke of five voices, firme singing by four voices, three together or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties amongst them, when one delivers forth a long tenor, or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim or very last moment of time. Last of all to heare the musicke of five or six voices chaunged to so many of Asses, is amongst them to heare a song of world without end."

But stay: is it not possible that the author of this pamphlet was a guy in his day and generation?

I heard a man the other day give thanks because he could for a season hear the Symphony Orchestra without the accompaniments of food and drink; thus did he flout the promenade concerts. But there has been for centuries an intimate relation, a friendly tie, between music and eating and drinking.

Isaiah tells us that "the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe" were in the feasts of the Hebrews.

There was music at the banquet where Tamburlaine the Great drank koumiss, hydromel and wine, when golden and bejeweled crowns were served his generals as a second course; at the Pompeian junketings of Plon-Plon in the beginning of the Second Empire; at the dinner of Catherine I. of Russia, with oysters from Holstein and wine from Hungary; at the feast where Cortez envied Montezuma; at the meal which two kings of the Island of Itorn shared with Van Schouter, the Dutch wanderer.

Walpole flirted with Mrs. de Boufflers as they ate to the sound of horn and hautboy.

The ancient Grecian flute player whetted intoxication by choosing the Phrygian mode.

In Iceland in the seventeenth century the music was like the behavior of the guests—enraged, without rule, without art.

It was the fashion in London in 1764 in London to sup in the open air and near a band. Samarcan and Janina, Teheran and Carcassonne have witnessed the same sight.

The organ which was built by Giafar, the Arabian, and sent by the Caliph Harun al-Rashid to Charlemagne was placed in a dining hall; and such was the delight of softness of organ tone that, according to Walafrid Strabo, it induced the death of a woman.

Don François Qica, a cunning priest of Naples, devised harmonious doors for a banquet chamber: when they were opened or shut they discoursed sweet music.

Then there was the spit of the Count de Castel Maria, a mighty lord of Treviso,—the famous spit, the most singular spit in the world. "This spit turns one hundred and thirty different roasts at once, and plays twenty-four tunes, and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton à l'Anglaise will be excellent at the 12th air; a fowl à la Flamande will be juicy at the 18th, and so on."

* * *

Whether music aids digestion is another matter. The answer depends on the character of the selection and the individual. Ange Goudar ate his chicken during an andante, fearing lest indigestion would follow the keeping of pace with the heels of a jig. Dr. Véron on the other hand was not of such discrimination; he affirmed that he could not digest without music.

* * *

It seems that the Trustees of our Public Library are to be petitioned by teachers and students of music that the music department of the library be increased. All will agree that there should be "specimens of musical composition from the earliest times down to the present day;" but as regards piano and voice editions of modern operas, and modern music for piano, there is ample room for discussion. There should certainly be a marked difference between a public library and a circulating library of music.

October 15, 93

THE SYMPHONIES.

The thirteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began last evening, with the interesting, if not exciting, circumstance of the appearance of a new conductor. The organization that is the result of Mr. Higginson's generous impulse and patient fostering is now surely on a firm foundation. It is a public institution that adds abroad glory to our town; and there is no doubt that the orchestra is appreciated here, although there may be open discussion of the merits and faults of conductors who come and go, fret for an idle day, or are for lasting benefit as musicians and disciplinarians. So let us all welcome the season now begun, and if there be any shaking of the head at the number 13, *absit omen!*

These weekly concerts are indeed "a sweet boon" to us, as, according to Artemus, the Tower is to London. To many, Saturday evening in winter would not exist without this musical enjoyment, and when there is occasionally a breathing spell, in the absence of the orchestra, the regular goers find time heavy. The theatres are usually crowded Saturday night, and enforced staying at home saddens many victims of the Symphony habit.

Then the appearance of the conductor and the men, the latest gossip concerning some alleged behavior or belief of one of the musicians, the atmospheric condition of the hall, the state of the Saturday evening weather—all these furnish food for conversation at table and in street car for at least two days after the concert. And occasionally there is talk about the music that was played.

This going to Music Hall of a Saturday evening is to many an amusement, a regularly recurring amusement that in certain respects is not unlike dram-drinking. It is a pleasure not without acute excitement, followed, particularly after a long-winded symphony, by a condition of dull lethargy. And yet these good people might be offended seriously, if they were classed as amusement-seekers; they look upon the Symphony concerts as educational, as making for culture. But they might be sorely put to it, if they were required to explain just how and when and where they gained in civilization.

The sense of gratifying a longing for amusement does not preclude criticism, particularly destructive criticism; nor would it be well perhaps to inquire concerning the foundation for any reasonable criticism to rest upon. Boston is very critical, and it seems occasionally that the only real pleasure of the inhabitants is in the investigation or explanation of this question: Why do we not find pleasure in this or that? It is only at the "Pop" concerts that music is accepted gratefully and sympathetically by the crowd, and there is no doubt that in this case pleasant eating and drinking and smoking pave the way to musical enjoyment.

Bhang is offered as a substitute for alcohol.

The name might commend the article to certain revelers.

This is refreshing independence in an English newspaper: "Tennyson's 'Forresters' is not a great play; it is not even a good play."

How old stories live and flourish, though they may suffer a transformation. Here is Richard Harding Davis stating positively that the famous story of Calverley and the Master of Balliol happened lately, with a friend of his in the place of Calverley.

The Pall Mall Gazette now publishes, in daily installments, a story by George Moore: "We are deliberately making an experiment. Whether it is one which will commend itself to that vague entity known as the 'general reader' remains to be seen." The conduct of the public will be watched with interest.

De Pachmann will be here this week, and it is a closely shaven De Pachmann that will repeat to us the stories of Chopin. There will now be more than a hair's difference between his performance and that of Paderewski.

If there is an Indian summer, there is also Indian dog-days.

Then there is the experience of Michael Mail, as described by Thomas Hardy in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

"Truly now," said Michael Mail, "there's a friendly tie of some sort between music and eating. Once I was sitting in the little kitchen of the Three Choughs, at Casterbridge, having a bit of dinner, and a brass band struck up in the street. Such a beautiful band as that were! I was sitting eating fried liver and lights, I well can mind—ah, I was! and to save my life I couldn't help clawing to the tune. Band played six-eight time; six-eight chaws I, willy nilly. Band plays common; common time went my teeth among the fried liver and lights as true as a hair. Beautiful 'twere! Ah, I shall never forget that there band!"

No wonder that grandfather James "with the absent gaze which accompanies profound criticism," exclaimed, "That's as musical a circumstance as ever I heard of."

* * *

And here is a batch of news and announcements.

It is stated that the program of the first Symphony concert, October 14, will include Beethoven's C minor symphony, a serenade for strings by Tschaiakowsky, and the "Tannhauser" overture. There will be no soloist.

The usual series of chamber music concerts will be given at Chickering Hall by the Kneisel string quartet during the coming season. The concerts will be given on Monday evenings, October 23, November 13, December 4, January 1, January 27, February 12, March 5 and March 19.

Manager C. A. Ellis, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, announces that ten concerts will be given by that organization at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, during the coming season, the dates being the evenings of October 19, November 2, November 16, December 7, January 4, January 25, February 15, March 8, April 5, April 26. The orchestra will be assisted by Nordica, Max Heinrich, Kneisel, Schulz and others.

"The Honeymooners," an operetta, words by C. M. S. McLellan and music by William Furst, will be produced at the Columbia Theatre the 23d by the Pauline Hall Opera Company.

"The Algerian," by Glen MacDonough and Reginald de Koven, will be given at the Hollis Street Theatre October 16, with Marie Tempest in the leading rôle.

De Wolf Hopper, with his "Panjandrum," will be at the Globe Theatre October 16. Mr. B. E. Woolf is at work on an operetta. The book, which is praised heartily by such experienced critics as Mr. H. A. Clapp, of the "Boston Advertiser" and Mr. Woolf, is the work of Richard D. Ware, of this city. The subject is American and funny, and is said to be amusingly worked out. Mr. Woolf's musical abilities are eminent and well known. It will be a pleasure to hear the result of his natural gifts, long dramatic experience and sense of the fitness of music to a text. Miss Elizabeth Hamlin will sing the solo-soprano part of

"The Messiah," given by the Händel and Haydn in December.

Mrs. Nordica has been engaged to sing "Venus" and "Elsa" at the Bayreuth Festival of 1894.

Mr. Kneisel proposes to play Beethoven's violin concerto this season.

Ethelbert Nevin wrote songs and a violin sonata this summer, and they will be published by the Boston Music Company.

I understand that cello sonatas were written this summer by Mr. Arthur Foote and C. M. Löffler.

Max Heinrich proposes to given recitals in company with Ernst Perabo and others.

Mr. Beresford, bass of Trinity Church choir, will give a recital soon. He will be assisted by Norman McLeod.

There is talk of persuading Guilment to give another concert here before his departure.

The Welsh Choir will give concerts here on the 13th and the 14th.

PHILIP HALE.

And now Mr. Astor would abolish the "old custom of shaking the hands whenever two people meet together;" at least the Pall Mall Gazette launches a tirade against the habit. There are objectionable shakers: the athlete, rejoicing in his strength; the man who is coy or apparently suffering from a whitlow; the man whose hand suggests sea weed, jelly fish and clams. But what would you substitute, Mr. Astor? A poke in the ribs, a wink, or the kissing of the cheek seen in the more emotional districts of the European continent?

There is much talk at present about the proper character of theatre music. Many claim that music selected judiciously for a play is apt to be more fit than music written expressly for the piece. At any rate, there should be sympathy shown. The mind should be prepared and sustained in the becoming key. One of the more cryptic movements of Brahms might thus throw a gloom over the most dismal, the bloodiest tragedy. A pot-pourri from Offenbach might cheer the first-nighters when the play was comic.

SYMPHONY.

How the Orchestra Played Under New Leadership.

Critical Review of Programme and Director.

An Admirable Disciplinarian is Mr. Paor.

Mr. Emil Paor came to us from Leipzig; but let no one be prejudiced against him on this account. He was neither born nor educated in Leipzig; he only tarried there for a season.

Whatever Leipzig may have been before 1860 or even 1870, there is no denying the fact that the Leipzig of to-day is musically a barren place. That great wandering virtuoso, or fixed artist, or composer of originality has Leipzig sent forth during the last ten or twenty years?

There are professors and chapel-masters there, and galore. There is the ancient Reinecke, the echo of Mendelssohn, the spinner of endless cadenzas, who has just adapted scenes from the Bible for the use of piano-players. There are such men as Salomon Jadassohn, whose music sounds a good deal like the name of the composer. But of what influence to-day is Leipzig in the great kingdom of music? Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed.

As long ago as 1877 Liszt said to Borodine, who mentioned a pianist as a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory, "That's no recommendation. They have turned out there a pile of mediocrities."

We all know by hearsay and some know by actual experience, that Mr. Paor was respected and admired as a musician in the cities which he has honored by his presence. Let us start aright. Mr. Paor is not worthy of our serious attention simply because Leipzig patted him on the head. He, on the contrary, contributed largely to the musical fame of a town, that, living chiefly on its past reputation, needs such proofs.

Since Mr. Paor's arrival here his conduct has been judicious. On divers occasions he was examined thoroughly by newspaper men, and his conversation, as recorded, was modest, frank, sensible, to the point.

It is said that he has been diligent in rehearsal. He has not used the time of the players in reading his private correspondence of merely friendly or inflammatory nature. He has worked with the orchestra, and he knew when he entered the hall what he was about to demand of his men.

This is proper and becoming. Mr. Paor is hired for this purpose, and the players are hired to obey the conductor.

Nor were some of these players imported solely for their social qualifications, as would appear by their behavior during the last three years.

There was curiosity to see the man at the head of his forces. How many of those who attended the concert last evening cared one straw about the programme, whether the numbers



EMIL PAOR.

were by Beethoven or by Bulsenheimer. There was a desire to see the man himself, so that there could be talk about his hair, his hands, the movements of his arms, his costume and any personal mannerisms.

This admiration of individuality and this curiosity concerning personality retard undoubtedly the healthy growth of music and tend to stifle honest criticism. The talk is of the conductor, not of the orchestra; of the conductor, not of the music, which it is his duty and privilege to study reverently.

If the conductor were unseen by the audience, would there be as great a demand for admission?

And yet, men and brethren, the one great absorbing question should not be, does Mr. Paor like oysters, or does he believe in the Jaeger system of underwear, or is Mrs. Paor a charming woman, or would the couple shine at an afternoon tea;—the one great absorbing question is this: Is Mr. Paor thoroughly qualified for the performance of his task?

Then comes this question: When Mr. Paor conducts, are his heart and soul the servants of the composer, or do they work merely for Mr. Paor's glorification?

Mr. Paor had prepared us by his own words to think favorably of certain of his artistic theories and beliefs. Before the concert he said publicly: "I cannot sympathize with Wagner in his wish to invest some of Beethoven's compositions with scenic suggestions and dramatic developments which need other than musical terms of expression."

And in speaking of the "enormous freedom" of von Bülow, Mr. Paor said, "That does not mean that I think the Beethoven symphonies ought to be rattled off as if by a barrel organ. No, but I believe that Beethoven's ideas, if properly presented, are sufficiently characteristic of themselves without being colored especially for the occasion."

So it does not seem that Mr. Paor intends to raise himself by tramping down and standing on Beethoven.

Then, again, Mr. Paor spoke sensibly about the introduction of soloists. In an interview published in the Journal of Sept. 29th, the new conductor said: "I shall put on only soloists that are really soloists. They must be capable. The soloists must be classical, too, you know. I do not believe in putting before the public small stuff, not at all."

It must be confessed that our Symphony seasons of late were not wholly free from "small stuff." Singers so worn out, so tired that they could not raise their tones to the true pitch, nevertheless found favor with Mr. Nikisch. Pianists appeared who did not give sufficient reason for their engagement. Then there was that long line of orchestral players, some admirable and others amiable, each armed with a concerto—a line that stretched out "to the crack of doom." And there was a least legitimate surprise expressed at the omission of a trombone solo, say, the well-known arrangement of "The Tear," and the non-performance by our implacable drummer of Julius Tausen's Solo for Six Kettle Drums.

Now it is true that there is often a wide difference between theories and deeds. To take a snap-shot judgment of the first performance of a conductor might be, in all probability, would be, unfair, and the judgment would not be surely permanent. On the one hand, there is the comparative unfamiliarity with the players; there is the natural nervousness of a man in a strange place. On the other hand, there is always a possibility that the conductor may not fulfill the promise of a first performance. The flattery of the thoughtless and the ignorant may turn his head. Social attentions may divert him from his duty. He may grow lazy. It is much fairer to conductor and to audience to judge him after the twelfth performance instead of after the first.

But our American public is in a hurry; it can not wait; and so, as before, it is not unlikely that there will be a "grand symposium," in which musicians of high and low degree will, by editorial request, indulge in printed eulogy. Let us hope that there will not in future be a repetition of the thoughtlessness or the ingratitude of Mr. Nikisch, who, even within the following year, contradicted those good reports by his own conduct, and so irritated some of his former eulogists that they were ready to insert a knife under his fifth rib.

The programme chosen by Mr. Paor for his first appearance was as follows:

Symphony, C minor, No. 5.....	Beethoven
Serenade for string orchestra, op. 48.....	Tschaiakowsky
Overture, "Tannhauser".....	Wagner

The serenade by Tschaiakowsky was first

given in this city, or at least at the Symphony concerts, by Mr. Gericke Oct. 13, 1888, at the first concert of the season. The fifth Symphony of Beethoven was on the programme of the first concert of the season of '92-93. At this last concert there was no soloist. At the concert under Mr. Gericke songs were sung by Mrs. Jolie Moran-Wyman, for Mrs. Wyman used to "hypheuate" her name.

Surely the programme itself does not call for extended discussion. The serenade by Tschaiakowsky is a singularly eclectic composition, with its German introduction dashed with a hint at Russia; with its German waltz freshened with French grace; with its elegy in doleful Russian dums, where the mourner suddenly betinks himself of an Italian tune; with its Russian finale where the tails of the horses are over the dashboard and the passengers smell of vodka. The trivial is side by side with the beautiful; strength shakes hands with weakness. But the interest is maintained steadily, except in the Eleky, where the grief of the mourner is so spun out that there are doubts of its sincerity.

And now let us record impressions of Mr. Paor.

The man's personality assures one of his earnestness and virility. Here is no manicured, perfumed darling of Temple Place.

This man regards the orchestra and the music rather than the audience.

He does not remember to be graceful in action.

He is sometimes violent, sometimes almost grotesque.

At one time he chops wood; at another he says to a child, "Come now, play do-do."

He is angular, even triangular.

But he is terribly in earnest.

The audience might well have thought of the line of Walt Whitman: "Pleased with the earnest words of the sweating Methodist preacher."

For Mr. Paor gave physical manifestations of his conviction and his desire to do his duty, though the hall should prove to be a stoke-hole.

Mr. Paor's beat is decisive, if it is not elegant; and decision is better than careless grace. He was diligent in giving the cue, and there could be no mistake as to the direction.

He has a keen sense of the value of drawing. His draught is clear and firm. About his sense of color, I am not so sure.

He knows the value of dynamic gradations, and he can compel his wish to be performed and to become a fact. Although the playing of orchestra last evening was of uneven worth, he showed that he could work the crescendo pedal, to borrow a phrase from the organ-builder, and there were niceties in expression that have not been heard here since the departure of Mr. Gericke.

Every move had evidently been carefully studied, and if his hand was sometimes unsteady in moving a piece upon the board, it arose from apparent nervousness at the start, and not from ignorance of intention.

Last evening Mr. Pawr appeared chiefly as a thoroughly equipped schoolmaster, a rigid disciplinarian.

The love for finish in detail gave at times a movement, particularly in the symphony, the appearance of mosaic. A movement became then a collection of episodes rather than a first of long breath.

And why did Mr. Pawr take the andante con moto of Beethoven at so slow a pace? The measures suffered thereby. The beauty, the strange beauty of the music became monotonous.

Has Mr. Pawr temperament? Has he magnetism? Has he the imagination, the noble rage of the poet?

Time must answer these questions.

Last evening it was rather the admirable schoolmaster than the man of imagination who dominates the audience by some mysterious quality, call it what you will.

And yet how sadly this very schoolmaster was needed in Boston?

Perhaps it is a good sign that Mr. Pawr last evening did not give any exhibition of volcanic, Vesuvian emotion.

Let us wait until Mr. Pawr has made the orchestra that still remembers another his own. Let us wait until he realizes thoroughly that he is no longer a stranger, that he is at home and among friends, who will hold up his hands in every honest endeavor to cultivate that which is good and honest and noble in music.

The hall was crowded, and the applause was evidently as sincere as it was frequent, loud and long continued.

The programme of the concert next Saturday evening will include Volkmann's overture, "Richard III.," Dvorak's Rhapsodie No. 2, and Schubert's C major symphony. Mrs. Nordica will sing. PHILIP HALE.

We might learn a lesson from the haughty Spaniard. For the people of Spain are not pleased with the statue of Velasquez, designed by the great sculptor Fremiet for the garden of the Louvre. And why? Because Fremiet represents the painter in military costume and on horseback. The "Impartial" of Madrid prefers to regard Velasquez as a painter; it does not reckon gewgaws as an ornament, nor would it probably care for the appellation of Colonel or even Brigadier General tied to the painter. "The Spanish artists of the 17th century, who received their inspirations from the highest ideals of their time, considered their art a holy, priestly office. They lived as true priests in the service of eternal beauty, far from the noise of politics, and the simple Castilian dress in which Murillo, Coello, Carrero de Miranda and Velasquez are familiar to us is in keeping with their manner of life."

The wooden toothpick is seen too frequently in our streets, and it is used publicly as a ficial ornament rather than as an article of private convenience. The custom of thus wearing it is one to be discountenanced, one neither to be honored in the mouth nor the observance.

Clark Russell is telling how he writes his novels. He tells at length, but the old story of the sinner's criticism of his novels is perhaps more to the point: "The captain is always a scoundrel, and the third mate is a perfect gentleman."

Now let punsters refrain from liberties with Mr. Pawr. He is too serious a subject for trifling.

It is said that Charles Godfrey Leland's autobiography is in great vogue in London. It will be interesting to know at last the true story of his part in the bloody barricade fights at Paris in his student days. But does any one tell the exact truth, especially in autobiography? If a man is tempted to conceal, is he not more apt to exaggerate even his scrapes and weaknesses?

Mr. Pawr's agony is over. He has been interviewed. He has gazed, probably with rage, at the counterfeit presentment of his face in the newspapers. He has been looked at thoroughly and judged by the maiden girls. He has been weighed in the balance by the solid, cultured and sombre audience of Saturday night. The critics have had their crack at him. And now all that he has to do is to go ahead, mind nobody's advice, and follow his own instincts; for he seems to be an eminently sensible man.

The Pitts Street preacher, Mr. William J. Houlton, was stabbed Saturday by a man from the Bowery, New York. Scenes in that famous street find mimic representation on our stage, and the peculiarities of Bowery life are known to us all in song. But we have here no street that is its parallel, and its toughness should find here no abiding place.

We have hoodlums enough of our own. They no longer lurk in congenial dives or alleys and mutter and snarl and kick and stab among their kind. They walk abroad and are found in all our streets. The Back Bay inspires no awe. Yesterday horrid language and bad greeted women and children in Huntington Avenue on their way to church. As for the scenes on late suburban trains—the elements of the decent passengers are

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES.

It is a mistake to think that the venerable science of astrology is to-day practiced only by a few in Western Asia. Works on astrology are found in plenty at the second-hand bookstores of this city. Many of these books command good prices, and some are an expensive necessity or luxury. The buyers are not merely book collectors in search of the rare and the odd; some of them try to make a practical use of their purchase. There are astrologers among us. These astrologers are professionals and amateurs. The professionals give advice for money; the amateur casts horoscopes for amusement or arranges plans of the week by star-divination. The professional claims to have pondered his subject from childhood, and he follows the example of the esteemed astrologers of the sixteenth century, who spent years in mastering the science; but your amateur, often a young girl, talks glibly and performs wonders after a week's research.

The people that are interested in these things are often neither gulls nor idlers. There are physicians of repute who believe that astrology assists them in determining the natural temperament of a patient or his tendency toward a disease; and the conjunction of planets enters into a diagnosis. There are shrewd men of business who hope to gain suddenly a fortune by learning for a small sum the one great day or week for "operation." There are careful, methodical men who have been known to regulate their daily walk and conversation in accordance with the advice of those whose heads are in the stars.

Nor do these men enjoy the reproach of being superstitious. If charged with superstition, they will speak of the stars in their courses fighting against Sisera; of Egyptians and Saracens; of Alphonso the Wise and Wallenstein, Kepler and Lilly. They will talk learnedly of the twelve houses and their lords, of the presence of Jupiter on the Pleiades. They will say that they are not ashamed of studying and following the wisdom of antiquity.

Now, there is no objection to a real belief in the value of astrology; many excellent people are confident in the power of a horse-chestnut over rheumatism. Schopenhauer, perhaps, was too peevish when he thus spoke of the science: "Astrology furnishes a magnificent proof of this miserable subjective tendency in men, which leads them to see everything only as bearing upon themselves, and to think of nothing that is not straight-way made into a personal matter." The aim of astrology is to bring the motions of the celestial bodies into relation with the wretched Ego, and to establish a connection between a comet in the sky and squabbles and rascalities on earth."

An oracle, who uses a contemporary as a monthpiece, does not think "It at all proper for a mother to spank a girl after she has arrived at young womanhood." The oracle might better have said: "It is not wise." For, as a rule, the mother cannot perform the operation in these days of athletic culture. And yet the girls, perhaps, suffer in consequence.

To-day is the traditional English day that ushers in fox hunting for the season. Get out your ante-seed bags, ye Anglo-maniacs.

It may interest students of the inner workings of the Senate to know that Mr. Gorman is passionately addicted to cold lamb, and Mr. Hill generally eats at luncheon eggs on toast.

In advice to young men contemplating matrimony, a local contemporary gives lists of articles of furniture, and the piano is classed with brass bedstead and refrigerator. Unfortunately, many regard the piano as, first of all, furniture; then it occurs to them that it may be used to produce sounds that range from a twitter to a thunderous noise. When people wish the piano as a decorative machine it should be sold without a keyboard, in which case the price would be reduced.

"College Boys Hard at Work" was a headline that must have disappointed many readers when they found that the article following was devoted exclusively to dull facts concerning changes in studies and statistics about undergraduates. Chess was the only amusement mentioned.

"THE ALGERIAN."

"The Algerian," a "comedy-opera" in three acts, the libretto by Glen MacDonough and the music by Reginald de Koven, was produced last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre for the first time in Boston. The opera was first brought out in Philadelphia September 25.

The performance last evening was in certain respects a disappointment. In the first place Miss Marie Tempest did not appear. Her absence was not due to sudden sickness; it was not owing to a slight misunderstanding with the manager a tempest in a teapot; but as the story of woman's infatuation and indignation is told, at least from the standpoint of the management, in the Journal this morning, it is not worth repeating here. Possibly Miss Tempest has a story to tell, and it may be an entertaining one.

The non-appearance of Miss Tempest was bad enough, but the appearance of Mr. de Koven in the conductor's chair was worse, for, however opinions may vary concerning Mr. de Koven's merits as a composer, there is a pleasing unanimity in the declaration that he is not competent to lead an orchestra. But, as I am told, it is nominated in the bond that he shall lead first nights, and so he led with exuberance of gestures that expressed no wish, gave no direction, and actually hindered the players in their work. Last evening Mr. de Koven was his own worst enemy.

Under the circumstances, it seems unfair to judge "The Algerian;" and yet some things may be safely said. First of all, the book is a good one. The story was suggested by an incident in Daudet's "Tartarin of Tarascon." We have nothing to do with Daudet's immortal sketch; whether the librettist understands the character of dear, delightful Tartarin is neither here nor there; we have to do only with this libretto. The plot is amusing, well worked out and logical; it does not become frightened or weary in the second act; it is found in a healthy common in the third act. If the dialogue is not dazzling in brilliancy, it is sensible and free from dullness. The characters are well defined. There is humor in the situations. And there are a few lines that amuse when they are remembered later. The lyrics are fluent and lend themselves readily to music; but the enunciation of the words sung by the women was so imperfect that full appreciation was impossible unless the hearer held the text before him.

Of the merits of Mr. de Koven's music it is more difficult to judge, for the composer was executioner at the execution. In the first two acts there is a constant striving after local color; there is a constant attempt to be "jolly" Algerian; and the result is monotonous. Then these same Algerians have listened evidently to waltzes of colder climes, and they are not unacquainted with English sheet music entered at Stationer's Hall. But every now and then there is a snatch of agreeable melody, and there is a tune that incites the feet. There is no tune, however, that sticks in the memory. I confess that I like best of all the music in the third act. It is not as labored; and if it is never strikingly original, it is at least timely, and, above all, it is free from affectation.

Miss Adele Ritchie, who took suddenly the part abandoned by Miss Tempest, is a pretty, graceful girl, and that is half the battle. Her voice is agreeable, and familiarity with the part will undoubtedly bring greater freedom of action. Miss Braggins was applauded for her singing of the Legend of Louraine.

The comedians were Messrs. Frank David (Tartarin), Joseph Herbert (Prince Gregory), Ben Lodge (Mitaline), and Jas. S. Maffei (Sefi). They were often amusing, and Mr. Herbert was admirable.

I have never to my knowledge heard Mr. Steger, who appears to have won the graces of Miss Tempest, and I am unacquainted with his charms, but surely Miss Tempest is right in preferring him in any event to the gentleman who took last evening the part of Col. Lagrange; for in this part Mr. Mark Smith is singularly unfortunate.

The males in the chorus are vocally superior to their fair sisters. The opera is mounted handsomely, and the costumes, that now excite and now gratify curiosity, are becoming and a pleasure to the eye.

The opera is probably better than it seemed last evening, when circumstances combined against it. At any rate, it is without acrobatic feigning, it is without stupid gags and an immense topical song. For this alone the librettist and the composer deserve laurel wreaths.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Willard's idea of closing the doors of a theatre auditorium until the first scene is played is an excellent one, although it is not new. In our theatres, at present, the opening dialogue is often wholly lost, on account of tardiness of spectators and exaggerated activity of ushers, who slide and slam.

Now, among spectators, the ultra-fashionable are the worst offenders. It is not, probably, a desire to be observed that makes them tardy; it is, rather, a profound indifference. That those seated or that those on the stage are disturbed seriously does not concern them. As for the ushers—a word from the manager would repress their turbulent zeal.

Our Italian friends should understand thoroughly that the knife in Boston is not looked on with favor as a settler of disputes. There is altogether too much stabbing. Let the knife henceforth carve meat that men may live. Even its use as a conveyor of food, a prop to pie in its flight from the table to the mouth, may be pardoned readily, if the offender use it only for peaceful purposes.

Emma Goldman has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in the penitentiary. And now let amiable and weak-kneed persons of philanthropic tendencies refrain from trying to prove her a martyr to conviction. We Americans are apt to be sentimental; but let us keep sentimentalism out of questions concerning the maintenance of public order.

Here's Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, declaring that "if he had known what his future position would be he would most assuredly have changed his name early in life." But in the first place he does not know what his future position will be, and, in the second place, are certain learned works less esteemed because they are signed Sir William Jones? Mr. Jones shows in one sentence conceit and snobbliness. Let him keep patience; he may yet be a Sir Henry.

THE BOOK OF PROGRAMMES.

The book of programmes for the coming Festival is in course of preparation. It will be illustrated by cuts of the principal artists, and made intensely interesting by the analytical notes of Mr. Philip Hale, the music critic of the *Boston Journal*, and well known correspondent of the *Musical Herald*, *Musical Courier*, and other publications.

Mr. Hale is considered the best equipped man in America through study and experience for the work assigned him. His singularly retentive memory enables him to recall the result of his extensive reading and observation with almost unerring accuracy, while his felicitous command of English in which to express his ideas is noteworthy.

Those who read his extremely interesting notes in programme book of 1892, will not fail of securing a copy for the coming festival. The books may be found at the music stores about the 20th inst.

"Samson and Delilah" for Saint-Saëns gives such peculiar and original evidences of genius in its composition that it deserves to stand apart, new, strong, beautiful, romantic, dramatic, an altogether great expression of its author's individuality.

Mr. Philip Hale's scarcely less than fascinating little dissertation in the programme book shows how often this subject has been chosen as the theme of an opera or oratorio, and a similar catalogue of plays might be compiled from theatrical records. The ad-

The Boston Transcript is represented by its New York correspondent, Mr. H. T. Parker, the Herald by Mr. F. P. Bacon, and the Journal by Mr. Philip Hale, whose erudition, incisive style and good sense have made the programme book so readable.

How much the full face view of Philip Hale, the musical critic, resembles the portraits of Rudyard Kipling.

The destructive fire on a Lexington farm shows again how many fine estates in the country are unprotected against such accidents. If there is a water supply it is generally beyond reach in time of need.

The news from New Orleans should encourage the people of Brooklyn and hold up the hands of Gov. Flower. The charter of the Crescent City Athletic Club has been declared forfeited by the State.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Ferruccio B. Busoni has left us and now lives in New York. Mr. Busoni is a pianist of extraordinary power, and he has the soul of a true artist. His dwelling here was an honor to the city.

Senator Lodge is right. The Senatorial performance at Washington is indeed "a dreary farce." How long will the great audience of the country sit patiently?

Mr. Victor Olsakowsky, sculptor and author, has received permission of a New York Court to call himself Victor Olsa, or plain Victor Olsa, to use the popular jest of farce-comedy and comic opera. And why? Because his noble name in this country "militates against professional and social advancement" and causes "pecuniary loss and partial social ostracism." What court would be so inhumane as to subject a son of the fair land of Poland to such brutal outrages. So now it's Victor Olsa, how d'y'e do?

There are seven Herreshoff brothers. If "Nat" were the seventh son of a seventh son, could he build a faster boat?

The sight of Prof. Dr. Groub Chander Mozoomdar, Rev. J. de Normandie, Prof. Bonet-Maury, and Olanes Chatschungh sitting amicably on one platform was an exhibition of brethren dwelling together in unity, in fact in Unitarianism.

It will be a "Red cardigan jacket day" for the Salvation Army next Sunday. But in donning the jacket made famous by the Earl of Cardigan, do not our good brethren and sisters clothe themselves in the garments of the notoriously ungodly?

Dr. Samuel Green does not believe that any monument could add to the fame of John Hancock. The doctor is sensible as ever. What schoolboy does not know the bold, imperious signature of Hancock that seemed eminently fit for the signing of the death-warrant of English oppression. And if men live by their signatures, Splinter is sure of immortality.

And so Mrs. Barton calls cider "the devil's kindling wood." It is true that wicked King John died of drinking cider, but he accompanied it with pears and peaches, and "ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way." It is true that Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy calls cider and perry "cold and windy drinks, and for that cause to be neglected." But the Earl of Manchester passed off Herfordshire cider as wine when he dwelt among the French. What a wealth of tradition and operetta drinking songs would go with the abolition of cider.

In Devonshire a farmer and his workmen, with a pitcher of cider, would encircle a bearing apple tree in the evening, and this was the toast they drank thrice:

"Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow,
And whence thou mayst bear apples now!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
And thy pockets, too. Huzza!"

Or, is not apple pie more dangerous than cider?

"Women clubbed together" is the startling head line of a local contemporary. The lover of the sensational will be disappointed, for the article does not tell of a police outrage, but of a peaceful gathering of women at Skowhegan.

To Marie Tempest: Come back, and all will be forgiven.

This little singer, with destructive eyes and provoking mouth, sulks and stamps her foot. A good-natured audience is saddened thereby. And the gaiety of Algeria, if not of other nations, is eclipsed.

It is only when a fast and unknown horse appears that Robert Bonner bobs up sereely from retirement.

We live near the Atlantic, and we know its power; but how little we realize the fury of the great lakes. Yet in two inland storms, reported yesterday, thirty-seven lives were lost.

Prof. Minas Tcheraz prefers free speech to "The days he spent of yore Upon the pleasant Bosphorus."

Ex-Premier Goblet says that the French regret that they do not yet know whether their Russian guests came "as allies or as friends." From the account of the proceedings at Toulon, it would appear that they came as "rounders."

It is again demonstrated that if everyone thinks he can play Hamlet, everyone is cock-sure how Hamlet should be played.

Oh, the miscellaneous criticism of yesterday on Mr. Willard's version of asking Shakespeare's greatest dramatic conundrum! (criticism by the known, also by the unknown, although their names were gathered by eager reporters who searched Boston and suburban towns for a "grand symposium.")

It is a pleasure to find one man who had the courage to come out and say: "This is the first time I have seen 'Hamlet' played, and I liked it very much." And Mr. Willard could not ask for a more flattering criticism than these few words.

You must go to County Cork to kiss the Blarney Stone. The stone at Chicago is declared by its owner, Sir George St. John Coulthurst, to be a fake, and it is rumored that the true stone is preparing an alibi.

It is said that the Boston and Maine Union Station will accommodate 532 trains. Let us hope that "accommodate" is not used in Bardolphian sense merely as a "good phrase," but in the true meaning of the word.

THE SUFFOLK MUSICALES.

The Appearance of Mrs. Emma Eames and Mrs. Sophie Scalchi.

The first of the Suffolk musicales, under the management of Mr. A. D. Flower, was given last evening in Music Hall. The programme was well arranged and of reasonable length.

Mrs. Eames, for she seems to prefer to sing under her maiden name, was well coined by a large and expectant audience. The welcome was spontaneous and sincere. The singer was evidently moved by its heartiness. Mrs. Eames sang the air "Pleurez mes Yeux" from Mass-



EMMA EAMES.

net's "Le Cid," two songs by Schumann, "Dedication" and "Spring Night," and "Good-by Summer." In the air from "Le Cid" she appeared to fullest advantage. In the second of the Schumann songs and in "Good-by" her upper tones were not fully sustained and they were at times comparatively weak. In the main she gave much pleasure. Her phrasing in the aria was admirable; her technique was amply sufficient, and there were tones that haunt the memory. Since her appearance here in opera she has gained in the power of awakening emotion. Nor is the sympathy of the hearer won by stage trick or carefully contrived artifice. The voice itself, particularly in the lower and middle tones, is richer, it has more color. Her singing is more womanly. When she was here last there was the accuracy that comes from careful instruction, there was the brilliancy that compels applause, even though the brilliancy is like unto that of ice. To-day there is more tenderness, there is more sincerity.

Mrs. Scalchi in the famous contralto role in "Semiramide" was often admirable, and in that opera she made a reputation and many friends in this country. As a concert singer she wins easily applause; but there was little to commend in her performance last evening. First she sang "Voi che Sapete" with piano accompaniment, and she sang it badly. She forced her lower, and she squeezed her upper tones. The phrasing was slovenly, and the delivery was coarse. Nor was she much better in the great air from "Mitrane." This air, by the way, was sung with a modern and anachronistic orchestral accompaniment. Fétis, who brought out this air at an historical concert in Paris in 1833, once wrote: "I do not know the name of the barbarian who has since dared to introduce flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trumpets and trombones in the accompaniment; yet have I seen such an arrangement."

The accompaniment of last evening was not exactly the one described by Fétis, but it was just as bad.

The popularity of Mrs. Scalchi was not diminished by her singing, and the audience applauded her loudly.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, played pieces by Thomas, Tschai-kowky, Brahms, Saint-Saëns and Gounod, with effect, and a duo for flute and cello arranged from "L'Eclair" gave pleasure. The piano accompaniments were played by Mr. Augusto Kotch and Dr. Kelterborn.

PHILIP HALE.

Such family reunions as that of the Dudleys are to be encouraged heartily. They not only tend to preserve family feeling; they also keep alive the remembrance of men and women who made this country what it is. The remembrance should be a stimulus to descendants to see that, as in the words of the old Roman decree, no harm shall come to the republic.

One hundred and fifty-two years ago this day the part of Richard the Third was played in London at "the late theatre in Goodman's Fields" by "a gentleman who never appeared on any stage." This gentleman was David Garrick, who had, however, played in the provinces.

The "historical play" was sandwiched between two parts of a vocal and instrumental concert, and there were "entertainments of dancing."

Miss Brownberry—"Mr. Hovey is simply superb with a racket; his movements are the very poetry of motion. Don't you think so?"

Mr. Otto Sight—"Most assuredly; he's a regular lawn Tennyson."—[Puck.]

Opera singers were heard this week in Music Hall. Now opera singers in concert are not unlike cold mutton.

And is it possible that with such singers as Calvé, Melba, Nordica, Eames, de Lucia and the de Reszkes in one company we are not to have even a short opera season in Boston? There is a rumor of opera here next March, but it is only a rumor.

It is more than possible that our Symphony season will be rigidly conservative. Are we to be ignorant of new operas that are the talk of Europe? Shall we have no opportunity of hearing "Pagliacci," "Falstaff," "Werther," or even "Cavalleria Rusticana" well given? Even Mascagni's well known opera has never received full justice in this city.

Then there is the passionate Calvé, a remarkable apparition in the operatic world of to-day. No one can gain an idea of her power if she is heard only in concert. Curiously enough there was a woman of the same name in the French opera at New Orleans 30 years ago. She is described as "equally charming as vocalist and actress; a graceful and light soprano."

Would you ever think that Pete Jackson would go about the land playing Uncle Tom? Well, hardly, Eva.

The idolatry paid Mozart by Gounod is well known. As the author of "Don Giovanni" on his death-bed sang feebly passages of his "Requiem," so Gounod was stricken down as he took part in his own death mass.

In the death of Marshal MacMahon France loses a picturesque figure. The loyalty that distinguished the Irish family which followed the fallen fortunes of James II. was seen in the worthy descendant who was true to the French Republic, although great inducements were offered him to betray a Government that was personally distasteful to him. As a statesman he was an honorable failure, and, like Wellington, he will be remembered as a soldier.

Kissing goes by favor in Paris. This time it is the turn of the Russians.

The death of Gounod was not entirely unexpected, for he was well along in years, and was ailing of late. The eminent composer wrote much that is good and much that is weak. Nature gave him melody and a distinct individuality, and art helped nature. It is as the composer of "Faust" that Gounod will be remembered; and it is a singular feature in the history of art that a great German work has been made popular throughout the world by the sensuous beauty of a Frenchman's music.

Marie Tempest and Steger Sing in "The Algerian."

The prodigals returned last night to Algiers. In other words, Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Julius Steger appeared last evening at the Hollis Street Theatre in "The Algerian."

The traditional verdict of the world was in this case reversed, for Miss Tempest was welcomed heartily and Mr. Steger was received coolly.

Miss Tempest is a favorite in operetta, and deservedly. Her charms have been so often described, her personality is so well known, her gifts are so widely acknowledged that it would be idle to dilate upon her equipment at this late day.

And so if she breaks faith with an audience, she is forgiven readily, at least here in Boston. Her excuse for the non-appearance of Monday was present last evening on the stage, and he took the part of Col. Lagrange. As it is understood generally that Miss Tempest insists upon singing with Mr. Steger, and pouted because he was once dismissed, there was naturally some curiosity to see him, and various opinions were expressed concerning Miss Tempest's taste.

Now Mr. Steger, it is said, came to this country as an agent for a Hungarian wine house, instead of which as Judge Boonpolder remarked, he took to singing in public. But he did not entirely sink the shop at first, for he appeared in "The Isle of Champagne."

Last evening Mr. Steger was a French Colonel, with so thick a German accent that his position in the army seemed unaccountable; but perhaps he is an Alsatian, or a German Swiss in the libretto.

Although he is not a singer of marked present ability or marked promise, it may be said that he was never offensive, that he was conscientious in his work, that he sang for the most part well, and was, on the whole, more acceptable than many of the lovers in operetta. He does not appear to be unduly vain, and, indeed, he bore the honors, or rather the notoriety, that was suddenly thrust upon him with becoming modesty.

Miss Adele Kitchie, who took the part of Suzette, fainted in the second act as she was singing the legend, and she did not appear again during the performance. She was nervous Monday night when she took Miss Tempest's part, and the work of preparation and the strain undoubtedly were too much for her; for she has not the heavy stolidity that carries so many operetta girls to fame, or, at least, the fame of the first row. No; Miss Kitchie has undeniable talent for operetta. Her voice is pure and pleasing when she is in condition. She is graceful and trim; her face is singularly attractive. If she will be content to make haste slowly she will in all probability succeed in her calling.

The performance, under the skilful direction of Mr. Cornu, was smooth, and the music of Mr. de Kovon was heard to much better advantage than with the composer in the conductor's chair. Yet there is no need of speaking at length of the merits or the faults of the operetta. The impressions of Monday evening were only confirmed by the second hearing. The music of the third act is the best, for it is free from affectation and too ambitious and tiresome attempts at local color. Nor is the music of the first two acts of such decided originality that a verdict should be left to cool posterity. The music of these acts is decidedly de Kovonosque; that is, the hearer often thinks he is assisting at a pot-pourri; there are reminders of Delibes; there are echoes of the drawing room; and there are two versions or inversions of our old friend, the quilter from "Carmen." No direct plagiarism; but it is as though the composer often said, "Yes, that is a good tune, but I prefer it this way."

This is the only week of the present engagement. The company appears next Monday evening at the Garden Theatre, New York. PHILIP HALE.

Oct. 20/93

MUSIC.

The First Appearance This Season of Vladimir de Pachmann.

Mr. de Pachmann gave his first piano recital this season yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. He played these compositions by Chopin: Sonata, op. 35; Ballade, op. 47; two Nocturnes, op. 37, Nos. 1 and 2; Polonaise, op. 26, No. 2; Impromptu, op. 36; Scherzo, op. 39; four Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 9; two Mazourkas, op. 24, No. 2, op. 41, No. 1; Valse, op. 64, No. 3; Rondeau, op. 16.

It is early for pianists, yet Chickering Hall was filled with an audience that greeted Mr. de Pachmann heartily. The eminent pianist began in his most serious vein, but in a moment there were contributions to the already large fund of Pachmanniana.

The chair did not suit him, and the fresh one that he ordered was no better. There was not enough air in the hall for him. His shirt collar troubled him sorely. Yes, he was soon in execrable humor. As a result, he played the Sonata without color, without any sort of expression, as though the music were a study by Clementi. Nor was his performance of the ballade much better.

It would be easy to protest or inveigh against his childish behavior; to call it an insult to the audience and the composer. Mr. de Pachmann's mannerisms may be merely affectation, in which he is encouraged by the smiles of many in the audience; or they may be symptoms of a disturbed mind, a mind half crazed by brooding over Chopin. Nor can certain liberties taken with Chopin's text be pardoned easily.

But this is an age when individuality is the thing. It is, perhaps, better to accept this strange pianist as he is, with his foibles, his silliness, his surpassing genius.

For the man is a genius. When he came to his better self yesterday he played superbly; witness his performance of the nocturne, op. 37, No. 1; witness that of the scherzo, the etudes, the mazourkas, those piano settings of Heine's lieder; witness the remarkable version of op. 16. No pianist who has been here of late years can equal in the playing of the Chopin preludes, etudes and mazourkas this Vladimir de Pachmann, who stepped out of one of Hoffmann's tales.

Did he disturb anyone by his asides, his by-indorsements of the worth of the music? His enjoyment of Chopin is so intense that he wishes the audience to share in it.

A strange man surely, who suggests strange things, stories of medieval times when demons and elves and gnomes walked daily with men and women. Under his hands the piano loses its natural aggressive individuality; it is simply the voice of the interpreter of Chopin.

Mr. de Pachmann's next Chopin recital will be Thursday afternoon, the 26th, at 3 o'clock. He will play these pieces: Sonata, op. 58; Ballade, op. 23; Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 12 and 1, op. 10, No. 5; Berceuse; Scherzo, op. 54; Nocturne, op. 55, No. 1, op. 9, No. 3; Mazurka, op. 67, No. 4; Waltzes, op. 64, No. 1, op. 70, No. 1; and Polonaise, op. 53.

PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Patsey Corrigan of South Lincoln is indeed a patriot and a philosopher. He realizes the happy life described by Sir Henry Wotton: "Not tied unto the world with care of public fame." Or, to use his own terse, if homely, language, "Anyone that gives me any guff about the Post Office gets it in the neck. See?"

It is to be observed that in the scene of domestic strife at the Roger Williams Park menagerie, in Providence, the female had the last word.

The speeches at the Boot and Shoe Club dinner concerning the jury system are worthy the careful attention of all citizens. The famous dictum of Lord Brougham to the effect that "the whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system and its varied workings end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box," does not now go unquestioned. As long as we have the system it is the duty of every good citizen to follow Mr. Nazro's advice and not try to beg off from jury service.

Poisoning honest watch dogs is about as mean a trick as poisoning wells. No wonder that the people of Dorchester are moved to wrath.

Here is a pleasing description of a college football hero of the week: "He came on the field wearing a big ear guard and with his head tied up with bandages."

The Rev. Mr. Lyon of Roxbury wishes that churches should have more dignity, and he regards "the tendency toward social life in the churches as alarming." Possibly in some churches there is a tendency to exalt the importance of an oyster stew as a means of holding a congregation together; but, on the other hand is there not, and in Boston, a dignity sometimes cultivated that freezes, that approaches snobbery, and that is therefore eminently unchristianlike? Are there not old and honored churches that are dying slowly of too much dignity?

For the relief of any who may feel uneasy at the rumor of yellow fever, we hasten to state that the first remedy offered by many physicians is champagne.

But there should be no alarm. The quarantine arrangements are said to be excellent. Nor is violent malaria necessarily yellow fever any more than stomach ache is necessarily appendicitis.

A FOREIGN LAND.

The date and the precise meaning of the word "Bohemia" is now discussed by newspapers. Not the Bohemia of Shakspeare, with its sea-port, but the country of which John Boyle O'Reilly sang so charmingly. The land itself is fast becoming a terra incognita, so far as literary workers are concerned. It is hard to imagine a Bohemian with a type-writing machine, when he is forced to write so that he may be fed and housed.

It was thought that gypsies came from the Bohemia of geography, and in the forties the words Bohemia and Bohemian broke out in the French language; they were used by Balzac and Murger; they crossed the channel and were recognized at once by Thackeray.

Now the grave and elephantine English Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray says that a Bohemian is a "gypsy of society; one who either cuts himself off, or is by his habits cut off, from society for which he is otherwise fitted, especially an artist, literary man, or actor, who leads a free, vagabond or irregular life, not being particular as to the society he frequents, and despising conventionalities generally." Truly a stern and unsatisfactory definition; untrue, withal, in certain particulars, for your true Bohemian is very particular as to the society he frequents, and hence his choice of Bohemia as a country.

Let us warm ourselves in the sun of Thackeray's description, and yet it is too long to quote in full:

"A pleasant land, not fenced with drab stucco, like Tyburnia or Belgravia; not guarded by a huge standing army of footmen; * * * a land over which hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco; * * * a land of song; a land where soda water flows freely in the morning; * * * a land of loto-eating (with lots of cayenne pepper), of pulls on the river, of delicious reading of novels, magazines and saunterings in many studios; * * * a land where men call each other by their Christian names; where most are poor, where almost all are young, and where, if a few oldsters do enter, it is because they have preserved more tenderly and carefully than other folk their youthful spirits and the delightful capacity to be idle."

Bohemianism is now too often misunderstood. Bohemianism is not dissipation or profligacy; it is not cynicism or worthlessness; it is not a deliberate attempt to be original; and it is free from all taint of snobbery. Bohemia is visited only in youth, and, alas, for a short time. It is a land that borders on the Spain of glorious castles; it is not far from the Seven Cities. The inhabitants are called away, all too soon, to become members of the every day world.

There are no women in Bohemia. Restless women may be found even in Boston who play at Bohemia in a salon; but, to revive an old jest, the salon becomes quickly a saloon. The true Bohemian dreams of an ideal woman who lives in another country. If he meets her, he expatriates himself.

Mrs. Marie Basta Tavary has been interviewed concerning her acquaintance with Gounod. Incidentally she spoke a kind word for him.

Columbla seems to be again "the gem of the ocean."

"The Honeymooners," the new operetta, has been frequently announced by mistake as "The Moonshiners." After all the terms are perhaps synonymous.

Music in Boston.

BOSTON, October 15, 1883.

THE first concert of the thirteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given in Music Hall the evening of the 14th. Mr. Emil Paur then made his first appearance as conductor at these concerts. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 5, C minor Beethoven
Serenade for Strings, C major, op. 18 Tchaikowsky
Overture, "Tannhäuser" Wagner

The public rehearsal of the day before was largely attended, and the comments of the members of the audience were caught up greedily by musical loungers in the streets and at the clubs. One half of the audience thought that Mr. Paur was "superb" in the symphony, but that the "Tannhäuser" overture was not given with the passion of Mr. Nikisch. The other half expressed a reversed opinion.

Newspaper men buttonholed poor devils at they came out of the hall, and the opinions of the well-known and the unknown were treated with equal consideration. Here is a sample:

"A lady who did not wish her name used thought Mr. Paur was not so graceful as Mr. Nikisch, 'but at the same time I think he is very fine.'"

Here is another chunk of Boston culture (don't mistake "chuuk" for "chump" in this connection): "Senator Henry Parkman enjoyed the concert immensely, and is a devoted Paur man from this time out."

But the learned punster and professor, John K. Paine, remembered the wisdom of Brer' Rabbit: "Prof. John K. Paine, of Harvard University, courteously refused to express an opinion, on the ground that it was impossible to judge fairly by one performance."

And the learned professor is eminently right.

Although Mr. Paur has labored diligently in rehearsal, he is not yet of course fully master of the men, nor are they, though willing, able to respond quickly to each desire of the conductor. He is said to be a rigid disciplinarian, and the time of rehearsal is a time of work, not of social inter-

course on topics of the day. His mind is determined and he does not experiment in effects.

Again, Mr. Paur was evidently nervous at the beginning, and no wonder. The hall was crowded and the air was hot and foul. When Mr. Paur entered there was reassuring and long continued applause, but he seemed anxious to begin and he plunged into his work.

Instead of venturing fixed opinions that might be unfair to conductor, orchestra and writer, I prefer for a time to simply record impressions, which the performance of next week or three weeks after may modify.

Mr. Paur's manner of conducting is distinguished chiefly by honesty, earnestness and decision.

He is by no means graceful in action or in repose. In his movements there is no thought of the Hogarthian line of beauty. His beat is direct; it is unmistakable. Mr. Paur was diligent in giving the cue, and there was no excuse for any neglect to obey.

The man's gestures are often angular, at times almost grotesque. He frequently brings to mind a Fliegende Blätter conductor. But he is terribly in earnest. His mind is not only on his task, it jumps on the task. He has a marked sense of rhythm, but it should not be necessary for him to use the foot in indication of the rhythm.

Mr. Paur's face indicates strength, firmness, honesty, intelligence; but it is hard to find it the face of a man of marked temperament or of fine or luxuriant imagination. It is a face that will certainly be respected by all, admired by some, loved probably by those closest to him.

But he will not influence the blood of the "musical chippies" (to borrow a phrase from an esteemed contemporary in New York). I fear he is too rugged, too sincere, to appeal to the frequenters of the Friday rehearsals; and I doubt if he cares for such admiration.

Last evening Mr. Paur appeared as a well equipped schoolmaster, an accomplished drill master rather than as a musician of large imagination or as a being who exerts a mysterious influence by his individuality, or temperament, or magnetism, expressed through music led by him.

Much of the detail was admirable, and the fruits of study were plucked in the sight of the audience.

Here let this be said: Mr. Paur is apparently unconscious of the presence of the audience. I do not believe that he knows the meaning of the word poseur.

But to go back to the detail. There would be delightful passages in which a keen sense of values was displayed; but these same passages were so carefully worked out that a movement of liberal length became a piece of mosaic work. The hearer was at once aware of the labor at rehearsal. The machinery worked admirably, but it creaked.

There was more preparation than inspiration. Now, by inspiration I do not here mean a sudden, possibly heaven-descended caprice that overmasters a conductor whose men are unprepared for the reception and the expression of the caprice. But after the labor of preparation is over, and the conductor stands ready for performance, then if he be the rare, the ideal conductor, he possesses the souls of the men under his stick so they are a part of him; they act with him; they feel with him; they even anticipate a wish.

Of course such conducting presupposes an unlimited knowledge of the men and their characteristics that comes alone with time, if it comes at all.

And so, to me at least, the symphony became four movements subdivided into detached episodes that were unrelated. There were niceties of expression, there was a

careful observance of dynamic gradations, there was a sense of value in estimating the importance of the various voices; but there was something lacking, and that was perhaps the expression of a great musical river with its contributory streams.

Surely the andante con moto of the symphony was taken at too slow a pace. Leave any discussion of the proper meaning of the Italian phrase out of the question, the melos suffered by the slowness, nor was the phrase sung and bound together as it might have been. But it is a fashion with some in these days to confound an andante with an adagio.

Mr. Paur wore patent leather pumps, if I am not mistaken; but when he conducted the waltz from the serenade by Tchaikowsky he seemed to exchange them for rubber boots that came above the knees. The daintiness, the delicacy, the coquetry of this Franco-German movement vanished in thin air. The dancers moved laboriously in a ploughed field.

So in the "Tannhäuser" overture, there was more of thoughtfulness than of spontaneity in the performance. The drawing was possibly all right; but the colors for the most part were thinly spread, and in this overture color may be thrown on with a palette knife.

Mr. Paur seems to be an honest, hard working, vigorous musician. The first impression is that he is, first of all, a schoolmaster.

And perhaps a schoolmaster would be now of greater benefit to the orchestra and the public than a frenzied poet.

This is the program of the concert of October 21: Volkmann's "Richard III.," Dvorák's Second Rhapsodie, Schubert's C major symphony. Nordica will sing.

The Welsh Ladies' Choir gave two concerts at Music Hall the 20th and 21st, and they sing at the Boston Theatre this evening. I expected to revel in hearing the folksongs of Wales, and I was prepared to write a long-winded article on Wales, stuffed with references to Owen Glendower, Cadwallader and his goats, the symbolism of Taffy and the hidden meaning of the rarebit. I was prepared to dilate on Druids, Bards, Triads and the Mabinogion; to examine the origin of "Hob Y Deri Dando" and "Gadael Y Tir." But I went to the first concert. I heard no harp, no crwth, no pibgoru; not even a pybean. A young lady, however, smote the piano like a grown man. The program was long: Sixteen numbers, and recalls without end. There were five Welsh folksongs. I heard one sung with commendable precision and intelligence by a chorus of hearty matrons and maidens, all adorned with wealth of hair. But when a long line of soloists began selections from such Welshmen as De Koven, Tosti and Mascagni, I confess that I was disappointed. Nor did the individual singers reconcile me to their musical disloyalty.

The Adamowski Quartet will give five concerts in Chickering Hall Tuesday afternoons, October 31, November 21, December 19, January 16, and February 20.

Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, was in Boston on the 11th, as the guest of Mr. S. B. Whitney.

Messrs. Theodore Thomas, of Chicago, and H. E. Krehbiel and W. J. Henderson, of New York, attended the first public rehearsal of the Symphony Orchestra this season, under Mr. Paur.

Mr. Otto Roth is preparing Molique's A minor violin concerto for public performance this season.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Kneisel Quartet will be given in Chickering Hall the 23d. The program includes Beethoven's F major quartet, op. 59; Haydn's quartet, G minor; Brahms' F major quintet, op. 88. Later programs will include Smetana's E minor quartet; d'Alberty's E flat major quartet; quartet A minor, op. 132, Beethoven; quartet E flat, op. 127, Beethoven; Brahms' piano quintet, F minor.

Corbett and Mitchell may fight on some island in the South. Why would it not be a good idea to fit up some island in far off seas for the exclusive use of pugilists and their admirers? Let them have their own government and their own amusements; but they should not be allowed to leave the island. There would be rapid depopulation from natural causes, but that would be also a blessing to the race at large.

Miss Janet Harvey classes "the development of pugilists among abnormal developments that result in permanent injuries to the physical system." Miss Harvey might go further, for many pugilists are swollen even as to their heads.

The superstitious will shake their heads ominously when they read that in the terrible accident at Battle Creek the Pacific express was made up of 13 coaches; that one of them, No. 13, has been in several accidents before, and was called, like Melrad, "the unlucky," and that from this very coach 25 dead bodies were taken out.

MUSIC.

The Second Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the second Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Overture to Shakespeare's "Richard III." Volkmann
Reclutative and Air, "Il est doux, il est bon," from "Hérodiade" Massenet
Slavonic Rhapsody No. 2, in G minor, Op. 45 (First time) Dvorak
Reclutative and Aria, Komu Hoffnung, lass den letzen Stein, from "Elihu" Beethoven
Symphony No. 9, in C major Schubert

Volkmann's overture "Richard III" bears the opus number 68, and it was published in 1871, his other music to the tragedy, opus 73, was published in 1882 with a poem for concert use. I do not know whether the whole music has ever been given in connection with a performance of the tragedy.

The first performance of this overture at a Boston Symphony concert was Oct. 18, 1884.

This overture is apparently a musical panorama of the life and the death of Richard III. Now, according to historians, there were two Richards.

Many, as the playwright Shakespeare, follow tradition and are of the opinion that he was an unpleasant individual, low of stature, crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, kogleg-eyed, of swarthy complexion, and with the left arm withered from birth. They also allege that he came into the world with a singularly complete outfit of teeth, nails and hair. His vices were habits; his cruelty was not casual but natural; and the truth of his mind was only lying and falsehood.

Others, and they are in a decided minority, call Richard an abused man. To some he is that vague entity known as a "perfect gentleman;" and while it is true that he did not invent the kindergarten system, he nevertheless was not a follower of Herod.

Volkmann wrote his music for Shakespeare's play, and Richard is therefore a bogyman.

There is no programme attached; there is no "hump-motiv," which, like the placard in the street car, invites the audience to "see that hump." Volkmann might have called his overture "Alva" or by the name of any cruel character, for the introduction of the anachronistic "Cannibals are Coming" does not identify the music with Richard.

The music is for the most part appropriately saturnine and truculent; it is almost as unbearably gloomy as Rubinstein's "Ivan." It is episodic. And what, pray, has the finale to do with the rest of the overture? Who mourned Richard? Or is the lamentation general, not particular?

There are compositions by Dvorak that seem saturated with Bohemian blood. Others suggest the innumerable dances of Bohemia, from the "Ambit to the Zou. Others again bring to mind the open air, gypsy life and gypsy recklessness. This second rhapsody suggests chiefly hard labor.

Schubert never heard his C major symphony. If he had heard it, he might have boiled it down. It was once the fashion to speak of its "divine length," but modern audiences are impatient. Even when it is cut, and the repeats are not observed, it seems interminable; perhaps its peculiar instrumentation, perhaps the monotony of much of the rhythm is the cause. Still, it contains wonderful passages, passages that have not been written in symphonies since the death of Beethoven.

Mr. Paur showed again his great anxiety for the detail, and his work was the result of elaborate preparation. At times he thus produced exceedingly fine effects; and yet, though it may seem a paradoxical statement, his very zeal sometimes brought about apparent crudeness. Thus the beauty of the andante con moto in the symphony was marred by the fact that in order to let a particular instrument sing, the rhythm was almost wholly destroyed. And it may be here remarked again that an andante con moto is not an adagio. But on the other hand, it may be said that the work of this earnest man will undoubtedly be of benefit to the orchestra; for he demands precision and a rigid observance of gradation of tone.

Mrs. Nordica was heard to best advantage in the air from Massenet's opera, although the air admits easily passion. The air from "Fidelio" was too much for her, for, vocally and in conception, she was not satisfactory.

The programme of the concert of next Saturday is as follows: Symphony, F major, Goetz; Serenade, Volkmann; Beethoven's overture, "Leonore," No. 3.

PHILIP HALE.

F. Eames and Sofia Sealchi, assisted by an orchestra conducted by Mr. Carl Zerahu, will appear at the first of the Sa folk musicales at Music Hall the 17th.

De Pachmann's first recital this season will be in Chickering Hall the 19th.

Lillian Nordica, supported by the full Germania orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, will sing at the first concert of the Star course at Music Hall the 16th.

Mr. H. W. Parker has written lately a quintet for strings, songs and a Christmas cantata.

Mrs. Sofia Sealchi is studying the part of "Mrs. Quickly" in Verdi's "Falstaff" with Mr. Augusto Rotoli, of this city.

Many of the members of the Symphony Orchestra are delighted with "Venus." They say that they enjoy particularly Mr. Kerker's music and the singing of Miss D'Arville.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Strange Episode in the Life of Charles Gounod.

Georgina Weldon, Singer, Litigant, Pamphleteer.

A Tale That Shows the Weakness of Genius.

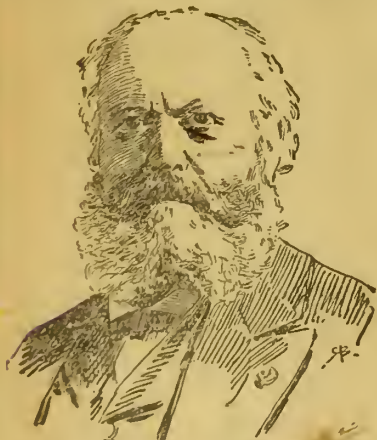
In Grove's Dictionary of Music, which was edited, apparently, by the British Matron, is a short sketch of the life of Georgina Weldon. The final paragraph of the article is as follows: "Other points in Mrs. Weldon's chequered career not being connected with music cannot be touched upon in this dictionary."

But it is hardly possible to think of Gounod without at the same time calling to mind the strange apparition of Mrs. Weldon. There are mysteries in the story of this relationship that have never been explained; nor is it easy, even now, to guess correctly at the truth.

The New York Herald of the 19th devoted considerable space to an account of Gounod's infatuation for Mrs. Weldon, but the account is incomplete and in certain respects unsatisfactory.

Gounod was at Dieppe at work on "Polyeucte" when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. On account of his age he was exempt from military service. He sought shelter in England.

The 26th of February, 1871, Gounod was at the house of Jules Benedict. He was about to leave when Captain Henry Weldon of the Eighteenth Hussars entered the room, and Mrs.



CHARLES GOUNOD

Weldon entered with him. Gounod was presented to her, and at the invitation of Benedict, the composer sat down at the piano and sang melodies of his own, among them "To a Young Girl." Mrs. Weldon, in a corner of the room, began to cry; then she gave way to hysteria. Gounod was nearly 33 years old. Mrs. Weldon was 34.

And who was Mrs. Weldon?

Her father, a member of Parliament, was Welsh, and he claimed to be a descendant of the Plantagenets. Her mother was Scotch. Georgina was reared in luxurious ways. She was well educated. She moved in the best society. She had traveled much. In 1858 she fell in love with Weldon, and she in 1869 became his wife. Her father disowned her.

In 1861 she gave concerts in Canada, and impressionable newspapers called her "The Napoleon of Music": a strange compliment which seemed to please her. In Wales she sang for the benefit of her husband's regiment. So when there was little money in the house, Georgina went to London to tempt Fortune with Jules Benedict and John Hullah encouraged her, but the public and the press were not favor-

able to her attempt. She explained her failure by declaring openly that a singer could not succeed unless she bribed managers and press with money or with her charms.

And then she taught. Among her pupils was a "pretty American, a Miss Nina Gaetano."

Then came, apparently, prosperity; for the Weldons were rich enough to buy Tavistock House.

The woman must have been of surpassing beauty, for in this all accounts agree. Louis Pagnere thus describes her: "The head of a young girl framed in luxuriant golden hair was set upon the body of a superb woman. The face was oval; the eyes were mild and intelligent. The forehead was well developed, the nose was straight and finely chiseled. The little mouth was love's bow. The hand was that of a child, and it was white, and it was aristocratic. Here was an apparition, graceful, charming, that commanded attention, that was a lodestone to the eye. The woman was not only pretty, she was someone. And yet she suggested passion and revenge in spite of her amiable feminine mask."

Albin Body speaks thus of the Mrs. Weldon of '72: "An English beauty, just a little cold, marmoreal, of chaste carriage, with a figure like a statue. She was born to play the heroine in 'Polyeucte.'"

Georgina was devoted to music and gardening; to the piano and the spade. She translated. She wrote poetry. She sawed wood for exercise. She called herself a Communist. She would ride a bicycle in an evening dress of black satin. She was a Spiritualist. She was a



MRS. GEORGINA WELDON.

hypnotist. She saw visions in which Gounod's mother gave her advice. Auber was fond of communicating with her by means of tipping tables. She loved animals. And this was the woman that fell hysterically behind a curtain when Gounod first sang to her.

The day after the introduction Gounod heard Mrs. Weldon sing, and he was charmed with the purity of her soprano voice and the simplicity and the nobility of her style. He saw in her the heroine of his "Polyeucte."

And so they sang to each other. Captain Weldon smoked pipes and cigars at the club.

In 1871 Gounod became a boarder at Tavistock House.

He worked on his "Polyeucte"; he wrote songs and anthems. Some of the songs were published by Mrs. Weldon for the benefit of an orphanage which she had established for the purpose of teaching poor children music. Clay's "Sands o' Dee" was also published by her for this charity.

Ironically enough it was at this time that Gounod also worked at his "Redemption."

Gounod paid his board at the end of each month.

It was their dream to bring out "Polyeucte" at the Opera in Paris in '72, with Georgina as Pauline. To pave the way, the singer appeared in Paris as the solo soprano in "Gailia," which was given at the Conservatory, the Opera Comique and the Church of St. Eustache. On the whole she made a favorable impression.

Then they went back to Tavistock, when Gounod fell sick and Mrs. Weldon nursed him.

The indefatigable woman became his assistant in everything. She arranged the women of Gounod's Choir according to figure, costume and ribbons. She forbade them to wear false hair; she sang; she drilled; she was ready to direct.

In 1872 Gounod was troubled with eczema, and he and Mrs. Weldon and Miss Gaetano went to Spa. While there they gave concerts. The programmes may be found in Body's "Théâtre et la Musique à Spa." At one of the concerts Gounod and Georgina sang a duet, "Barcarola." Body writes of Gounod's per-

formance that "there was feeling, there was style, but the voice, alas, was absent." It was from Spa that Gounod wrote the celebrated letter denying that he proposed to become an Englishman.

And what did the people say at Spa?

That Gounod was "a sort of Hercules of genius, spinning at the feet of Omphale Weldon."

But there were rows and bitter words during this outing. Georgina would not travel without a dog or two, and sometimes the animals would not appear with the rest of the baggage. Then Gounod would use nervous, violent, ungentlemanly and highly excusable language.

There were rows when they were back in London. Georgina did not think that Gounod was appreciated. She accused the Duke of Edinburgh of being in a league against the composer. There were law suits with publishers. Gounod was sick of the whole business. His Parisian friends received a telegram that he was ill. They took him away from Tavistock and Mrs. Weldon. But many manuscripts were left behind. Among them "Georges Dandin" and "Polyeucte."

And then Georgina made war against Gounod. First there was a correspondence. She wished to be his representative in England, and he asked for his manuscripts. "Come and take them," she said. One day Gounod received a bundle. Was it "Polyeucte"? No, it was one of his briarwood pipes.

Diplomats were mixed up in the affair. Newspapers took up the quarrel. Meanwhile Gounod reconstructed "Polyeucte" out of his memory. The manuscripts finally arrived. So did Georgina, who consulted with French lawyers. Discouraged, she went back to London; she wrote bitter pamphlets; she published letters of Gounod, in which she was called "My dear Pussy"; she snid him for services and damages of every kind and asked for £41,040. In 1885 judgment was given her to the amount of £10,000. She did not collect it. But Gounod did not see England again. The Queen wished him to direct his "Mors et Vita" in Albert Hall, but Georgina said no.

And then Henri Rochefort wrote a brisk article, in which he alluded to Mrs. Weldon as an "old hag" and a "she monkey." For this article he was condemned to pay her £250, and the costs.

What became of Mrs. Weldon? Her husband left her. Our only interest with her is in connection with Gounod. Her pamphlets are found occasionally in second-hand book shops and command a good price.

Truly, a queer story!

"It is madness," said Albert Wolff in "le Gaulois." "It is madness! Grant it! But it is the madness of men of great talent!"

It is not likely that Mrs. Weldon was a mere adventuress. It is not likely that Gounod was infatuated without good reason, and there is no evidence to show that the relationship was other than platonic. Here were two high-strung, hysterical people; they were *névroses*.

But how much better it would have been for Gounod, if he had remembered the advice of Solomon. "Use not much the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her attempts."

PHILIP HALE.

Have foot passengers any rights in our streets? The other day a car stopped in Tremont Street at a crossing to allow some elderly women to get on. Their only means of approach was from the Common. They certainly had the right of way. Suddenly a wagon driven at a swift pace came within an ace of knocking them down. The driver up-raided the frightened women in coarse and insulting language, and then went tearing down the street as though he were a Malay running a muck. This was all in broad daylight. No one seemed surprised except the women.

"Le Tub" is now recommended by certain Parisian newspapers as excellent for the health and "useful for cleansing purposes." Minute directions are given for the use of water, sponge and the tub, "which should be placed in an outhouse or disused stable." Soap and water still seem to be the peculiar property of English-speaking people.

Some of the translations found at the World's Fair are ingenious. Here is an example: "You are unwearied on dancing, Miss, but as you are very warm; I counsel you to ask for a glass of sweet water with—Mint Alcohol, that will prevent you against refreshing." "Refreshing" as English for "vous refroidir" is good.

Why is it that nature frets so many? A lake is not complete until it is disturbed by a noisy and gaudy casino. A secluded nook cannot be enjoyed heartily until a railroad is built to accommodate chattering picnickers.

Librettists, composers and managers may learn from the object lesson given here last week that they are as nothing when weighed in the balance against the caprice of a singer.

According to an English writer the books of our descendants will be these: (1) "The mere stuffing of binding; (2) the author's manuscript, and (3) picture albums."

Mr. Howells in his socialistic schemes reminds one of the famous Englishmen Ruskin and Morris, who have given the working men advice, but in such luxurious printed form that even the well-to-do hesitate about buying.

Oct 23-93-

Seldom have auction sales in Boston been so crowded with buyers as during the past few weeks. Young couples and old couples have fought over household goods. There were many women present afflicted with the auction mania, a disease that baffles any medicine and is the cause of so much domestic disunion.

Apropos of the recent terrible railway accident a well-known architect tells this story: "I was on my way to Boston from the World's Fair. I noticed that one of the train hands seemed tired out and I spoke to him. He said, 'I have had no chance to sleep for 48 hours. It's now evening and I've had nothing to eat since morning. I know there's a train close behind us, and I shall do my best to keep awake; but it's hard work.'"

Chicago's triumph over New York was complete when her Mayor referred to Mr. Depew as Mr. Dupee.

The ghastly story about Dr. Graves's coffin was the invention of "practical jokers." Nothing is sacred to this wretched species of jesters: not even the privacy of death.

Gounod, it seems, preferred both "Polyxete" and "Mireille" to "Faust," but the world thought otherwise, as it did in the case of Milton and Handel, who esteemed too highly their inferior works. Is a man the worst judge of the results of his brain and temperament?

Lord Vivian, the Ambassador to Italy, who died Saturday, was not an able diplomat, but "he was a good dancer." This is no slight qualification, however. Readers of Sydney Smith will remember that the grotesque dancing of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown at the Court of Naples nearly affected the dynasty of the kingdom.

And so Mrs. Julie Wyman will sing here in opera in the spring. She is not the first of Bostonians by birth or adoption to appear in grand opera. There is a long list—the woman that came so near the throne of Portugal; Mrs. Biscaccianti, the daughter of Ostinelli; Rudersdorf, Clara Doria, M. W. Whitney, Charles R. Adams, and, last of all, Maud Starkweather. And these are but a few of the names.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

First Performance of the "Honeymooners" in Boston.

"The Honeymooners," an "eccentric opera," text by C. M. S. McLellan and music by William Furst, was produced for the first time in this town last evening at the Columbia Theatre by the Pauline Hall Opera Company. This operetta was first sung, I understand, in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 16.

The cast was as follows:
Amadeo, a Swiss doll vendor..... Pauline Hall
Princess Krimlyan, King's daughter..... Eva Davenport
Diane, the Princess's eldest child..... Caroline Hamilton
King Fumblechump 1st..... Al G. Wheelan
Glebog, Minister of Police..... Tom Ricketts
Bunglebog's terriers..... Chas. Wheelan
Furrow..... M. C. Drew
Jewski..... Richard Golden

Mr. McLellan, a writer of rare individuality. As a dramatist, he won a deservedly high reputation for acumen, sense of values and courage. In the expression of his convictions he was most happy. His style was interesting and never flippant; it was full of color, and yet a phraseology seemed always natural, yes, inevitable, the only language to be used. As a dramatist he preserves even in routine work "individuality." His wit is nimble. His play is a delight. His sarcasm bites, and when he uses satire he prefers the rapier to the cudgel. Furthermore, he has a pretty knack of rhyme.

Now it would seem that Mr. McLellan was quipped fully for the task of writing an operetta. We need such men for such a task; we need them sorely.

Perhaps Mr. McLellan was unfortunate in his subject when he wrote the libretto of "Puritania." The point, however, is not worth disputing at this late day. But in "Puritania" the story was well told; the dialogue was respectable, sometimes excellent; the lyrics were as a rule admirable. Whatever may be said of the operetta as a whole, there was at least a brave attempt; and after the dismal or inane texts that have been palmed upon us since "Puritania," it seems that full justice was not at once awarded that attempt.

It would appear that when Mr. McLellan pondered "The Honeymooners" he said to himself: "Come, now; and donces wish something light. An operetta is merely an aid to digestion. The people of to-day are pleased with silliness on the stage; witness the success of certain things called 'comic opera.' Let us give the people what they want."

And Mr. McLellan threw away an opportunity. For I believe, in spite of "The Honeymooners," that he has the qualifications necessary to the librettist of sparkling, refined operetta. "Believe" is a timid phrase; "know" would be better.

There is no need of dwelling on the story of this operetta as it is written and as it is played. It is not unlikely that the librettist is injured at times by the comedians. It is impossible that he is guilty of some of the jests and of the coarseness that occasionally approaches downright vulgarity, and he is acrobatic to be acquitted at once of the horseplay and acrobatic pranks of such men as Mr. Wheelan. But it is a pleasure to praise the versification that would lend itself easily to music more original and of a higher order.

And yet the music has at times a pleasant jingle, and some of the numbers in the second act may be commended—as Pierrot's song, the quartette and the "Good Night," the effect of which was marred by the clowning of Mr. Wheelan.

Miss Hall was an excellent Amadeo. She was in good spirits, she played with animation, and she sang discreetly. Miss Hamilton gave pleasure by her shining, although she would do well to get her tones out of her throat.

Mr. Golden was indefatigable in his efforts to amuse, and he was at times funny, at times tiresome. His methods are so familiar that they do not require analysis. It is hard for him to get away from "Jed Prouty." The other fun-makers do not call for special remark. They were sincere after their kind, and they were boisterous.

The chorus was one of unusual excellence. The orchestra was under the capable direction of Mr. Hirschfeld. It was not his fault that the brass had so much work.

The operetta was received with loud applause by an audience that filled the theatre. There was much laughter, and many numbers were repeated.

PHILIP HALE.

A lawyer of this city applied the following story this morning to the modern railway accident. "Years ago in China a bank suspended payment and many suffered thereby. The Emperor gave orders that all the Directors should be instantly beheaded. Since then no bank has failed in China." Without stopping to question the truth of this anecdote, it may be remembered that Punch once pictured Railway Directors strappled to the locomotive as a remedy against accident.

This new theatre of Sarah Bernhardt will be, indeed, ideal; that is, if the dream is realized. The audience is to be thanked for coming, the prompter is to be turned out, and the claque will be abolished. It would be well if the claque disappeared in some of our American theatres. For we have clagues, although they are not supposed to be organized. Ushers and other employes have heavy hands, and they know the value of a hint to the audience.

Myth hunters tell us now that Cinderella's real name was Rhodope, but they have not changed the size of the slipper.

The accomplished scholar and eloquent speaker Mr. Protob Chunder Mozoomdar will be heard in our churches. Next Sunday he preaches in Mr. De Normandie's. It is a pity that Emerson's "Brahma" is not in the Unitarian hymnal, for it might be sung appropriately to any long metre tune.

Our poets are well represented in the hymnal, however, irrespective of creed. And how many are aware of the fact that in this collection William Henry Hurbert is credited with one or two hymns that breathe a spirit of deep devotion? They were written probably when he was a student at the Harvard Divinity School long before he was known as "Arthur Richmond."

Fifteen demijohns of fine old Madeira were found by workmen who are tearing down the Van Rensselaer manor house in Albany. The wine cellars of the Dutch and their descendants along the Hudson have long been famous, and it seems incredible that such wine could have escaped the attention of the Van Rensselaers when they left the famous estate, for they were lovers of good cheer. By the way, is the true recipe for making Regents' punch still preserved in Albany, or has death extinguished the makers with the drinkers?

Mr. Ward M'Allister in his latest society bull proclaims the fact that "it is not fitting to drive up to an elegant house, surrounded by handsome equipages, jump out of a gig, hand your wife out, and then tie the horse to a limb of a tree; to call on a great, fashionable swell." But it is better to do this than hand your horse out and then tie your wife to a limb of the tree.

The verb "chugg" and the adjective "chugging" lend a certain realism to the description of the fall of an elevator, and give relief from the well-worn phrase, "dull, sickening thud." But, will any one kindly explain the etymology of "chugg"? Is it merely onomatopoeic?

It was as far back as 1876 when James Russell Lowell wrote Leslie Stephen that "our present system has resulted in our being governed by a secret and irresponsible club, called the United States Senate, for their own private benefit."

A correspondent of the Journal is hereby informed that the daughter of the late Lucy Stone is Miss Alice Stone Blackwell.

This is St. Crispin's day; but what shoemaker remembers it and celebrates? Machinery has driven the romance out of old and honorable trades. Dekker's "Shoemaker's Holiday" is excellent reading for the day.

Now St. Crispin and St. Crispinian lived in the third century. They preached at Soissons, France, and in the night they worked with their hands, making shoes, "though they were said to have been nobly born and brothers."

It is to be hoped that the cry of hard times will not affect the Wage Earners' Concerts given by the Cecilia. The concerts have been managed admirably; they have been appreciated; they have worked for musical righteousness. Many people of a small salary will go hungry for music if the concerts are abandoned this season.

"Are there too many electrics?" is now the question. That depends: at certain hours when men and women pay for the privilege of standing, jostled and in foul air, there are not enough.

It is surprising and humiliating to find that young men at Wesleyan follow the example of Parisian and certain Scotch and English students in troubling young women who are seeking education. What has become of the traditional American courtesy?

The West is bound to gain culture, though she rob every Eastern college. Yale is the latest to suffer in the loss of Prof. Clapp.

Let us stop a moment in our grumbling over the wickedness of the Coney Island people. There is plenty of hard slugging right in our own town, but it is described as "a social gathering at an athletic club."

Bank notes have a merope that is called bacillus septicus aureus. Few of us, however, are tempted to put bills in our mouths. Why do women persist in holding ear fare between their teeth, while they adjust their pocketbooks or clothes?

It appears from the descriptions of Mr. Mansfield's first performance of Shylock in New York Monday night that the most striking feature was not due to Shakspeare but to the ingenuity of Mr. Mansfield, who introduced singular business in the court scene, an Hebraic dumb show in which five took part. When Macklin played Shylock in 1741, the pit saw only Macklin, and a gentleman named Alexander Pope voiced the universal sentiment by exclaiming:

"This is the Jew
That Shakspeare drew."

It is the fashion to regard the accident that arises from the negligence or culpability of builders or owners as a modern invention. Just 304 years ago this very day the Bridge Notre Dame at Paris fell down, and there was loss of life. It fell on account of the stinginess of owners of houses upon it. They would not make repairs, although they were warned; and, what is eminently modern, they tried to injure a master carpenter who foretold the fall.

A club in the Back Bay is made up chiefly of college graduates. These men would undoubtedly resent the charge that the servants of the club could be discourteous to strangers; yet a reporter of a well known Boston daily was treated shabbily when he called at the club house the other night on business. The man whom he wished to see had not arrived. The steward, or his assistant, permitted the reporter to remain, but only in the basement near the boiler. Has the club no stranger's room? Or is the lino drawn at reporters? Surely this new club should be above such snobbery.

Why should Robert Louis Stevenson be applauded for "wreaking vengeance" on three houses which once refused his wares by now "never allowing them to have a book by him on their lists?" Is a publisher a common carrier?

The proposition to hypnotize De Jong, the alleged wife murderer in Amsterdam, is repulsive, and abhorrent to justice. Let the Polish Jew in the play fear the mesmerist in court, but let there be no such juggling in every day life.

We are all apt to smile at doctors and repeat the old jest about the man who puts drugs of which he knows little into the body of a patient of whom he knows less. But stop a moment and reflect on the great advance made in medicine. Our ancestors were bled in these fine October days. It made no difference whether they were well or sick, the lancet was busy in spring and fall.

Such a practice now seems as barbarous as the long list of medicinal remedies found in Captain Bourke's famous book. But physicians and patients believed in it. Botal, who introduced the practice at Paris in the days of Henry III., answered a sceptic by saying that the more stagnant water one drew out of a well the more good water came into it.

There was discussion as to the proper time in the day. The aspect of the planets was observed. And yet Aretus had the courage to write: "Before you let blood, deliberate of it."

Has the country family doctor gone with the lancet, the cupping glasses and calomel? He was the confidential friend, the Protestant confessor. He was his own apothecary, and his buggy was his shop. He took snuff freely. Once he was in London, where he was introduced to Sir Benjamin Brodie, and his patients were never allowed to forget the fact. A good old man, who never had heard the word appendicitis, who was a little cynical, or gruff; he gave away what he received, and now he lies snugly buried near his patients.

Whatever the merits of Mr. Edward Atkinson's oven may be, there is no doubt of the truth of this statement of the inventor: "A great many children emerge from the common schools who have been apparently taught to read, to write and to cipher. They neither know how to read so as to derive a true impression from what is printed, nor how to write so as to give a true impression of what they want to say, nor how to cipher so as to derive true results when the figures are before them."

Another error of readers is this: They frequently read between the lines instead of reading the lines themselves. They read to confirm their own ideas. If the writer confirms them he is a man of taste, an admirable fellow. Otherwise, he is an ignoramus; nor do the readers think it worth the while to quote him correctly. This is particularly true of criticism of every kind.

A writer in the New York Critic alleges that the critic who signs his name to an article is apt to be kind rather than just from fear of hurting the feelings of someone whom he may afterward meet. This statement rests on a sandy foundation. A thoughtful man who openly acknowledges his criticism knows that he himself is on trial before the public. It is the outwardly anonymous writer that may stab or gush against his own conviction and for private ends, and thus misuse the authority of the newspaper.

Howl Washborne (at the church wedding) — "Oh—ah—are you an usher? Won't you please give me a front seat?"
Usher—"Are you one of the family?"
Howl Washborne—"No; but I tried to be."
—Puck.

"Speaking of physical beauty, Mrs. Chant said Nemesis had fallen on men because they have not studied physiology." This is an Orphic saying. Does Mrs. Chant dare to proclaim that men are not handsome because Nemesis has fallen on them? This would indeed be a crushing blow.

Has Mr. Astor sworn vendetta against a sex? Listen to this from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"As for women journalists, that is another story. Angels, they rush in where men fear to tread, and are not kicked out. It seems as if the audacity of incomplete knowledge carried them through sometimes; they fringe and avoid absurdities that a man would flounder into; the very unexpectedness and capriciousness of their attack is often a measure of their success. They sometimes do the thing in half the time that a man would, and in some cases do it better. But their literary immorality, their absence of conscience, is the constant theme of the opposite sex, whose prerogatives they usurp, and whose revenues they have pilloled. It is no use to fall in love with them; 'woman, wedded to a magazine,' will commit any baseness for 'copy,' will use her earthly lover as a document for her serial one, and take points for her new play from her own life history."

And they say that a woman wrote these bitter words.

It is hard to tell the nationality of the faces and figures drawn by Forain for the New York Herald, but at any rate they are not American. When Gavarni went to London for material he still drew French men and women; Doré was, perhaps, more successful. When Matt Morgan first came to America our politicians appeared in his cartoons as badly disguised Englishmen.

MUSIC.

The Second of the Piano Recitals of Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann.

Mr. de Pachmann gave yesterday afternoon the second of his piano recitals in Chickering Hall. He played these pieces by Chopin: Sonata, op. 58; Ballade, op. 23; three Etudes, op. 25, Nos. 12 and 1, op. 10, No. 5; Berceuse, op. 67; Scherzo, op. 54, No. 4; two Nocturnes, op. 65, No. 1, op. 9, No. 3; Mazurka, op. 67, No. 4; two Valses, op. 64, No. 1, op. 70, No. 1; Polonaise, op. 53.

Mr. de Pachmann was in serious vein. He acknowledged the enthusiastic applause of the audience with dignified courtesy. He did not enlarge the programme, although requests were almost commands. He was not moved by the presence of "a child in arms," who occasionally gave vent to moans of joy or disapprobation. The result was a delightful concert.

There is little to be said about de Pachmann's playing at this late date. He has gained in certain respects. His play with greater breadth, and he is not now inclined to sacrifice the spirit of the whole to a grace in the detail. His sense of rhythm, his tonal color—these were always admirable. Enough, let it be said in brief that he was at his best.

His audients may read such books as Kleezy's "Chopin" by the hour, and they may rest over them in the silent watches of the night, but one concert of de Pachmann is of more use to him than would watch the spirit of Chopin. For here is one that knows the sustaining value of rhythm and the true meaning of the rubato—the rubato, which as the Sphinx and repounds her question to the player. And not only players should listen eagerly, but singers should hear the bel canto of this pianist, just as they might learn from him once for all the difference between a sixteenth and an eighth note. Poda-goras may well enter into the hall and cry into the secrets of his technique.

Mr. de Pachmann gives his third Chopin recital next Thursday afternoon. It would be a pleasure to hear him in a concert of a miscellaneous programme before his departure for the West.

PHILIP HALL.

John Evelyn wrote that in his time, "the springs and leaves of the elm, dried in the sun, were a great relief to cattle when they were dear, and will be preferred to oats and hay." Are the cattle of to-day still so fond of elm?



BOSTON, October 22, 1893.

"THE Algerian," a comedy opera, text by Glen MacDonough and music by Reginald de Koven, was given for the first time in Boston October 16, at the Hollis Street Theatre.

At the first performance Miss Marie Tempest did not appear, although her name was on the program. The part of "Celeste" was then taken by Miss Adele Ritchie, who sang it the following night. Wednesday night Miss Tempest was back in her place, and Mr. Julius Steger was "Colonel La Grange." Mr. Mark Smith, who sang this part Monday and Tuesday, disappeared from public view. Miss Ritchie was seen and heard as "Suzette."

The engagement of the company was for three weeks. After Miss Tempest's failure to appear the engagement was cut down to one week, and the company will be in New York, I believe, at the Garden Theatre, the 23d.

Here are extracts from interviews published in Boston newspapers.

First of all, the composer, Mr. Reginald de Koven, was interviewed. His remarks were already typewritten and they appeared with slight variations in the newspapers of October 17. Here is what Mr. De Koven said about Miss Tempest and Mr. Steger:

"The trouble with Miss Tempest arose over Mr. Julius Steger, who had been engaged as the principal baritone of the piece. Soon after the rehearsals began it became evident that a very decided flirtation, to say the least, had begun between the baritone and the prima donna, and the attention of the company was distracted and discipline was rendered almost impossible to enforce. Things proceeded to such a point that Miss Tempest and Mr. Steger went so far as in technical parlance 'to guy' during performances in a manner that was an insult to the author, to the composer, to the management and to their audiences. When Miss Tempest was called to account for this she apologized to all the parties concerned, and promised that nothing of the sort should occur again. All this, however, had nothing whatever to do with the replacing of Julius Steger, who had shown himself to be totally unfitted for his part. * * *

"Miss Tempest has refused encores, and, to speak technically again has 'faked' the performances whenever it was possible."

Now let us see what Miss Tempest said about Mr. De Koven Wednesday evening on her arrival in Boston, or rather after the performance. This interview was published in the Boston "Journal" October 19:

"Did you see the interview, with Mr. De Koven printed in the 'Journal'?" asked the "Journal" man.

"Did I see it! I should say I did! There are many things there that I would like to answer."

"He accuses me of 'faking.' Now I don't know what the meaning of that word is and would like very much to have someone tell me."

The "Journal" man suggested that he might mean what was technically known as "fake" in the newspaper business, but this was equally an enigma to Miss Tempest, and she continued:

"Then he says we (Mr. Steger and myself) have 'guyed' and interfered with the performance."

"Right here I want to say that it is not a case of 'come back and all is forgiven.' 'Guying' is not in my line, as the public knows. I am too much of an artist to stoop to that."

"Mr. Hill and myself have done more for Mr. De Koven than he will find others will do for him. Mr. de Koven did not know what he wanted, does not know what he wants, and is simply a 'cad,'" and La Petite Marie's eyes flashed fire and her taper fingers clutched the arm of the chair.

"Why," she continued, "one of our violin players in New York came to me one day and said: 'Miss Tempest, I cannot tell whether Mr. De Koven is beating one or twenty when he is in the chair, and I have to take my cue from you.'"

"That shows you what we have had to contend with."

Oh, Marie, Marie! How could you?

Here is what Miss Tempest said of Mr. Steger:

"When the 'Algerian' was put on for rehearsal I thought I was going to like my part and the piece immensely. But I found that after rehearsals were over and the opera was presented that it was subjected to any amount of 'pruning' and rewriting. New music was inserted, new lines were written and it was simply the 'patching of an old coat.'"

"My head was simply bewildered, and after a time I began to get disgusted."

"When we got to Buffalo things did not change. In the meantime the authors and managers were becoming dissatisfied with Julius Steger. The members of the company, many of them, were jealous of him."

"Now, Mr. Steger is a gentleman, and, again, he is new in the business and has done some very commendable work. This may have caused the jealousy."

"Irrespective of his work, the managers had sent telegrams about Mr. Steger on to New York, to Mr. Hill. Now, Mr. Hill has not been with the company since it was in Philadelphia, some weeks ago. These telegrams had their effect, and Mr. Steger was removed."

"I have always been the champion of the 'under dog,' and as I advance in my profession I shall only increase my desire to be of benefit to such as come under my notice. I did not in any way uphold the management in regard to Mr. Steger, and was very sorry, for he is a good singer and a capital actor."

And what did Mr. Steger say? He spoke thus, as reported in the Boston "Post" of the 20th:

"This morning I received a letter from Mr. De Koven asking me to call on him. The note stated that mistakes had been made, but that it was for the interest of both that the past should be put aside in amity. He then spoke of some changes and new music to strengthen both my part and the piece."

"I called on Mr. De Koven and he apologized for any injury he had unintentionally done me, and expressed sincere regret at the occurrence, and after that played over the new song which I am to sing in New York."

"In addition to this Mr. De Koven sent a dispatch to Mr. Hill in New York on Wednesday night after the performance, which read as follows:

"I saw Mr. Steger's performance. Consider it very satisfactory, both vocally and dramatically. Immense improvement over last incumbent." * * *

"The story of the opera, though radically different from the story of the book, was suggested by an incident in Alphonse Daudet's 'Tartarin of Tarascon.' And 'Tartarin' is introduced as the victim of the adventurer 'Prince Gregory,' the 'President of the Society for the Preservation of the Picturesque East.' But the operetta is now in New York, and I shall not spend much time on the book or the music. The 'Tartarin' of the operetta is indeed a coarse burlesque of Daudet's delightful hero, but this may be the fault of the comedian, Mr. Frank David, and not that of the librettist. The book at least has a coherent plot with beginning and end, and the lines, if they are not brilliant, are free from slang and pot-house humor. In comparison with the average modern operetta libretto this book of Mr. MacDonough is excellent. The lyrics deserve special praise."

The music is De Kovenesque.

For two acts Mr. De Koven goes a fishing for local color and he tries to be very Algerian. The woodwind is constantly at work, and with this and the monotony of affective intervals, let it be granted, Eastern monotony arrives; and at an early stage of the game. I confess that I prefer "Tartarin's" song in the harem and the trio in the third act to all this Eastern ram-lulling and jug-juggling, with a minaret inserted in every scale.

Mr. Steger turned out to be an old friend of Boston newspaper men. On a former occasion he endeared himself to them by sleight of hand with corks, for he came to this country as agent for a Hungarian wine house. He is said to be a man of amiability and taste, but he sang last Wednesday evening from the throat and with a rich, fruity, German accent.

Miss Adele Ritchie made a favorable impression, but she should learn to keep her opinions on life and chorus girls to herself. She was unfortunate or unwise enough to pour her soul into the ear of a newspaper woman in Boston, and you may guess the rest. * * *

I forgot to mention the fact that Mr. De Koven directed the orchestra the opening night.

He not only put his offering on the altar, but he killed with his stick.

You remember the story by Balzac in which a Spaniard, compelled by the French to serve as the executioner; members of his own family, was ever afterward known as "El Verdugo." Well, he was not in the same class with Mr. De Koven, who acted of his own free will.

Why is Mr. De Koven so restless? Is he not content with composition and literary work? Why must he perplex honest and capable musicians by semaphoric gesture and an intoxicated beat? * * *

The first of a series of concerts known as the "Suffolk Musicales" was given in Music Hall, October 17. Emm Eames made her first appearance in concert in Boston since her departure to study with Marchesi for opera. Miss Eames was heard here last in opera two seasons ago. Her voice is richer, fuller, more sympathetic than before in the lower and middle tones. The upper tones do not seem as brilliant; they were not well sustained last week, and they were not strong. In her delivery there is less of a desire to startle by cold and brilliant accuracy; her singing now is of a more tender, womanly character. It is not improbable that she still suffers in a degree from her long sickness. She was heard to best advantage in "Pleurez, mes yeux," from "Le Cid." She also sang "Dedication" and "Spring Night," by Schumann, and "Good-by, Summer."

Mrs. Scalchi—or Miss Scalchi, for she and Mrs. Sto prefer to use their maiden names—sang "Voi che sapete" and the air from "Mitridate." She sang badly, forcing the lower and squeezing the upper tones, bringing to mind Hanslick's remark about the duet between the oboe and the trombone. She was applauded loudly by the audience.

An orchestra under the direction of Carl Zerrahn played pieces of different kinds. * * *

De Pachmann gave the first of his recitals this season last Thursday afternoon, the 19th, in Chickering Hall. He played these pieces by Chopin: Sonata, op. 35; ballade, op. 37, Nos. 1, 2; polonaise, op. 26, No. 1.

impromptu, op. 36; scherzo, op. 39; etudes, op. 25, No. 2, 3, 4, 9; mazurkas, op. 24, No. 2, op. 41, No. 1; waltz, op. 64, No. 3; rondo, op. 16.

It is said that this eminent pianist at his first concert in New York behaved himself with dignity. We suffered here from the reaction. When he sat down the chair seemed to burn him. He called for a fresh one, but it was no better. The ventilation did not please him. He tugged at his collar. He played the sonata and the ballade as a fretful boy recites a lesson under compulsion, and during the performance he grunted and groaned. But when he came to his senses he played superbly. I know of no one who plays the etudes, mazurkas and preludes as well as this strange man. The large audience was inclined at first to resent the silliness of De Pachmann, but when he really played the applause was enthusiastic. His second recital will be given next Thursday.

* * *

Here is the program of the second Symphony concert:

Overture, "Richard III.".....Volkman
"Hest doux," from "Hérodias".....Massenet
Mrs. Nordica.
Slavonic Rhapsody, No. 2, op. 45.....Dvorák
First time.
"Komm Hoffnung," from "Fidelio".....Beethoven
Mrs. Nordica.
C major Symphony.....Schubert

There is little to be said about this concert. The dismal overture of Volkman is familiar here. The rhapsody by Dvorák disappointed expectation; it seems labored and there is little freshness in it; what he had to say, he said well, but he might better have said nothing.

The playing of the orchestra was smoother than at the first concert; the conductor and the men are better acquainted. Mr. Paur was painstaking and earnest.

Mr. Paur seems to me to be a man of episodes.

He seems to be chiefly anxious concerning mint and anise and cummin.

He might not see the poetry of motion in the flight of a locomotive if he were aware that there was a smutch on any portion of the brass work.

Mrs. Nordica sang the air from "Hérodias" in excellent manner, though a little more passion would not have been out of place. The air from "Fidelio" was beyond her ability.

* * *

The program of the concert of the 28th is as follows:

Symphony, F major, op. 9.....Goetz
Serenade.....Volkman
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

* * *

Mr. Kneisel's right hand is lame, and the quartet concert announced for to-morrow night is postponed until the 30th.

Miss Marguerite Hall will give two song recitals in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, November 14, and Tuesday evening, November 21.

Heinrich Meyn proposes to study in Italy next summer for grand opera.

Mrs. Julie L. Wyman is now singing in opera at Avignon. She has been engaged by Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, it is said, and will sing during the coming season probably in "Samson and Delilah" and "Werther."

PHILIP HALE.

Dentists in town are advertising themselves as paying special attention to "the higher branches of dentistry." It has been supposed generally that they should go to the root of the matter.

It would appear from descriptions of the foot ball game between Yale and Williams that the game was a great one; not so much on account of Yale's fine playing, as on account of the presence of Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

And so the Woodhull and the Claflin have quarreled. Now suppose that either one should begin to tell all that she knows about her sister. "What courage! Yes, and what a memory!"

Laura Schirmer's manager, C. J. Whitney, has bought "The Algerian." He remembered, perhaps, the singer's Eastern experiences and dreamed of a more realistic second act.

Oct 28/93

To-day is the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude. In olden times the anniversary was regarded as rainy as St. Swin's. Was it because the saints were fishermen?

And it was on this day of the month that the great Erasmus was born. To him was no more glowing tribute paid than that which closes Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth."

And so the Senior Professor of the Theological Seminary at Princeton forbids his students "to play" the rough and brutal game of foot ball. The professor probably thinks that fighting with beasts at Ephesus was nothing to this college sport.

Morning lectures on cookery begin here this week. They are needed, and it is to be hoped that they will be attended by inexperienced housekeepers. For although it may be true that throughout the country food is better prepared than it was 20 years ago, there is still much grease, there is much that is indigestible, and there is unpardonable waste.

About fifty years ago Thomas de Quincey called English cookery "the rudest of barbarous devices." The phrase occurs in "National Temperance Movements," an article to be found in the fourteenth volume of the new edition of his works. It is in this same article that he refers the meats and the cooks of this world to two opposite fountains of light and of darkness. "Oromasdes it is, or the good principle, that sends the food; Ahrimanes, or the evil principle, that everywhere sends the cooks." In this declaration many housekeepers will agree. Unfortunately they knew not a remedy for the evil.

As the Opium-Eater remarked then, so it may be said to-day; indigestion does not lurk chiefly among luxurious dishes; "but, on the contrary, it is amongst the plainest, simplest and commonest dishes that such misery lurks." These are potatoes, bread and butchers' meat.

And then how little we appreciate the value of soup; and how seldom good soup is found even in the houses of the rich. It is not rash to say that nearly any Frenchman of moderate or even mean circumstances sits down to a more nutritious and savory soup than the decoction ladled out at many a pompous American feast.

There is the pumpkin, for instance. Huge specimens that have been fed on milk are exhibited by professional and amateur farmers. But do the growers know the delights of pumpkin soup?

A good soup with good bread is by far more than half of a wholesome, invigorating dinner.

Oct 29/93

MUSIC.

The Third Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the third concert of the Symphony Orchestra, given in Music Hall last evening, was as follows:

F major Symphony, op. 9.....Goetz
Serenade for string orchestra No. 3, D minor.....Volkman
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

Hermann Goetz had the good fortune to die young. He is now called "a composer of great promise," and some would even enroll him among the immortals. He escaped the possibility of disappointing hope.

Goetz is best known abroad as the maker of an opera, "The Taming of the Shrew." For a comedy he wrote music that might fit a tragedy. Perhaps he took life too seriously; at any rate his musical shrew suffers from introspection, and Petruchio is a metaphysician. In the opera there is little lightness, there is little grace; but whenever coquetry approaches passion, the music is more suitable.

There is a motto to this symphony, and it runs as follows: "Into the quiet, holy regions of the heart must thou fly from the stress of life." But what have these lines to do with the music? Goetz might as well have chosen for a motto:

"Eternal silence laughs along the shore,
And spectral negroes bleach upon the floor."

This is ab-o-ute music, not programme music, not motto music. What has the pretty, graceful second movement to do with "the holy regions of the heart" or "the stress of life"? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The music is pretty, and that is all.

Ehrhart once said that the adagio died with Beethoven, an epigrammatic saying, and untrue. For in certain adagios by Beethoven there is an unearthly beauty, a vision of another world; if there are yet things never heard by mortals except by Schumann and Brahms that reach sublime heights. There are beautiful passages in the adagio of Goetz; but there is too much music, and at times the hearer thinks of the learned Gorman who wrote a treatise in 10 volumes and then wrote a supplement in 15 volumes to explain his original theories and conclusions.

The great trouble with the symphony by Goetz is that it is without individuality. It has no cachet. When you hear unfamiliar music, say, by Gounod, to take an example in modern times, you know that the music is by Gounod, even if there is no name attached, even if the music is weak. It is not the music of Saint Saens, it is not the music of Berlioz. It is that of Gounod. Now in this symphony by Goetz, the last movement is Schumann strained through a sieve.

In the serenade by Volkman the solo 'cello sits apart, like a mourner in the wilderness or like the usher in a fool's poem. "A melancholy man." Nor does he discontinue his complaint, even when he hears the sounds of merriment, or when he is invited to join in the dance. The serenade is a singular composition, not without genuine beauty—an agreeable contrast to much of Volkman's music that might have been written by a sleek, prosperous, excellent professor; that does not reveal the unhappiness of a disappointed, suffering man.

The playing of the orchestra was in the main admirable. Mr. Schroeder delivered the solo passages in the serenade in a sympathetic manner. The reading of the overture was dramatic, almost feverish. There were many fine points in it, as, for instance, the mad rush before the first trumpet call. On the other hand, there were moments when the rhythm that should be like a mighty pulse flared, because there was over-elaboration in a detail.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Story of Leoncavallo's Music-Drama "Pagliacci."

A Famous Work That Will Be Heard Here Tuesday.

A Play Within a Play—A Tragedy of Comedians.

"Pagliacci," an opera in two acts, was first produced May 21, 1892, at the Dal Verme Theatre in Milan. The text and the music are by Ruggero Leoncavallo, who calls his work a "dramma."

Leoncavallo and Mascagni were pupils of Ponchielli, and at the same time. It will be remembered that "Cavalleria rusticana" was first brought out in 1890.

Leoncavallo, as Mascagni, jumped into notice, as a prize-man of Sonzogno, the publisher. Leoncavallo is about thirty-six years old. "Dressed as he was while in London."—"Pagliacci" was produced in London, May 30, 1893—"in pepper-and-salt clothes, brown soft hat and tan shoes, he might have passed, except for his Italian complexion, for a well-to-do business man."

He has written songs. He has also spent much time on an historical trilogy. The first part is "The Medici," and this will be brought out in Milan, Nov. 9. The second is "Savonarola," the third is "Cesar Borgia." The text of this "epic poem in music" is his own. It is said that before he works at the second part of the trilogy, he will write an opera, the text of which is drawn from Mürger's "Life in Bohemia."

What is the story of "Pagliacci"?

It is said that it is a true tale, and that the tragedy was acted in real life August 15, 1865, near Montalto in Calabria.

The characters in the opera are strolling players, actors in "the comedy of masks which lingers still in remote country places in Italy, and in which the conventional characters are still retained in name and costume."

"Pagliaccio" has been translated by Mr. Weatherly, the author of the English libretto used in London, as "Punchinello," but it is rather allied to the Szanarelle of French comedy as some say, or, according to others, to the old Pantaloon.

Canio is the name of the "Pagliaccio" of this company, and he has a fair wife Nedda, the "Columbine;" her he suspects, and with just cause, of infidelity to him.

There is a hunchback with them named Tonio, who plays the clown. He is mean, malicious, but he loves passionately Nedda. She cannot endure him or his addresses, and one day she strikes him with a whip. His passion is henceforth hate.

It is the day of the festival of Mezzagosta, and the rustics welcome joyfully the approach of the strollers. Canio beats the big drum and tells the crowd that there will be a show that evening; then he goes to the tavern. The hunchback courts Nedda, who is insolent to him; then comes the cruel scene mentioned above. The hunchback swears by the Virgin to be avenged.

There is, in the neighborhood, a rich farmer, Silvio, whom Nedda loves in her way. They love in song. Tonio discovers them. He runs to Canio and brings him with him; but Silvio escapes, and Canio knows not his name or face. Canio is now sure of his wife's treachery. He heard her making an assignation with Silvio in the very words she uses in the play when she speaks to Harlequin. He demands the name of the man; he upbraids; he rags. Nedda mocks him.

Then Canio, alone, in a heart-rending scene, bewails his fate. "I am Pagliaccio, I must paint and powder and dress for my part, that the gaping yokels may laugh; but my heart is breaking."

It is the second act. The curtains of the theatre on the stage are drawn aside. The villagers are in their seats. The play begins. To the audience the other side of the footlights, the play seems a burlesque of the first act. The Clown makes love to Columbine and is rejected, for she favors Peppo, the Harlequin. Pagliaccio tries to discover them. Meanwhile the rustics laugh at the poor old fool of a husband, who is so easily duped.

But these rustics begin to wonder at the passion shown by Canio. He asks Nedda the name of her lover. She again mocks him. Then, crazed with jealousy, he stabs her. She falls. A man in the audience rushes toward the stage, but it is too late. Nedda cries out as she is dying, "Silvio!" And Canio knifes the man. With a wild shriek, "The comedy is finished," Canio falls on the mimic stage.

The opera opens with a short orchestral prelude, which is interrupted by the hunchback, who puts his head through the curtain and then coming out, addresses the audience. He is the Prologue, and he gives an idea of the story. He assures the audience that when actors play their parts they often portray the emotions of their daily life.

Between the acts there is a short intermezzo.

This is not the place to speak of the music. It may be said, however, that "Pagliacci" soon crossed the Alps, invaded the chief opera houses of Germany, and made a sensation only second to the triumphant career of "Cavalleria rusticana." By some acknowledged judges it is regarded as the stronger work. It is of the radical new Italian school, in which the dramatic is first of all consulted.

Now this story may be a true tale of a day's festival in Calabria, but the idea is not new to the stage. There are plays in Spanish, French and English that are developed from the same story.

Perhaps the play which approaches "Pagliacci" the closest is "La Femme de Tabarin," a comedy in one act by Catulle Mendès. It was brought out at the Théâtre-Libre, Paris, in November, 1887, and the incidental music was by Chabrier.

A "parade" in this old sense of the French word is a burlesque, a buffoonish scene, which is performed gratis at a fair in front of a booth, to excite popular attention, and to give the people a taste of the show which comes later and for which an entrance fee is asked. It is a survival of scenes at the Morant's or Mysteries of ancient days.

This is the story as told by Catulle Mendès, the graceful adorning of graceless themes, "No takes you by the arm," said George Moore, "by the hand, he leans toward you, his words are caresses, his fervor is delectable, and listening to him is sweet as drinking a fair perfumed white wine."

Francisque, the wife of Tabarin, irons her petticoats in the player's booth. A musketeer comes along and makes love to her; she listens greedily. Tabarin enters, and she has scarcely time to make an appointment with the other man. Tabarin is drunk, but he adores his wife. He falls at her feet, he entreats her; then he threatens her. Meanwhile the crowd gathers to see the "parade." Tabarin mounts the platform, and tells that he is jealous of his wife. He calls her "Sue does not answer, he opens the curtain behind him. And there he sees Francisque embraced by the musketeer. Tabarin snatches up a sword, thrusts it into the breast of his wife, and comes back to the stage, with eyes starting from their sockets, with hoarse cries. The crowd marvels at his playing. Francisque, all bloody, drags herself upon the boards; she chokes, she cannot speak. Tabarin, mad with despair, gives her the sword, begs her to kill him. The wretched woman seizes the sword, raises herself, hiccoughs, gasps out the one word "Cauante!" and dies before she strikes.

And, pray, what does Jules Lemaitre say of such a play?

"All this is swift, picturesque, brutal. The end is a horrible and bloody pantomime. The pleasant literary exercise winds up in a scene of the abattoir or the Roman circus. The mind is entertained, the nerves are rudely shocked. Is there pleasure or pain? It is hard to define the impression as a whole."

"Tabarin" is also the title of a two-act opera by Emile Pessard, brought out at the Paris Opera in 1885. Francisque again appears, and runs away with another man; but she repents before it is too late, and the curtain falls on a scene of reconciliation.

Do not know the story of "Tabarin," a two-act opera, by Bousquet (1852).

Tabarin was the name assumed by a famous French jester, mountebank, charlatan, about the beginning of the 17th century. Gross jests that are attributed to him were published and have been often reprinted. They say his end was tragic. Rich, he retired from the streets and bridges of Paris; he bought an estate in the country and set himself up as a Seigneur. His new lords were indignant, and, one day, when out hunting, they killed the buffoon, as a hare, in the forest.

"Pagliacci" was first produced in the United States at the Grand Opera House, New York, June 15, 1893, by the Hinchliff's Opera Company. The chief parts were sung by Krouold, Montegriffo and Campanari.

PHILIP HALE.

MARCO PAUL IN BOSTON.

Do young boys read to-day the Marco Paul books, or are they more critical than their forerunners thirty or forty years ago? Marco, it will be remembered, was an adventurous lad, who explored Vermont, braved the perils of the Erie Canal, visited the Springfield armory and did other wonderful things. He was attended generally by John Forester, his cousin, a young man of nineteen years, who talked like Dr. Johnson's Rambler. It is needless to say that the books are free from sensationalism, although the author tells us in the preface that he endeavored to enliven his narrative, "and to infuse into it elements of a salutary moral influence by means of personal incidents befalling the actors in the story."

Once on a time Marco and Forester visited Boston. Their arrival is described in 36 pages of the little volume. Before they reached their boarding house in Franklin Street, they passed through Franklin Place "in the summer season, one of the most alluring streets in Boston to the eyes of a stranger." But before this a lady took a seat in a carriage, it was Forester's seat, and she did not thank him. Marco did not think that "she was much of a lady." Forester, however, moralized gravely: "It depends upon whether our object in showing a kindness is to do good, or to be thanked for it. If our motive in giving up our seats was the hope of being thanked for it, we have certainly failed. She may have been grateful, though she did not express her gratitude." The lady's descendants are among us. Our men are not as philosophical as Forester.

The travelers wondered at "a magnificent building with a granite front," which was the Tremont House. Marco wished to go into the State House "to see them make the laws;" and the shrewd Forester thought it would be better to go to the top and see the prospect. They saw "a noted crossing," where the Tremont Road, Washington Street, and the Providence Railroad all pass together through the same vicinity. Marco was astonished by the size of the Roxbury omnibuses. Forester told him that Roxbury was three miles from Boston, "and very few people get in or get out by the way." The boy fished for perch and flounders from Long Wharf. He saw the Common on the night of a celebration, when there were fireworks; boys fired "India crackers," and there were "well-dressed citizens, whose countenances indicated satisfaction and pleasure." "Now and then a group of sailors or rude boys came crowding by, disturbing the quiet of the scene by singing or loud vociferation." After the show the strangers listened to a crier in front of the Old South, announcing children lost and found.

They visited Bunker Hill and the city criminals in South Boston. But are not the deeds of Marco and Forester found at length in "Marco Paul in Boston?"

It is a queer book, stilted in language, full of wise saws, perhaps intolerable to a modern boy. But one gets the idea from it that Boston was a mighty comfortable place to live in, at the time when Marco hid his fishing pole under the shrubbery of the inclosure in Franklin Place.

Senator Pfeffer insists that the Populists will fall "with arms in hand and faces to the foe." That is a pretty way to fall, one approved of by tradition.

The every-day janitor of an apartment house is like the naughty child of fiction—he is heard, but never seen.

Our Italian brethren should again consider the advantages of the safety razor as a household tool and a weapon of attack. It is absolutely harmless.

"Many of Yale's foot ball team are on crutches." So was Sixtus the Fifth, who feigned great feebleness until he was elected Pope. Then "he threw away his crutches, lifted up his head; and made the place ring."

A sensitive Englishwoman urges the immediate organization of a Society for the Ethical culture of Parrots.

Why should we use French in the naming of dishes in restaurants, hotels or "grand banquets?" Is not English-American good enough to describe our own dishes? The joke of it is that hardly any "menu," or "menu de repas," to use the whole phrase, is free from ridiculous blunders in its French. Let ham and eggs be ham and eggs.

Theodore Thomassat in the first balcony in Music Hall Saturday night and looked at Panr and the orchestra. Thomas was with "Billy" Apthorp. It is a singular fact in the history of the Boston Symphony orchestra that in the changes in leadership the claims of Mr. Thomas were not apparently considered seriously by the management. Audiences, too, are often as forgetful and ungrateful as republics. But the great debt of all lovers of music in America to Theodore Thomas should not be forgotten.

Rows in city Common Councils are a poor exchange for the dignity of the old fashioned town-meeting, where the lawyer, the store-

keeper and the farmer were on equal ground and were heard respectfully by their town-folk.

Some steamers have the traditional luck of children and drunkards; the Gellert is an instance.

Lord Dunraven has proved himself the Englishman of fiction who never knows when he is beaten. Even now he does not believe in the superiority of the centreboard.

Dvorak still sticks bravely to his opinion that negro music is the only original music of this country and the only basis of a future national school. The eminent Bohemian should be told that negro music, as he understands it, is not original. He has evidently lent a ready ear to some American humorist.

Mr. John Davidson, the poet of "Meet Street Eclogues," represents three newspaper men thus singing together:

"We review and report and invent,
In drivet our virtue is spent."

Perhaps Mr. Davidson was more appreciated as a poet than as a journalist. Yet such lines need a blue pencil.

021-31-93

"FAUST" AT THE GLOBE.

The Tavery English Opera Company began a week's engagement last evening at the Globe Theatre. The opera was Gounod's "Faust."

The cast was as follows:

Faust.....	Chas. O. Bassett
Valentine.....	Paul Sager
Brander.....	S. Dudley
Mephisto.....	Conrad Behrens
Siebel.....	Helen Von Doennhoff
Marguerite.....	Sara Carr
Marguerite.....	Marie Tavery

If the Tavery Company had been announced merely as a company that proposed to give English opera at a moderate price, the performance of last evening might be passed over with mild and meaningless words; but the people of this town were assured that "every artist was of metropolitan reputation." If there was undue expectation on the part of the public, it was the fault of the management, for there were other rash promises.

Now the performance of last evening was undoubtedly sincere; but sincerity alone is of little worth in music. If the performance was sincere, it was also poor.

In the first place there was too often a reminder of the fact that singers as well as other good and honest people grow old.

In the next place there was an opportunity for noting the fact that youth is not always a word synonymous with ability.

Mr. Tavery is a singer of experience. In Munich she was versatile and willing; she was ready to sing any part; and she often gave satisfaction. Since her arrival in this country she has sung in concert and in opera, and she has again shown thorough familiarity with routine work. She is melodious, conscientious, and at times she has happy vocal moments. Last evening, for instance, she was often excellent, as in passages of the garden scene. But why did a singer of her experience mar utterly her first entrance by the risible acknowledgment of ill-timed applause?

Then there is Mr. Bassett, another honest singer, and he, too, has had experience. What is his idea of Mephistopheles? The friend, according to Mr. Behrens, was an elderly, sedate gentleman, a little slow in movement, without much sense of satire or earthly humor, just the man to look after a young fellow on a European trip or to take a young girl to the opera to see "Faust." A man, undoubtedly, worthy of respect, but not the man to play or sing Mephistopheles.

On the other hand, Mr. Bassett, although comparatively young, has the composure of age. His blood seems to run slowly; he never could have won the love of Marguerite if he had not enjoyed the aid of the demon. He often sang agreeably, and he did his best throughout; but if Dr. Dio Lewis had seen him as the hero, and him only, he would never have written his famous diatribe against Gounod's opera.

Mr. Sager acted and sang. He, too, was earnest; he took himself, the music and the audience seriously. Neither his singing nor his acting deserved praise. And there were some, call them captious or ill-natured if you wish, who regretted that Valentine was not disposed of earlier in the evening.

Nor is there need of considering at length the claims of Miss Von Doennhoff.

The chorus had evidently been drilled faithfully, and Mr. Bassett did his best to insure a smooth orchestral performance.

The garden of Marguerite was furnished with electric lights, and the houses of the old German town looked down on the dying Valentine over awnings of modern invention.

And yet, in spite of the imperfections noted, there was much applause and there was evident enjoyment. It is hard to destroy the beauty of Gounod's music, and at times Mrs. Tavery gave the audience legitimate pleasure. It must also be remembered that opera is not common in this city, and music lovers are willing to pardon shortcomings, if they occasionally are moved or even reminded by the music of more admirable performances.

Looncalvillo's "Pagliacci" will be sung this evening for the first time in this city. As it is in two acts "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be included in the bill.

PHILIP HALE.

Talk of the Day.

To-night is Hallow-E'en, and witches hold high carnival. All mischief-makers of the air are busy, and the fairies celebrate a grand anniversary. But mortals do not pry this night so eagerly into futurity as in the days of simple faith.

As long ago as 1827 Hone observed that superstitious rites and divination were fast disappearing; that the meetings on Hallow-eve were becoming pleasant merry-makings.

Yet here and there even to-day there are attempts to revive old customs, such as were described by Brand and sung by Burns—diving for apples, cracking nuts, drawing cabbages blindfolded, pulling stocks of kail, burning nuts, eating an apple and combing hair before a looking-glass, sowing hemp seed, lighting bonfires. Relics of Druidism still survive and are found in modern daily life. Let us be thankful, however, that ringing of bells all this night is out of fashion.

Nor are witches as much in evidence, at least in cities. Fierce competition of astrologers, mesmerists, clairvoyants and wonderful healers of all diseases has driven them into comparative obscurity.

A NEW OPERA.

The First Performance of "Pagliacci" at the Globe Theatre.

Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," a "drama" in two acts, the text by the composer, was given for the first time in Boston last evening at the Globe Theatre by the Tavery English Opera Company. The cast was as follows:

Canio..... Payne Clark
Sylvio..... Paul Steger
Tonio..... Arthur Seaton
Nedda..... William Stephens
Serafin..... Marie Tavery

The sun of Leoncavallo that now shines with noontide brilliancy on the opera houses of Europe was seen here last evening through glass so thickly smoked that often there was total eclipse.

Is it better to be ignorant of a famous work, or to know it only in a mutilated form?

Here is an opera—for, although Leoncavallo prefers the word "drama," opera will serve our purpose—here is an opera that requires at least three singing comedians of the first rank, a chorus of fresh voices thoroughly drilled, and a fully equipped modern orchestra. No one of these requirements was met by the management of the Tavery Company.

It is not worth while to review the performance in detail. There is one pleasant memory, and that is the singing by Mr. Clarke of Canio's air at the end of the second act. Mr. Clarke delivered this air of heart-stabbing pathos with genuine appreciation and without exaggeration. He well deserved the enthusiastic applause that followed. But this is the one exception.

Orchestra and chorus were not only wholly inadequate, they were morcellously bad. The music is undoubtedly beyond their ability; and many rehearsals would be necessary for an orchestra of more skillful musicians.

Nor can much in the way of praise be spoken of the principals. Mrs. Tavery was vocally and dramatically inadequate. The radical and modern Italians write out their ornaments and they have a purpose in so doing. The trill interpolated by Mrs. Tavery at the end of the "Balladella" was an impertinence. Mr. Clarke failed utterly in the second act. Mr. Steger was fairly successful in certain dramatic passages, but he butchered the music, for he sang without sense of rhythm, and vocally he is without art. Mr. Seaton showed traces of better schooling. Mr. Stephens did not do justice to the "Serenade."

Nor would it be profitable to ask why the duet between Nedda and Sylvio was cut; why the wild shriek of the crazed Canio, "the comedy is over," was taken from him and given to Tonio, a gross liberty with the original. Nor would it be of any use to argue with Mr. Gabriel concerning the tempo taken by him on several occasions when he disagreed with Leoncavallo's express indications and with the sense of the music.

Yes, it was a bad performance. Yet the power and the passion of the music made their way and stirred the hearers.

To give any just idea of the merits of this work is impossible after such a performance. The universal testimony of all that have heard this opera properly given in Europe is to this effect—the instrumentation is superb. Now we have here only a faint idea of this same instrumentation. It is said that in March, "Pagliacci" will be given in Boston by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Company. Let us wait till then before we speak of the opera in detail.

Let us now simply record impressions.

Leoncavallo is of the radical modern Italian school. He is more concerned about true dramatic expression than about the invention of sensuous melody. He is, first of all, a realist. If he is a melodist, it is to gain a dramatic point. As Mascagni, he builds his work on the foundations of Bizet and the later Verdi, and it goes without saying that he is influenced by the music of Wagner. But he is not a Wagnerite, he is not a convert to Wagnerian theories.

Ponchielli was the teacher of Leoncavallo and Mascagni. There are traces, decided traces, of Ponchielli in "Pagliacci."

Leoncavallo is a man of such individuality that occasional suggestions of other composers in his music cannot be justly named plagiarism. There is, for instance, a singular resemblance between the opening measures of the andantino in A major in the second act and a graceful movement in Debussy's suite "Le roi s'amuse," but it is doubtful whether Leoncavallo ever heard the suite of Debussy.

It has been said that Leoncavallo has borrowed at times from "Cavalleria Rusticana," but on the other hand it is said that "Pagliacci," though produced later, was written first.

In spite of the air of Canio at the end of the act, the first act is not an excuse for the reputation of the opera. The prologue is ingenious, but the greater part of the music is not of such a character as to warrant the noisy applause that is awarded the composer across the Atlantic. It is the music of a diligent student, who remembers his Wagner, his Verdi, and one or two favorite French composers.

The second act is a masterpiece. The story of this short and grim tragedy was told in last Sunday's Journal. Some object to its "brutality." Others accuse it of "immorality" and ask for an ounce of civet.

But, in art, the question is not, "Is the subject moral or immoral?" The question is this, "Is the subject treated honestly and in an artistic manner?"

And then there is the old question, "How do you define immorality?"

If "Pagliacci" is immoral, so is "Edipus Rex," so is "Othello," so is "Adam Bede,"

Here was the task proposed to himself by Leoncavallo: To set to music this scene. A play within a play, in which the comedians, apparently acting in Italian traditional buffo vein, at the same time act out to the bloody end the passionate drama of their own life, and act it before a careless village audience, which applauds furiously the spirit and the humor of the comedians until, just before Canio stabs his wife and her lover, the peasants see that they applaud the revenge of a wronged husband.

To put into music the awful irony of the situation with its startling contrasts, there was the task.

In the performance of this task Leoncavallo triumphed beyond a doubt or a peradventure. Neither the triviality of the light woman, nor the mad hate of the whipped hunchback, nor the avenging fury of his Pagliaccio who suddenly saw red—not one of these escaped him.

Leoncavallo is a dramatist. He is a dramatist in music and by the aid of music.

When he needs a melody, it is at hand. When he wishes to gain an effect by the thunder of the orchestra or by a few measures of declamation, the effect is there at his bidding.

The pedagogues may speak of startling progressions, hair-raising modulations, violations of rules; but Leoncavallo wrote the work for the theatre, not for the judgment of professors of harmony.

It is idle to ask whether such music is pure or classic, or whether Mozart would have approved of it, etc., etc. Opera is a thing of fashion. At present realism in opera is the thing. Leoncavallo is to be judged in the light of his own times, and in comparison with his contemporaries.

Prophesies. Judged by those standards, "Pagliacci" is a remarkable work.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was given and with this cast:

Lola..... Helen von Donathoff
Lucia..... Sara Carr
Pirulida..... Payne Clark
Alfo..... Paul Steger
Santuzza..... Marie Tavery

The performance does not demand serious attention. It was always vociferous and frequently untuneful.

"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" will be given Thursday evening in the place of "Carmen." The opera to-night is "Lohengrin." PHILIP HALE.

"This is the month in which we are said by the Frenchmen to hang and drown ourselves." The old dwellers in England called November the wind month; they also called it the blood month, because it was a time of killing many cattle for the household and the altar. We find a long line of Englishmen who speak bitterly of the next thirty days; there is Warburton with his "dreadful month of November," and Thomas Hood with his poem beginning

"No sun—no moon!
No moon—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—"

But November is to us more often the beautiful death of autumn than the stormy, angry birth of winter. There are days in this same "gloomy" month that feed desire for terrestrial eternity; when the air is a spur to courage and a tonic to doleful dumps; when food tastes fresher, water loses its microbes, and even comic opera gives amusement; when the Yankee shouts "Thanksgiving," careless of official proclamation or clerical sanction to rejoice.

This is All Saints, the festival of the commemoration of all of saintly character, whether they be enrolled in almanac and calendar or simply remembered by humble mourners; whether their bodies were buried with pomp in some cathedral vast, or reverently put away beneath the sod of a country churchyard.

Let us for a moment listen to the wisdom of the Welshman Llywarch Hen, who was not tired of earth, nor looked for by the ground until he was one hundred and forty.

"All Saints' Day; a time of pleasant gossiping,
The gale and the storm keeps equal pace,
It is the labor of falsehood to keep a secret."

On All Saints' Day blustering is the weather.
Very unlike the beginning of the last fair season;
Besides (God there is none who knows the future.)

Mr. Willard, the play actor, is a sensible man. He said to a Philadelphia reporter:

"I was urged by some of my friends to reply to the critics, but I forebore to do that for the reason that I never questioned their judgment when they praised me; then why should I question the same judgment when they condemn me?"

Mr. Richard Mansfield might profit by this example.

"The skirt dance itself is very often used to conceal ignorance or incapacity in the matter of steps." This remark is true, and its truth is proved nearly every week in some one of our theatres. There is more attention to drapery or to acrobaticism than to the graceful movement of the feet.

There is again an attempt by journalists apparently out of copy to dispute the authorship of the "Marsellaise." But the question has been settled once for all, and it is vain to try to rob Rouget de Lisle of the honor.

"Lobengula smokes constantly Boer tobacco." What a boor he must be!

English, which seems a musical language in the verse of Shelley and Swinburne, is "harsh northern whistling, grunting, guttural" in opera. One reason of this is often the miserable translation, miserable in its lack of euphony. Other reasons are the villainous enunciation and pronunciation so common on the stage of to-day.

Bill Nye has been entertained at the Savoy Club, London, where he apparently made a deep impression. Several newspapers spoke respectfully of "Mr. Edgar William Nye, who might pass for a leading Chancery barrister or a benignant professor." One acute critic discovered that Nye's stories depended for their point "on a subtle sense of humor." It was reserved for an Englishman to find this out.

THE ADAMOWSKI QUARTET.

The Adamowski Quartet gave the first concert of the sixth season yesterday afternoon in Chickering Hall. The programming, as announced, was as follows:

Quartet, B major..... Haydn
Rhapsody for violin..... Beethoven
Mr. T. Adamowski.
Quartet No. 2..... J. M. Weber

This was the programming as announced; but Mr. Moldauer was suddenly taken sick. Mr. Otto Roth filled his place, and a quartetto by Antonio Bazzini was played as the third number.

The concert gave much pleasure, and whatever merit the quartetto by Weber may possess, certainly its subtle note was welcome; the music of Bazzini may not be deep, it may not be "intellectual," but it is music, clear, pellucid music.

The ensemble was excellent, in view of the necessary lack of rehearsal, and the d'florant movements of the quartettes were treated sympathetically. Mr. Adamowski's solo was keenly relished.

The next concert of the quartet will be given Nov. 21.

NOTES.

"LOHENGRIN" AT THE GLOBE.

Wagner's "Lohengrin" was given last evening at the Globe Theatre by the Tavery English Opera Company. The cast was as follows:

King Henry..... Conrad Behrens
Telramund..... Paul Steger
The Herald..... Arthur Seaton
Lohengrin..... Charles Bassett
Ortrud..... Helen von Donathoff
Duke of Brabant..... Miss May
Elsa..... Marie Tavery

It was an ambitious attempt on the part of the Tavery Company to sing "Lohengrin," and the ambition may well be called impudence. Mrs. Tavery and Mr. Behrens showed that they were acquainted with the routine work in the opera; but such an exhibition is not a performance. The Ortrud screamed, and the Telramund rivaled the famous bull of Bashan. Mr. Bassett was a toy Lohengrin. The chorus and the orchestra did wretched work.

It may be said that a poor operatic performance is better than none. It may be said that an inferior performance is of educational worth, as it whets desire for full knowledge of the opera. Neither of those propositions is sound.

Such performances as those given for the last three evenings by the Tavery company are an injury to opera and the cause of music in general. If the hearer were unacquainted with the operas given, he now has a false idea of their worth; he is ignorant of the music as written by the composer. If he were acquainted with them, his only possible pleasure was in being reminded of more worthy performances.

There is no such thing as mediocrity in art. There is that which is good and that which is bad. If a singer of agreeable voice sings tunelessly, sympathetically and without affection a good old English ballad, he may be praised heartily, for there are many rooms in the palace of art. When a singer attempts something beyond his ability, and fails miserably, the attempt counts as nothing; indeed, it should be rebuked.

And so it is with opera companies. The attempt to give "Lohengrin" with such principals, chorus and orchestra was not merely a mistake or an error of judgment. For the management of this company knew full well that the opera could not be properly or even decently given with the material in hand. If the company had appeared in operas of a lighter nature, with chorus and orchestra small but efficient, there would not be now such just cause of complaint.

It may be said that much should not be expected when the opera is given at popular prices. In other words, the management may argue thus: "Some of our singers are old and tired; others are young and inexperienced; no one of them is to-day of first-rate ability. The chorus seldom sings in tune, and is often behind the beat. The orchestra does not answer numerically the demands of the composer, and the men present have not had sufficient rehearsal. Little attention is paid to the proper

mounting of the opera. But you ought not to complain, for we give it to you cheap."

And thus the composer is wronged and the intelligence of the audience is slighted.

"The Bohemian Girl" was sung yesterday afternoon. This evening there will be a double bill, "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." PHILIP HALE.

It is announced that our new Music Hall will be built on the lot at the northwest corner of West Chester Park and Huntington Avenue. Opinions differ widely on the wisdom of this choice. Some people still believe that Copley Square is the proper place. Others maintain that the proposed site is the most central for the convenience of Greater Boston. It may here be said that the city proper suffers at times through spontaneous or enforced courtesy to this same Greater Boston.

It is to be hoped that the hall will be built as soon as possible. Advice will, of course, be given in plenty to the managers, who should remember the adage concerning cooks and broth. But how about our new opera house? This is a need that is imperative. As long as we have no opera house, and operatic managers will not come to terms with the one theatre in town fit for grand opera, we must take our operatic pleasures sadly in Mechanics' Hall, which, however admirably it may be adapted to the display of steam plows, fertilizers and dogs, is utterly unfit for operatic performances.

Monaco is the beloved resort of the vicious of all nations. It would be just the meeting ground for Corbett and Mitchell.

Gourko is not the only Russian General of fame, who, as it is supposed, met death in this generation through poison.

Cranks are as thick as huckleberries in the season. Whether the cranks are prepared to rob, burn or kill there is a remedy—confinement in the jail or the madhouse. There is too much sentimentalism in certain cases displayed by would-be philanthropists. There is in other cases a dangerous glorification of the crank by the giving of the term

to any enthusiast that has achieved great things.

The crank who abounds to-day and whose attempts and deeds are recorded in the newspapers is a monomaniac with criminal intent. He is a foe to man, the individual and the member of society. He should be treated as such.

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Elihu Vedder is in town, the man of wild, fantastic imagination; the man that knew the home of the sea serpent, and visited it; the man that watched Enoch Arden's comrade fire-hollowing in Indian fashion a fallen stem; the man that used the poetry of Omar Khayyam, interpreted by Fitzgerald, as a spur to his own fancy.

Here is a man of Oriental imagination in a New England parish, but only as a sojourner. There is a book that might well tempt him to illustration, and that is "The Arabian Nights," done into English by Sir Richard F. Burton. Even the notes might be illustrated, just as Gustave Doré found material in the table of contents of "Les Contes Drolatiques." But Vedder has done enough to insure himself an honorable name.

Mr. Rawlins Cottenet of New York is landed as a brave man. What has he done? Mr. Cottenet, it seems, is in all respects the entity known in popular language as a "howling swell." But he is in need of money and he has opened a flower shop "in a fashionable neighborhood." Well, why this cry of "wonderful, and after that out of all, whooping." Mr. Cottenet, a sensible man, has followed the example of Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon. If he fulfils honestly his destiny, that is enough; even though he turn wandering tinker. Is "the dignity of labor" merely a rhetorical flourish? Or is Walt Whitman right in chanting "There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero."

Robert Peel, of the famous family, is a bankrupt: cause, betting and gambling. Nearly every well-born or well-connected Englishman has two books in his library, two books that "no gentleman's library should be without." They are the Prayer Book and the Betting Book.

The courtesy of the Senate is another name for discourtesy to the nation.

The Third and Last Chopin Recital of Mr. de Pachmann.

Mr. V. Adam de Pachmann gave the last of his Chopin recitals in Chickering Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The programme was as follows: Allegro de Concert, op. 46; Barcarole, op. 60; Fantasia Impromptu, op. 69; Nocturne, op. 27; Fantasia, op. 49; Scherzo, op. 31; Prélude, op. 28, Nos. 15, 16, 19, 24; Mazurka, op. 68; Mazurka, op. 41, No. 3; Waltz, op. 64, No. 2, op. 42.

Mr. de Pachmann was in excellent humor, and he played superbly. He has grown within the last year, physically and mentally. His playing is marvelous, and his boast that the player with turned back cannot distinguish between the ordinary fingered scale and a 25-note scale is not a idle one. Perhaps he is a member of miniature, perhaps he is a cameo artist, but in his genre he is not equalled. And every one and then, as in the Scherzo yesterday, he plays with overwhelming breadth, fire and brilliancy. A wonderful man, this Vladimir de Pachmann: would that there were more like him.

According to popular tradition, which is not yet wholly dead, a composer of music died his time between a boozing ken and a carrot. He was pale, or unnaturally red; he was wretchedly clad; he ate little; he wrote by the light of a candle; but he looked differently from other men on account of large quantities of "genius" that escaped from his eyes and sat on a "dome-like" brow. Now, our talented fellow townsmen, Messrs. G. W. Chadwick and H. W. Parker, who in comfortable flats, appear healthy and well taken care of. They are enthusiastic riders of bicycles. Whether they are moved to compose when on the wheel would be an interesting question. Rhythm might easily be taken as suggested by a railway train.



BOSTON, October 29, 1893.

"THE Honeymooners," an "eccentric opera," text by C. M. S. McLellan and music by William Furst, was given for the first time in Boston, at the Columbia Theatre, October 23, by the Pauline Hall Opera Company.

As the great Mr. Sarcey often remarks: "Ouf!"

The libretto is a disappointment. Much might well be expected of Mr. McLellan, for he is a writer of marked individuality, with many of the gifts that seem indispensable to the successful librettist of an operetta. Even in routine work he is entertaining, sensible, and often witty; his criticisms on dramatic performances and on plays were brilliant. His style seems spontaneous; the adjectives are all before him, and he chooses the right one at the right time. He knows the value of color; he also knows the value of simplicity.

But it is impossible to take the libretto of "The Honeymooners" seriously, or to laugh with the author. It would appear that Mr. McLellan saw how utter nonsense pleased the theatre goer who after a full dinner wished to unbutton his vest. There is, to be sure, a nonsense that is delightful, that is at times to be preferred to wisdom. Such is the nonsense of Edward Lear, the nonsense in "The Hunting of the Snark." Such is the nonsense found in some of the operettas of Offenbach. There may be logic in nonsense. Nor need the hearer be ashamed to roar and beat his sides.

The nonsense of "The Honeymooners" is not of this kind. I do not know how much of the dialogue as spoken is the work of Mr. McLellan; it is more than likely that the gags of the comedians frightened away many of his lines, for there was much gagging, and of a cheap order.

The lyrics are superior to the dialogue and they lend themselves gracefully to music.

There is a plot in "The Honeymooners," and there are situations. The popularity of the piece, however, must depend on the individual force of the comedians.

The music will not carry the operetta to popular or pecuniary success. There is often a pleasant jingle; there are one or two agreeable concerted pieces of a conventional pattern, and "Pierrot's" song in the second act is not uninteresting.

The Muse of Mr. Furst is eclectic.

She also delights in the sound of brass.

The one number in the operetta that I now remember with real pleasure is the song sung by "Rewald, No. 28," in which he tells of the ghost in the theatre company who could do everything but walk.

Strange to say many in the audience of last Monday night seemed ignorant of the meaning of the expression so familiar to anyone who has been in a strolling company or on a struggling newspaper. Not till Mr. Golden gave "variety" interludes did the audience apparently catch the idea.

Miss Pauline Hall was an excellent "Amadee," a Swiss doll vender, and "Pierrot's" dress became her. She acted with more animation than is her wont, and she sang agreeably and with discretion. Miss Hall is so earnest in her wish to please, so generous toward her companions on the stage, that I wish for her sake alone that "The Honeymooners" was a better piece.

Miss Caroline Hamilton, formerly with the Bostonians, pleased the audience, and not without reason.

Richard Golden is not as yet free from "Jed Prouty," and he was funny in his own way; that is to say, sometimes he was funny, sometimes he was tiresome, and he was frequently vulgar. I do not demand of an operetta comedian that he should be a compound of Chesterfield and Sydney Smith; but he surely may amuse; he may play the clown without vulgarity. Francis Wilson in his most extravagant moments is not without refinement or even dignity; the sweetness of the man's character and his innate gentleness would be at once evident to the stranger who saw him for the first time and saw him sprawling on the stage. Mr. Golden is of the earth, very earthy. He is too much addicted to Goldenisms, with which he interrupts the players and the plot.

Then there is Mr. Alf C. Wheland, who puts his trust in grimaces. But his faces are not funny. He plays constantly the Jack Pudding. He is such a bad actor in his line, he is so cheap in his jesting and so silly, it is not sur-

prising that audiences applaud him vigorously and that he believes his humor to be irresistible.

* * *

Mr. de Pachmann gave a piano recital in Chickering Hall October 26. He played these pieces by Chopin: Sonata, op. 58; ballade, op. 23; etudes, op. 25, No. 12, No. 1, op. 10, No. 5; berceuse; scherzo, op. 54, No. 4; nocturnes, op. 55, No. 1, op. 9, No. 3; mazurka, op. 67, No. 4; waltzes, op. 64, No. 1, op. 70, No. 1; polonaise, op. 53.

On this occasion the eminent pianist was the quintessence of dignity. His composure was painful, for everyone expected a volcanic explosion at any moment, but the explosion that they looked for never came. He bowed to the audience almost severely, something after the fashion in which Malvolio proposed to treat Sir Toby Belch, quenching his familiar smile with an austere regard of control. He did not enlarge the program, although he was applauded enthusiastically. He evidently had a grief, but he locked it in his breast.

He was in excellent vein and he played delightfully.

But instead of going over the same ground and saying the same things about this extraordinary apparition I invite your attention for a moment to a speculation. At this concert a woman sat with a child in arms; the child was loaded, and it shot off at irregular intervals moans of joy or disapprobation. Now suppose that a young boy of fine musical temperament were shut up with De Pachman, or put with him on a desert island, and the pianist gave him for several years his undivided attention—musical attention of course. The boy hears nothing but Chopin, he plays nothing but Chopin, he is ignorant of the existence of any other composer. Now if the boy should begin to make music what would be its character? Would it be fashioned after Chopin, or would the composer go back before Chopin's time and write, through perversity of nature and ironical reaction, piano music of the style of, say, Mozart? Or would he breed new, strange, even hideous orchids in music?

* * *

Here is the program of the third Symphony concert given last night in Music Hall:

Symphony, F major, op. 9.....Goetz
Serenade for string orchestra, No. 3, D minor.....Volkman
Overture, "Leonore," No. 3.....Beethoven

In two respects at least this concert was delightful; the symphony came first, and the concert was over before half past 9.

It may further be said that the orchestra played well as a rule; that Mr. Schroeder did full justice to the solo cello passages in the serenade; that few exceptions could be taken to Mr. Paur's reading, except perhaps in the overture. His reading of the overture was dramatic, yes, feverish. Many of his points were well taken, the wild rush, for instance, just before the first trumpet call. On the other hand he would stop occasionally in the fury of his passion to argue in detail concerning the definition of a word of slight importance.

The program as a whole was dull. At the risk of being charged with blasphemy I admit that I was never convinced of the surpassing musical excellence of Hermann Goetz. I heard his opera "Taming of the Shrew" in Dresden several years ago. It was well sung and beautifully put upon the stage; but surely the music written by Goetz for that text might better go with a tale of passion than with a comedy of lightness, coquetry and farcical instances. It seemed to me then that Goetz lacked true dramatic instinct; that he took his task too seriously. As for the symphony, there are fine passages; there is beauty; there is workmanship of good quality and in plenty, but Schumann's voice is heard throughout the symphony. There is no individuality. You never feel like saying, "That sounds like Goetz." Perhaps it was well for him that he died before he was forty, when men fore-

told an illustrious future for him. Cursed is he who lives long enough to turn the hope of others to a thing of derision.

* * *

Theodore Thomas was at the Symphony concert and was afterward the guest of the St. Botolph Club at the first of the Saturday evening receptions. Arthur Mees was with him.

John A. O'Shea has written a mass which is published in Boston, and will be sung Christmas at the Immaculate Conception.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert includes symphony F minor, Strauss; "Le Rouet d'Omphale," Saint-Saëns; Brahms' "Academic Festival" overture. Emma Eames will sing airs from "Le Cid" and "Armide."

The first Kneisel Quartet concert will be next Monday evening. The first Adamowski Quartet concert will be next Tuesday afternoon. The Lineff Russian Choir will be here Tuesday evening. Mr. Beresford will give a vocal recital Wednesday evening. Mr. de Pachmann will play Thursday afternoon. And the Tavery Opera Company will be at the Globe Theatre for the week. Here's trouble enough.

PHILIP HALE.

We spoke the other day of the delights of pumpkin soup. "Way down in Malaga" writes for the recipe. Here are, first of all, the materials.

One pound of pumpkin, 1 quart of milk, 1 teaspoonful of chopped onion, 1 stalk of celery, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1/2 teaspoonful of celery salt, 1/2 saltspoonful of white pepper, 1 saltspoonful of cayenne, 1/2 tablespoonful of flour, 1 tablespoonful of butter.

Put the pumpkin into boiling salted water and cook till it is soft. Cook the onion and celery with the milk in a double boiler. When the pumpkin is soft, drain off the water and then mash. Add boiling milk and seasoning. Rub through a strainer and put it on to boil again. Put the butter in a small saucepan, and when it is melted and bubbling add the flour; when it is well mixed stir it into the boiling soup; let it boil five minutes. Serve it piping hot. If the soup is too thick add more milk.

If you wish a richer soup, use a quart of milk, making it much thinner, and add two eggs, well beaten, after you take it from the fire; or put the eggs, when beaten, in the tureen and stir rapidly as you pour in the boiling soup.

Our slang is frequently found to be the proper and becoming language of our ancestors. Here's the phrase "to call down." In the 17th century it was in common usage, and it signified "stopping a speaker."

By the way, does any one know the origin of the expression, "The ghost did not or could not walk?" Many, too many in these days, know the practical application of the phrase; but how did the refusal or the inability of a ghost to walk come to stand for a non-payment of salary due?

The New York Times has discovered that church sleepiness is a condition of hypnotism, "and so far from indicating inattention to the sermon, shows rather complete absorption by it." This is flattering to preacher and sleeper. What a pity that Dean Swift was unacquainted with the

theory when he preached his sermon upon "Sleeping in Church," the sermon founded on Acts, xx, 9. It is possible that Eutychus was hypnotized; hypnotism was known to the ancients—did not the Egyptians, for example, know everything? For although the young man fell from "the third loft, and was taken up dead," they finally brought him alive.

There may be chafing and fretting here and in neighboring towns over the inspection of milk, and it is barely possible that occasionally a milk dealer is unfairly treated. But laxity in the matter would be more deplorable, for such negligence would mean the slaughter of the innocents.

Our new street cars are called "accelerators." Let there be no premature rejoicing; the intention is to accelerate the entering and the leaving of passengers, not to quicken the movement of the car itself.

The sincerity of our love or knowledge of art may well be questioned when stage children are applauded heartily and allowed to monopolize the scene. The Pall Mall Gazette put it neatly when it remarked: "We cannot see why indifferent accomplishment is to be excused on the ground of the performer's extreme youth, and too early an acquaintance with the convention of the footlights frequently fossilizes ingenuousness into a crude and ungainly mannerism." This may be applied to precocious public musicians of every kind and degree.

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The modern play seems the incensor of the censor. It was only the other day that Turkey was insulted by a London burlesque, and now Austria resents a drama by the celebrated critic, Lemaître. In each instance the censor came to royalty's rescue. The playwright may yet be obliged to rummage the dust bin of antiquity for a subject.

"So please to remember
The Fifth of November."

The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot was long celebrated, it is said, in New England. Is there a trace of the habit to-day? Guido Fawkes was a soldier of fortune; just as many of our cranks, afflicted with pyromania and desire to kill, are mere adventurers.

An old question is revived by the proposed performance of "Phormio" at Harvard; and the question is this: "What sort of music did the ancients use with dramatic shows?" It is a question that admits of no answer. No one knows.

MUSIC.

The Fourth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The programme of the fourth Symphony concert, given last evening in Music Hall, was as follows:

Symphony in F minor, op. 12.....Richard Strauss
Requiem, and arias, "Plenez! plenez mes yeux!".....Mousses
from "Le Cid".....Mousses
Symphonie Poème, "Le Bonheur d'après la pluie".....Saint-Saëns
Aria, "Alti si in libertà," from "Arlecchino".....Glinka
Akademische Fest-Overture.....Brahms

Oh, Richard Strauss, son of the Munich horn-player, what do you mean by this symphony in which you speak for an hour?

Or one might put to you the question of Foutenelle to the sonata.

Had you really so much to say, that you could not have expressed yourself in a symphonic poem of from 20 minutes to half an hour?

Your symphony is full of surprising things; there are oratorical graces and flourishes; there is the pessimism seen in your "Don Juan"; there is the virility of stormy youth—but tell us now, in strict confidence, did you write the music because you could not keep it within you, or did you not once cudgel your brains for a fresh thought, while you padded cloverly here and there?

You write a scherzo characterized by ingenious instrumentation and abounding in sharp contrasts; you write an andante that contains beautiful music; and then you write a finale, where by the side of grand passages is melodramatic music, "sneak music," music that might fit the galloping hoofs in "Heid by the Luey."

Your symphony is full of suggestion. To the dreamer it is a delight. But the stern pedagogue might argue with reason, that one of the better waltzes of Johann Strauss would be of greater benefit to the student.

Here are forms of music that were once deemed inevitable by all; that are now approved by many; but will another generation of musicians work in those forms? Will the oratorio and the symphony incite the enthusiasm of the coming composers? You are a hyper-modern; you have already tried the symphonic poem; you have a gift of awaking thought in the hearer; but in this symphony you arrest the attention rather by the expression of your thought than by the thought itself.

You are a symbolist in music. Passages in this symphony might illustrate Verlaine, and Ghal, and Gustave Kahn, there are vague ideas, as in the first movement, and I am not prepared to deny that vague ideas full of suggestion are super- or to clear ideas of triteness.

Your symphony is so long, so long. Your processions of knights, spectres, strange inhabitants of strange lands, women who would fain join them, but follow far behind, are never ending.

But let us have the symphony again, for you arouse curiosity, and in another mood the hearer might substitute large admiration for moderate rapture.

It was a pleasure to hear Mrs. Lames-Story. It was a pleasure to hear a woman who does not suffer from a severe attack of the German vocal mania; who does not court popular applause by pyrotechnical display; who is modest and dignified on the stage, free from grimaces, heedless of familiar faces while she sings. Mrs. Story sang the air from "The Cid" in a sympathetic manner, without any affectation, without a trick. Her delivery was admirable throughout. The simplicity of her treatment of the air from "Armando" was equally worthy of praise. Sophie Armand said of Kossile Le Vasseur, who created the part of Armando, "She has the voice of the people;" a bitter speech, for Sophie hated her. She could not have said it of Mrs. Story. It is true that the audience applauded loudly, but the voice of the singer is free from the taint that gave the double meaning to the jest.

The orchestra, under Mr. Paur's direction, played exceedingly well. The charming piece by Saint-Saëns was given with unusual delicacy; Hercules was allowed his gigantic say; Onphale nagged him and mocked him to her heart's desire. The symphony was read dramatically, and passion did not rise superior to precision. The orchestra and the leader may well be congratulated on the work of the evening.

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

A Few Words Concerning Modern French Pantomime—The Ancient Pierrot and the Modern Character.

"The Prodigal Son," a pantomime, in three acts, by Michel Carré, the younger, with music by André Wormser, will be given by a French company of comedians at the Boston Museum to-morrow evening.

Our idea of pantomime is too often a recollection of clowns with pokers and sawsaws, girls with short skirts, gorgeous transformation scenes. We think of Fox and Maffitt, and the Ravels.

Let us look for a moment at the story of this "Prodigal Son," and then consider the modern pantomime as it is understood among the French.

I had the pleasure of seeing "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Bouffes-Parisiens in Paris, three years ago. Courçé, that admirable actor from the Vaudeville, was then the father, and he plays the part here this week. Pierrot, the son, was then taken by that woman of genius, Félicia Mallet, and also by Nau.

Here is the story of the pantomime, a sketch of the action; and yet the spectator needs no text, such is the skill of the pantomimists. Mr. and Mrs. Pierrot are honest, cheerful people, in comfortable circumstances. Their son distresses them, for he neither relishes his food nor can he endure the quiet of home. He is at the age of love, and he is enamored quickly of Phrynette, a pretty washerwoman, who has ambition. She encourages him, and tells him to bring with him plenty of money. The Pierrots are through dinner, and the old couple doze. The youth is ready to rush to the rendezvous, but he has not a son in his pocket. He therefore robs his father, first stealing the key to a desk. After he leaves the room, the parents wake to know their shame.

Young Pierrot and Phrynette go to the bankers' creditors' gather. The net of bankers and barons; Pierrot, in despair, gambles and slantly he loses. At last he goes to the club prepared to cheat. During his absence a real five-horn appears, who knocks at Phrynette's door. The cheer. He also pays the bills. He also promises to marry her. She runs away with him, but she is polite enough to leave her regrets in a note to Pierrot, who returns from the club, rich and disgraced. He reads her goodbye. He thinks, for he loves the girl. And now what is there left for him? He thinks of the good old people who mourn him deeply. They sit at table—there is an empty place. The father has cursed the boy; he will not see him if he returns. The mother is a mother. The boy comes back while the father is out of the house. The mother hides the prodigal in her room; gives him food and drink; dreams of a reconciliation between father and son. But the father is obdurate, although the son begs on his knees. There is military music in the street; soldiers go to fight for the country. The boy joins them. At this price alone can he obtain his father's forgiveness and blessing.

Who is Pierrot?

Not merely a clown, as some think. He may be a dreamer, a philosopher, a paricide, a blasphemer, a poet.

It is true that the ancient Greeks and Romans, who loved the pantomime, knew certain fixed modern characters, as the Lover, the Bunker, the *Père noble*, the Silly Fellow. But Pierrot is of more recent birth.

In the latter part of the 16th century an Italian troupe crossed the Alps and went to Paris, and in 1572 these strollers played a comedy in their Italian fashion at the Court of Charles IX. Catherine de Medici called herself Columbine that evening.

As far back as 1547 the Italians had named a character, *Pedrolino Piero* (little Peter or Peterkin). He was a valot, a good fellow in many ways, a practical joker, a blowhard, and something of a coward. This Piero with Arlequin formed the couple known as the Zuni, rascally and silly waiting men. Time changed the character of Piero, as the name itself. Molière's company and Italian companies played alternately on the same stage. Italian types were afterward found in the French comedy.

Or as Arthur Pougin puts it, Pierrot was at first an Italian imitation of the Neapolitan Pulcinella; the costume is the same; and this type was not originally in France. But, imagined in France by strolling Italians, Pierrot grew to be an absolutely French type.

Pierrot is anything. He is everything.

When de Banville was asked about the history of pantomime, he replied: "It is the

history of humanity; you must begin at twenty years, and you are not sure of finishing at sixty."

Champfleury makes these distinctions in pantomime: Melodramatic pantomime, in which Pierrot, the old person, white and dumb, walks through scenes of fearful crime; realistic pantomime, created by Deburau, the father; fairy pantomime; romantic pantomime.

There is the Pierrot imagined by Tondre, the pantomimist in Richelin's "Braves Gens." "The new Pierrot, the psychological Pierrot—dressed in a coat; not a trace of linen; face and hands white but not of a tummy white, oh, no! of a pale whiteness, an alcoholic whiteness, a lugubrious whiteness. Pierrot is a phantom. Pierrot makes you shudder and meditate."

Richelin admits the other Pierro, the buffoon. "I do not despise the pantomime when it is buffoonery. I do not forbid it to be profound. Hamlet and Falstaff are alike worthy of Shakspeare."

Here is a sketch of the modern Pierrot. The idea was suggested by the fantastic draughtsman, Willeke; it is expressed by Paul Arène. "Pierrot is pale as a lily or a baker's boy. He is the positive incarnation of deires without an aim, mad ambitious, foolish freaks followed by comic despair, of a generation that has voluntarily turned its back on the ideal and is not content with the good and healthy joys of realism. Pierrot is pessimist. When he looks at the moon, this moon in the shadow of a passing cloud is to him an enormous skull rolling in the emptiness of the sky."

There is the Pierrot imagined by Henri Rivière, the Pierrot, who is the incarnation of Satan in this world; not the stage Pierrot in traditional costume, but a pale man with black eyes, tall, well built, with bronze heart and steel nerves, who, living in society where he exerts enormous power, should always work evil; impossible, smiling.

To many, Pierrot in conventional evening dress is more characteristic in these jaded days than he is in the old costume. They find with Bauelaire a mysterious and symbolic charm in a dress coat, which is "the expression of the universal equality of the expression of the popular mind," for the world is "a singular procession of undertaker's men; some of them are politicians; some are amorous; some are snug and honest citizens. Each one in the procession celebrates some burial."

It will be seen that we are far from the pantomime played at least two centuries before the birth of our Lord. The Roman women were moved greatly and to the jealousy of their husbands. And Demetrius, the cynic, cried aloud: "O wonderful men who speak with hands! I have not seen a show; I have seen the thing itself."

We are far from the great name of Deburau, worn by father and son. We are far from Derudder. We are nearer Kossile, who represented the types of men we elbow in the street.

Lemaître made his debut as a pantomimist. In 1880 Judic and Théo appeared to render in a pantomime "Les Farces de Pierrot." In 1883 Sarah Bernhardt, took the part of Pierrot in "Pierrot Assassin."

The contemporaneous pantomime gives full rein to fancy.

The Statue of the Commander accepts Don Juan's invitation to supper, eats greedily, becomes heated with wine, and paws marked attentions to the girls at the feast.

Or Pierrot returns from the burial of Columbine, whom he murdered by tickling the soles of her feet. He is drunk; he mimics the death agony. He seizes him. He goes to bed. His feet begin to shake and shiver, as did those of poor Columbine. He drinks, but still they shiver. And the bed shakes, and the portrait of Columbine seems alive, and it shakes. The red curtains of the bed grow a deeper red. The portrait is alive. Pierrot dares to touch it. The music screams in agony. The light grows dim. Pierrot falls to the ground in a fit of drunken, horrible remorse.

In "The Prodigal Son" we have no such wistful fancy, mere is a touching story of poor humanity, a story that appeals directly and irresistibly to the spectator of any nationality.

Then there is the charming music written by Adolphe Toussaint Wormser, born in Paris in 1851, and "prix de Rome" in 1875. Our American composers who dream of string quartets and ballads of symphonies may consider the act of writing for a pantomime, like that of Beethoven, Schubert, Bizet, Wagner, and the dumb show.

So, with René de Récy asserting boldly that the pantomime will be the music-drama of the future.

PHILIP HALE.

London landlords say that since the introduction of waitresses they miss fewer silver spoons. These waitresses are "more useful, more ornamental and much quieter." Perhaps the clerks in London are more dignified and eat in solemn silence. Here in Boston a restaurant with waitresses seems often like a conversation. And so it is in Chicago, if Mr. Fuller's "Cliff-Dwellers" is a true picture of life in that city.

The autumnal crop of whales, picked carefully by men of New Bedford, is surprisingly large and of excellent quality. But would Ross Browne or Herman Melville or Charles Nordhoff ever have written the romance of whaling if he had watched the horizon from a steamer? The mystery of the sea departed with the introduction of the boiler.

Shortly before he died, Gounod refused to write an article on Marie Antoinette, as a musician, because he could not "put his whole soul into it." Some may laugh at such a sentiment, but it is the expression of a true artist.

Fashion rides a horseback on the boulevard. Health is gained, and real estate is benefited.

Mrs. Story, known to the world as Emma Eames, triumphed Saturday evening in the town that was the scene of her early struggles for a musical education. The success of this singer is not due alone to natural gifts or excellent European training; it is largely due to grit and perseverance, traits that are characteristic of Yankee girls; for Mrs. Story, although she was born in China, is a Maine girl through and through.

Why is it that men cannot sink the shop, even for a Sunday. They must at least make a visit and see that the safe is there; and often they sit for an hour or two, absorbed in worldly calculation, careless of physical discomfort, as long as they are reminded of week day and money.

Protal Chunder Mozoomdar, the brown Brahmin, walks our streets daily. He walks as though absorbed, pondering "time, space, reality, and abreast of them prudently." Yet there is no keener observer of our customs and fashions. What does this eloquent and meditative inhabitant of hoary India, the mother of religions, really think of the value of all this American hustling and uneasiness? He, of all men, could preach the value and the dignity of repose, the vanity of outward seeming.

Mrs. Emil Paur will soon make her appearance as a pianist; but modestly, as an amiable player, not as a heaven-and-earth-raising soloist.

There are music lovers that fear, and badly, harassing musical domesticity. They remember the public exhibition by the Hensons of passionate and reciprocal appreciation. They have not forgotten the musical matrimonial infelicities exploited in public by Mr. and Mrs. Nikisch.

But Mrs. Paur was a pianist of acknowledged ability while she was a maiden. She was a professional pianist. Mrs. Nikisch never sang in concert in Leipzig. She was a soprano in a theatre. It never occurred to her or her husband that she could sing, until they began to pick fruit from the gold-tree, which is supposed by foreigners to grow in the back-yard of every American.

The healthy boy imagines that he is a pirate who condemns all of his disagreeable playmates to walk the plank; who plunders in mind all older persons that look askew at his pranks. Or he founds a monarchy on some desert island where he shall wear the crown. The scheme of Baron James A. Harbord-Hickey is not unlike the dream of this youngster.

How characteristic of our country was the question put to Cazin the moment of his death: "What do you think of American music?" Are we not able to rate justly our artists until we compare the opinions of foreigners?

How many court disease by walking in the street or running after a car, with mouth wide open. Long ago a book was written by George Catlin, entitled "Shut your Mouth." It was illustrated with hideous cuts. But it was a compendium of common sense, and might be read with profit by men, women and children.

Is it the habit of shrieking in street cars that gives to so many women the fatal gift of a brazen voice? The Bostonian should remember the value of low and gentle tones. The woman exalted by poets and dreamed of by painters is a contralto.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE."

"The Prodigal Son," a pantomime, by Michel Carré, the younger, with music by André Wormser, was given last evening for the first time in this town at the Boston Museum. The cast was as follows:

Pierrot (Junior).....	Mlle. Pilar Morin
Mme. Pierrot.....	Mme. Eugénie Bado
Phrynette.....	Mlle. Reine Roy
Pierrot (Senior).....	M. Courtes
Le Baron.....	M. Dallen
Servant.....	M. Buckland

The story of "The Prodigal Son" was told at length in the Journal of last Sunday. It is a story of eternal interest, which appeals to all classes and conditions. Young Pierrot is very human; he is in every town, in every village. The quiet happiness of home is irksome to him; he must see life, and in seeing life he must lose honor. When he at last knows the vanity of pleasure, he goes back to his home. The mother, after her kind, is ready, is eager to forgive. The father will not forget the cruel crime of the son until there is full atonement, although the heart of the old man may break meanwhile. In battling for his country is the only redemption for the prodigal.

This simple, homely story is told in dumb show with supreme art. These men and women who tell the story know the glory of art, which is simplicity. There is no unnecessary gesture, no meaningless facial play. The hand, the eye and the mouth suggest quicker than speech exclaims.

It is impossible to comprehend fully the admirable art of these comedians in one performance. There is such a wealth of detail that the spectator must necessarily lose a point here and a point there; but the most superficial spectator must feel the realism of these players and wonder at it.

These men and women are comedians first of all, not the pantomimists known in Southern France. Courtes, the Pierrot, Sr., calls the pantomime "A comedy in outlines, a comedy without words, a pantomime without symbolism." The symbols of traditional pantomime are not used by him.

Even in Paris I would not have been understood if I had been a Pierrot instead of a comedian," said Courtes to a reporter for the New York Times. Then he crossed his arms on his breast and continued: "Do you understand this? It means 'the father.'" Then he made a circle around his face with his forefinger and said: "This means 'a woman.'" Then he described with his hands two straight lines from his shoulders to his knees and said: "This is 'a man.'" Then he held his hands over his eyes like a shade, gave a searching expression to his look and said: "This is 'night.'"

The character drawing in this pantomime is marvelous. The people do not play; they are the persons in the comic-tragedy. We know old Pierrot and his wife; they are our neighbors. Do you remember the scandal caused by young Pierrot running away, and how changed the father and mother were the day after? The Baron has stepped out of La Vie Parisienne; but there are such Barons in Boston. And as for Phrynette, she is an eternal type as is young Pierrot. The mound builders knew her; she is in Rio Janeiro, in Hong Kong, in St. Louis; yes, and in country towns she ruins lives for a caprice.

Here is the tragedy, the pathos of humble life. Here is nothing melodramatic, nothing theatrical. The spectator is one of the family. Whether he is the prey of Phrynette, or the poor old father, whose food has no taste, who cannot read his newspaper as long as there is an empty chair, he feels a tug at his heart-strings; he says, with Walt Whitman, "I am the man; I suffered; I was there."

But think not that this is wholly a pantomime of tears. There is ample food for mirth. Remember the father's face as he reads Figaro in the first act. Remember the scene between the Baron and Phrynette. These scenes are as irresistible as the indescribably pathetic meeting of the prodigal and his mother.

To speak of each comedian in detail is now forbidden, yet there must be room to acknowledge here the surpassing skill of Courtes and the fascinating art of Pilar-Morin, a most worthy successor to the Mallet.

The music was well played by the orchestra, under the direction of Barter Johns. The piano, which has a most important part, gave sympathetic aid, played as it was by Mr. Lachapelle.

In the modern French pantomime the piano is supposed to supply the conventional phrase. When passion enters the orchestra enlarges the effect. Wormser's music is effective. It is more than this; it is the work of a trained musician with a keen sense of dramatic fitness. The composer uses the leit-motiv. According to him, it should depict "the state of mind of the character or the nature of the sentiment." As he wrote Paul Huguonnet, "the orchestra is the voice of the pantomimist; it italicizes, it develops, it comments; it is not the slave of the book; it is the equal."

The large audience last evening appreciated keenly the perfection of the acting. There was hearty applause after each act and there were curtain calls. The pianist was also applauded after his solo.

PHILIP HALE.

Gounod left a complete opera, the text of which deals with the story of Abelard. Litolf wrote an opera on the same subject. There would apparently be difficulties in the public performance of Gounod's work, for the hero must necessarily have a voice of extraordinary compass.

There is bitter truth in the cartoon by which Puck shows how bicyclists can be further protected from the public.

Foreign artists inveigh against the purity of our art that sharpens outlines and makes all things look hard. The smoke nuisance may bring with it an artistic atmosphere.

The indifference shown by certain men of education regarding the exercise of the right to vote is a singular affectation; or does it deserve a harsher name?

A correspondent asks if the two-headed boy will be entitled to two votes when he arrives at man's estate. This is a perplexing question. There are in this case two personalities—two heads, each supplied with brains, supposed to be the chief material of the Ego. The case of the Siamese twins is not parallel, for they were practically separate beings. Of course, if one head of the boy is inclined to Republicanism and the other to Democracy, he could pair with himself and be saved public exposure at the ballot box.

The death of Peter Tschaiakowsky is a severe loss in music, for the Russian was one of the few modern composers of pronounced individuality. His radical countrymen accused him of being a cosmopolitan; and it is true that his sanity often saved him from Cossack irregularity and irritating eccentricity. There are certain compositions by him that the world will not willingly let die; that audaciously from a string quartette, an andante of melancholy, unearthly beauty—the passionate "Romeo and Juliet," with its marvelous theme of love that mocks time and space.

The lemon in counterfeit form as an ingredient of the pink circus drink has long been recognized as searching and destructive. It was reserved for Chicagoans to use it as a substitute for chloroform or the sand bag.

Our esteemed fellow-townsmen Mr. B. J. Lang will lecture to-morrow afternoon on "Cause and Effect in Pianoforte Playing." The lecture will no doubt be entertaining and profitable; but a discourse on "Cause and Effect of Pianoforte Playing" would be of more vital interest.

Various causes might be mentioned: Boredom, a mistaken idea of accomplishment, a sense of gregariousness, a desire to please a doting parent, the gaining of bread and butter, and, sometimes, the irresistible impulse to give vent to musical feeling.

So, too, the effects are various: Profanity, removal from a flat, insomnia, nervous depression, chronic or acute pessimism—and, sometimes, pleasure.

The financial troubles in North Street show at least the thrift of the Italians. 'Tis better to have saved and lost than never to have saved at all.

The nomination and the defeat of Maynard are proofs of the weakness and the strength of the system in New York of appointing the Judiciary. New York has often been fortunate in the result; but never so fortunate as this week. A Judge, however, should not be chosen by the people. He should not be exposed to the temptation of wrenching the laws in hope of winning popular favor that may serve him at the polls.

Another of our American girls is to wed an English aristocrat. Of course "it is a pure love match." It is easy to fall in love with an Earl.

A class for women has been formed in Hartford for the study of Parliamentary procedure. The women's meetings at Chicago proved the need of such study. Acquaintance with Parliamentary procedure would also be of incalculable benefit in domestic discussions.

Coleridge once defined a gentleman as a man with an indifference to money matters. If this definition be accepted, this is an age of gentlemen; and there are those, even among us, who are "perfect gentlemen."

It is a curious reflection on royalty that the generosity of Victoria to play-actors summoned before her arouses suspicion of an unbalanced mind.

Do we not put too high a value on conventional and regulated orthography? As the Pall Mall Gazette remarks: "We do not greatly blame a man for turn-down collars when the vogue is erect; nor in these liberal days for theological eccentricity; but we esteem him 'Nothing' and an outcast if he but drop a 'p' from opportunity." The Gazette argues humorously in favor of freedom in spelling:

"Let the reader take a pen in hand and sit down and write, 'My very dear wife.' Clean, cold and correct this, speaking of orderly affection, settled and stereotyped long ago. In such letters is butcher's meat also 'very dear.' Try, now, 'Sigh, verily, dear Wife! Is it not immediately infinitely more soft and tender? Is there not something exquisitely pleasant in lingering over those redundant letters, leaving each word, as it were, with a reluctant caress? Such spelling is a soft, domestic, lovingly wasteful use of material."

A PROBLEM IN POLITENESS.

Lay sermons are preached almost daily, in private and in the columns of the press, on the proper deportment of men and women. The present generation is self-conscious; or why is there a necessity for such sermons. Are we aware of the thinness of the varnish that covers the old Adam? Do we try to conceal selfishness by prating continually about the right thing to do in the social walk of life?

Without moralizing further on this subject, it may be admitted that these sermons are often entertaining. It is pleasant, for instance, to read a symposium concerning the duty of a man when he meets a servant of his family in a street car: whether he should take off his hat; whether he should offer to pay her fare; whether he should give her his place, and other questions that occur to the idle who write letters to newspapers.

Here, for instance, is an episode. In everyday life which is discussed solemnly in an English newspaper: "An American lady, who had not been long in London, but whose husband occupies an important post in our capital, was shopping in Oxford Street when it came on to rain rather fast." Let us stop a moment to consider how delightfully English this is. As if it made any difference whether the husband of the lady occupied an important post or was one of an excursion party doing London and the suburbs in four days. She hailed a passing omnibus.

"The rain was coming down in torrents, and the omnibus was full of men inside, not one of whom moved. The American lady was, meanwhile, waiting on the footboard. The conductor, thinking she had mistaken her bus, asked her where she was going. Whereupon she turned round, and looking into the omnibus she replied, 'I guess I'm going inside when one of these gentlemen gets out.'" The writer adds that the rebuke had the desired effect, and the story is told as an instance of "the decadence of men's manners at the present day."

Now it is improbable that the woman used the phrase "I guess" in this connection; but let it pass; the Englishman regarded the phrase as a touch of local color, an affidavit to the reality of the occurrence. The question is, Should any one of the male passengers have given up his seat and exposed himself to the rain? Does *place aux dames* apply imperatively here? In the first place it is not in evidence that the American was obliged to take that particular omnibus. She knew it was full when she hailed it. If her husband held "an important post," she undoubtedly had money enough for a cab; and cabs are cheap and plentiful in London. She might have waited for another omnibus, for an omnibus in London is not like an oasis in the desert. No; like the child in the story, she wanted her doughnut, and she wanted it "now." That by insisting on an alleged privilege of her sex she might cause extreme discomfort or possibly serious illness to an unoffending man was as nothing in her eyes. We spoke a moment ago of the teller of the story as an Englishman; it is beyond peradventure a woman, and a strong believer in her rights.

The death of Francis Parkman is more than a local or a national loss; for his fame is established in two continents. His life was devoted to recording for the world's benefit the incidents in French-American history, and neither the appalling labor necessary nor physical infirmity discouraged him in the accomplishment of the resolve made when he was a young man at Harvard College. We have had native historians of graceful style and liberal culture, who treated romantic chapters of American history, whose books are now questioned or proved to be inaccurate. But Mr. Parkman was singularly painstaking in the verification of statements; he had the philosophical spirit of the modern historian; he was an ethnographer, as Mantegazza and Captain Burton. Personally he was the highest type of an American citizen, and he bore modestly the old and much-abused title of gentleman.

The important fact is telegraphed that a Mr. Uzzie sent, Vice President Stevenson a rabbit's foot, "telling him to use it on that august body." Hence the repeal of the Sherman law. But there was much talk during the delay of a larger foot that should be used on the "august" body, and it was the foot of an indignant public.

Looking at the French pantomimists in town, one realizes the force of the epitaph written for himself by Gaspard Debureau: "Here lies a comedian who said everything and never spoke."

In saying good-by to Mrs. Chant expressed a desire that she should "kick a little more," for we were told that "better government" is some of her aims. If she was not satisfied with the day's kick she must indeed be hard to please.

And what in the world did Mrs. Chant mean by saying that "nearly all the women who took part in American public affairs were of Grecian type, while the men of like character were Roman." This sounds as though it had come from the mouth of one of the American females encountered by the late Martin Chuzzlewit.

Martin Chuzzlewit recalls the name of the tremendous Elijah Pogram, and the last Saturday Review finds a marked resemblance between that orator and Mr. Hamlin Garland. There is no need for the East to take up the cudgel in reply to Mr. Garland's attack on her literature, nor should we now shudder at his wild Western shriek. The Saturday Review has pricked him gently, although it may take him some time to find that the air is out of the little painted balloon.

A local contemporary indulged itself yesterday in this rhetorical flight: "Her features are well cut, but they are worn by the manner of her life, like the features of a gargoyle chiseled on a weather-beaten cathedral." Reduced to its lowest terms the phrase equals, "She has a hard face."

Tennyson once wrote a play called "Becket." This play was produced in New York Wednesday night. In a telegraphic dispatch to a local contemporary there were 70 lines about the theatre and its managers; 28 lines about the chief actor and the applause, and eight lines concerning the play. In other words, Tennyson pulled the short end.

A CHAIN OF IMPUDENCE.

Charles Lamb once wrote "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggary," that tempted many humorists and lovers of the fantastic to leave the Bar or drugs or desk and stand at street corners, hat in hand. Would that he were now alive to kill with irony that form of begging, devoid of the quaint or the picturesque, the form known among men as the "chain letter." For the chain letter is not a dead letter, as some think; it lives in the mail, it propagates, it is a pest.

Let us take an example, an imaginary case, that is yet not beyond the bounds of reason.

A quiet, inoffensive, kindly disposed man, after a comfortable breakfast and an affectionate parting with his family, goes to his office and, first, opens his letters. He finds one from a stranger, and it may read as follows:

"Dear Sir (sometimes Dear Friend, when the writer is not even an acquaintance):

"The boys of our village have organized a military company, known as the Bugletown Battalion. My little son Willy is Captain.

"As the boys are in moderate circumstances I have deemed it proper to make a chain of letters for the purpose of obtaining money to buy the necessary equipments for the company. The plan is as follows:

"Send to Bonaparte Bangs, Bugletown, Bolivia county, this letter, by return mail, enclosing 10 cents. Make three exact copies, sending them to three friends, instructing them to continue the chain till Jan. 1, 1894. Yours respectfully,

"B. BANGS."

Without considering the peremptory tone, or the absence of thanks in advance, let us look at the impudence of the scheme. A stranger is asked to contribute 10 cents to a cause in which he is not interested; he is called upon to spend 8 cents in postage; he is commanded to take the trouble to make three copies and then bore three friends. And for what purpose? That some little boys in an obscure town may strut about in "softer clothes."

If he is a weak, good natured man, the receiver may say to himself, "10 cents is a trifle; I'll help the boys out; for if I do not do my share, the chain will be broken, and the boys will be disappointed." But he has no right to assist in spreading the nuisance, in taking up the time of his friends or enemies.

Nor should it be forgotten that for every 10 cents sent to Mr. Bangs 8 cents goes to the Government.

It is true that the cause for charity may be more worthy than the one here stated; but the inherent impudence of the beggar is none the less flagrant. The conscientious man will not hesitate a moment in the performance of his duty. He will put the letter in the waste basket. King Cophetua himself would not have married the beggar maid if she had brought to him a chain letter.

There is a portrait of the late Francis Parkman, painted by Mr. F. P. Vinton. When it was first exhibited, it excited much and varied comment. The portrait is hung in a room of the St. Botolph Club, of which Mr. Parkman was the first President, and at his death senior Vice President.

Thursday was Lord Mayor's Day in London. The proper celebration resulted formerly in a dreary following day, if this extract from a London newspaper of 1824 gives any clue: "Thin attendance on 'Change to-day—full eyes—languid countenance—a little nervous this morning—fresh demand for soda-water—much breakfasting at the coffee houses about 12—scrags of mutton in great request—confounded head-ache—shall be home early to-morrow, my dear—let me have a little broth—dence take the Lord Mayor—I'll never go again."

Our Mr. Paetz made his first appearance in New York as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. The New York newspaper men seem to look at him askew; possibly this is because he is respected and esteemed by so many in Boston.

The New York Times man writes that Mr. Paetz is "a scholarly, sound, intelligent and energetic conductor, but it seems as if the gods had not made him poetical." The New York Herald man says that Mr. Paetz has "a dreamy, poetic nature." And thus the doctors disagree.

Whatever the cause of the South Boston tragedy may be, the details of the final scene might have been taken from a short story by Zola.

An Englishman at last appreciates claims, and he is not ashamed to make his confession in a London newspaper:

"Who, in all these benighted isles, can appreciate claims at their proper worth? The uninitiated, sitting on high stools at Fraser's, will have the choicest Little necks set before them, and yet push them away after the first has been swallowed, in ill-disguised, sadly ill-judged disgust. Claims are a joy if you add to them but salt and pepper—cayenne by preference—and a dash of lemon juice; as a chowder, they are a substantial dream to linger over; but made into soup they reach the very topmost bent of their being—it is the end for which they were created."

Yet there is one fatal omission that shows the Englishman is not thoroughly alive to the merits of the clam—he says nothing of fried Little necks. And here in Boston this savory dish is not as keenly relished as in New York.

Buildings designed for business purposes have in the corridors printed rules defining what must be avoided by each tenant for the public good. Why should there not be stringent rules in apartment houses? Rules concerning the hours for piano playing, prohibiting the presence of boisterous or querulous dogs, and full directions for the pursuit and capture of a shy janitor.

The decree of the Russian Post Office Department that all registered letters are to be opened by the postmen in the receiver's presence, and if found to contain money from a road 75 per cent. of the amount is to be seized, is truly an incident in opera-bouffe government.

It is said that certain restless women here are ambitious to have a "salon." A local contemporary suggests in good faith that such women should jot down in a note book all jokes and "admirable bits of repartee which are floating about," that there may be no lack of "conversation." But such a salon would be a hothouse for the forcing of chestnuts.

If it is true that the verdict of certain "leaders in society" may settle the fate of a play in Boston, these authorities should be grouped in a committee subject to the approval of the Mayor, and there should be fees attached to the pleasant duty.

No wonder that Western colleges can afford the luxury of professors from the East, as long as such men as Mr. Rockefeller give them half a million in an off-hand way. And yet the colleges that are endowed heavily are fond of pleading poverty.

Miss Pullman's dot of \$2,000,000 will not go far in maintaining the twenty-eight castles of Prince von Isenberg-Birstein. What can a man do with twenty-eight castles anyway? The celebrated King of Bohemia had only seven.

Mr. Faeltens remark that the most serious obstacle in the work at the New England Conservatory is insufficient preparation might be applied to other schools and to occupations.

MUSIC IN BOSTON

BOSTON, November 5, 1893.

THE first of the Kneisel Quartet concerts of the ninth season was given Monday evening, the 30th, in Chickering Hall. The program was as follows:

Quartet, F major, op. 59.....Beethoven
Quartet, G minor.....Haydn
Quartet, F major, op. 88.....Brahms

The second violin in the quintet was played by Mr. Max Zach.

I was unable to hear this concert, as I assisted at the execution of "Faust" at the Globe Theatre, but I am told on good authority that the concert was one of unalloyed pleasure. Mr. Paur was present, and if hearty applause is an index of delight, he appreciated fully the excellence of the ensemble. We have here no concerts of purer musical worth than those given by the Kneisel quartet.

Marie Tavy and her own Grand English Opera Company were at the Globe Theatre last week. The opera of Monday night was "Faust." The cast was as follows:

Faust.....Chas. O. Bassett
Valentine.....Emil Steger
Brander.....S. Dudley
Mel. histo.....Conrad Behrens
Siebel.....Helen von Doenhoff
Martha.....Sara Carr
Marguerite.....Marie Tavy

The day of this performance, I happened to read in the "Pall Mall Gazette" an article entitled, "A Priest's Opinion on Gounod's Works." Some of the sentences are in doubtful taste, perhaps; at least if there is any sense in the Latin said about the dead; for the priest reminds one a little of Andrea De Basso in his "Ode to a Dead Body." But listen to this: "The injury done by 'Faust' to souls feminine was, within the range of the abbé's personal knowledge, widespread and deep. * * * Gounod was a man as George Sand was a woman of genius. But his erotism made him hysterical and unhealthy. When he found that what was morbid paid, he, without being aware of his motives, stuck to it. It was also delightful to him to be worshipped, under the cloak of religious emotion, by charming persons who were fit subjects for the discipline of a penitentiary. * * * No musician ever lived who had a worse effect upon the morals of fashionable women. They, after an audition of his sacred music, were ready for a plunge into the kind of deadly sin that leads to the divorce court."

This learned priest would indorse the once famous diatribe of Dr. Dio Lewis, who saw lost female souls shooting through the roof of any opera house where "Faust" was playing.

But no soul was lost Monday night, unless profanity is an unpardonable sin. No woman's blood was heated; no pulse was rebellious; no fevered dream followed waking longing. Charles Bassett was "Faust," and behaved toward "Marguerite" "just like a perfect gentleman."

It would neither be pleasant nor profitable to speak at length concerning the performance. Mr. Gabriel, the conductor, did his best to control his orchestral force or weakness, but his efforts were in vain. The orchestra did wretched work. The redeeming features of the evening were some excellent moments of Mrs. Tavy. Mr. Bassett sang pleasantly as a rule, too pleasantly. "Faust" had a pie cause to kill "Valentine." "Mephistopheles" appeared like a college professor, a traveling companion to anyone interested in archaeological pursuits. "Siebel" was a country sport.

Marguerite's garden was lighted by electricity. The scene for "Valentine's" death included a queer Roman triumphal arch and the street of a modern American city, with patent awnings and hitching posts arranged; and there was the spire of a meeting-house in the distance.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert of the sixth season on Monday evening of the 1st. The program, as announced, consisted of a quartet in B flat major by Haydn; Beethoven's quartet for violin and piano; and a quartet in B major by Schubert. Mrs. Law Weber, which according to the program was awarded "the first prize at the recent concert given at St. Petersburg." Mr. Moldauer played the first violin, and the second violin was played by Mr. Zach. A quartet by Bazzini was put in the program of the Wednesday concert. I heard only a part of the

concert, and it seemed to me that the pleasant music of Bazzini was played agreeably. I am told that the Haydn quartet was played delightfully, and that Mr. T. Adamowski gave the Beethoven romanza with much taste. The next concert will be the 21st.

Tuesday evening the Russian choir, under the direction of Mrs. Lineff, gave the entertainment known as "The Russian Wedding" in Music Hall. It was the second of the Suffolk musicales.

The Tavy company appeared Tuesday evening in a double bill—"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." "Pagliacci" was given for the first time in this city and with the following cast:

Canio.....Payne Clarke
Tonio.....Emil Steger
Sylvio.....Arthur Seaton
Peppe.....William Stephens
Nedda.....Marie Tavy

The performance was bad, very bad. He that had not seen the music could not have gained any idea of it from orchestra, chorus, or principals. There was one exception: that was the honest and moving delivery by Mr. Clarke of "Canio's" pathetic air at the end of the first act.

It is my impression—and it is only an impression, for I have not yet heard the opera decently sung or acted—that the second act is a masterpiece; that neither the frivolity of the light woman, nor the mad hate of the hunchback, nor the avenging fury of the "Pagliaccio," who suddenly saw red, escaped this dramatist in music.

How fortunate was Leoncavallo in his libretto! This story may be a true tale of a day in Calabria, but the idea is not new to the stage. Plays in Spanish, French and English have been developed from the same motif.

There's "La Femme de Tabarin," a "tragi-parade" in one act, by Catulle Mendès, first brought out at the Théâtre-Libre, Paris, in November, 1887. I believe the incidental music was composed by Chabrier.

Here's the story of this "parade." "Francisque," the wife of "Tabarin," irons her petticoats in the player's booth. A musketeer saunters along, stops and makes hot love to her. She listens greedily.

"Tabarin" enters just after she has made an appointment with the other man. "Tabarin" is drunk—drunker than usual. He adores his wife; he falls at her feet; he entreates her; he threatens her. Meanwhile the crowd gathers to see the "parade." "Tabarin" mounts the platform, and tells openly of his jealousy. He calls his wife; she does not answer. He opens the curtains behind him; there he sees her in the arms of the musketeer. "Tabarin" snatches up a sword, stabs his wife in the breast, and he comes back to the stage with starting eyes and hoarse voice. The crowd marvels at the passion of his play. "Francisque," bloody, drags herself along the boards. She chokes; she cannot speak. "Tabarin," mad with despair, gives her the sword, begs her to kill him. She seizes the sword, raises herself, hiccoughs, gasps out the word "Canaille!" and dies before she strikes.

In the opera by Pessard, which is entitled "Tabarin," there is a reconciliation at the end between the husband and the imprudent wife. I do not know the story of Bousquet's "Tabarin" (1852), but it is my impression that it is concerned with the courting by "Tabarin" of Francisque.

I shall now only add that in the second act of "Pagliacci" I noticed a singular resemblance between the opening

measures of the andantino in A (in the "Commedia") and the opening measures of the "Madrigal" in Delibe's suite, "Le roi s'amuse." Yet I suppose it is doubtful whether Leoncavallo ever heard the suite.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was cast as follows:

Lola.....Helen von Doenhoff
Lucie.....Sara Carr
Turiddu.....Payne Clarke
Alfio.....Emil Steger
Santuzza.....Irene Pevny

The performance was furious and untuneful. Miss Pevny showed decided temperament. I should like to hear her under more favorable conditions.

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the bass of the quartet of Trinity Church, gave a vocal recital in Chickering Hall Wednesday evening. He was assisted by Mr. Norman McLeod, pianist. The program was long and varied, ranging from Bach's "Vergiss mein nicht" to "The Vicar of Bray." Mr. Beresford has a voice of large compass and agreeable quality. I am told that the concert gave much pleasure and showed the advance of the singer during the past year, and that, on the other hand, he occasionally forgot the size of the hall and was too robust in his treatment of a song requiring delicacy, not force.

MUSIC.

The Gounod Memorial Concert given by Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich.

A concert in memory of Charles Gounod was given last evening in Steiner Hall by Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, assisted by Mr. Fritz Giese, cellist, Mr. Alfred de Sève, violinist, and Mr. Howard Malco in Ticknor, reader.

The program was as follows:

"La Biondina".....Gounod
"The Young Nun".....Gounod
(arr. by Gounod with cello and violin obbligato.)
Meditation (from "Jeune Fille").....Gounod
(Bareilles (cello obligato))
"Valse".....Gounod
(b. "Dites à Jeanne Belle")

"La Biondina" is a little lyric poem by the Italian Zuffra, and the 12 melodies of Gounod are set to the Italian words after the manner of the Tuscan *Sonetto*. The music was written during Gounod's stay in London, and the dedication of the Italian poet was translated into French verse by the composer and offered as a sweetmeat to Georgina Weldon, in token of his regard and esteem for the woman who afterward succeeded him for board, washing and light.

The song, tell of a love affair that begins in "amiable sentimentalism and ends in the cemetery." For "la Biondina," the wife, dies, and the poet plants flowers on her grave. It is the poet who is in the habit of surviving, whether he be widower, as here, or mourning lover; otherwise he would not be able to sing of his grief.

As far back as 1856, Gounod's arrangement of Schubert's "Young Nun" was played at a concert of the Society of Young Artists, conducted by Pasdeloup. It was then arranged for piano, violin, cello, and harmonica, which was a new instrument invented by Debain. In this instrument free reeds were combined with metal strings. It was a union of a harmonium and a piano in one case, and with one key-board. Pontecourt describes it in his "Organographie," and says that the harmonica produced a pleasing imitation of the harp accompanying a wind instrument.

Gounod was undoubtedly one of the greatest of song writers, and his melodies are too seldom heard in concert halls; but it would be foolish to claim that each of these "Biondina" songs is a masterpiece. "The Letter" and "The Serenade" are more familiar than their companions, and with good reason.

Mr. Heinrich sang these songs with the words of his own translation and to his own piano accompaniment. He sang with feeling and gave the audience much pleasure. The other gentlemen contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, and Mr. Ticknor told the simple and sad story of the lovers in a graceful manner.

NOTES.

It is eminently fit that men who meet in London to commemorate the hanging of Chicago Anarchists should applaud the fiend of the Barcelona Theatre.

In these days of short, intense opera, in which the dramatic is consulted rather than that which is vocal, Adeline Patti seems an agreeable anachronism.

SABBATIC IRREGULARITY.

Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest to the great majority of the Christian world; that is to say, it is supposed to be a relief from the routine of weekly worldly employment; an opportunity for self-inspection and resolve; a halting place for spiritual refreshment. Rest is not necessarily inaction. But so far as worldly cares are concerned, Sunday is supposed to bring a change in thought, and to be a holiday in the true meaning of the word.

Why is it, then, that so many excellent people awake Monday morning, not only unrefreshed but logy? They crawl to work like the schoolboy described by Jaques. They are even ready to call the day a stupid one; or they accuse the minister of proiness; or the children asked too many questions before going to Sunday School. They did not enjoy the Sunday in any way.

Now, nine times out of ten the fault was due to their own intemperance and irregularity, habits that in many households are confirmed. For the apparently temperate are often the most intemperate.

Sunday is to many a day of regular irregularity. They sleep later than usual, they lie abed after sleep has fled. They eat a richer, heavier breakfast at a later hour. Old tradition in New England decreed that nothing hot should be eaten on the Sabbath, as the day was then almost universally called. A more recent tradition decrees a peculiar mixture, of which the chief ingredients are Boston brown bread, baked beans, eggs, fish-balls and coffee. As there is more time for deglutition, more is eaten.

Then comes the second irregularity. According to the code of servanthood, the heaviest meal must of a Sunday be put on the table early in the afternoon. The man accustomed to a light lunch in the middle of

the day is complete. I have followed a heavier breakfast with a meal. In defiance, again, of old New England tradition, special care is taken to have this early dinner varied and toothsome. Thus fed, a man's mind is a blank and his limbs are sluggish or even without life, unless he be of heroic, epic digestion. As a rule the man falls asleep, and it is a sodden sleep. He has no appetite for supper, which consists, when it is served, of a little cold meat, with much preserve and cake. But about 10 o'clock he begins to grow hungry; he may do foraging under domestic fire; as a rule, and always when he is tired, he goes hungry to bed. Is this sketch overdrawn? Or what wonder that the man wakes Monday unrefreshed?

There are men and women now living, and they need not be of ripe old age, who remember in the village of their youth two services, long, often austere, separated only by a lunch of bread and butter, cheese, doughnuts eaten solemnly near the church, and in pleasant weather in the graveyard. This diet may not have been of great physical benefit; but if it was an error, it was an error on the side of temperance. Certainly the mind was not dulled, the stomach was not clogged.

For again let it be said, intemperance is by no means synonymous with drunkenness. Gluttony kills more than the sword. "As a lamp is choked with a multitude of oil, or a little fire with overmuch wood quite extinguished, so is the natural heat with immoderate eating strangled in the body."

CONCERNING FURNITURE.

There has always been a fashion in furniture. Now it is said there is yearly rotation in the style of furniture, as in the shape of the hat or the woman's gown. The sideboard of this year may not be the sideboard of the next. There is fretting in consequence; the believers in outward show see an endless procession of tables, chairs, bedsteads, divans ascending and descending the stairs of apartment houses. Money is wasted by people of limited means.

The rich can indulge themselves easily in such caprices, but, as a rule, they are indifferent in the matter. They buy handsome furniture when they go to housekeeping, and they snap derisive thumbs at the decree of a seller. The father, who remembers how the old furniture in the country town of his youth was often sold at auction for a song, smiles at the price paid by his daughter for a table that may have stood in her grandmother's room; he is willing to gratify the fancy; but any novelty in furniture does not of itself cause him uneasiness.

It has been said that Americans have no home in the English acceptance of the word. An American seldom dies in the house in which he was born. He seldom lives in his latter years in the house from which his father was buried. There is not with many the gradual accumulation of the household goods of generations.

The dwelling in flats and in hotels destroys

in a measure the peculiar sense of ownership and companionship in inanimate things. A chair is merely a thing to sit in; it is seldom, when empty to the eye, filled with association in the mind. "The Old Arm Chair" is a song, rather than a fact. Perhaps it is the fault of the age, but when death removes the user the thing once used by him is not apparently so revered as in former years. There is more of sullen grief in the loneliness than lively hope or pious recollection.

There is perhaps a lack of individuality in the choice and use of furniture. Why should one home be exactly like another? As far as outward appearances go, a woman when calling on a friend may well imagine that she is in her own sitting room. Why should one table be exactly like another? Why should chairs be bought by the dozen? Even the bear in the fairy story had his own porringer, his own chair; and he rescued their use by another. Irregularity in the adornment of a house is more to be commended than slavish adherence to conventionality and a burning desire to have the latest thing in furniture.

"Lohengrin" was given Wednesday night by the Tavery Company. "The Bohemian Girl" was sung in the afternoon, but I dodged it.

The cast in "Lohengrin" was as follows:

King Henry.....	Conrad Behrens
Telramund.....	Emil Steger
The Herald.....	Arthur Seaton
Lohengrin.....	Charles Bassett
Ortrud.....	Helen von Doenhoff
Elsa.....	Marie Tavery

I have not the heart to speak of the performance in detail.

Did you ever see Mr. Bassett as "Lohengrin?"

Did you ever hear Mr. Steger as "Telramund?"

The attempts of the singers were no doubt honest, but an attempt is not a performance.

Mrs. Tavery and Mr. Behrens showed often their acquaintance with the routine work; but this is all that can be said by way of praise. The attempt to give the opera was rank impudence.

"Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were repeated Thursday and Friday; "Lohengrin" was sung at the Saturday matinee, and "Il Trovatore" was sung last night.

Mr. de Pachmann gave his last Chopin recital in Chickering Hall Thursday afternoon. He played allegro de concert; barcarolle; fantasia impromptu; nocturne, op. 27, No. 2; fantasia, op. 49; scherzo, op. 31; preludes, op. 28, Nos. 15, 16, 19, 24; ballade, op. 38; mazourka, op. 41, No. 3; waltzes, op. 64, No. 2, op. 42.

De Pachmann was in high spirits. His delivery of the scherzo, the preludes, the ballade and the mazourka was worthy of the highest praise. You are right about his fortissimo; it is often blurred; but Thursday this fault was not so much in evidence. His playing of the scherzo was marvelous; indeed I do not remember during the last three or four years any performance in that genre that equaled or even approached it. The audience was enthusiastic from the start, and with good cause.

After the concert I heard the eminent, the egregious pianist confide to Mrs. Eames-Story that his stomach was in wretched condition.

I wish to thank "Raconteur" for his defense of Verlaine et al. in THE MUSICAL COURIER of the 1st.

I take at random a Boston Symphony program book and I open it carelessly. The page is 87. Here is a sentence: "In fact this quiet little passage does play something of the rôle of conclusion theme, for it leads directly to the double dotted double bar or repeat—the first part of the movement is at an end, and there has been no second theme, no real conclusion theme, nothing but a long development of the first theme, an almost unheard of form for the first part of the first movement of a symphony." Now this was written by a clever man concerning Goetz' symphony.

I open another book and I find this passage: "The royal magnificences of the sunset have passed, the solemn beatitude of the night is at hand, but not yet here; the ways are veiled with shadow and lit with dresses, white, that the hour has touched with blue, yellow, green, mauve and undecided purple; the voices? strange contraltos; the forms? not those of men or women, but mystic, hybrid creatures, with hands nervous and pale and eyes charged with eager and fitful light * * * 'un soir équivoque d'automne,' * * * les belles pendent rêveuses à nos bras."

The former quotation was written about music by a musician. The latter quotation was written about a poet by a cynical enthusiast.

And the latter is music.

These symbolists, these decadents at least, suggest the

correspondence of perfumes, colors and sounds. And I have no doubt that the "Raconteur" feels the music of these lines of Baudelaire:

Il est des parfums frais comme des chairs d'enfants,
Doux comme les hautbois, verts comme les prairies.

The program of the fourth Symphony concert was as follows:

Symphony in F minor, op. 12.....	Richard Strauss
Recitative "De cet affreux combat," and Aria "Pleurez! pleurez, mes yeux!" from "Le Cid".....	Massenet
Symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale".....	Saint-Saëns
Aria, "Ah! si la liberté," from "Armide".....	Glück
Akademische Fest Overture.....	Brahms

Mrs. Eames-Story was the singer.

This was an interesting and excellent concert. The performance of the orchestra, from the technical and from the purely æsthetic point of view, left almost nothing to be desired. Mr. Paur showed himself in the symphony to be a man of passion; passion did not scorn precision, precision was fluid, not metronomic.

The symphony, I am told, was played for the first time at these concerts. Strauss is a hyper-modern. He has the gift of arresting the attention of the hearer. In this symphony he arrests by the expression of the thought rather than by the thought itself. The instrumentation is ingenious, effective. There are noble passages of music, as in

the first, third and fourth movements. There is melancholy vagueness, as in the first movement. Vague ideas that suggest are superior to clear triteness. It is a strange work, full of passion, virility; there is mysticism; there is little that is sensuous; there is considerable that is melodramatic; a strong work, superior to the "Don Juan;" but it is long, so long!

Mrs. Eames-Story sang with marked dignity of carriage, with purity of voice and style. Her performance was admirable. The accompaniments were played most sympathetically under Mr. Paur's direction.

There will be no Symphony concert this week. The program for the concert of the 18th includes Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Brahms' double concerto for violin and cello, Haydn's symphony in D.

A Gounod memorial concert will be given by Messrs. William Heinrich and Fritz Giese in Steinert Hall Saturday evening.

A Gounod memorial concert will be given in Sleeper Hall next Thursday evening. Mr. Elson will deliver an address. Compositions by Gounod will be sung by Mrs. Byrnes, Miss Palmer, Miss Leimer and Messrs. Rotoli, Dunham and Meyn. Messrs. H. M. Dunham and Emil Mahr will play arrangements from Gounod's compositions.

Miss Marguerite Hall's first vocal recital will be given in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, the 14th, at 3 o'clock. The program is of unusual interest.

The program of the second Kucisel Quartet concert, November 13, in Chickering Hall, will include Smetana's E minor quartet, Schubert's piano trio in E flat major, Beethoven's quartet in E flat major. Mrs. Emil Paur will be the pianist.

Mr. B. J. Lang will lecture on "Cause and Effect in Pianoforte Playing," in Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, November 10, at 3 o'clock.

Manager John Graham has enlisted the services of a host of popular artists for his annual concert at the Hollis Street Theatre, on Sunday evening, the 26th inst.

Mr. Gerard Russo, harper, will have the assistance of the National Guard military band and a large number of soloists at his annual concert at the Hollis Street Theatre next Sunday evening.

PHILIP HALE.

2-93 ABOUT MUSIC.

Opinions of French Composers Concerning Pantomime.

A Few Words in Regard to Musical Connubiality.

News and Gossip of Foreign and Domestic Events.

Some of our musicians have wondered at the presence of a piano in the orchestra allotted to Wormser, a "prix de Rome," to the music of "L'Enfant Prodigue." Others have wondered that Wormser should write for any pantomime. In France the young and ambitious composer attacks at once the stage. He does not strive after reputation in chamber or concert hall; he turns for success in operatic composition. He does not disdain the opera-bouffe; he does not despise the savante. Bizet wrote "Doktor Miracle," an act of "Ma-brouche," and an onnette-vaudeville, "Sol-si-ré-pif-pan." Chabrier wrote "L'Etoile," an opera-bouffe, from which Francis Wilson took his "Merry Monarch." Ambroise Thomas began with a little one act opera-comique; Massenet's first attempt was in similar fashion. There is no need of running through the catalogue of the younger Frenchmen who are now trying their hand at opera-bouffe or pantomime.

There once was a man named Jules Fleury. Known to the world as Chamfleury, who wrote delightfully concerning many things. He told stories in a fascinating manner—witness, "Le Violon de Faïence," or "Les Enfants du Professeur Turck;" he was interested in the history of caricature; he was one of the naturalistic school.

And Chamfleury wrote about music. He played the cello a little. He was one of the first of the Wagnerites, and as long ago as 1860 he expressed his devotion in a pamphlet of 16 pages.

Many critics, as Pougin, laugh at him and his theories.

But it was Chamfleury who likened the music of Boccherini to "A flame colored ribbon preserved tenderly in an olden, rosewood bureau." Surely much may be forgiven the man who invented such a comparison.

Chamfleury once made suggestions concerning pantomime music: "Formerly actors played in pantomime according to the note; the show was then only the dance, treated seriously,

...the actor was no longer inspired; his movements were unadvised and regulated, as a rule. The orchestra, however badly organized, has often, at such a show, thrown me into an ecstasy unknown to a concert of the Conservatory. Three violins, a viola, a clarinet, a horn and a double bass often play, without knowing the fact, pieces by Mozart and Gluck, which are taken from old volumes. The cornet should be suppressed and replaced by an oboe, a flute and a cello. When you accompany mimes, you need soft music; now live it, now melancholy, which yet will not disturb this world, so full of calm."

Paul Huzouet consulted the opinions of French composers of to-day concerning Champfleury's propositions, and a symposium arranged by him was published lately by Ernest Kolb in Paris. The book is entertaining and suggestive to a musician.

Massenet would not be interrupted, although he once wrote a pantomime for piano. But he said, "Have I not given to the pantomime the best of my pupils, Vidal, Missa, Hahn?"

Vidal believes in the piano as sole accompaniment. When he wrote the music to "Pierrot Assassin," of which I spoke last Sunday, he was at a loss to find the appropriate rhythm for the scene in which Pierrot kills his wife by tickling her feet. He finally adopted the tarentella.

Thomé wrote Huzouet, "I do not know a more difficult task than writing pantomime music. To meditate the music and the gesture, to find the exact moment when the note and the arm should fall together, to realize the union of mime and musician, exacts a world of labor." Thomé does not see why familiar stories should not furnish the text, as long as they are gay or tempered with irony—fairy stories, for instance, in modern dress, just as Miss Thackeray treated Bluebeard and other tales.

Pleiffer thinks that the ideal pantomime would be a subject treated impromptu by mime and composer. "Put a young fellow of talent before a piano, put on the stage a mime who is really in love with the art, then let them go ahead, and let the music follow the movements of the mime in their fantastic grace, and accentuate with the slightest details."

Paguo believes in a piano, and even brass, regardless of Champfleury. "I have heard men, who are regarded as very intelligent, say monstrous things about the opera. Frequently I was at Alphonse Daudet's home one evening. When anybody played the piano Zola went away. Edmond de Goncourt would get close to the piano and amuse himself as a child by watching the hammers. He found the mechanism curious. Daudet alone derived a certain pleasure in listening."

But these and other singular facts and speculations, are they not written at length in "La Musique et la Pantomime?"

They that are interested in "L'Enfant Prodigieux" and the modern pantomime should read Huzouet's "Mimes et Pierrots," Paris, 1899.

Last week was musically dull. Two memorial concerts and a lecture on piano-playing did not evoke musical excitement.

Mrs. Paur will make her first appearance in this city as a pianist to-morrow evening, when she will play in a trio by Schubert at the second Kneisel concert.

She will be the soloist at the first of the Apollo concerts, Nov. 22.

Many—and not without reason—shudder at the thought of the public display of musical community. This affection manifested on the stage is apt to elicit, or to provoke suspicion of its sincerity, or to destroy faith in the musical judgment of the better half, whichever it may happen to be.

Thus the public demeanor of the estimable H. N. Nisch might have served Charles Lamb as a model for his "Bachelor's Complaint of the Superior of Married People." The extreme anxiety shown by the husband in piloting the wife across the stage; his wild delight in her singing, even when he apparently persisted in accompanying in a recalcitrant way; his look of reproach at the time when the applause seemed to him inadequate; these and other manifestations of devotion were undoubtedly sincere, and to be pardoned if confined within the walls of home.

Mr. Nisch was not so naturally demonstrative in public, but it is said by those who knew him well that he took no active measures to prevent the appearance of Mrs. Nisch on the concert stage.

Mrs. Paur is said to be an excellent pianist, and Mr. Paur is apparently a sensible man, and a factor for the best. Mr. Paur is certainly present, and he is relieved from the responsibility of introducing Mrs. Paur to the Boston audience.

...the actress Patti will soon descend upon us. Word is that there were an opera house here at the production of "Gabrielle."

...the city has written a book in the hands of the printer. ... "Comments in Music."

...the Copenhagen correspondent of the ... Mr. Eugene Dalkwardt, who is well known here, appeared with success as a tenor at ... the city by the ... a list, ... October.

...Hortelgen the cellist, who has many friends here, played lately in Berlin.

...B. von Held Zesler, the pianist, gave a concert at 12 p.m. the 27th of October. She ... Chopin's F minor and ... D minor. She was praised for ... facility touch and fire. She ... in tempo and in ... of the ... and for affectation ... art.

...Anton Hecking for his now

thus spells his name, formerly solo cellist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra and afterward in the orchestra under Damrosch, is now in Berlin. He gave a concert there Oct. 12 and played concertos by St. Saens, Lalo, Gollernann; Bruch's "Kol Nidrei;" besides "several small pieces." One may wonder at his endurance, but the fortitude of the audience was not less admirable. When a cellist comes out in public and puts his instrument between his legs, we are delighted for a moment with a sweet cantabile; but we soon tire of it, and then we have no interest in the catching of flies along the strings. So, in effect, he wrote a German critic. But do not misunderstand me. Mr. Hecking is an artist of the first water.

It is doubtful, however, if even he could charm with the cello for an hour and a half.

PHILIP HALE.

THE KNEISEL QUARTET.

The second concert of the Kneisel Quartet was given last evening in Chickering Hall. Mrs. Emil Paur made her first appearance in Boston as a pianist. The programme was as follows:

Quartette, E minor (first time at these concerts), Schubert
Quintet, E flat major, op. 18, ... Beethoven
Quartette, E major, op. 18, ... Beethoven

Friedrich Smetana's reputation was for a long time bounded by the border lines of Bohemia. In 1880 the E minor quartet was played in Vienna; it was warmly received. Of late years some of his operas have crossed the frontier and have been heard in the German language.

Smetana died in 1884, sixty years of age. In 1874 he was stone deaf, and his death was in a madhouse in Prague. He was a composer of intense nationality, revered by his countrymen, although his fame as a Bohemian has been eclipsed partially by that of Dvorak. But in the string quartette played last night Smetana seems rather German than Bohemian.

Not that this music is entirely devoid of tschechisch spirit. There are suggestions of it in the scherzo, and the chief theme of the finale sounds like a folk-song. But the music is not so foreign that the hearer who may understand German, French, Italian, feels the need of an interpreter to translate the speech of the Bohemian.

Surely this quartette is a strong and earnest work, eminently musical. The first movement is well made, firmly knit, free from suspicion of triteness or dullness. The scherzo and the finale are delightful, abounding in fresh melody and ingenious harmonic combinations. The slow movement seems to me less spontaneous, and it is not without affectation of profundity, as though the composer had said to himself, "I'll try Beethoven's later style." As a whole, the quartette gave genuine pleasure. It is a work that shows temperance as well as skill.

Mrs. Paur was greeted warmly when she made her appearance, and the applause that followed her performance was loud and sincere. She displayed many of the characteristics of an excellent ensemble player. Her touch was clear and crisp; her sense of rhythm was rarely at fault, although toward the end of the first movement there was false accentuation for a few measures; and she appreciated fully the relative importance of the parts. Although a woman, she did not attempt to monopolize the conversation or the attention. Her phrasing was musical; and she played with delightful accuracy and good sense. Whether she is a pianist of marked temperament remains to be seen. Her modest and womanly manner added in no small degree to the pleasure caused by her performance.

The playing of the members of the quartette was, as usual, worthy of high praise. One may quarrel, but rarely, with a tempo chosen, but in quality of tone, in nice appreciation of detail and in musical feeling displayed there is almost nothing to be desired. The Kneisel concerts are the most purely artistic events of our season.

The question of tempo is one that admits often of argument. Was not the *andante con moto* of the trio taken at too slow a pace? There is a custom at present of almost confounding this indication with *adagio*. Now in this particular movement the closing 17 measures, where a slower pace is indicated, lost in contrast, and other passages suffered for the general tempo of the movement was too slow. And yet this movement was treated so sympathetically in other respects that it seems unnecessary to insist on this point.

PHILIP HALE.

Men were discussing the other night the life work of Francis Parkman, and they exchanged personal recollections. Mr. Thomas Cushing spoke in his turn, and surprised those present by stating that he had fitted Mr. Parkman for college. The statement at first seemed hardly credible, for Mr. Cushing's mental vigor and physical activity belie his years.

Recipe for making an immortal book: Write it at one sitting in 3 days and 2 nights; devote 34 years to improving it, and then publish it as near as possible as it originally was.—[The Nation.]

Mr. Richard H. Davis is at least enjoying the benefits of free advertising, and his publishers smile. But is it such a breach of decorum to deny, partly or in toto, his title to genius, a title claimed for him by hysterical magazine readers and apparently by himself?

The musical programme arranged by Mr. Damrosch of New York for the celebration yesterday of the anniversary of Edwin Booth's death was not without its fitness. Tschalkowsky's orchestral fantasia "Hamlet" is a striking work, and it should be played here again at the Symphony concerts, for it is not fully comprehended at one hearing. But why in the world did Mr. Damrosch choose for a march "The Dead March in Saul," when there is the funeral march of Hamlet by Berlioz? Either Berlioz or Balakireff's "King Lear" overture might have taken the place of the nocturne from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Patti is still seasick. She has crossed the ocean so many times she should give up the disgusting habit.

The Swordsman, the official organ of the Amateur Fencers' League of America, has just made its appearance. It is published in Boston. The monthly is edited by Dr. Edward Breck, a brother of John Lyster Breck, the painter. The Swordsman is said to be the first paper in English devoted to fencing. It is well printed. The November number contains much of interest to fencers, a good many French phrases and a lunge at a local contemporary.

The supervision of Emperor William over his realm is catholic. He has now introduced a new dance into Germany. Its figures are combined from the quadrille, a country dance and the lancers: he calls it the "gavotte lancier." Before introducing it he had a party of professional dancers perform it before him, and, being satisfied, he gave it his sanction as a court function.

And 15-93

AN UNLIKELY DUEL.

"The Swordsman," a magazine devoted to the interests of fencing, announced the other day that it might be obliged to introduce into its columns a *Chronique du Duel*; for some weeks ago a duel with sabres took place near Chicago, and a duel is expected near New York between a Spaniard and a Frenchman. This conditional promise was made before the challenge was sent by Mr. Richard H. Davis to Mr. E. W. Townsend. There is now no excuse for "The Swordsman" to omit in future such a chronicle.

And yet there is a possibility that this duel will not be fought. Mr. Davis is undoubtedly sincere in his rage, and Mr. Townsend is not to be shaken in his belief concerning the mental grasp of the young man of "fresh and breezy style, suggesting the complacent pride of a setter pup which passes over a quail you've just shot and brings you back a last year's birdnest." No one will dispute the reasonableness of the position assumed by each of these gentlemen. But as for a real duel, with genuine hacks, a live surgeon with tools, a warranted cold sunrise and an authenticated late breakfast of knightly grief or chivalric reconciliation—that's another matter.

For many years it was a common allegation against dueling that the ancient Greeks and Romans did not practice it in the settlement of disputes. The second inference from this was that personal honor could not require such satisfaction; the first, of course, being that dueling was to be the more abhorred by Christians. Thomas de Quincy once wrote an article in reference to this subject and he then claimed that the second inference was founded on "inacquaintance with the manners and the spirit of manners prevalent amongst these imperfectly civilized nations." A short extract from this article may be applied to the case of Davis v. Townsend.

"No vindictive notice was taken of any possible personalities, simply because the most hideous license had been established for centuries in tongue license and unmanly Billingsgate. This had been promoted by the example hourly ringing in their ears of venal scurrility. *Verna*—that is, the slave born in the family—had, each from the other, one universal and proverbial character of foul-mouthed eloquence which, hoard from infancy, could not but furnish a model almost unconsciously to those who had occasion publicly to practice vituperative rhetoric. * * * The feelings of wounded honor on such occasions are mere reflections of feelings and opinions already existing and generally dispersed through society. Now, in Roman society, the case was a mere subject for laughter."

In other words, these New York combatants use pen and ink without fear of the police. Mr. Davis may deem it proper to write a short story in which Mr. Townsend will figure with Van Bibber and other fantastic characters. And then it will be the pleasant duty of Mr. Townsend to review the story for the benefit of the readers of the Sun, and to the exceeding joy of all save Mr. Davis, who seems more sensitive than the plant sung by Shelly.

Jane Hading, according to a reporter, thus described the Pride of the West: "Chicago? Bah!" It is interesting to note in this connection that the Coquelin-Hading combination played to small houses in that city. At the same time, the interjection is good French, and our ancestors borrowed it from across the Channel.

It seems that inserting one's teeth firmly in the back of an opponent is the latest master stroke in foot ball. Classes will soon be formed for instruction in the art of mayhem.

The estimable people who insist that the Swiss Government is better than ours and should be adopted by us forget in their advocacy of direct legislation that Switzerland is not quite as large a patch of ground as the United States.

"The piano is useful in correcting any forgetfulness or fault of the mime ; if the composer is the player, the theme may be shortened, lengthened, varied ; but the orchestra would pursue fatally its path."

* * *

These things were written by Wormser to Paul Hugonet, whose book I wrote about in *The Musical Courier* last spring.

A concert in memory of Charles Gounod was given last evening in Steinert Hall by Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich, tenor, assisted by Mr. Fritz Giese, cellist ; Mr. Alfred De Seve, violinist, and Mr. Howard Malcolm Tucknor, reader.

The program was as follows :

Mr. Heinrich, who, you remember, is blind sang, his own
"Dites la Jeune Belle."
"Venez."
Barcarolles ("cello obligato).
"Cello Solo.
Méditation, "Jean d'Arc".
("Arranged by Gounod with cello and violin obligatos).
"The Young Nun"
"La Bondine"
Gounod
Gounod
Gounod

that too in spite of his affliction. Gounod was a great song writer, to be named in the same class with Schumann, Schubert and Franz; but how comparatively little he is now known here as a song writer! There are a few of his melodies that custom has in a measure staled; there are many delightful ones that are ignored. Did you ever hear his "Wandering Jew," although delightful is not the descriptive word for it? or, speak in passing, did you ever hear his second symphony or one to for wind instruments? I wonder how they sound!

This "Blondina" was written during Gounod's Capuan exile, and the dedication of the Italian poet, Zaffra, was translated into French verse by the composer and offered as a plan to Georgina Weidon, the woman who afterward used him for services rendered, such as board, washing, sight, nursing and looking after his manuscripts. The best of the "Blondina" set are known and the others are not of such marked worth.

the forte campano, and so on, and so on.

Max Heinrich will give song recitals in Chickering Hall
 * * *
 "Tabasco," the new opera for the Cadets, text by R. A.
 Chadowick, is now in re-
 hearsal. It will be given at the Tremont Theatre some
 time in January.
 Gerard Russo, the harper, will give a concert this evening
 at the Hollis Street Theatre. The list of artists is as long
 as one of Walt Whitman's catalogues of trades or occupa-
 tions.

H. W. Parker is at work on a musical setting of James Clarence Mangan's will poem, "A Vision of Connaught." It tells me it will be for baritone and orchestra, "mostly orchestra." Here is another man—Mangan I mean, not Parker—who is not known fully in these days. There was an essay, to be sure, on his poetry in the "Atlantic" some time ago, but the "Atlantic" now gives only a short-lived, uneven reputation. A better, more sympathetic essay on Mangan was written by Richard Dowling. Best of all is the sketch that serves as a preface to the American edition of Mangan's poems.

A book entitled "(Ornaments in Music)," compiled by Artt P. Ray, of this city, will be published soon. Partt descends on us the 21st, and the stage in Music Hall will suffer an operatic change, for "Gaiety," the opera by Emilio Pizzi, will then be heard "for the first time in public."

* * *

Mrs. Laur will play piano pieces at the first of the Apollo concerts, November 22. She will make her first appearance in this city as a pianist for to-morrow night in the second of the Knisel Garter concerts; and the program will be

Some regret that Mr. Pant should allow his wife to appear in public as a professional. She is said, however, to be an excellent pianist, and as he seems to be a sensible man, let us hope for the best. At any rate, the Pant is not obscure, and he is not directly responsible for the appearance of his wife in public.

I SEE by the "Prognostic Star Gazer," No. 105, published in Boston, that the 12th inst. is a day

"Cause and Effect in Piano Playing."

Apropos of Mr. Lang's lecture the following paragraphs appeared in the Boston "Journal," the 9th. "This lecture will no doubt be entertaining and profitable; but a discourse on 'Cause and effect of piano playing' would do more vital interest.

Various causes might be mentioned

I am told that "L'Enfant Prodigue" is here for four weeks. Will the pantomime be successful at the box office?

The first night there was a fine audience, and there was hearty applause. It is not to be denied that some found the show tedious and left after the second act; these people admitted that the acting was excellent, but they missed the sound of the human voice. To others the word-pantomime was a stumbling block; they mourned the absence of the hot poker, the short skirts of Columbine, the transformation scene, in which the good are transported to the macabres of Bliss. There was one man, intelligent, an habitual theatre goer, who asked me after the first act if I

I first saw "L'Enfant Prodigue" in Paris in 1890. Mallet was "Pierrot" his; Wormser, the composer, was at the piano. It would be untrue to assert that full justice was awarded to Wormser's music by the orchestra of last week, and yet a fair opportunity was given for appreciation of it. How clever much of this music is! The composer himself has told of its manufacture. He was given thirty days for his task. Fifteen days before the first rehearsal he had in his head only a fourth of the first act. At the rehearsal he

Wormser believes in the use of the leit motif in pantomime.

first act, the motif which illustrates the domestic happiness of the elder Phaedrus, it is the theme of conjugal tenderness. It is gay and exuberant when the son makes the old people dance ! it appears again, plaintive, as if veiled in crape, at the beginning of the third act, to illustrate the deserted hearth and the empty chair. The life of the parents is finished ; if they still love it is with wet eyes." According to Wornser, the orchestra is the voice of the nation; it italizes, it develops, it comments ; it is no longer the slave of the libretto, it is the equal.

"Chambliss wished, they tell me, discreet music. But let us have appropriate music. If a Lohegrin, an Alexander the Great, steps upon the stage, anyone of heroic figure and manner, do you think I should hesitate to employ all the resources of the modern orchestra?"



The London Times attributes the vast majority of our railway accidents of the year to "the absence of any arrangement for the interlocking of points and signals and the want of an efficient system of block working." As a proof it cites the "comparative immunity from serious accident enjoyed by the New York Central."

Mr. Field played the accompaniments in a sympathetic manner. The second of Miss Hall's recitals will be given in Steinert Hall, Wednesday evening, Nov. 22.

quently the expression which you expect a climatic change to produce. I think that the expression of facial features is determined by the composition of the blood, and that she does deliberately, not carelessly, choose the expression which you expect a climatic change to produce. I think that the expression of facial features is determined by the composition of the blood, and that she does deliberately, not carelessly, choose the expression which you expect a climatic change to produce.

"This was a pleasant concert. Miss Hall sang with skill, with taste, often with feeling, occasionally with passion. I say occasionally, because there was a more marked display of temperment in the English songs than in the

Miss Marguerite Hall gave the first of her song recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. Mrs. S. B. Meida was the accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Setti, M. Ann.	Perigoletti, Caldara
Seben, Crudele	

ary on English-American devotion to art
that the only version of this monumental
work is in the German language.

ment will be morbid, unhealthy; nor is there a paradox.

as again shown when Salvini thrilled the audience at the Booth commemoration by

do you know," but in Chicago, "I love
non like Chicago." This is perhaps the
ing to local pride, but are not there Boston
ians that ask, "Who are you?" It was on
the other day that a dweller in Beacon Stre

Mr. Reginald de Koven is as envitably amiable as Toots. No matter what happens, whether he is abused by singers or critics, he always comes up smiling. He is not daunted by the fact that many in last year's Vaudville Club have dropped out this season. Does he sink? Not a bit of it: "To tell you the truth, we were not sorry to lose them."

to all men." Does man admit himself to be made up of so many entities? Is the wearer of crased trousers of noble aspirations that when he

Corliss engaged at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, "Shore Acres" will return and run the rest of the season. The popular approval of this sweet and wholesome play reassures those who were apprehensive of the ill-effects of the bill.

The anger directed between Bacco and his would-be rescuers reads as though it were a quotation from a dime novel.

It appears that the deliberations of the tariff adjusters at Washington are now but

bitter, but not without sound sense. It is gratifying in this connection to learn that the enthusiastic collegians climb again that foot ball is a most gentlemanly sport.

Thump and the sickening breath which come and how you doubt the stamod finger and


Is it possible that Bunthorne is again among

our premiums are now sold at popular, year-
 pantie prices, and fashelated certain of our
 countrymen. He will continue to live among
 us; enjoy our advantages; and suffer good-
 naturedly, in common with his fellow towns-

the fruit of twenty-five years' labor.

was first given at Alcester Aug. 22, 1888. It was afterwards given in German cities. In each instance it received marked attention. It was first given in the United States at New York, under Mr. Dambrosio, in February of 1887. The chief singers were Mrs. DeVere, Mrs. Messer, Kieffer, Kaiser, Buschelt, Zappo, Messer, Kieffer, choral, organ and orchestra. The original text is by Ludwig von Kunitz. The translation into English is by John Keaton.

land's Bell." He continued his studies, and wrote for orchestra and choir. In 1881 he succeeded Lemmens as Director of the School of Church Music in Maastricht. His chief compositions are "Tabl'eau Symphonique" and the *Opus de l'organe* for his organ.



the Belgian Composer,

Be Sung by the Cecilia,

try before he is permitted to earn a cent," is indeed monstrous, as Mr. Damirosch aptly calls it.

absolutely reprehensible channel, and the
first of the advanced investigators will be put
straight ahead. And all this fuss about a shirt
and a coat.

This length of root form; this attempted application of two separate, not to say dissimilar, different parts, ~~the~~ the wearing of the call silk hat. The blending of the material into piece in the gland of men's

A black and white portrait of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. The portrait is oriented upside down relative to the text on the page.

The Cecilia Society, under the direction of Mr. Laug, will give next Friday evening the first performance in Boston of Tinel's "Franciscus," Edgar Tinel, pianist and composer, was born

Be Sung by the Cecilia,
With a Digression Concerning St.

indeed monstrous, as Mr. Dammrosch aptly
calls it.

short lived. And all this fuss about a shirt and a coat.

linguished this piece in the general of men's
furthermore, although by the wearing of
involves different parts of the body, it is
not a different part of the body, but a
different part of the body, not to say the
different part of the body, not to say the



We have all suffered severely here in the past from the public display of musical connubiality. Nobody doubts for a moment the devotion of the Henschels to each other, yet their public demeanor might have served Charles Lamb as a text for his "Bachelor's Complaint of the Behavior of Married People." Do you remember the strained face of Mr. Henschel as he piloted his wife across the stage; his horrid joy in her cantabile and fireworks; his evident censure of the audience when the applause was to him unworthy of the occasion?

Mr. Nikisch was not so maritally demonstrative. In the playing of charming accompaniments he found relief from the vocal performance of his better half. PHILIP HALE.

We shall hear this week a work by Tinel. Shall we ever hear the "Lucifer" by Peter Benoit, an old pupil of the Brussels Conservatory, who is regarded by certain men of authority as one of the greatest of living composers? And "Lucifer" dates back to 1866. PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

The Fifth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Two composers of world-wide reputation died lately, Gounod and Tchaikowsky.

It is a matter of surprise and regret that the Boston Symphony Orchestra has not recognized this fact in any way whatsoever.

In certain towns of Europe, where music is regarded as an emotional art, it is the custom when a composer of great reputation dies to honor his memory, sometimes by exposing his bust or picture in concert hall or opera house, often by playing reverently one of his compositions.

But we are conservative in Boston, and music is regarded here chiefly as an intellectual pursuit, something that makes for educational righteousness. Besides, neither Gounod nor Tchaikowsky was a German.

Or Mr. Paur may say "Gounod was a maker of operas; he was not a writer for orchestra alone. How can we honor his memory in a symphony concert?"

You have heard of the town of Leipzig, Mr. Paur; you have heard of the Gewandhaus concert, and you are aware of the character of the said concert. You also know how conservative musically are the good and the bad people of Leipzig.

Now I read in the *Signale*, No. 56 of this year, that at the Gewandhaus concert, given Nov. 2, one number of the programme was dedicated to the memory of Gounod. A march, described as "Feilicher Marsch," by Charles Gounod, was played in honor of him. This may or may not have been the "Marche Romaine," the point is immaterial; the fact remains that the death of the Frenchman was noticed fitly in Leipzig, in the very temple devoted to the worship of "classical" composers.

And even Mr. Bernsdorf, who is generally ill at ease when he is obliged to hear modern music or write about it, paid the memory of Gounod a handsome tribute in his critique of the concert.

Gounod never visited this country, but Tchaikowsky was our guest. It is true that he conducted no one of his works in Boston. There was apparently no desire here to even see the illustrious composer. Yet, why should not his remarkable overture to "Hamlet," or to "Romeo and Juliet," or one of his symphonies be played in Music Hall, to remind us of the world's loss?

As for that matter, it might not be uninteresting to hear the second symphony of Gounod or his nonetto for wind instruments.

Others thought of remembering, according to their capacity, the death of Gounod, even if you, Mr. Paur, did not, you who have the resources of the Symphony Orchestra behind you, you who have the opportunity of inviting singers to join you in your work.

Such a tribute to the memory of the composer of "Faust" did not escape the thought of Mr. William Heinrich, the Manager of the New England Conservatory, or certain Roman Catholic Churches in this town.

The programme of the Symphony concert of last evening was as follows:

Overture "Iphigénie en Aulide," Gluck; Double concerto for violin and cello, op. 102. Brahms; Symphony C major ("Jupiter") Mozart.

Brahms' "Double Concerto" was first played in public, October 18, 1887, by Joachim and Frau Mann, if I am not mistaken. It was then played at Cologne. Its first performance in America was by Max Bendix and Victor Herbert, January 5, 1883, at a Thomas Symphony concert in New York.

The concerto is in many respects a disappointing work. First of all it seems labored. The themes are neither fresh nor interesting. The thematic development is often ingenious, at times unreasonably intricate, as though the composer was so interested in the solution of a puzzle that he forgot that he was a musician. If there are occasional passages that are suggestive and almost beautiful, there are other passages in the first and third movements that are disagreeable without justification, and almost hideous. The finale is more endurable, and portions of it are charming.

The concerto is singularly arranged. Let us wave the question whether Brahms' choice of solo instruments was fortunate. The question here is, what employment did he make of them? He, first of all, favored the cello. The violin part is extremely inane, and it swarms with difficulties which seem needless and without any effect, even when they are conquered by such an admirable violinist as Mr. Kneisel. But neither the violin nor the cello is so used individually, nor are they so used together that the hearer is able to listen to one dominating voice or to two voices that compel attention. It is as though the orchestra had invited two guests to listen to the stranger's words of wit and wisdom; but afterward the members of the orchestra forgot good breeding and insisted on showing their guests how clever they themselves were and how much they knew.

The great fault, however, is that this concerto shows a poverty of imagination. There is technique galore; but there is little genuine music. Messrs. Kneisel and Schroeder performed their arduous task with skill and courage.

The noble overture of Gluck, with the ending by Wagner, was finely played. And the overture is surely classic, if any music may be thus termed. The Symphony of Mozart, with its Olympian serenity, its tenderness, its amazing mystery of technical problems, which are never allowed to seem problems to the hearer, was played with great care.

PHILIP HALE.

A MODERN QUEST.

In ancient days, in days of fable and romance, the Knight wandered about in blind obedience to his love's request; or the youth who sought the hand of the King's daughter traversed deserts and climbed mountains in search of roc's egg or potent talisman. Science has narrowed the range of such adventure. To-day the young lover makes a more prosaic appeal to the well-beloved; the father does not demand a trip to the Lodestone Mountain or the Kingdom of Prester John. The absence of desire for romantic proof of a

fection is not to be attributed to cowardice or real indifference. The field for such display is limited.

And yet there is the chrysanthemum!

To wear the flower in buttonhole in the sight of men is not now necessarily a proof of courage. The bravery of the first who dared was only equaled by that of the man who first ate an oyster. But thousands of years ago such gentlemen as Ptolemy of Egypt wore chrysanthemums and offered chaplets of them to the gods of old. To be sure, the flower was not the florist's flower known to us. It was probably the corn-marigold, possessed of wonderful properties, if Pliny may be believed; for it soothed inflammation, healed a bruise; steeped, it was good for serpents' bites, and it was put in wardrobes on account of its odor, "which is very pleasant." We now speak of the chrysanthemum *sinense*, the flower of China, introduced into England about 1789. Or, as some claim, splendid varieties were not seen in England until about 1820.

We know of chrysanthemums, scarlet, white, yellow, copper, red, purple. But who has seen the blue chrysanthemum? Here is the quest for a lover; here is the opportunity for him to display devotion and courage; for what woman would not reward the man who made her conspicuous in the world by decorating her with the despair of the florist? The blue chrysanthemum is seen on Japanese pottery. Have the painters been simply men of imagination?

Tradition tells us that far away in Asia this blue flower grows and flourishes in a secluded spot; it is raised tenderly and guarded jealously by mild-eyed Buddhist priests. No stranger has ever seen it. No superfluous propagation is allowed. Envious European growers deride the idea and claim the variety is impossible. But sacred Eastern books state calmly its existence, and tradition swears that it is a real thing of beauty.

He that secures this wondrous flower will find beyond peradventure that it is of indescribable fragrance. And thus will he again secure his love as with hooks of steel. For what chrysanthemum of to-day is really sweet-scented? And can there be complete enjoyment or beauty in a scentless flower?

The Cremation Society here holds meetings regularly, and applicants for membership are many. A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* protests against cremation on account of the economic principle involved, and he intimates that the earth may be starved if the dead are burned. He speaks of "the new disease, 'germophobia,' clothing men with fear as with a garment," and to him "the dead Angelina sending back her maiden blush to her lover on the cheek of the peach is less repulsive than this hideous burning business." The Angelina idea, however, was better expressed by Omar, the Tent Maker.

Children are admirable in their way, and they should be amused within reason, but the theatre, of an evening, is no place for them. Yet they are seen at shows here; they are tricked out in finery; they are exposed to the heated air and the excitement of publicity. Sometimes nature rebels, and they punctuate the sentence of the actor with a wail. This is a minor evil; often the actor deserves the interruption and the comment. But serious injury is inflicted on the child's body and mind, by compelling it to thus endure fatigue and encouraging unnatural mental activity.

The crank who wished to scare rich people by shooting at random in Delmonico's claims that he derived most of his views from Belamy's "Looking Backward." But Mr. Belamy is gentleness itself in his restaurant behavior, and it is doubtful if he would even chide a waiter.

In the proposed "Insomnia parties" for the benefit of the sleepless, "soothing music and stupid conversation will be the only diversion permitted." But we have these parties regularly; they are well known here; they have been hitherto described as "afternoon teas."

There is talk of a prize debate between Yale and Harvard at Newport; but let no one be deceived; the great debate will be at Springfield Saturday. Any other will be but a side show, unworthy of popular attention.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of the Man with the Iron Mask, whose melancholy fate from 1661 to 1703 furnished so much food for speculation and so much copy for publishers.

The first edition of Longfellow's "The Spanish Student," Cambridge, 1843, brought at auction here last week \$6 25. The first edition of Lowell's "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," paper, uncut, Cambridge, 1845, brought \$2 75. It's a poor time to sell books.

A Judge and jury in England the other day decided that it is no libel to call one of the gentler sex a woman, although she may insist strenuously that she is a "lady." This was a sound decision, even though the offended had claimed to be a "perfect lady."

Mr. Walter Damrosch paid tribute at his Sunday night concert in New York to the memory of Gounod and Tchaikowsky, for the programme was made up exclusively of compositions by these two composers. Such respect makes our own symphonic indifference the more marked. Or is our Symphony Orchestra so absorbed in omphalic contemplation that it reckons not of such deaths?

Dr. Carver's entire show was sold the other day by a Constable for \$210. And Carver never fired a shot.

Prof. Garner says that gorillas do not talk with chimpanzees, but neglects to tell us which party is at fault, or which began it.

Pezzi, the composer of the new opera to be sung by the Patti company, has many friends in town. It will be remembered that he wrote the music for the production by the younger Salvini of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Those who are interested in aeroplanes and rapid aerial transit are reminded of the fact that 110 years ago to-day the Marquis d'Arlandes and Pilatre de Rosier "made the first unconfined aerial voyage in a machine called a 'Montgolfier,' in honor of the inventors, to distinguish it from balloons made with inflammable air."

A grocer in the Back Bay hires by the sign "New" in a window the passer-by to purchase almonds temptingly displayed. These almonds are certainly not "new;" they are not a recent invention; they have not just been discovered. But they are undoubtedly "fresh." "Accuracy, accuracy," as Mr. Pulitzer remarks to his young men.

After all, apropos of this talk about the theatre and Art (with a large A) and morality, is there not something in the saying of Diderot: "Astonish me, grieve me, anger me; please my eyes afterward?"

Did you ever study philosophically segments of street conversation heard in passing? Strange answers are shouted in the ear of the indifferent who knows not the question. These Orphic fragments sometimes prick curiosity; they suggest a tragedy, or they point a moral. The other night two young girls walked hurriedly in a crowded street. This was heard of their conversation: "I tell you, he looks silly." "I don't think so; I think he looks stuck on himself." "Well, that's what I meant." The girls passed into night. The gentleman's name was not mentioned; it undoubtedly is Dennis.

Here is an extract from Mr. Howells's last novel: Burton "lighted a match and hollowed his hands over it above the pipe to keep it from the draught." And this is called realism. What the intelligent reader wishes to know is, Did Burton scratch the match on the grand piano, his neighbor's boot sole or his own trouser leg?

Adelina Patti and Her Company in
Concert and Opera.

PART I.

"Treasure," "My Wife's Window"	Niccolò
Orchestra.....	
Aria, "Sacrifico," La Gioconda.....	Ponchielli
Missa Lontana.....	Schubert
Cavatina, Sperato e Tuffo, Nabucco.....	Verdi
Mr. Novak.....	
Aria di Bravura "Addio Mio Sospir," (Orfeo).....	Gluck
Missa Fugata.....	
Aria, "Il Nembro" (Cavalieri), "I Cavalieri di Ferle".....	Bizet
Mr. Galassi.....	
Song, "The Distant Shore".....	A. Sullivan
Mr. D. Lely.....	
Aria, "I da Voce," (Il Barbiere).....	Rossini
Adina Patti.....	
Grand March, "Reine de Sabas".....	Gounod
Orchestra.....	

[illegible]

the instrumental solos were sung by Messrs.

Are times really hard when so many people can spend \$5 for a Patti ticket and \$3 for an Eames song recital?

Crumpet. "It is not counted good form in Chicago to throw old shoes after the newly-married couple."

Gibland. "Not counted safe, you mean, don't you?" Truth.

The desire for a new Music Hall in Boston rises above any feeling of hard times, for a large part of the first installment was paid promptly. Now how about the new Opera House?

The report that there is only one first-class fire engine in Springfield, the one belonging to the United States Government, does not seem credible.

Mr. Clapp in his interesting address at the dinner of the Boot and Shoe Club advocated a subsidized theatre as the quickest way of "elevating" the drama and refining public taste. The experiment here would be costly and interesting. Subsidized Symphony Concerts in Boston have not educated the people so that they distinguish readily between that which is good or bad, at least if applause may be regarded justly as the mercury of education; but the enjoyment of these audiences is undoubtedly great. How would Mr. Clapp have these reformatory plays, distinguished by "intellectuality," selected? And who will write them? The Theatre of Arts and Letters, it will be remembered, made experiments in this direction, and with grim results.

Now it appears that the ancient Egyptians used an automatic machine in their temples. By throwing a coin in the slot, the worshiper received holy water through a valve. They were wonderful fellows these Egyptians; it is even possible that they had rapid transit.

MUSIC.

Mrs. Emma Eames-Story's Song Recital in Chickering Hall.

Mrs. Emma Eames-Story gave a song recital last evening in Chickering Hall. The programme was as follows:

Prière.....	Gounod
Nina.....	Pergolesi
Boïro.....	Delibes
La feuille de Peuplier.....	Saint-Saëns
La Cloche.....	
Chanson d'Avril.....	A. Goring Thomas
Le Baïer.....	Tschalkowsky
Toujours à toi.....	Haydn
Comment, disaient-ils.....	Debussy
Arioso.....	Schubert
Marguerite.....	

This was a delightful concert. The programme was well chosen. It was diversified, it was interesting, and it was not too long. The beautiful "Nina," by Pergolesi, is a man's song, but it was of benefit to hear the singer's reading of it, although in one marked instance she departed from tradition.

Mrs. Story sang, as a rule, with great taste; she displayed temperament, and, when the occasion demanded, she was naturally, and at the same time artistically, passionate. When she sang here in opera the reproach was made, not without just cause, that she was cold in situations which demanded warmth and the exhibition of womanly feeling. This reproach could not have been made last evening. Once only did she fail to respond to the composer's call, and that was in the superb "Arioso," by Delibes, an air that might well have been wrung from the heart of an abandoned roddess.

The singer appeared to best advantage in the "Boïro," the "Chanson d'Avril," "La Cloche" and "Marguerite." These songs showed her versatility. The "Boïro" is often sung as though the girl of Cadiz were a clever Carmou; it is often sung as though the girl carried a banner in a Sunday School parade. Mrs. Story solved the difficult problem of suggesting piquant coquetry without calling to the mind a red-faced hussy, with arms akimbo, rejoicing in Sunday finery. How artistically, for instance, she delivered the lines,

"Dites-moi, vous
Si j'ai bonne mine."

Nor was sweet and unaffected simplicity lacking in her delivery of Goring Thomas's "Chanson d'Avril." Wholly admirable was her treatment of the great climax in "La Cloche." And who can soon forget the dramatic fire and the genuine pathos of her "Marguerite," a song of Schubert too often ruined by impertinent sentimentalism or vocal hysteria.

In looking over the programme, I am tempted to speak of other numbers, which also showed in her delivery the result of excellent training and natural intelligence.

Not that her performance throughout was flawless. Her tone production was not always above criticism; and her upper tones, when they were sustained piano, were not always pure, not always firm. But all in all it was an excellent performance.

Mr. Victor Harris of New York showed himself to be a skillful accompanist, and, as pianist, he added much to the pleasure of the evening. Mrs. Story was applauded enthusiastically by a large audience. She was obliged to repeat the "Chanson d'Avril," and she added Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht" to the programme.

PHILIP HALE.

MISS HALL'S CONCERT.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave the second of her song recitals in Steinert Hall last evening. The programme was as follows:

O del mio dolce Ardor.....	Gluck
Lech Lomond.....	Old Scotch
Pyllis.....	Dr. Arne
Trockne Blumen.....	Schubert
Der Leiermann.....	
Rastlose Liebe.....	
Das Maedchen Spricht.....	Brahms
Kindchen.....	
Siedelchen.....	
There was an ancient King.....	Hinschel
My love is like a red, red rose.....	L'Idéal
L'Amour Capif.....	
Viens Mon Bien Aimé.....	Chaminade
Chorale.....	

Miss Hall again charmed her audience by her skill and taste. Her performance was a most always worthy of praise, and often it was indeed admirable. The songs by Brahms and Chaminade were received with special favor, and the singer was recalled and obliged to respond to the applause after "Siedelchen" and "L'Amour Capif." The numbers by Hinschel labored and tainted by affectation; but the fault was the fault of the composer and not the singer.

Edgar Tinell's "Franciscus," as Given by Cecilia

"Franciscus," an oratorio by Edgar Tinell, was given last evening in Music Hall for the first time in Boston, by the Cecilia.

This statement should be modified. Scenes from the oratorio were given, and these scenes were sometimes cut.

Now, there is no doubt that the oratorio as a whole is too long. Tinell, like many a learned or witty man, is apt to be too loquacious. He is at times prolix. But this question should be considered: When a work is given for the first time is it not fair to the composer to give the work as he planned and wrote it? Otherwise that which is perhaps of grand proportions seems amorphous and inconsequential.

Modern audiences are impatient. It is said that the performance of the whole oratorio would eat up three hours. Let it be granted that it was the part of prudence to cut it. Let it be granted that the composer has no rights in the matter. The question then comes up, were the cuts, as made last evening, judicious?

It is not necessary to specify them all. Beginning with the prelude, they were many. The first 50 pages (edition for voice and piano) were omitted in a lump; and the second part seemed, therefore, disjointed and without purpose. The hearer did not become acquainted with the Spirit of Hope, the Spirits of Hell, the Spirit of Hate, the Spirit of Peace, the Spirit of Love, or the Spirit of War. He missed the entrance of the old companions of Franciscus. There was no apparent reason for this part as it was introduced last evening.

But there was one cut that was without possible excuse. The grandest portion of the work was deliberately ruined. The effect of a superb climax was mercilessly destroyed.

The death of Franciscus and the chorus of heavenly voices in the third part are followed by a church scene in which the men sing a solemn requiem, to which the angelic voices respond. These numbers are singularly impressive, but they are only the preparation for one of the greatest funeral marches in all music. The march from almost inarticulate woe rises to the intensity of tragic mourning; a trio brings hope and confidence in the future; and then grief will not be controlled, but it breaks out again in full lament. Monks and nuns sing of their irreparable loss. Their voices die away. The march is heard for a moment. Then young virgins bid the mourners dry their tears. The angels tell those sorrowing that the spirit of Franciscus will be ever with them, and they bid them to raise a triumphant song to God.

Here, where every measure is of value, and is indispensable to the effect of the whole, occurred an inexcusable, an outrageous cut. The greater part of the march was omitted, and the chorus of monks and nuns was omitted, and that which is noble and sublime in Tinell's oratorio became almost commonplace. It seemed as though the composer had not the invention, the skill, or the courage to carry out a brave idea.

When a conductor advises or allows such maltreatment of music, the hearer may be pardoned if he infers that the proper performance of such a work is beyond the present musical capacity of the conductor, even though the singers and the players are thoroughly prepared and willful.

And how was the performance?

First of all, the warmest praise may be awarded justly to the women of the chorus. Their body of tone was fresh, beautiful and sonorous. They sang with intelligence and with skill. The men were not heard to such advantage. Their attack was not clearly defined, and at times they were inaudible. Their performance of the church scene was more worthy of the reputation of Cecilia.

With the exception of Mr. Ericson F. Bushnell, the solo singers were not equal to the task imposed on them. Miss Crocker, who has a good voice, is not yet prepared for such work. Mr. Kicketson, who also has a good voice, has neither the skill nor the temperament to sing the part of the saint. He sang without apparent sense of rhythm. He overpunctuated his sentences. Often his words were divided from each other by dashes, in style he was either logy or lackadaisical. As an example take his delivery of the phrase, "I hear the choir of Seraphim" (page 244). It is a short phrase, but the composer was careful to indicate the expression demanded by him. Did Mr. Kicketson pay attention to the indication? Not in the slightest degree. On the contrary, he sang directly in opposition to the wish of the composer, dawdling sentimentally instead of singing at a quicker pace and with animation. This was only one of many such instances. Mr. Bushnell sang without affectation and with marked appreciation of the music. He was applauded deservedly for his delivery of the Watchman's call. The other gentlemen were sincere in their attempt, but this is all that can be said in their praise.

The orchestra worked faithfully, but many rehearsals are necessary for a satisfactory performance of such a difficult task.

It is impossible to gain any just idea of Tinell's oratorio from such a performance of the mutilated work. The women of the chorus showed the audience the heavenly beauty of the portions assigned to them; there are mixed choruses that were given in a respectable fashion, and they made an effect. There were solos that seemed tedious, and they undoubtedly suffered in the delivery.

It is easy to say that many voices are heard in this oratorio. There is the voice of Wagner; there is the voice of Tschalkowsky; there are other voices; but chief of all is the voice of Tinell who speaks his own language and with authority. Here is a work that is intensely modern, but it is built on the old rock of ecclesiastical formalism. The caution is by the side of the man of the world. The waltz is

heard with the burnt chant. During harmonic progressions; restlessness; calm; solving of contrapuntal problems; a yearning after the still unknown in music—these are all found in Tinell's work.

The instrumentation is often gorgeous; at times it is not wholly free from eccentricity. There is cutting of canons; there is the reckless use of the balalaika. This man above all writes with a supreme conviction; he writes with a firm belief in the power and the glory of the church whose saint he celebrates. He knows the consciousness and the vanity of the world; and he knows the ineffable joy of absorption in a divine vision.

Not that he has so many new things to say; but he has new ways of saying things that otherwise might have been forgotten. There is a nobility, a purity in his speech. He does not care whether his work be popular, nor would he court, deliberately, applause. He expressed his aspirations, his convictions. He fulfilled his task.

PHILIP HALE.

AN UNFAIR BARGAIN.

The purchaser of a theatre ticket buys with it the right to applaud actor or play if he is pleased. In any theatre of this country he may applaud at any moment that seems good to him, without the suspicion of managerial wrath or interference. To be sure, the idea that the spectator should approve openly after the end of an act or after the final fall of the curtain was advocated, by, if not original with, Rétif de la Bretonne, who advanced it in "La Mimographie," and it has been seized with horrid joy by the followers of Wagner. But in our American theatres a spectator is free to applaud whenever the fit controls him.

The applause may be clapping the hands together or pounding the floor with a stick or the throwing into the air the word "bravo," applied here indiscriminately, regardless of sex. Modern applause may not be so ingenious as the triple applause invented by that celebrated theatre manager Nero, and taught by him to his crowd of 5000 robust young fellows from the common people; it may not carry as much weight of opinion as the conduct of the Romans before Nero, who, delighted, would rise gravely in their seats and wave the flaps of their togas; but it serves its purpose; it cheers the actor, the playwright; it warms the managerial heart; it often convinces the spectator that his own enjoyment is real.

But as Rétif spoke of signs of approval, so he mentioned signs of disapproval. The latter form of popular expression is now tabooed in our theatres. A man may hiss freely in a Continental or in a London theatre; it was formerly the privilege of theatre-goers in the United States, but to-day the spectator is expected to conceal disappointment and to show no resentment when actor, singer, playwright or composer takes unwarrantable liberties with his intelligence.

Let us mention an example not too remote. An opera company was in Boston this season. Not one of the dazzling promises of its managers was kept. The singers, with rare exceptions, were unworthy of the attention of the ignorant; the chorus and the orchestra assisted zealously in the massacre of the music. In any German, Italian, French, Spanish or South American town of 50,000 inhabitants the curtain would have been rung down to a tumultuous accompaniment of jeers and hisses. In Italy the true pitch would have been given to the singer by amateurs in the audience; or men near the stage would have protected themselves from the shower of false tones by raised and spread umbrellas. In Boston the spectator realized that he had paid money for a worthless entertainment. Did he protest openly? Not a bit of it. It is possible that, going out, he remarked quietly to some friend: "Pretty bad, wasn't it?" but it never occurred to him to condemn the imposition as he sat in his seat. He would have run the risk of ejection if he had hissed. But he would have been allowed to applaud until his hands ached.

And so the bargain is unequal. You buy a ticket. You may applaud. If you do not applaud you are called cold. If your moral or artistic instincts are shocked by indecency or incompetence you have no right to protest openly. You can only buy the right to be satisfied and to show your satisfaction. Is this fair? Is this a mark of civilization? Is it of real benefit to the deserving actors and playwrights or to intelligent and enterprising managers?

It is Saint Catharine's Day. She is the saint and patroness of spinsters. Young women used to meet and be merry, "which they call 'Cathar'ning.'" In Ireland girls and women fasted. "The reason given for it was that the girls might get good husbands, and the women better ones, either by the death, desertion or reformation of their living ones."

Beauty went this morning in special car to watch the students at Springfield. A foot ball party is now a recognized social function. Just as in olden days, invitations were no doubt extended, requesting "The pleasure of your company at the gladiatorial exhibition to be given at the Coliseum, U. S. V. P."

Welsh rarebit is again in season. Will some brave man try the recipe given by Maginn in "The Odoherly Papers" and then report the next day—that is, if he is able?

Here is the recipe praised by Ensign Adjutant Odoherly, late of the Ninety-Ninth or King's Own Tipperary Regiment: "I like it best in the genuine Welsh way, however—that is, the toasted bread buttered on both sides profusely, then a layer of cold roast beef, with mustard and horse radish, and then on the top of all, the superstratum of Cheshire thoroughly saturated, while in the process of toasting, with ale, or, in its absence, genuine porter, black pepper and Shallot vinegar." This would go well with lobsters, mushrooms and fried oysters.

The War Office of England has directed all sergeant-instructors of volunteers to attend foot ball matches. This new method of recruiting is called by an English newspaper "strange." But what be her preparation for battle is there than foot ball slugging? A forlorn hope is nothing to a flying interference.

Emma Eames, the Yankee daughter of a Yankee mother, sang to a Yankee audience in Boston this week, and exclusively in French. To be sure, she was born in China, but that was an accident, and no one demanded seriously that she should sing in Chinese. The fact remains that this Maine girl, with Boston antecedents, did not sing one English word, although the greater number of the songs have been translated into our own language.

English is used by our people in shop and in parlor, but it apparently is not to be tolerated on the concert stage. German and Italian and French are preferred. This condition of our concert life reminds one of Mr. Addison's remark in the Spectator: "In the meantime I cannot forbear thinking how naturally a historian who writes two or three hundred years hence, and does not know the taste of his wise forefathers, will make the following reflection: 'In the beginning of the 18th century the Italian tongue was so well understood in England that operas were acted on the public stage in that language.'"

Bohemia is the latest medium of theatrical advertising in New York.

MUSIC.

The First Performance of Pizzi's "Cabriella," an Opera in One Act.

"Cabriella," an opera in one act, text by Charles Alfred Byrne and music by Emilio Pizzi, was produced for the first time on any stage in Music Hall yesterday afternoon by the Patti company. Mr. Arditi was the conductor. The cast was as follows:

Don de Capoteux.....Novara
Don Alibi.....Galassi
Cassio, Marquis de Quimper.....Lely
Vicomte de L'Arche.....Miss Eubank
Comte de L'Arche.....Adelina Patti

"Cabriella" is not Pizzi's operatic first-born. Pizzi, a pupil of Ponchielli, in one competition at Bologna took the prize for opera or orchestral composition and string quartet. Mascagni was then a rival. The opera, "William Ratcliff," in four acts, was first produced in Bologna, Oct. 31, 1879. When Savini, the younger, appeared here in the play, "Cavalleria Rusticana," the incidental music was by Pizzi.

Through some misunderstanding the libretto of "Cabriella" was not ready for distribution yesterday, and so I am debarred from the pleasure of commenting on Mr. Byrne's book, which seems to tell a pretty and simple story in an

lover. She is brought before the King and he is ordered to execute it—being then a death penalty to abduct a nun or a novice. As Gabriella is about leaving the palace of the Louvre she is met at the foot of the stairs by Anne of Austria, wife of the King and god mother of Gabriella. The Queen immediately resolves to intercede in favor of Gabriella, knowing the plot that has been formed against her happiness. The King learns the story with perturbation, and without going into further details the Duke is ultimately unmasked, the lovers are brought together and the Queen is triumphant.

Three operas at least were written for Patti, with special reference to her abilities and limitations: "Esmeralda," "Gelmira," "Velleda." No one of these was successful.

Mr. Pizzi is an Italian of the new school; his sympathies are evidently with Mascagni, Leoncavallo et al.; but in writing an opera for Patti, he was forced unquestionably to adapt himself to her vein, and it seems from the music written for her that he was hampered, that he restrained himself, keeping within somewhat narrow bounds, suppressing passion that he would fain express. The least characteristic portions of Pizzi's music, as well as the least striking, are those written for the prima donna. The duet between the soprano and the tenor will no doubt be a popular number, for there is a tune that is pleasing and easily retained, but it is the most conventional number in the work.

The prelude is well written and it contains good stuff. It is not merely music to prepare for the rising of a curtain; it is music that suggests, and it would arrest the attention were it played without reference to the music-drama. Here, as throughout the opera, the instrumentation is effective, modern, often ingenious. The duet between the baritone and the bass is the strongest number, and it shows Pizzi as he is, not Pizzi under comparative restraint. It is not necessary to seek of each number, though the finale is worthy of respectful consideration.

The music given to the soprano is not trivial, it is not commonplace, but it is more after the manner of the old school, and it does not display fully the genuine dramatic instinct of the composer. This instinct and the ability of expression are seen in many details of the instrumentation. Pizzi does not use a clarinet, for instance, merely as a stop-gap; he uses it at a particular time for a particular effect, and his imagination rarely leads him astray.

Patti did not insist on passages of bravura; she apparently wished affecting melody within a narrow range, say an octave, for her artistic abilities were never more strongly shown than in thus protecting herself publicly against the ravages of time. Pizzi evidently would have desired a greater compass and more sharply defined emotion. In a word, while he wrote for a lyric soprano, he longed for a dramatic singer. And so the opera is one more of promise than a summing up. The next time Pizzi writes a dramatic work let him give his imagination the reins. He has already shown that he can write intelligently and with effect for voices and instruments. He has shown dramatic feeling and imagination. Now let him devote himself to a work of passion.

The performance does not call for extended remark. Patti sang with care and with evident fondness for the work. Galassi was effective and Lely was satisfactory in the duet. Arditi conducted with spirit and with discretion. The orchestra played in a creditable manner when the fact that there were few rehearsals is taken into consideration.

At the end of the opera the singers were called two or three times before the curtain, as were the composer and the librettist. Mr. Byrne made a short speech in excellent taste.

There was a large audience. The love duet was repeated, and there was hearty applause after the prelude and the male duet. A concert preceded the performance of the opera, and Patti, who seemed to be in excellent spirits, sang three numbers. It is, perhaps, needless to say that one of them was "Home, Sweet Home."

PHILIP HALE.

THE SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The programme of the sixth symphony concert given last evening in Music Hall was as follows:

Three movements from the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.....Berlioz
Part II.—Fete at Capulet's House.
Part III.—Love Scene.
Part IV.—Queen Mab, Scherzo.
Grand Fantasia in C major ("Wanderer").....Schubert
(Symphonically rearranged for piano and orchestra by Franz Liszt.)
Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major.....Schumann

Mrs. Emil Paur was the pianist. Her performance recalls a sentence of Pope: "The thoughts are plain, the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively." There was an old-fashioned primness in her playing. There was the precision that marked the conduct of New England maidens who years ago solaced themselves during the long and wearying sermons by frequent application to caraway. There was the accuracy that fears no longer the clatter of rap or the rattle of knuckles. And there was little display of temperament. It was an eminently chaste performance.

The tone did not seem full enough for Music Hall, and there were many moments when an exhibition of strength would have been welcome. The sincerity, the accuracy, the sobriety and the subdued taste of the pianist pleased the large audience, and Mrs. Paur was applauded warmly and twice recalled.

The purely orchestral numbers of the programme do not call now for extended comment. It was a great pleasure to hear again the great music of Hector Berlioz, who was treated with marked respect by Mr. Paur. What noble music the "Love-Scene" is! Love that reckons not of time, for it is sure of eternity. As for the Queen Mab scherzo, Hanslick was right in suggesting as its motto the lines of Calderon:

"As for life, it is a dream.

As for dreams, they are but dreams."

PHILIP HALE.

ABOUT MUSIC.

The Alleged Artistic Wickedness of Adelina Patti.

A Few Words Concerning Her Remarkable Career.

With Incidental Remarks on Materna and Old Age.

Patti is reproached by some for her lack of devotion to art, and these defenders of art are inclined to grow hysterical at the mere mention of her name.

But what is this same devotion to art that is talked about glibly?

Adelina Patti, according to her own story, began her operatic career in 1858, although she was heard in public at an earlier date. Here is an incomplete list of the operas in which she has sung: "Lucia," "Il Barbiere," "L. Sonnambula," "Faust," "Semiramide," "La Gazza Ladra," "Cenerentola," "Don Giovanni," "Don Pasquale," "Linda," "Il Trovatore," "Dinorah," "Les Huguenots," "Romeo and Juliet," "I Puritani," "La Traviata," "Il Matrimonio Segreto," "Aida," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "La Fille du Regiment," "Crown Diamonds," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Moet."

In these operas her vocal perfection was never questioned for years by the best judges in Europe. There may have been, there were, criticisms prejudicial to her dramatic exhibition when she assumed a tragic, a passionate role, but she was unanimously put at the head of vocalists that flourished during her best years.

She was conscientious in all that she undertook. When she sang florid passages, she did not shrink; when she sang the music of Mozart's Zerlina she did not add impertinent embellishments. She studied constantly. She was ambitious. She said to Hanslick in Vienna, "I am no buffo." As is the case with the great majority of singers, she was limited in a measure by nature. She was Zerlina, she was Rosina, she was Dinorah; but she was not Valentine, she was not Marguerite.

They that now affect to sneer at Patti should read thoughtfully the long essay on her genius by Hanslick, which was reprinted in his "Musikalische Stationen," Berlin, 1880.

When Patti was at the zenith of her fame, the operas in which she appeared were in fashion. Few of them have vanished entirely from the European operatic stage.

But she would not sing in operas by Wagner. Therefore she is censured by some; she is dubbed a music-box; she is called selfish and indifferent; she "has done nothing for art."

Here is logic that might have been taught in the Grand Academy of Lagado, visited by Capt. Lemuel Gulliver.

They that look askew at Patti, indulge themselves in Plutarchian comparisons, and cry aloud "Materna! Materna!"

You might as well compare Shelley's "Sky Lark" with Hobbes's "Leviathan."

Who is Materna?

Amalie Materna was born in 1847. She began her career as a church and concert singer. At Graz and Vienna she sang in operetta. In 1869 she was prima donna at the Court Opera in Vienna.

Then she became a Wagnerophone.

A large, stout person, with a powerful voice and great physical endurance, she could sing for hours below the true pitch with apparent ease, and, in passionate moments, she could sing spasmodically above it.

She moved an audience by her bulk.

She was as effective as a land-slide.

She was seen to best advantage in the portrayal of the hysterical Kundry.

Her range was narrow. Her vocal art, in the true sense of the word, was crude. She was a declaimer in operas by Wagner, and as such won for herself a name.

New what did Materna "do for art?" She sang in operas that were best adapted to her capacity, and she thereby gained money and reputation.

What is the duty of a singer?

A singer should cultivate her natural gifts to the height of her ability. She should be scrupulously conscientious in whatever she may undertake, whether she sing in "La Mascotte" or "Lohengrin." She should respect the composer, and she should not play tricks with her audience.

To blame Patti for not singing in "Tristan and Isolde" is as absurd as to censure Materna for not preferring Rossini to Wagner.

A singer has an artistic right to appear in any opera that displays her to best advantage. She does not make for musical righteousness if she sings music that is wholly unsuitable to her.

This late outcry against Patti as a singer is unreasonable, it is unjust. There is no sense of historical perspective in such loose denunciation of the operas in which she made her fame. Operas have their fashion—as do bonnets and cravats. The question is not "Did Patti ever sing in this or that opera?" This is the question: "How did she sing in the operas in which she did appear?"



EMILIO PIZZI.

THE FIRST PART. The story runs as follows. Patti, who is said to be a reporter, is a charming character. She is a young girl, who is compelled to go through the machinations of a wicked uncle, who desires to become possessed of her large estates. She resists against this plan, and escapes from the convent with her lover. The uncle, who has great influence in the King, causes her arrest and that of her

As for her appearing in public in the year of our Lord 1894, that is another matter. It is a matter for the public to settle. As a warm admirer of this great singer, I wish that she were now content with the glory and the wealth of past years. Yet she still gives pleasure; yet she still throws down occasionally the gauntlet to younger singers now upon the stage, and he dares to pick it up. But the years are obvious and ironical. They must have their sport with Patti, as with all singers that preceded her and with all that will follow her.

Here, by the way, is a singular circumstance: the men and women who say to Patti, "You are too old," applaud ironically German singers of her age or younger whose voices should have been buried long ago, who never had and do not have the art of Patti, who confound shouting, screaming and ululation with *bel canto*, whose faces are like a dark and dirty stairway in a tottering tenement house.

Yes, I should prefer to remember Patti rather than hear her, now that she has gone along with fifty years.

For she has not the excuse of Gertrude, Elisabeth Maza, whom poverty drove to make her appearance in public when she was at least seventy, and when the tones she produced were, according to Mount Englecomb, like unto those of a penny trumpet.

Patti sang in public when she was fifty-two, but the audiences were sorry for her.

Cuzzoni's voice was a wreck when she was fifty.

But why examine the tombstones in the opera-graveyard?

The story is almost always the same. There is the persistence of the singer; there is the application by the audience of the lines of Horace: "You have played and eaten and drunk your fill; 'tis time you depart; lest, if you drink more deeply than is proper, you be jeered and driven from the feast by an age which is sprightly with a better grace."

The mime Luccia was a century old, Galeria Capriola was 104, they tell us; and yet these women "seduced the spectators by grace of attitude and beauty of gesture." The women were mimes, however; they were not singers.

But, as I have said before in the Journal, whether Patti stays in her castle or sings in Boston is a matter to be settled by the public. If people do not wish to hear her, they are not obliged to go and pay the price she asks. As long as people pay and applaud has she not a right to believe that she is a welcome visitor?

To parody a phrase of Hazlitt, no prima donna believes she shall ever die.

And so whatever we may think of the wisdom of Patti's course, let us not be blind to a remarkable career; let us not abuse a great singer because she shows signs of age. A noble ruin is of more value from an artistic standpoint than is a new, cheap and cockney villa freshly and hideously painted. And Patti is by no means a ruin. Let us also remember that there are ignoble ruins, which have been imported of late years at considerable expense, and shown on our operatic and concert stage with much shouting, with blowing of trumpets, with cries of "Come, and see, and wonder, and bow down!"

PHILIP HALE.

CONCERNING MALE BUDS.

It is proposed seriously, almost solemnly, by men and women who form what is accurately described as the "swagger set" that when a young man of their rank is ready, on account of age, to enter society, the event should be celebrated by a "coming out tea" or a "coming out party." The experiment has been tried in New York. Ponderous matrons and fresh, young girls assisted the male star in his rise above the horizon of society. There was a tea; there were flowers; then dinner, and a theatre party.

This social function cannot be honestly commended. In England, where the arrival of the oldest son to man's estate has a peculiar meaning and is of actual moment in the family life, the celebration of his twenty-first birthday is appropriate; and there is rightly good cheer and there is merriment. The celebration is a manly one; it fits the occasion, the birth of responsibilities.

But to thus launch a young fellow into society in this country smacks of the opera-bouffe, or the decadence. In the first place, it may seriously embarrass the young man in his future career. His coiffure may not meet with favor. His corsage may not be cut so as to display his figure to the best advantage. His costume may clash with that of the son of a powerful rival of his mother, and thus he may be Montague to a Capulet. Of course the rehearsals will be many and rigidly supervised by parents and sisters; but in the emotion of the moment the ex-bud may drop his fan awkwardly; he may twiddle and twirl his fingers and thus betray vulgar nervousness; he may blush too violently when suddenly called "Mister" instead of the familiar "Charley" or "George." Through inexperience he may fill his dancing card, and then find too late that he has no place for more eligible partners. The fierce hunter of youth may assert itself, and he may partake too freely of tea and cakes, although his mother frowns and signals. Again, youth is honest, and he may refuse to waltz with a plain but otherwise most desirable young girl, only allowing her the pleasure of a quadrille.

the young man will turn out a wall flower. At what time, pray, will the youth be ready for the ordeal? After leaving preparatory school? In his Sophomore year at college? Will he be ready to deny himself the pleasures of foot ball? For the ordeal will require preceding abstinence from all that may roughen the complexion, or disfigure face and body. The aspirant must be careful in his diet; he must humor beauty sleep; he must train his voice to low tones and gentle modulations. Now, any youth that is willing to undergo this training deserves a triumph on the day of days. If he then fall, the disappointment may depress for life a naturally buoyant disposition.

The risk is too great. But if the youth succeeds, what is his future? Industry is now diversified. If women crowd men from their positions, because they are willing to work for smaller wages, why should not a male favorite exert his tact and taste as a "gentleman dressmaker or milliner?" But we forget. Genuine male swaggerdom does not work. If there were pecuniary reverses, the youth would no doubt be supported by his sisters.

A correspondent is hereby informed that while chrysanthemum tea has undoubtedly medicinal properties, it is not poured at parlor entertainments in good society. The confusion in the correspondent's mind probably arose from the fact that reception rooms and tables are decorated with chrysanthemums; hence the name of a variety of social function. For all medicinal purposes catnip tea is safer as a simple remedy.

Professors Nicholls and Browne claim that the sense of smell is less keen in woman than in man. In the course of experiments, "Beyond 100,000 parts all the women failed to recognize essence of lemon; all the men detected it at 250,000." But the professors forget that many men are familiar with the smell of lemon, even when it is apparently alcoholically disguised.

Joe Howard protests against the use of strong perfumes and thus corroborates Herrick and Ben Jonson. The Journal has often spoken of the abuse of musk. The sickening odor is in street car, theatre and concert hall. It is in the street, poisoning the fresh and bracing air.

Farmers should read the article in the North American Review on roads. For bad roads work the greatest injury to them, and yet, as a rule, their ideas and habits of improvement are primitive. Merely plowing up the sides into the middle is not improvement.

Patti was not hard to suit in the matter of a libretto. All she wanted was "something sentimental and sweet, not intensely dramatic and forceful." When she found out that in "Gabriella" she could appear as a nun and a court lady, she seized the book.

The French are protesting against the simplicity of the official dress of their President. Russian uniforms, with gowgaws, inflamed their fancy, and even the good Republicans advocate monarchy in dress.

The Bernhardt is wise in her generation. "My views of theatrical art were much widened in England and America." Evidently she meditates another visit to us.

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Eli, Eli, Eli Yale!

And they all played like perfect gentlemen.

Hinkey was not killed.

Get out the checkerboard once more, Mr. Deland.

According to exhaustive mathematical computations Harvard should have won. Perhaps they pay greater attention at Yale to foot ball than to mathematics.

A clergyman here in Boston preached yesterday on hindrances in life. He undoubtedly was thinking of "lying interferences."

Harvard put its trust in leather. Let us see: It was the Poet Young that wrote of men who "through faithless leather met the dirt."

And even women spoke knowingly of punting and half-backs, of rushes and tackling.

Harvard keeps a stiff upper lip, but all the same it wears Yale's color—in its mind.

The members of the French company now at the Museum enjoyed the Symphony rehearsal. What did they think of the pantomimic art of Mr. Paur?



BOSTON, November 19, 1893.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE," I understand, is playing to good houses at the Museum, and there is nothing but praise for the surpassing skill of Courtes and Pilarmonin. To me, the make up of the "Baron" is one of the most delightful things in the pantomime; Forain has sketched him time and time again, and you may see those queer trousers and that queer arrangement of hair in almost any number of "La Vie Parisienne" or "Journal Amusant."

Now, you maybe surprised at learning that certain men here, men of parochial authority, protest, mildly to be sure, against the "Frenchness" of the second act. Even such a man as Mr. Clapp, of the "Advertiser," is inclined to regard the second act as naughty, not too naughty, but just, &c. Probably the discussions, and the digressions, and the orations, and the paragraphs, and the critiques and the editorial articles concerning your old friend Mrs. Tanqueray have sharpened the Bostonian sense of morality. But, to use the chaste language of Jo. Howard, what tommy-rot all this is! As though the first question in art should be, "Is the subject immoral?"

In art, when the subject is chosen, the question is not "Is the subject moral, immoral or unmoral?" The question is this: "Is the subject treated honestly and artistically?"

Apropos of morality or immorality in art, let me drop for a moment, like Mr. Wegg, into poetry. It was Arthur Symonds who, after picturing art after the common understanding as "brooding aloft, a lonely queen," who would know "nor aught of earth nor aught of man," thus describes modern art:

But go where cities pour
Their turbid human stream through street and mart,
A dark stream flowing onward evermore,
Down to an unknown ocean—there is Art.

She looks on princes in their palaces,
She peers upon the prisoner in his cell;
She sees the saint who prays to God, she sees
The way of those that go down quick to hell.

With equal feet she treads an equal path,
Nor reckes the goings of the sons of men;
She hath for sin no scorn, for wrong no wrath,
No praise for virtue, and no tears for pain.

* * *

The second of the Kneisel Quartet concerts was given Monday, the 13th. The program was as follows:

Quartet in E minor.....Smetana
(First time at these concerts.)
Piano trio in E flat major, op. 100.....Schubert
Quartet in G major, op. 18.....Beethoven

The Smetana Quartet was applauded loudly and with justice, for it is a strong work, whether you sympathize with the temperament of the composer, as here displayed, or not. It is full of melancholy, but the doleful dumps are not of conventional gloom. The nationality of the composer does not serve him as a staff to support tottering footsteps. There is no apparent attempt to show the hearer how "jolly" Bohemian the music is. To be sure the second movement is labeled "à la Polka," but the polka is in suggestion rather than in evidence. This same movement was accused here in one quarter of triviality. Its "triviality" was to me a delight, and to me this movement was by far the most characteristic of the four.

When did the idea gain ground that the performance of a string quartet must necessarily be a solemn, sepulchral function? Are there no movements in the quartets of Mozart and Haydn that are so piquant, so foot-iciting that they run the risk of the accusation of triviality? But what charming harmonies there are in this abused scherzo by Smetana. The first movement is well knit, admirably developed from fresh themes. The slow movement is less satisfactory; there is more groping after effect; there is a desire to be Beethovenian. The finale is influenced by the folk song, and the concluding passages are beautiful.

The melancholy of Smetana, even in his mirth, would be a good subject for an ambitious writer. The date of the composition of this quartet is unknown to me. I believe it was first played in Vienna in 1880; but I can find no record of its first performance. In 1874 Smetana was stone deaf, and did he not die in a madhouse at Prague, ten years after? It would be interesting to know how deeply this quartet was affected by personal discomfort or foreboding (?), or whether the melancholy is Bohemian. At any rate

St. Anna here set his "careful breast, like Philomel against the thorn."

Mrs. Emil Paur was the pianist. In the trio she showed certain characteristics of a good ensemble player. Her touch was crisp; her sense of rhythm was seldom at fault; she appreciated the relative importance of the parts. In a word she played accurately and with taste. But she did not on this occasion show a spark of temperament. Her bearing was modest, and although the applause reached a frenetic point she did not seem to lose her practical head. Mrs. Paur will play piano pieces Wednesday night at the concert of the Apollo Club, and she will appear next Saturday at the Symphony concert. You will undoubtedly be favored with her apparition in New York.

It is needless to say that the performance of the Quartet was worthy of the warmest praise, although the andante con moto in the trio was taken at too slow a pace.

Miss Marguerite Hall gave a song recital in Steinert Hall Tuesday afternoon, November 14. Mrs. S. B. Field was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

"Se tu M'ami".....	Pergolesi
"Sebben Crudele".....	Caldara
"Danza Fanciulla".....	Durante
"Den Angesicht".....	Schumann
"Marienwunderchen".....	
"Waldesgespräch".....	
"Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix".....	Saint Saëns
"Prère" ("Jocelyn").....	Godard
"A Love Lullaby".....	A. Goring Thomas
"When Fairy Land was Young".....	Arthur Somervell
"O Swallow, Swallow".....	
"To Sappho".....	Mary Carmichael
"O, Mistress Mine".....	
"A Widow Bird".....	C. A. Lidgley
"One Word is too often Profaned".....	

This was a pleasant concert in program and in performance. Miss Hall sang the Italian and the English numbers delightfully. She was less successful in the songs by Schumann and the Frenchmen. She is not a dramatic singer, and I doubt if she is capable of sustained passion; but give her a song of graceful sentiment and she pleases musician and amateur.

The songs by the Englishmen were unknown to the greater number of hearers. The numbers by Somervell are not of such musical worth as are "Once at the Angelus" and "The Shepherd's Cradle Song" by him; but they are pretty. I remember Somervell as he was ten or eleven years ago in Berlin, when I saw much of him. He was then slight, fair haired, sweet, delicate, full of appreciation of everything that is good in music. Before I knew him I was attracted toward him by his exclaiming in the gallery of the Sing Akademie during a performance of Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost," "What a rotten subject for a fugue." Somervell was right.

The boy—for he always seemed a boy, though he had finished his studies at Cambridge University—had then a singular idea: that he suffered in health so that some other being might be relieved from pain.

Those were good days, and those were famous nights when we sat together in the Weihen-Stephan. There was Somervell, although he could drink but little beer; Wing, an excellent baritone singer, now in London; Paul Tidden, of Brooklyn; Theodore Peet, of New York; Raif, of dumb thumb fame, and a right jovial companion; Robert Keller, philosopher and arranger of Brahms' and Dvorák's orchestral pieces for the piano (poor Keller walks no more on earth); Englishmen whom I have forgotten and Willis Nowell. Bohemia is truly a pleasant country. I loved it then; and I have not yet crossed its border lines.

Martin Roeder was then in Berlin. He was back from Italy; he gave his oratorio "Mary Magdalene" in the old St. Mary's Rink; he was plotting his descent on Dublin.

But let us go back to Miss Hall's concert.

Mary Carmichael's songs, as sung by Miss Hall, charmed the audience, and Lidgley's settings of poems by Shelley are worthy of the lines; do you know of any higher praise?

Miss Hall will give another recital Thursday evening.

* * *

A concert was given in Music Hall Tuesday evening the 14th. It was the third Suffolk Musicales. The performers were members of the Campanini-Morgan Company. Miss Geraldine Morgan, the violinist, showed considerable skill and a musical temperament. Mr. Paul Morgan played an assortment of cello pieces; Master Lewis, a young choir boy, sang "Just a Song," "Dreams" and "M'Appari," and Campanini sang the songs that were expected from him.

* * *

The program of the fifth Symphony concert, given last evening, was as follows:

Gloria, "In German".....	Gluck
Concerto for violin and cello, A minor, op. 102.....	Brahms
Symphony, "Jupiter".....	Mozart

The vocal part of Brahms were present, and incense was burned freely, and there were leaps of delight and exuberant pleasure and boisterous rejoicing. But this concerto is not worthy of the composer of the Second and Third symphony.

There is an absence of spontaneity. The themes are not bold, they are not suggestive, they are neither beautiful nor dramatic. The development is of course admirable from the purely technical standpoint, but it is often so ab-

surdly intricate that Brahms appears as a mere propounder and solver of puzzles. There are passages in the first and in the third movement that are positively and unnecessarily disagreeable, almost hideous; and, on the other hand, in the second movement there are passages of genuine beauty.

Neither the violin nor the cello has a fair chance. The music is at times almost awkwardly written for the solo instruments, and the difficulties for the performers are not worth the trouble of conquering! Then the orchestra keeps up such a constant chattering. But you have heard this concerto in '89 at a Thomas Symphony concert; so let us talk no more about it.

Speaking of Brahms, I wonder if Mr. Finck has read the chapter entitled "Brahms" in "Istar," by Josephin Sar Péladan. He would enjoy it thoroughly. I am tempted to give an extract, but refrain. You may gain an idea of it when the Sar describes Brahms' music as "Abandon qui garde son corset, félinité qui ne se risque qu'à demi au frôlement de péché; * * les réticences d'un abandon que la réflexion vient couper; d'hésitation en élans, le lyrisme du désir timoré."

The orchestra played well, and the solo performers showed courage and skill. There was nothing in the readings of Mr. Paur to excite wild approbation or virtuous indignation. He was earnest, methodical, thoroughly conscientious.

The program for the concert next Saturday will include Schumann's Symphony No. 1; Wanderer fantasy, Schubert-Liszt; three movements from "Romeo and Juliet," Berlioz; Liszt's "Fest-Klaenge."

* * *

Tinel's "Franciscus" will be given by the Cecilia next Friday night. Miss Crocker, Messrs. Ricketson, E. Hubbard and Bushnell will be the solo singers.

Miss Faye Hoyt, a young pianist, assisted by Miss Harriet S. Whittier, soprano, gave a concert in Steinert Hall Wednesday evening, the 15th.

I am told that Mr. Heinrich Gebhard, a piano pupil of Clayton Johns, made a very creditable showing in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Emma Eames-Story will give a song recital in Chickering Hall Thursday evening. The program will include songs by Gounod, Pergolesi, Delibes, Saint-Saëns, A. G. Thomas, Tschakowsky, Liszt and Schubert.

The next Suffolk musicale will be given Tuesday evening, November 28. The Blumenberg-Oestberg company, assisted by the Lutteman Sextet, will furnish the entertainment.

Miss Lilian Carlsmith will give a song recital in Chickering Hall December 11.

Miss Villa W. White will sing German folk songs in this country this winter. It will be remembered that she assisted Mrs. Joachim in her concert tour in the United States.

Original compositions by Benjamin Cutter will be played next Thursday evening in Sleeper Hall by Messrs. Goetschius, Mahr and Schulz. Miss Jessie R. Axtell will assist.

D'Albert's string quartet will be played at the Kneisel concert December 5.

Emilio Pizzi's one act opera, "Gabrielle," will be sung by the Patti company, "for the first time on any stage," Saturday afternoon, in Music Hall. PHILIP HALE.

nov 28 - 93

The bibulous and the realists are in high glee over Robert Grant's break in the December Scribner's, in which the Judge speaks of a "Martigny" cock-tail. The break reflects credit on Judge Grant's habits of life; but the cock-tail was named after Mr. Martini, an Italian dealer in vermouth, an inhabitant of Turin.

We are informed on excellent authority that "the right thing in handkerchiefs to accompany the evening costume is a plain white of pure linen, with the owner's monogram embroidered in the corner in white thread." Bandannas are not now worn in good society, nor is it now considered fine breeding to display a handkerchief with the wearer's name prominent in indelible ink. The price-mark should be removed before you enter a parlor.

A woman rushes to the defence of dotted veils and claims that they at least have one use: They filter the complexion.

What a modest, charming young man, Emilio Pizzi! And there is no sign of an abnormally developed head. "When I was at Patti's castle," said Pizzi the other day, "they went driving and shooting and walking; but I had to stay in my room and work; they were a-eating and a-drinking and a-playing billiards, but I had to stay in my room and work." Patti has the right to play "Gabriella" for one year. When Pizzi gets the opera back, he proposes to rewrite certain portions and add a couple of choruses. He will probably make London his home.

The Andover boys hurl freely the words "insult" and "disgrace" at their rivals at Exeter. Tush, tush; likewise, play ball.

The Earl of Sbrewsbury's collection of famous torture instruments will soon be exhibited in this country. Inasmuch as the collection does not include a guillotine, it must be regarded as incomplete.

A New York newspaper man alleges that Boston babies are taught to chase baked beans with bread pushers. Whom in the world did he visit here when he took such observations?

nov 29 - 93

MUSIC.

The Fourth of the Suffolk Musicales in Music Hall.

The Blumenberg Concert Company, assisted by the Lutteman Sextet, appeared last evening in Music Hall at the fourth of the Suffolk Musicales. The programme was long and diversified. The natural length of the concert was nearly doubled by applause that demanded extra numbers. Mrs. Caroline Oestberg sang the waltz from Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" in a brilliant manner, and she gave pleasure in her other numbers to the large audience. Miss Mallie E. Beck sang the great air from "Samson and Delilah," and she was recalled. Mr. Louis Blumenberg, cellist, charmed the audience by his sympathetic delivery of Thoms' "Simple Avowal," and the dash with which he played pieces by Dukler and Popper. He is the fortunate possessor of a fine instrument. Mr. David G. Henderson has a good voice, and he sang with considerable taste, but the effect was marred in a degree by a tremolo. The Lutteman Male Sextet contributed several numbers. The sextet was heard to greatest advantage in a part song, presumably Swedish, which demanded a well-defined crescendo and diminuendo; the performance of this part song was excellent. In the earlier numbers of the sextet, there was much false intonation. Faure's "Crucifix," as sung by Mrs. Oestberg and Mr. Henderson, was applauded enthusiastically.

Mrs. Lucie Falicot appeared for the first time in Boston, and she played the piano-forte, an instrument rarely heard now in concerts in Europe, and probably only known in this country as it is used by students of the organ in their practice. This Lucie Falicot must be the Mrs. Georges Falicot, who, under her maiden name of Marie Schneckenburger, studied with Guilmant and Delaborde. Gounod in his later years became interested in her, and wrote for her benefit at least three compositions for pedal-piano and orchestra, and other pieces for the machine alone. They were not the first pieces designed for such an instrument. There were clavieres with a pedal keyboard, and there is a tradition that Bach's passacaglia and sonatas were intended for a double clavier with such pedals. Schumann wrote for the pedal piano his studies in canon form, and sketches op. 58. And Alkan wrote many difficult pieces for the instrument.

Mrs. Falicot has an excellent technique and she played the cumbersome machine with grace, but the same seemed hardly worth the candle. Such an instrument is of great use to an organ student, but it gives little musical satisfaction. The pedal bass seems brutal in tone and at times last evening the over-tones predominated unpleasantly.

They were discussing Wilson Barrett's Othello, when a young poet, wit and caricaturist, well known in New York and Boston, remarked, as though to himself: "Yes, I've seen so many Othellos in London. I once saw Irving play it. Was it Irving? Oh, yes, it must have been Irving, for I don't remember anything about it."

That was a grim obituary pronounced here in Boston the other day: "He was fifty years old when he died. He never kept but one promise in his life, and that was made to himself—never to lend or give anybody money."

Yale and Princeton can now take official notice that Superintendent Byrnes is prepared to interfere with their rushing on New York street corners after the game, and he will make a lively interference if necessary.

It looks as though Thanksgiving skating here would be confined to Mechanics' Building.

Monday was a brilliant night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Everybody seemed pleased, and even those critics who for some time have gazed at music through a German beer glass spoke flatteringly of the performance. But we are not to have the opera here this season; not even in Mechanics' Building. Never mind. We shall still have another chance in Music Hall to hear a Beethoven symphony, or Weber overture for the five hundredth time.

J. Aldrich Libbey, who sang "After the Ball" into notice, is described as "peculiarly adapted to this order of work, and he weighs about 225 pounds." But brawn and beef are not all that are necessary in such action; nerve plays an important part.

Mr. Libbey, it seems, has a motto, and he wears it with him. It is terse and appropriate: "Money Before Art."

Dec 1 - 93

"And after him came next the chill December;
Yet he, through merry feasting which he
made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad."

The Woman's National Industrial League and the Woman's Rescue League declared that the women of Massachusetts had little to be thankful for yesterday. But, ladies, be thankful and rejoice in that you have opportunity to thus free your minds.

Emma Calvé, who made her appearance in New York Wednesday night, is called the Duse of the operatic stage. She is a supreme mistress of passionate expression. Let us see: We are to have no opera in Boston this season. But we are to have two performances of "The Messiah" this month; a sweet boon to many who dread the excitement of pronouncing judgment on a new work.

Perhaps after all no one should complain of foot ball on Thanksgiving Day. In England the game was played commonly on a Sunday morning, before church time, and the church piece was the ground.

Shopkeepers near London on Shrove Tuesday used to secure their windows; for foot ball was played in the street.

In the parish of Inverness games were played between the married and the unmarried women; the former were almost always successful.

Does any one remember the poem by Sir Walter Scott, sheriff of the forest, written for the great match between Ettrick and Yarrow? It may be now sung cheerfully by Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania. Here is a verse:

"Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be
the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to
fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble
on heather,
And life is itself but a game of foot ball."

And was there no danger even in those primitive days? Indeed there was and is, in spite of Prof. Shaler. My Lord of Sunderland suffered for years from an "Imposthume" which had been a long time engendering out of a bruise he had received at Foot-ball. How he was cured by tobacco, you may read in Howell's Letters, as far back as 1646. If Prof. Shaler would read the sporting news in English newspapers, he would not be so sceptical concerning fatal accidents in England.

The following extract from a criticism on a Saturday Popular concert in London is a delightful example of the *suaviter in modo*, and it may be safely recommended to young beginners in the Gentle Art of Making Enemies:

"Saturday afternoons at St. James's Hall are usually marked among the audiences by a graceful tendency to sleep. There is a prevalent atmosphere of luncheon brooding about the place, and the performances seem often to partake of the general sentiment of the hour."

An excellent way to achieve pneumonia is to run with open mouth after a street car.

Dec 2 93

Surely it is a mighty arrogant desire for rights that leads women to demand recognition as Sons of the Revolution. And they do not even dress for the part!

It seems from a speech of the late Miss Belle Stokes that there is a hack driver in town who did not know where Rutland Square is. He must have been some swell on Beacon Hill, who, like certain Londoners of pedigree, delight to drive Incog.: a 19th century Harun-al-Rashid.

There was a library of books by Massachusetts authors in the Massachusetts State Building in Chicago. A woman inquired of the guard where she could find the works of Horace Mann. He directed her to the Anthropological Building. Sure enough, in one of the rooms was the sign: "Man and His Works."—[Shoe and Leather Reporter. Have we not all heard this story many, many times? Nay, was not Horace Mann afflicted with it during his busy life? But here it rises in the West; wears a smiling face; expects a hearty welcome, and has already received shelter in one Eastern household.

This is the month of mince pie. We are reminded of this on every side, even by street car advertisement. We are far from the day when Sir John Birkenhead was applauded for asking "whether Mr. Peters did justly preach against Christmas pies the same day that he ate two mince pies for his dinner." The heroic epistle of Charles Small Pybus, M. P., entitled "The Mince Pie" (if history puns unconsciously we cannot help it) might be distributed reasonably as a December greeting.

In spite of hard times and great and petty troubles there is good cause for thanksgiving. Nay, nor need the thankful man be a boisterous nor like Candide's optimistic and Pangloss. It is true that the character of the day is changed and more is bid of foot ball than of formal thanksgiving at a stated hour. Customs decay and the more's the pity.

It may the day long remain a day of joy reunion. Let those living be thankful for the comforts they enjoy, and let them remember the more unfortunate with charity (boasteth not; let them remember, and wout morbidness, the dead who once rejoiced with them. Let them, above all, be convinced of the certainty of a divine avenger and sing, with the stout heart of George Her:

Those afflictions and those terrors
Which did plague at first appear,
Did but show me what mine errors
And mine imperfections were,
But they wretched could not make me,
Nor from Thy affection shake me.

This is St. Andrew's Day. He is the patron saint of Scotland; and yet Peter the Great instituted the first order of knighthood under his name, for the Russians claim that Andrew preached among them. The order

is of the blue ribbon; in its liberal sense, however, not with the symbolical meaning attached to the color here and in England. The saint's day was formerly celebrated in parts of England by squirrel hunting; good Scots used to bear singed sheep's heads in procession in his honor.

So the *teredo navalis*, the ship worm, has appeared in our harbor. He is indeed a dreadful bore, the rival of an artesian well, the Hoosac Tunnel or any passionate discussor of the tariff. If he likes our town and makes up his mind to stay, we must use no other wood for wharves and piles but cypress, which, according to the ancients, was too bitter for his taste, or box, which is too hard to bite. To send to the Island Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, would take time and money; and yet ships made of trees found there last 200 years and laugh at worms; at least this was so in the time of Alexander the Great, and probably the trees have not lost their potency.

A burglar here stated openly that his home was "any place that I can lay my hat," which is an epigrammatic statement, if curious in grammatical construction. Thomas C. Platt of New York claimed once that his home was the particular place where his "washing" was done.

The appeal of the Women's Free Hospital should receive a generous and immediate answer. This hospital is absolutely free and unsectarian. It admits patients from any section of the United States. Its staff is made up of eminent physicians and surgeons. There is need of money. Even the smallest gift will be welcome. Let us not forget that woman was made apparently to suffer; but let us for her own sake, and the sake of the future republic, alleviate her suffering in every possible way.

Every gentleman with a large family has three houses under one roof. His basement is a modern public house that the lower classes run in and out of without his consent or knowledge, and his nursery is a medieval tower of rusty superstitions.

CHARLES READE.

Talk about modern athletics! Why, when Fontenay and Vipsanus were Consul there was a boy only nine years old who ran in one day 73 miles. His name was Athas, and according to Pliny he accomplished the feat between noon and evening. But how good men do lie occasionally.

A preparatory course in Ollendorff is recommended to all who propose to dilate with emotion by reading the plays of Maurice Maeterlinck. Much of his dialogue reminds one of the famous conversations in which "the garden of my aunt" and "the shoes of my grandmother" are dwelt upon with irritating iteration.

"The Berkshire Bandits" is a good title for a dime novel. The hero detective should be known as "The Lenox Lynx."

They that are prating always about the modern passion for stage scenery, the pre-eminence of the stage carpenter, and then pointing a moral by referring to the alleged rude sign board of Shakspeare's day, should read thoughtfully the opening article in the last number of The Theatre (London).

A musical season without grand opera is no musical season at all.—The Musical Courier.

You are right, gentlemen, overwhelmingly right. It may here be remarked that the Abbey, Schoffel and Gram Opera Company will not visit Boston this season.

The fact that officials of Newark cannot decide whether a patient's face shows the effects of whisky or small-pox is another evidence of the deadly nature of New Jersey alcohol.

If the Emperor William is obliged to hear frequently the "Imperial Greeting" played on "medieval valveless trumpets," as by the German band men in Music Hall this week, has he not good excuse for irritability? The sounds may be soul-stirring; they are certainly ear-splitting.

These four terms, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, furnish the means of sums in proportion, and much innocent amusement may be gained by working at the different combinations.

And now they have invented runner skating without ice. The patent surface is reported to be extremely slippery, and that is the main thing.

Sir James Crichton Browne made a speech the other day and advocated "the better education of plumbers." Thus England clasps America to her breast, for mighty are the ties of common suffering. Sir James said that "the more plumbing there is for a man to do the higher is the death rate. So far as England is concerned, Asiatic cholera and typhoid fever have appeared since the invention of the plumber. It does not follow that the true remedy is to abolish the plumber. He must be taught efficiency." Here he is efficient enough; whether he be "practical" or "sanitary" plumber; but, "O, the wild charge he makes!"

The London Vegetarian Society has a committee of women to assist in promoting a knowledge of the artistic cookery of vegetables. Similar committees might work with benefit here. There is the potato, for instance; how often in restaurant or private is this vegetable boiled or baked in accordance with reason? It was De Quincey who said that "the potato of cities is a very dangerous missile, and, if thrown with an accurate aim by an angry hand, will fracture any known skull." And how about the potato at the average country hotel?

Apologies of the modern use of fur by women in their dress, a use that often seems a misuse, it may be of interest to remember that one of Queen Elizabeth's night gowns was of black velvet, trimmed with silk lace and lined with fur; and she once ordered "Three score and six of the best sable skynnes, to furnish us a night gowne."

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ABOUT MUSIC.

Is a Mutilation Synonymous
With a Performance?

Civilization That Does Not
Wholly Escape Barbarism.

The Strange Indifference Shown
Men of This Generation.

At a concert of the Cecilia in November, "Franciscus," an oratorio by Tincl, was sung for the first time in Boston. The work was given in a mutilated form, and it was received, as a whole, coldly by the audience.

At a concert in Berlin last month "Franciscus," an oratorio by Tincl was sung for the third time this year by the Philharmonische Chor, under the direction of Siegfried Ochs. The work was slightly cut, but with extreme care, and apparently most judiciously. At the first performance, Feb. 20, the oratorio was received with "stormy applause." At the third performance in November there was "the most lively interest."

At a concert given at Leipsic, in old musical Leipsic, famous for hide-bound conservatism—at a concert given at the Musikakademie, Nov. 6, "Franciscus," an oratorio by Tincl, was received with "stormy enthusiasm;" the composer was called out repeatedly; he was crowned with laurel, and the "Tuscl" was sounded in his honor. There were dissenting critical opinions in the conservative newspapers, but the popular success was overwhelming.

These are statements of fact. Are there conclusions to be drawn from them?

But he object there's room for another statement of fact.

During the last season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, during the final year of the reign of Mr. Nikisch, on the evening of March 25, a composition, which had attracted more than ordinary attention in European cities, was produced in Boston for the first time. The piece was "La Mer," by Paul Gilsou. It was cut by the conductor beyond recognition. The one great movement which was the pretext for the composition of the whole was omitted. This fact was not stated in the programme book. The hearer could not have learned in any way from the programme book that Gilsou was wronged unnecessarily and cruelly by Nikisch, publicly, in the hearing of the people. The programme book devoted just nine lines of explanatory text to this new composition, and one of the nine lines was made up of one word; not such a long word either, a word of only three syllables.

I have not stated these facts for the sake of provoking useless strife, which results as a rule in each combatant indulging finally in that fearful truism "You're another!"

I do not propose to revive questions concerning the merits of performances.

I do not propose to set the judgment of a Boston audience against the judgment of an audience of Berlin or Leipzig. If the Boston audience greeted coolly the great work of Luel, it must be remembered that the hearers had small opportunity of becoming acquainted with Luel's music as he planned and wrote it.

The man in the audience is not to be blamed if, when asked about Lind, he replies: "I heard one of his things, a d-d-d-d-d thing; let's see, what was it? Oh! 'Franciscus.'"

For in neither case has the man in the audience heard the piece by Finel or Gilson.

I heard one of the Cecelias, a man devoted to his society and much interested in music, say that the whole trouble in the Tinell matter was this: "Franciscus" should have been urged to an audience of say 50 musicians who could have appreciated it."

But these fifty musicians would not have had the opportunity of hearing "Franciscus" as it was written.

Nor do I think so poorly of the musical intelligence of a Cælia audience. If the audiences of Berlin or Leipzig, men after all of the same feelings and opinions as those that control us, if those audiences showed "storied enthusiasm," is it not fair to suppose that greater care was taken in cutting and in performance?

Again the people of Berlin had an opportunity of hearing "Franciscus" three times in one season.

We hear "The Messiah," which is tolerably familiar to men, women and children, twice a season, we hear familiar orchestral works by Beethoven, Schuman, Weber, Mendelssohn *et al.*, *ad nauseam*; for one may grow tired even of a masterpiece when he is compelled to regard it as a commonplace. Why should we not, why should not modern and comparatively unknown works receive respectful attention? Why should they not at least be treated honorably when they make their first appearance?

There are libraries that are found in certain neighborhoods of respectability and intelligence, and we should find the complete works of Bacon, Pope, Irving, Macaulay, Hallam, Hume, Milton, Scott, Byron; in a word, those volumes which "nougatmen's library should be without." There is a handsomely bound set of Shakespeare's plays. These authors were crowned long ago; they are secure of fame; they are admirable. But we are men and women of another generation. There is another generation of writers. Many readers would give the whole of Bacon for a volume of Poe. The Oxford edition of Scott for Meredith or Hardy; would like to know something about the modern realists, symbolists and the decadents. Nor would a reader be satisfied if the only copy of Shakespeare's "La Princesse Maleine" he could find had been cut down by the omission of the horrible and powerful scenes of murder; nor would he be content to know Verlaine only in translations that had been "pruned and revised" by a Yankee Professor of French at a Miss Honeybird's select school for Young Ladies. Yet this same reader would not necessarily lose his admiration for the ancient worthies who stand, often in portentous bulk, on his book-shelves. On the contrary, after becoming acquainted thorough with the writers of his own day, he might turn with the greater love to the works of the mighty dead who sleep undisturbed by the poacher of the wild cries of modern conflicting classes, who ever waken when they were alive, and whose serene and majestic presence is a singular contrast with the nervousness and the anxiety of the present climbers to the Parnassian heights.

Now it is the boast of our town that we are
have a most excellent orchestra, created and
led by one man, the true
the Kiesel Quartet, which reflect
any European city, a
which produces to its audience
that as thought worthy of
and gives unsurprisingly musical
the proper introduction. It is true
the Cecilia is an admirable choir
of a rare work; that the Apollo
the Haydn and Haydn as a credit to the
Let us not forget the presence here of
very of instruments, and
own through the land.
of the men are respected across
the flattering to our civic

...? this means for musical civilization, are
...? musical barbarism?
... of a liberal or instru-
... in music.
... of attention
... to the dead is bar-
... are

The first of these is the fact that the opera is not a new form of music, but a new form of drama. It is a drama in which the music is the language, and the drama is the story. The second is the fact that the opera is not a new form of art, but a new form of life. It is a life in which the art is the expression, and the life is the action. The third is the fact that the opera is not a new form of entertainment, but a new form of education. It is an education in which the entertainment is the method, and the education is the result.

And it is as though the complacent patron of concertists that are in his don said to himself: "Why should I be obliged to hear strange works that have not been played here, works by your César Francs, Charpentier, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Balakireff, Benoit, when I can hear Beethoven and Schumann and Brahms?" I know beforehand what's coming. Or why should I hear "Facièses," or "Werther," or "Eulstade," when I can whistle the tunes in "The Messiah"? Musical civilization does not depend on discrimination shown in appreciation of that which is old and new; it is rather a blind conviction that the familiar approved is not only good but better than anything new. We have had some of the abilities of those who are now. There's Linet, for instance; there's Gilson. Brahms is a comparatively new man; it is true, but he is already a classic, and, besides, his music is esteemed highly by many of my friends."

PHILIP HALE.

MUSIC.

**The Seventh Concert of the Boston
Symphony Orchestra.**

The programme of the Symphony concert given in Music Hall last evening was as follows:
Symphony No. 1, C minor.....Brahms
Overture, "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
First two movements from concerto for violin, D major,

synphonic poem, "The Moldau".....Tschakovsky.....Smetana
Brahms still excites discussion, and all are not yet ready to bow the knee to the son of the double-bass player of Hamburg. The discussion is protracted and often hot, because the followers of Brahms insist that you must take the works or "the Master" in bulk. Everything is "wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!" These worshippers are not unlike Brahms himself, as described some years ago by Beatty-Kington: "Loud, dictatorial, a little too obviously penetrated with a sense of his surpassing greatness." What marvel then that he who cannot admire or love honestly such a work as the C minor symphony is tempted to imitate the conduct of the "Loud, dictatorial" in discussing Wagner, and to "ape" to foam slightly at the mouth and to grind his teeth in a highly alarming manner."

After many hearings of the C minor symphony of Brahms I am almost reconciled to the Wagner of the Nibelungen period.

For if Wagner is constantly striving to make an effect on the public, Brahms seems to parody a phrase of Grillparzer, to be very busy in making an effect upon himself. The Ego of this symphony is not sympathetic; and whether this Ego is affected or not by the endeavor is of little importance to the outsider.

deavor is in vain and fruitless. Jönckheer once said of one of Brahms's more popular symphonies that it was too full of "good." The phrase is expressive, and it may be applied more justly to the first than to the second symphony, which in comparison with the former is clearness itself. For the minor symphony is obscure, wilfully obscure and if, as some think, obscurity is synonymous with greatness, then the symphony is sublime. Let us admit cheerfully that there are fine passages; passages of an austere nobility; but how much spontaneous music is there in the work from beginning to end? Or is there one honest, undisheened dramatic appeal to a human emotion? But music must be emotional, or it is not genuine music. The end pleasure inspired by such a work of Brahms seems to be the effort of the brain to determine wherein the pleasure lies. Such pleasure then implies a real or feigned intelligence in the person who is or pretends to be pleased. It is not surprising that such works of Brahms are fashionable and heard with a petrified smile of rapt enjoyment, even when the work lasts an hour. And yet "how endurable life would be, were it not for its pleasures!"

to this symphony of Brahms; the players seem to wander in a forest untraced by Maeterlinck. The forest is dark, although it is bright, and the sky is clear. No birds sing in this forest. There are no wild-flowers in the forest; nor in this forest are there any trees of beauty. The trees, indeed, seem dream trees, seen in restless sleep. The players wander blindly. Alarmed, they call to each other, and sound their alarm together. They try to wake, but terror forbids tears. They try to be gay, but their jests fall without laughter. They suspect the presence of winged things. The air grows dull and heavy. Suddenly they come into clear ground, and they see clouds with green water. Beyond is a hospital, with the sick people looking out of the windows. A boat is dragged along, and queerly dressed men and women sing a tune that sounds like unto a travesty of the hymn in Beethoven's 9th symphony. Then all is dark. The dream awakes. There is darkness. There is the remembrance of a dark dream.

Perhaps it was not the fault of conductor orchestra, but the concert as a whole seemed dull. The marvelous overture of Mozart was taken at such a rapid pace that passages for the wood-wind were inaudible. I admit that there has been much discussion concerning the proper tempo of this allegro. But Mozart did not write certain passages for the wood-wind as a mere stop-gap; and when that which should be clear is muddy, and when the players as men or skill, the fault lies surely in the tempo chosen by the conductor.

How delightfully clear, however, is the design of this overture. Perhaps on account of its very clearness, and on account of the clarity of theme and development, the overture failed apparently to please as much as the reading for one hour of the gospel brahms.

Mr. T. Adamowski played portions of the concerto for violin in D major by Tschaiakowsky. Mr. Adamowski is not without the gift of awakening pleasing emotions. He often plays admirably; still, when he is at his best he is too apt to suggest a room hung with heavy tapestry, perfumed with pastils and tuberoses. He was applauded warmly, but Tschaike was called for a more heroic player.

PHILIP HALE

The English newspapers are filled with complaints concerning cooks. It is the old story, familiar to every housekeeper in Boston. One estimable woman here is distressed because her servant insists on eating fresh butter. "What would you do if you were at home?" the mistress asked. "I'd ask my mother to buy it for me."

"If I need a reference or information from some book," said the late Mrs. Blavatsky to the Countess Wachtmeister, "I fix my mind intently, and the astral counterpart of the book appears, and from it I take what I need." What an invaluable acquisition to any newspaper office would such a woman be!

THE FALL OF THE NIGHT-HAWK.

There was a congress of ornithologists in Cambridge the other day. Papers of interest were read. One of these papers showed conclusively how science applied to town requirements or fancied requirements had been the ruin of the bird known commonly as the night-hawk. An ornithologist has made observations in the Common and in the Public Garden of Boston. He publishes boldly and broadcast these observations.

It is not necessary now to trace the close o

remote relationship of the night-hawk with the tassel-gentle, the saker and the sacre, the stelletto of Spain, the waskite or the hen driver. It is sufficient at present to study the effect of electrical lighting on the character and the disposition of the bird.

Before the introduction of electric light the night-hawk was a bird of exemplary habits. He was a faithful spouse, an affectionate yet discriminating father, a citizen of irreproachable demeanor. After the going down of the sun he thought of home and hied him thitherward. He often went to bed at 7.30. Even on holidays and occasions of national rejoicing he sought his slippers and candle at 9. He awoke in the morning, refreshed, ready to indulge himself in innocent recreation with his wife and superintend the education of his young. Other birds often held him up as an example of correct deportment to their wayward children and relatives.

But the ruin of the night-hawk dates w
the introduction of electric lights. T
lights gather about them insects; and
night hawk gathers the insects in. Not t
he really needs them, but he is intemper
he has given the rein to his appetite. N
o'clock is sounded; so is ten; so is midnig
but the night-hawk needs not the flight
time. He flies from light to light, as the
fortunate inebriate wanders from bar to l
The hour of eleven strikes for the benefi
the human night-hawk; the feathered aw
the extinguishing of the lights.

This dissipation of the bird is of injury to mankind and himself. He vexes mankind persisting in his cry at impertinent hours. Now, this cry is not musical in the human sense; it is hyper-modern, it is *fin de siècle*; it is intense; there is foreboding; there is remorse; there is the irony of despair; there is the knowledge of wasted opportunity; there is the hint at iron-footed fate. The tired vagabond dozing on the bench perceives the light shudders at the call of his real companion; it is as though he recognized the last speech of an abandoned soul.

Unfortunately for science, the observations of the ornithologist must be regarded as superficial, inasmuch as he confined himself to the night-hawk as seen in Common and Public Garden; for he did not accompany the bird to his home after the break of day. And yet the imagination supplies easily the gap. There is first of all the heavy, somnolent or fitful sleep of a bird that has eaten immoderately. There is the sudden start at a noise, without any full consciousness of its surroundings. There is the dancing about, the strange taste in the mouth, the desire for bromo-seltzer, that soothing geyser, effervescent. At breakfast he is irritated; he finds fault with the coffee and the editorial articles in the newspaper. He is bored; the affectionate care of the loving wife and the disdains to enter into the simple joys of the chirping brood; he is not in the vein of instructing them in regard to educational progress. Not until late in the afternoon the jaded reveler feels himself in normal condition. And then, in spite of tears and supplication, the fatal fascination draws him to the Common. He sees the electric light, in the garish day and longs for the night and the lurid glare.

Thus does applied science work to the instruction of a bird. Thus does it turn a respectable feathered thing into a thing as part of man that only lives at night. In a word, does electricity count another thing.

Such deeds as that of **Boyer**, the elevator man, who stuck to his post in a Chicago building and at the risk of his life saved men and women, prove that there is heroism even

Hinkey has much sand in his composition.
 Battered, and bruised, and bandaged, he
 allows that Princeton won because she played
 the best game.

